

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 601[1,247 words]

Chapter 601 That Place

Chapter 601 That Place

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A beam of light dropped from the sky, materializing above the café without anyone on the street noticing. In an instant, a seven-foot-tall middle-aged man materialized.

The man wore a black robe and looked like a traveler who lived far away from the world. His entire body seemed bathed in a holy radiance, giving off an aura that made him impossible to approach.

The moment he arrived on the third floor of the café, several customers up there instantly changed expressions. Even if they didn't know who he was, they could sense his extraordinary presence and silently retreated to the second floor.

Lucas and David both smiled as they lifted their cups in greeting the instant the man appeared.

"My friend, it's been sixty years since we last met at Purple Bamboo Grove. I hope you've been well!"

The man gave a faint smile, flicking his wrist as a cup of coffee floated through the air, covering several yards before landing neatly in his hand.

"Sixty years is nothing to us. My old friends, I'll drink first. You can follow as you

He finished speaking and drank all the coffee in his cup.

like."

David and Lucas also tilted their heads back and finished their drinks. The three of them sat down in a triangle, as if by silent agreement, each forming one corner.

Master Malone-that was the man's title. His full name was Soren Malone.

This name might have been unfamiliar to most martial artists in the Central Realm of Highcliffe, but in the Tiberran Tantric Sect, it carried a legendary weight. Among the nomads of Tiberran, Soren Malone was revered as a living immortal.

Soren's hands were long and slender, almost feminine. They emerged from the sleeves of his robe as he poured himself another cup of tea. As he spoke, his voice carried a hint of nostalgia. "Back then, you two came to Tiberran in person to ask me to leave seclusion and help the Martial Alliance. In that King Phase war a century ago, the three of us fought side by side, defeating countless Western King Phase martial artists and matching wits with the Western Church and Arbitration Office.

"Looking back, it all feels as if it happened yesterday."

He lifted his head, lost in memories of those turbulent years.

"After the King Phase war, the Martial Alliance was forced into hiding. Dragon Emperor, you retreated into the mountains. David went back to the Ancient Lingster Sanctum and lived in obscurity, and I thought I'd spend the rest of my days in Tiberran, immersed in martial study. I never expected that now, I'd return to the Central Realm, and the three of us would gather again."

David and the Dragon Emperor exchanged a smile. Soren, like them, had once been a cornerstone of the Martial Alliance. Together, they led the organization, taking on the Western powers head-to-head. Those days of fighting alongside each other were truly unforgettable.

David turned to Soren.

"The reason the three of us could come together again, and the Martial Alliance could return to the world, we owe it to that extraordinary guy, Jeff. If he hadn't broken through the barrier of the King Phase Accord and ushered in the new King Phase era, we wouldn't be here enjoying coffee like this now."

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Chapter 601 That Place

Soren arched his brow at those words. "Speaking of that, where's Jeff?

"Weren't you planning to invite him to join the Martial Alliance? Why hasn't he arrived?"

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Ever since the Martial Alliance went into hiding, Soren had secluded himself in Tiberran's Solara Palace. Over the past 100 years, he'd only emerged once during the Second World War to guard Astria. That act brought Astria 60 years of peace. Other than that, he had never left Tiberran.

Even so, he'd heard plenty about Jeff, the new prodigy in the Astria martial world. Even in the era when the old King Phase elites ruled, Leander's feats would have been stunning.

"Jeff won't be coming."

Lucas shook his head. "I met with him today. He refused my invitation-he said he wouldn't join the Martial Alliance or become the next Sanctuary Guardian."

"Oh?"

Soren sounded disappointed. "That is such a pity. In the last 60 years

no one in the Astria martial world could match Jeff for strength, potential, reputation,

or achievement. He's the only capable candidate to succeed us, and the future Martial Alliance should have been his to lead.

"But his heart isn't in it. He's set on his own path, so there's no forcing it."

As a practitioner with more than a century of cultivation, Soren had long seen human nature. He'd never met Leander, but from the Dragon Emperor's description, he could already grasp his character.

The Dragon Emperor glanced at the busy street outside. "For now, we'll leave the matter of Jeff aside. He may not wish to join the Martial Alliance, but he promised that if any foreign King

causing trouble for Astria, he won't show any mercy. That

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alone is enough.

"The reason I asked you to

come today is to discuss breaking of the King Phase Accord."

At this, the Dragon Emperor's tone grew heavy.

"A century ago, the King Phase war nearly wiped out the Western and Eastern King Phase martial artists. That's when both sides agreed to the King Phase Accord, meant to restrain the King Phases fighters of this age.

"We all knew that so-called accord-never even put to paper-was little more than a gesture. At the time, I guessed it would be 150 years before the accord would lose its effect and we'd return to the era of King Phase martial artists.

"But I never expected a prodigy like Jeff to emerge. His show of force against the military brought the power of martial artists back to the world stage. The Arbitration Office used this as an excuse to openly break the King Phase Accord."

The Dragon Emperor shook his head. "This came fifty years sooner than I'd predicted. My arrangements, my plans-they were all disrupted!"

"The Eastern Martial World is already weaker than the West. I'm worried the Arbitration Office and Western Church will move against us soon. If the East and West face off again, things may not go as well as they did a hundred years ago."

David nodded, deeply agreeing. "Times have changed. Back then, the sudden founding of the Martial Alliance and the recruitment of so many Eastern martial artists caught the Arbitration Office and Western Church completely off guard.

"A hundred years have passed. No one can say how many secret arrangements the Arbitration Office and the Western Church have

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made."

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"And with Jeff involved, the Netherweb-which used to stay neutral-will definitely side with the West because of their grudge against him. When all three world-class powers send their top fighters, we will be overwhelmed. It doesn't matter if we die fighting the war. The real problem is if we can't protect Highcliffe's sanctuary. That would be the greatest disaster."

Seeing the looks on his two old friends' faces, Soren felt a heaviness in his heart for the first time in decades.

He was silent for several seconds, then suddenly looked up.

"If things really spiral out of control, do you think the people from 'that place' will intervene?"

At the mention of "that place," Lucas and David's expressions changed at once. 12:32 pm D

Chapter 602 The Lesser World

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

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 602[1,162 words]

Chapter 602 The Lesser World

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Lucas and David's faces changed in an instant. For elite fighters like them, it took something truly momentous to shake them. However, the mention of "that place" was enough to break their composure.

"You mean the Lesser World?"

David turned to look at him, his voice low.

If Leander had been there, he would've been just as shocked. He'd only heard about the "Lesser World" himself, just half a day ago.

"Yes."

Soren nodded gravely. "The Lesser World-Astria's sacred ground, has existed for more than a thousand years. If outsiders ever try to invade Astria's Sanctuary, or steal the destiny of the Astria martial world, I doubt they'd sit back and watch.

"If they show up, even the Arbitration Office and Western Church together would have to back off. No one would dare take them head-on."

He spoke with total conviction and respect for the Lesser World, as if everyone from that place stood a head above the rest of humanity.

Lucas and David fell silent. After a long pause, Lucas finally broke it.

"The Lesser World really is Astria's greatest martial stronghold-above all others. If their top fighters decided to intervene, the Western Church and Arbitration Office would be outmatched, no question.

"But that's the problem. They won't step in."

He shook his head, looking frustrated.

"They're gods looking down from the clouds. Everyone outside the Lesser World was nothing more than dust, unworthy of their attention. To them, the martial artists from the Astria martial world were nothing but a bunch of toddlers—nothing worth worrying about. They won't act over something they see as trivial. Not for people they consider beneath them."

Soren and David didn't even try to argue. The mood turned heavy.

They all knew Lucas was right.

Because they knew how powerful the Lesser World was, they understood exactly how proud and aloof its people were.

To those people, the rest of humanity were just ants. Only someone from the Lesser World could ever truly matter in their eyes.

"So that means if the Arbitration Office and Western Church come back in force, it's just us."

Soren was the first to speak, glancing at the others.

David nodded, his eyes icy and determined. "This time, it's even more dangerous than the war a hundred years ago. But we're at the top of the Astria martial world, so it's our duty to fight them and protect the rest of Astria.

"No matter what the Arbitration Office or Western Church tries, we face them head- on. We won't step back, not even once. That's what it means to be part of the Martial Alliance. This is our duty as Astrians."

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Chapter 602 The Lesser World

A faint aura flared around Soren. His eyes went cold and distant, and the battle spirit inside him roared to life.

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"It's been a hundred years since I really fought anyone. I'm honestly looking forward to seeing what all that training in seclusion has done for me."

"I'm grateful the passion in my heart never went out-not even after all this time."

As he lifted his hand, a dragon-shaped cloud soared up from beside the café, twisting through the sky before dissolving into the wind. In that instant, he looked less like a monk and more like a holy warrior ready to bring justice to the world. Lucas, watching his friends' spirits rise, felt a surge of pride. After a century, the passion in these men's hearts was as sharp as ever -if anything, the years had only made them stronger.

He smiled at both of them.

"My friends, the Astria martial world is lucky to have you.

"This time, let's fight together again-let's see what the Western world's got after a hundred years."

The three of them raised their cup, finishing their coffee in one last toast.

After a hundred years, these three giants of the Martial Alliance were ready to challenge the Western martial world once more.

They stood shoulder to shoulder, gazing out at the sunset, their eyes sweeping over

the land as if they could see all the way to the distant mountains.

Lucas folded his hands behind his back, thinking of the bold young man who had just refused him, plain and simple.

Jeff, I hope you will surprise us again in this coming war.

After leaving the airport with Celia, Leander put his encounter with Lucas behind

him. As for Cyrus, who'd tried to mess with him on the plane, Leander didn't spare a second thought.

People like that were nothing but background noise to him. Maybe he would entertain him if he was in the mood, but not now.

Even Sophia, who'd seemed interesting on the flight, had lost his goodwill with her behavior afterward. She was just another face in the crowd to him now.

Right now, his mind was on the Astrian Sanctuary Lucas mentioned. It was the first time he'd ever heard of such a place- something tied to the fate of the entire Astria martial world.

"The Sanctuary?"

He murmured the word, leading the way without a glance back at Celia.

He was curious about the Astrian Sanctuary, but it was only curiosity.

He had never believed in luck or destiny. Whether a person was strong, or whether a family flourished, he was certain it had nothing to do with fate. He never believed in letting fate decide anything.

But there were all kinds of strange divine artifacts in this world. Take the Celestial Mirror, for example-it could predict his fate ten years ahead of time. It had already shown him that he needed to give up his martial power in order to awaken his true strength and become the strongest. That was just the kind of power some artifacts possessed, and even he had to admit and respect that.

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Chapter 602 The Lesser World

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According to Lucas, something in the Astrian Sanctuary was crucial to the martial world, needing generations of powerful guardians to protect it. Clearly, it was no ordinary artifact. Otherwise, the Western world wouldn't go to such lengths to seize

it.

Leander walked ahead in silence, and Celia didn't dare interrupt him. She just quietly followed behind, not saying a word.

They walked through three city blocks before Leander snapped out of it. He was about to mention what happened earlier to Celia when a striking woman suddenly appeared behind them.

She was as stunning as Celia, but she gave off a colder and more distant vibe. The moment she appeared, she wrapped her hand around Leander's arm and leaned on his shoulder, acting as if they were close.

"Leander, we meet again!"

A wave of perfume washed over him, but there was no joy on Leander's face. In

fact, his expression darkened.

"What are you doing here?"

He pulled his arm away, his voice sharp with suspicion.

This woman, who had appeared out of nowhere, was the very one he had seen completely naked back at Sand song Oasis.

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 603[1,066 words]

Chapter 603 Please Stop Bothering Me

"It's you? What are you doing here?"

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Leander pulled his hand away and stepped back, his eyes narrowing as he looked at the woman who had just appeared. Standing before him was Genevieve-the same woman from the Sandsong Oasis, the one who'd been possessed by a spirit and found naked in the hot spring.

After she woke up, she'd hunted him down, claiming he'd seen her naked and had to take responsibility. She'd even demanded he accept a duel over it. Leander thought the whole mess was over and that she wouldn't bother him again. He never imagined she'd show up here.

Most men would be happy to have a beautiful woman like Genevieve come up to them, but Leander felt nothing but cold

indifference.

"What are you doing here?"

He shot her a cold look, already feeling his patience wear thin.

"Obviously, I'm here to find you!"

Genevieve's eyes sparkled. She batted her lashes, looking bold and confident instead of shy.

Leander's expression turned even colder.

"Did you lose your memory?"

"We already settled things at the Sandsong Oasis. I took your challenge, and you promised you'd drop it. Are you treating our agreement like a joke?"

Genevieve just grinned, unfazed.

"I didn't forget. I promised if you could handle my sword, I wouldn't hold what happened against you. But just because I'm not blaming you for seeing my naked body doesn't mean I'm not coming after you!

"You saw my body. That makes you my chosen man. I want you to come to my home and propose."

Her cheeks flushed a little as she spoke. Genevieve was the goddess of the younger generation in the Lesser World-always proud, always out of reach. Now here she was, coming to find a guy from the outside world and asking him to marry her. She never thought she'd say something like that.

But to her, Leander was truly one of a kind. He was not just handsome and striking, but also the strongest young man she'd ever met. He was her savior, and the only one who'd ever seen her naked. He was the perfect husband by every measure.

Her family only cared about strength. With Leander's power and talent, she knew her elders would approve. She wasn't about to let him slip away.

"You're out of your mind."

Leander barely spared her a glance, waving her off like she was a nuisance and putting some space between them.

"Let's go. Just ignore her."

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Chapter 603 Please Stop Bothering Me

He motioned for Celia to follow, and she quickly fell in behind him as they crossed the street.

Genevieve trailed right alongside, undeterred by his cold attitude. She cast a curious, assessing look at Celia.

"Leander, is this the future wife you mentioned?"

Celia's cheeks flushed pink at that, and she felt a bit of secret joy, but shook her head firmly.

"I'm just Master Leander's servant."

"Servant?"

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Genevieve nodded as if that made perfect sense. "That's what I thought. You're in your twenties and just made Infernal Crown Transcendent. Back in the Lesser World, that's only mediocre at best. Leander wouldn't settle for someone like that."

She tossed out judgments left and right, acting like she was above everyone else. Celia frowned-she was the third-ranked assassin in the world, a famous killer who'd reached Infernal Crown Transcendent at 22 years old. That made her a top-tier martial artist in the world. But to Genevieve, it was like she didn't even matter.

Leander stayed cold as ever. He turned his head and said, "I don't know what this 'Lesser World' of yours is, and I don't care. I'd appreciate it if you stopped following

me.

"I never liked fighting women, but don't make me start with you."

Leander really couldn't stand this kind of persistent woman. Their chance meeting had been an accident-Genevieve was just someone he had a little fling history with, nothing more.

Finally picking up on his irritation, Genevieve's expression changed. She got serious, her tone frosty. "Leander, I came all the way to Astria just for you. I even changed my plans to return to the Lesser World. Is this really how you're going to treat me?

"What's so wrong with me? Am I not strong enough? Not pretty enough? Not good enough for you? Why are you so cold to me?" Her lips trembled as she spoke, her eyes brimming with tears. She looked like a wronged child.

Leander frowned deeper. Genevieve was older than him by a year or so, but right now she looked like a kid, even pouting a little, and he just couldn't figure her out.

He was only about 20 himself, but after years of hardship, he'd seen through the ways of the world. No one could fool him, but Genevieve's naivety seemed genuine.

He couldn't help wondering what the Lesser World really was. How could someone her age act so innocent?

Seeing her looking so lost, Leander's icy attitude softened just a little, though his face stayed blank.

"Genevieve, right?"

He let out a sigh. "Let me put it this way: whether I like you or not has nothing to do with how strong or pretty you are.

"I already have a fiancée. She's the one I will spend the rest of my life with. No matter what you think, I need you to stay out of my

life.

"I'm not going to take responsibility, and I'm definitely not going to propose to your family."

With that, he reached out and pressed his palm to the back of Genevieve's hand.

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Chapter 603 Please Stop Bothering Me

"Please stop bothering me."

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As soon as he finished, a flash of blue light burst from his hand—a burst of pure, controlled power. The force sent Genevieve flying more than thirty yards away before she could react.

She landed lightly and spun around, graceful as ever, but by the time she looked up, Leander and Celia were gone-their presence wiped out completely.

"You jerk!"

She stomped her foot, frustrated to lose track of him.

After searching for a while without finding any trace of Leander, Genevieve's lips curled in a sly smile, her confidence unshaken.

"Leander, you're not getting away. If I set my sights on a man, he's destined to be mine."

What Leander didn't know was that his trouble with Genevieve had only just begun!

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 604[958 words]

Chapter 604 The Blood Clan

Chapter 604 The Blood Clan

"Master Leander, what's the deal with that woman?"

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Celia and Leander made their way through a forest park, a faint blue aura wrapping around them both, completely masking their presence.

"She's just a crazy woman. Ignore her."

Leander's face stayed cold as he briefly told Celia what happened in the divine sanctuary.

Celia couldn't help but cover her mouth and giggle, looking at Leander with teasing eyes.

"Master Leander, it's normal for a girl to hunt you down after you've seen her naked and demand you take responsibility. Why are you being such a jerk?"

She joked, "If you ask me, that woman's insanely strong and has mysterious origins. Maybe you should just give her what she wants and become her husband. With her as your ally, you'd have a serious advantage. Ever consider it?"

Since the day in the Sahar Wastes desert, when Leander saved her from the Twin Reapers, Celia had grown closer to him, depending on him more and more. She talked to Leander like family now.

Leander shot her a glare, eyes narrowed. "Honestly, I should've just let the Twin Reapers finish you off. It would save me from listening to your nonsense."

Celia just shrugged, not bothered in the slightest. Leander could only shake his head in resignation. His "Master Leander" title seemed to be losing all authority.

"Hmm?"

As they reached the park exit and headed for the gate, Leander suddenly stopped, glancing to the side.

Celia sensed something too and followed his gaze. She saw a young man in a red leather jacket coming down a leafy path, a girl in a beige skirt walking beside him.

The young man was almost unnaturally handsome, with sharp, androgynous features—a classic Western heartthrob, tall nose, blue eyes, and blond hair. Wherever he walked, women's eyes followed.

Even Celia was a little distracted, staring at him for a few seconds.

The Western man swaggered along, one arm draped around the girl, his broad hand roaming up and down her back, bold and completely at ease.

The girl was beautiful, with classic Eastern features. She blushed bright red at his touch, but didn't resist at all, letting him do as he pleased. They looked just like a flirtatious couple.

The pair entered the park from the side and soon disappeared from Leander and Celia's sight. Leander, though, seemed transfixed, staring after them and not moving an inch.

Celia spoke up, "Master Leander, what's wrong?"

Leander didn't answer, just kept his eyes narrowed and brows furrowed.

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Chapter 604 The Blood Clan

He didn't recognize the Western man, but the girl in his arms felt strangely familiar.

She was none other than Shirley, the girlfriend of Liam, his only close friend from high school at Ravenridge.

Just a month earlier, Leander and Celia had met Liam in Highcliffe. They had met at a bar, with Shirley by Liam's side.

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Liam and Shirley had seemed so close back then—talking about their future, marriage plans, and careers, looking totally committed to each other.

But now, just a month later, Liam was nowhere to be seen. Instead, Shirley was with this Western man, and they were being very intimate. Even Leander was surprised.

Leander kept staring after them, silent and lost in thought.

From what he remembered, Liam and Shirley had no relationship problems at all—total trust, no gaps, and Shirley knew all about his position as CEO of the Jeff Enterprises.

Even if they had problems, Shirley wasn't the type to just move on in a month. How did this even happen?

He muttered softly, recalling the strange feeling he got as the man walked past with Shirley.

That sense of unease was familiar, but he couldn't quite place where he'd felt it before. The only thing he was sure of was that the Western man gave off a dangerous vibe.

'It's nothing. Let's go.'

He made a mental note to himself to ask Liam about it later. Just then, a faint scent of blood drifted by.

It was almost unnoticeable, mixed into the air so subtly that only a cat or someone with heightened senses could catch it. But Leander picked up on it right away.

His expression changed. He suddenly realized where he'd sensed something like this before-the Black Dragon's ancestral grounds deep in Aorinth Peaks.

Back then, the world's strongest had gathered to fight for a rare treasure, and one of them had given off a nearly identical aura.

That was the God of Madness, Khaedor-the brutal tyrant who once topped the world's power rankings but was later killed by Leander.

Now Leander understood why this Western man's presence made him uneasy: he wasn't human, but a member of the Blood Clan.

The Blood Clan-commonly called vampires-were an ancient race. They were far stronger than ordinary humans, rivals of the Western werewolves, both notorious in medieval times for terrorizing humanity.

Blood Clan possessed monstrous bodies with nearly immortal recovery. No matter how badly they were hurt, they could heal in no time.

They survived by drinking blood, moved with feline speed, and could fly on the wind-monsters from Western legend.

The Western Church, once the dominant force in the West, had led countless crusades to wipe them out. Yet for centuries, the Blood Clan kept appearing in human society, always lurking in the shadows.

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Chapter 604 The Blood Clan

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Blood Clan should've been limited to the West. But now, one of them was here in Astria, out in broad daylight, acting as a human's lover.

Leander rested his chin in his hand, his eyes turning icy. The Blood Clan was sneaking into Astria-he could already sense something big was coming.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 605[1,198 words]

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Chapter 605 The Legend of the Blood Clan

Chapter 605 The Legend of the Blood Clan

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Leander didn't look away until the Westerian man and Shirley disappeared from sight, but the knot in his chest only tightened.

The Westerian Blood Clan-an infamous race spoken of only in legends, feared for their cruelty and blood-soaked power-had actually shown up in Astria. That alone meant there had to be something much darker hiding beneath the surface.

"Looks like the world's about to spiral into chaos. This must be the first sign."

His gaze sharpened. With his rise to prominence across the world, the King Phase cultivators had started resurfacing one after another, powerful figures had emerged once more, and even the Westerian Blood Clan had begun appearing in the open. The world plunging into turmoil was no longer a prediction-it was inevitable.

When that time came, aside from the global superpowers that ruled the nations, no place on earth would remain peaceful. War would erupt everywhere.

"Master Leander, everything okay?" Celia asked warily, noticing the subtle shift in his expression, assuming he might be annoyed by the joke she had made earlier.

Leander didn't answer. Instead, he turned to look at her. "Question: How much do you know about the Westerian Blood Clan?"

Celia had once ranked third on the International Assassin Leaderboard-a notorious killer known for slicing her targets open with surgical precision-and Leander assumed she would at least know something about Westeria, especially about the Blood Clan.

"The Westerian Blood Clan?" She stiffened at the name. "Why are you suddenly bringing that up?"

Her brows drew together. Then she recalled the strange Westerian man who had just passed by, the odd feeling he had given off, and the realization hit her like a jolt. "Master Leander... are you suggesting that blond man was a member of the Westerian Blood Clan?"

Leander didn't hide anything and nodded. "Yes. I once crossed paths at the Aorinth Peaks with the former number one on the International Combat Units ranking- Khaedor, the God of Madness.

"Khaedor was a Blood Clan descendant, born with the Batwing Tempest. That blond man carried almost the exact same aura. Not only that, while he wasn't as strong as Khaedor, his bloodline felt even purer. I'm certain he's a member of the Westerian Blood Clan."

Celia finally understood why Leander had stared at the young man for so long. She nodded slowly. "I don't know a lot about the Westerian Blood Clan, but before my mentor passed, he mentioned that race to me."

Her brows relaxed, but her tone turned grave. "The Westerian Blood Clan is exactly like what you read about in the old stories- creatures that feed on fresh human blood.

"They can fly through the air, run as fast as a hunting leopard, and possess physical strength far beyond that of ordinary people. They're born with power no human can match and have a regeneration ability that puts us to shame.

"The weaker Blood Clan fear sunlight and can't move around during the day, but the higher ranking ones are no different from normal people. They can survive anywhere, without any real weaknesses.

"Every adult member of the Blood Clan holds power comparable to someone in the Transcendent Realm. And within the Blood Clan, there's a strict hierarchy of noble titles-the higher the title, the stronger the individual. I've heard that the ones at the top can even rival the King Phase."

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Chapter 605 The Legend of the Blood Clan

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Celia continued, "Three hundred years ago, the first Westerian Blood Clan member known to ever walk the mortal world was Nynther I. Legend says he rampaged across Europa, leaving countless bodies in his wake and spreading plague wherever he went. The chaos he caused triggered a massive upheaval throughout Westeria.

"Because of the disaster and disease he brought, many powerful martial artists of that era planned to eliminate him. But Nynther I was simply too strong. They said his cultivation could rival

Westerian divinities and even the Eastern immortals. Everyone who went after him never returned-killed so thoroughly that not even their bodies were left behind.

"As the destruction grew worse and Europa's population began collapsing, the entire Westerman martial world fell into danger. They couldn't sit still anymore. So the strongest forces finally joined hands to deal with Nynther I together.

"That battle supposedly lasted seven full days. It plunged the entire Europa continent into darkness. And only by combining the strength of all the top martial experts did they finally manage to kill Nynther I."

Leander's eyes flickered. He had only wanted Celia to give him a rough introduction to the Blood Clan-he hadn't expected it to come with a history this intense.

He didn't interrupt, and Celia went on. "Even though Nynther I died, that battle also took down at least three Westerman divinities. It became the most devastating war against an outside race in Westeria's martial history.

"Because of the massive destruction Nynther I caused, the entire Westeria world developed a deep hostility toward the Blood Clan. Many of Westeria's martial artists even formed alliances specifically to hunt Blood Clan members, hoping to one day erase that terrifying and wicked race completely.

"With the relentless pursuit of countless experts, the number of Blood Clan members plummeted. About 200 years ago, the Blood Clan finally vanished from the world altogether.

"Take Khaedor, for example-he possessed Blood Clan bloodline, but he wasn't a purebreed. He was a hybrid between a Blood Clan ancestor and a human, which is why he was able to slip through loopholes and still live in the modern world. But a true member of the Westerman Blood Clan hasn't appeared for at least two centuries. And yet that blond man..."

Leander's expression grew sharper. At last, he had a clearer picture of the infamous race that once terrified all of Westeria.

"To stand toe-to-toe with divinities and immortals... is that the Blood Clan's true strength?" he murmured. The corner of his lips lifted slightly. The world really was full of hidden monsters and strange powers. This powerful race intrigued him.

Judging from the aura on that Westerman man, even an Infernal Crown Transcendent wouldn't be able to match him. The Blood Clan's talent clearly surpassed that of humans. No wonder Nynther I had forced the entire martial world of Westeria into joining hands just to bring him down.

"Master Leander, the Blood Clan hasn't appeared in 200 years. Now they suddenly show up in Astria. Should we follow them?" Celia asked, her eyes shimmering.

Leander waved her off, though his mind still replayed the sight of the blond man wrapping his arm around Shirley Wright-and Shirley offering no resistance at all.

For a race like that to be involved with a human woman, it couldn't be anything good. The thing he wanted to figure out most right now was why Shirley was entangled with a Westerian Blood Clan member.

With that thought, he pulled out his long-powered-off phone and dialed a familiar number.

"Liam, you in Highcliffe? Come out for a drink."

2/2

5:21 pm WM W

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 606[1,188 words]

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Liam fell silent on the other end of the line when he heard Leander's voice. Nearly ten seconds passed before he suddenly broke, his voice trembling as if he had been holding everything in for far too long.

"Leander!"

He sounded on the verge of tears, overflowing with pent-up frustration.

"Where have you been this whole time? That night, you said you'd reach out and grab a drink with me. I waited for more than a month! Do you have any idea how much has happened? I feel like I'm about to lose my mind.

"I kept calling, but your phone was always off. I even went to Highcliffe University to look for you, but during the entire holiday, you were nowhere to be found! I have so many things I want to tell you, Leander. This past month... I don't even know what I'm supposed to do anymore!"

Leander had barely said a single sentence, yet Liam immediately unleashed a torrent of grievances—as if the world had collapsed beneath him.

Leander understood at once. He knew Liam's despair, his drained and hollow tone, could only be tied to what had happened with Shirley. So he cut to the chase. "Where are you? I'll come find you right now. We'll talk it through slowly."

"I'm at the back gate of Stanton Academy," Liam replied instantly. "There's a lounge bar called Amber & Zest. Come find me."

"Alright. Wait for me there!"

Once Leander hung up, the plan he originally had to look for Daphne-was completely overturned. A member of the Westerian Blood Clan had set foot in Astria, and worse, had gotten involved with Liam's girlfriend. He needed to confirm the situation first.

Liam was one of the few friends he genuinely cared about. With a Blood Clan member lurking around him, Leander had to make sure nothing went wrong.

"Head back to school. If anything urgent comes up, let me know," Leander told Celia before flagging down a cab and heading straight toward Stanton Academy,

Celia glanced at Leander, then in the direction the Westerian man had left, a cold heaviness settling over her chest. A memory surfaced-a warning her mentor once gave her.

"When the Blood Clan resurfaces, calamity follows."

Now, not only had the Blood Clan returned, but they had also crossed continents from Europa all the way to Astria. There had to be a dangerous secret hidden behind all this.

She tilted her head back, looking up at the sky, and let out a faint sigh. Born into a world sliding toward chaos, she didn't know whether she should feel fortunate-or thrilled.

Leander arrived at the back gate of Stanton Academy without delay. He located the lounge bar Liam mentioned, and the moment he stepped inside, he spotted him by the window. Liam sat slumped in a booth, listlessly stirring a cappuccino until it had practically turned to mush.

Compared to a month ago, Liam looked like a wreck-unshaven, hollow-eyed, completely drained of spirit. The bloodshot eyes and

1/3

5:21 pm WM W

Chapter 606 Betrayal

+10 Free Coins

defeated posture made him look less like a lively university student and more like a middle-aged man who had lost everything.

When he noticed Leander walk in, the dullness in Liam's eyes flickered with the faintest spark of life. He stood up, forcing a weak

smile.

"Leander... you're here."

Leander's eyes narrowed before he set a hand on Liam's shoulder and pressed him gently back into his seat, letting out a quiet sigh. "How did you end up like this?"

Even though he already knew the answer, he still wanted to hear it from Liam himself.

"Leander, I..." Liam's voice faltered-and the next moment, he completely broke down. Like a child who had lost everything, he sobbed uncontrollably. A month's worth of suppressed emotions crashed all at once, tears streaming down his face. "Leander..... Shirley betrayed me!"

The effort it took for him to force out those words was enough to make his whole body tremble. Beneath the anger was a grief so deep it cut into bone. Leander could clearly sense just how important Shirley had been to him.

"Take a breather."

Quietly, Leander sent a wisp of Nirvana Energy across the table, letting it seep into Liam's palm and ease the turmoil storming through his mind. Slowly, Liam's breathing steadied.

"Tell me exactly what you mean by Shirley betraying you."

Liam's face twisted again in response as he recounted everything. It had all started two weeks ago, when he and Shirley signed up together for an elective foreign language course.

"The instructor for that class is a Westerner man. They say he's a top scholar from the Angleland Royal Academy who came to Stanton Academy to volunteer and 'experience local life.'"

Leander's eyes narrowed-he already knew the Westerner man Liam described was almost certainly the same Blood Clan man he had encountered earlier.

"He only arrived at Stanton Academy three weeks ago. He had been teaching that course for less than a week when rumors started flooding the campus. A lot of girls were linked to him-gossip everywhere. People even saw several pretty students walking around holding hands with him. Some even spotted him checking into hotels with female students."

Liam dragged both hands through his hair, miserable and furious. "Shirley and I were both short two credits this semester. We picked that course because it was easy-we weren't even taking it seriously. I never imagined it would turn into a nightmare.

"From the very first class, Shirley was hooked! It was like she fell under a spell. She never cared much about other subjects—not even her own major—but when it came to that foreign language class, she never missed a single session.

"She was always excited, always the first to speak, always interacting with him. At first, I thought she just found the course interesting and wanted to learn more about foreign culture. But a week ago... I finally realized something was wrong."

Liam's brows knotted tightly, like he didn't want to relive it.

"That day was our first anniversary. But she never showed up. I looked everywhere for her. And finally... I found her at a couple's hotel near the back gate of Stanton Academy. She was with him. I'll never forget it—the way that Westerian instructor wrapped his arm around her waist and led her into that hotel."

2/3

5:21 pm

Chapter 606 Betrayal

His voice cracked as he buried his head in his hands.

+10 Free Coins

"Shirley and I... we've been together so long. I know her better than anyone. I always thought we would naturally end up married someday. I never imagined I'd see something like that.

"I sat outside that hotel like an idiot for an entire day and night. I didn't move. I didn't think. I couldn't do anything. And the next morning, around ten... I watched her walk out with him."

Leander's eyes narrowed further—but before he could speak, his gaze snapped toward the entrance.

Outside the door, a blond, blue-eyed man walked in with an attractive young woman tucked against his arm. It was Shirley—and the Blood Clan man.

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**From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding
Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 607[
1,361 words]**

Chapter 607 Loser

+10 Free Coins

Sensing the distinct, sinister aura that belonged only to the Westerian Blood Clan, Leander turned his head immediately and happened to catch sight of a blond, blue-eyed young man walking in with his arm wrapped around Shirley.

The man's right arm hooked loosely over her shoulders, and Shirley leaned into him with the soft, obedient air of a girl utterly smitten.

When Liam saw Leander turn, he instinctively followed his gaze—and the moment he saw Shirley in the blond man's embrace, his entire body jolted as if struck by lightning.

He had already felt his world collapse when he saw Shirley entering a hotel with that man earlier. Now, watching them stroll in together, acting like a perfect couple right in front of him, the agony was so sharp it left him trembling. He couldn't even get a word out. He just stared at them, stunned and helpless.

Leander, on the other hand, was impassive, his attention fixed on the blond man, a dangerous glint flickering in his eyes.

Under normal circumstances, if Liam were slapped with something like this, Leander would never sit back and ignore it. But this was a matter between Liam and Shirley—something no outsider could fix.

Shirley had chosen to betray Liam for this blond man, to throw herself into someone else's arms. Leander could hardly force her to change her mind. Feelings couldn't be forced. Even with all the power he wielded, he couldn't alter someone's heart. So he gave the pair a single glance and withdrew his gaze.

Shirley and the blond man pushed open the door without noticing Leander or Liam. Sheltered in the man's arm, she walked toward a table near the center of the room.

Liam didn't blink once, following their every step. When the man helped Shirley into her seat, he casually glanced sideways—and his eyes landed on Liam. A wicked smile curled at the corner of his lips.

He deliberately pulled Shirley a little closer and raised his voice. "Peaches, looks like your boyfriend's here too!"

Shirley stiffened, visibly startled. She turned—and found Liam staring right at her. Their eyes met for a single moment. Shirley's gaze remained perfectly calm, as if she were looking at a total stranger, and she immediately looked away.

Seeing that expression gutted Liam even further.

Leander watched in silence, but he caught every bit of the mockery and taunting in the blond man's eyes.

Just then, the door swung open again, and a young girl dressed to turn heads hurried inside. She was sweet-faced, lightly made up. her figure shapely and eye- catching.

The moment she stepped into the lounge bar, she scanned the room, and when she spotted the blond man, delight flashed across her face. She rushed straight toward him.

She didn't bother to hide a thing. Ignoring the stunned looks from people nearby, she wrapped both arms around the blond man's

neck.

"Did you miss me today, darling?"

Her voice was sugary sweet, playful and cutesy, her body swaying as if desperate for affection.

"Of course I did." The blond man grinned, planted a hard kiss on her lips, and pulled her down beside him

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3:57 pm D

DW

Chapter 607 Loser

+10 Free Coins

Through all of this, Shirley stayed quietly tucked against his other side, showing not the slightest reaction. She didn't object to the girl, didn't question the blond man's behavior. It was as if sharing him was normal. The crowd around them was left in stunned disbelief.

"What the hell is this? Two girls sharing one guy? In this day and age?"

A few young men exchanged looks, envy flickering in their eyes. Both Shirley and the newly arrived girl were absolute standouts- having one of them was the dream of most men. But this blond man had both in his arms.

Watching the scene unfold, Leander paused, a frown forming. Something didn't add up.

He didn't pretend to understand Shirley completely, but he knew enough. She had opinions, she had boundaries, she had a sense of self. Even if she had grown disappointed in Liam and fallen for someone else, she would never accept sharing a boyfriend with another girl. That simply wasn't who she was.

But now, she sat there quietly, offering no resistance at all. That alone was far from normal.

Leander connected the dots the moment he linked the blond man's identity to the Westorian Blood Clan, and a possibility began to take shape. Even so, he didn't move. He simply watched, letting the situation unfold on its own.

Liam, however, couldn't hold back. He shot to his feet and strode across the room, stopping right in front of Shirley and the blond man. His eyes locked onto hers.

"Shirley." His brows pulled tight, his expression a mix of confusion and anger. "I told you before—if you ever fell for someone else, you had to tell me. I would've let you go and wished you well. But you got together with Pierce without saying a single word to me. You wouldn't even give me an explanation when I asked. Why?" He clutched the edge of the table so hard his fingertips turned white. "Even if you really had fallen for someone else, if you didn't want to talk to me anymore, if you didn't even want to explain—I could've accepted that. But how did you become like this? Sharing a boyfriend with another girl? Letting another woman enjoy the same man as you? I can't believe you would ever do something like this!" His voice trembled with disbelief and heartbreak. He still remembered how gentle and thoughtful Shirley had been. He'd even taken her home to meet his parents, and though they hadn't said much, they'd clearly been pleased with her.

But now the girl he had treated like a treasure was nestled against another man, equal in status to another woman in his arms—something he simply couldn't process or bear.

Liam's outburst brought the lounge to a standstill. People all around turned to watch with eager curiosity. Drama like this drew attention instantly.

Liam stood stiffly before the table, questioning her, while Shirley remained unmoved. She lazily lifted her gaze—only to glance toward Pierce as if waiting for his approval.

Pierce smiled, relaxing comfortably in his seat. "Peaches, why don't you tell your boyfriend why you chose me?"

His tone brimmed with confidence—the kind that came from a man absolutely certain he controlled women completely.

Shirley nodded with a soft smile, then turned back to Liam. Her face cooled instantly. "There's nothing left to say between us. I chose Pierce because he gives me a kind of pleasure most women will never experience. When I'm with him, I can feel... conquered, every second. And that's something you could never give me."

Liam's face instantly drained of color. He staggered back—and blood spurted from his mouth, bright red and shocking against the

3:57 pm

Chapter 607 Loser

+10 Free Coins

floor. He hadn't slept properly in days, his mind already frayed. Now, hit with this strike straight to the heart, his anger surged, and the blood he'd been suffocating on burst free.

Seeing him cough up blood stirred something in Shirley's eyes-emotion, faint but unmistakable. Deep inside, something seemed to struggle, clawing to the surface. She parted her lips, almost ready to say something to him.

But a voice slid out from behind her, smooth and insidious, like a whispering curse- snuffing out that flicker instantly.

"Mr. Preston, just give up." Pierce chuckled, brushing his fingers over Shirley's shoulder with lazy arrogance. "You might've been Shirley's boyfriend once, but that's ancient history.

"From now on, she belongs to me. You two have nothing left between you. And trust me if I ever get bored with her and dump her, she'll come running right back without

a second thought. You'd still stand no chance. That's the difference between you and me. Go home, loser."

He shot Liam a mocking, sideways glance. His arm tightened around Shirley, his hand roaming boldly as if flaunting his triumph.

As he spoke, a figure rose slowly from a spot behind Liam and began walking toward them.

Leander finally moved.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 608[1,093 words]

Chapter 608 Entrallment.

Chapter 608 Entrallment

+10 Free Coins

Pierce lounged back with a woman in each arm, wearing the smug posture of someone reveling in victory as he looked down at Liam like he was nothing.

People nearby cast Liam sympathetic glances, but that was all. In their eyes, he was just a pitiful guy whose girlfriend had betrayed him-someone who couldn't hold onto his own relationship.

As Pierce spoke, the newly arrived girl at his side let out a mocking laugh. "Buddy, stop humiliating yourself. Whether it's ability, family background, looks, or status, you have nothing on Pierce.

"Being with him lets us experience pleasure most women never get to feel. As for your girlfriend, Pierce will 'take good care of her. You can relax and hand her over- he'll 'love' her plenty."

She burst into laughter the next second. Rage and grief surged through Liam again; he felt his insides twist, his breath catch, and another wave of blood surged up his throat. He stumbled back a second time, barely staying on his feet.

Pierce watched him with leisurely amusement. In his eyes, Liam was nothing but a clown-someone unworthy of real attention, useful only as a distraction or a toy to break for fun.

He relished this feeling-crushing the weak beneath his heel. As Liam toppled back, his gaze brushed past Shirley's cold and distant face, and for a moment, everything inside him turned to ash.

But just as he began to fall, a broad, steady hand pressed onto his shoulder. A warm force poured into him like a tide, racing through his limbs and organs, instantly reviving his failing strength. He turned his head and saw Leander's cold profile.

"Leander?"

Liam let out a hollow breath, guilt flooding him. He and Shirley had only gotten together because of Leander's help. Now Shirley had thrown herself at another man. He felt he had failed Leander just as much as himself.

Leander gave him a brief look, then pulled him behind him. With a single step, he placed himself before Pierce and the two women.

Shirley faced him first. The moment she recognized Leander's face, her expression stalled-fear and confusion flashing across her eyes as if some terrible memory had surfaced. Pierce and the young woman, however, only smiled, unbothered by this unexpected

newcomer.

“Feelings are voluntary. If you've convinced Shirley to be with you, good on you. But standing here acting like some victor while trampling on my friend—that's where you crossed the line.” He lifted his gaze slightly, meeting Pierce's eyes head-on. "Do you really think stealing someone else's girlfriend and parading it around makes you impressive?"

Pierce reclined further into the leather chair, arms draped over both women, not bothering to hide how little he cared.

He gave Leander a lazy, mocking glance. "Sorry, but taking another man's lover has always been my favorite hobby. Stealing their women gives me immense satisfaction. And yes—you're absolutely right. I do think I'm impressive."

Every word dripped arrogance, soaked in a twisted, obsessive need to dominate.

Ever since he had gained power, tormenting the weak had become his greatest pleasure. Watching despair bloom on their faces thrilled him. Countless loving couples had become his toys, targets, trophies.

For ten years, he had never stopped—not once. Wherever he went, the women he fancied abandoned their boyfriends or husbands and clung to him with blind devotion.

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Chapter 608 Enthrallment.

+10 Free Coins

The girl on his right gazed at him with utter adoration. She lifted her lips to his cheek and kissed him deeply. "Darling, you're amazing. I love men who are this assertive. I want to be with you every single day. Without you, my life would be so dull."

The girl showered Pierce with sugary praise, then turned toward Leander with open disdain. "Know your place, buddy. You're standing up for your friend, but you picked the wrong target. Pierce is the most amazing man I've ever met—no one comes close.

“And don't even think about causing him trouble. You mean absolutely nothing to him. If you don't want to embarrass yourselves, take your buddy and leave before you make an even bigger fool of yourselves.”

Leander slipped one hand into his pocket. Her words didn't stir him in the slightest. Instead, he let out a quiet laugh. "Amazing, huh?"

He grinned and wagged a finger at Pierce. "If you really used your charm to make these women fall head over heels for you, I'd admit that takes ability. But you forced them to orbit around you—treating you as the center of their world. Do you actually think that makes you impressive?"

Liam, standing beside him, froze at those words. "Forced?"

He turned sharply toward Shirley. Could Shirley being with Pierce-and even letting him hold her like that-really be because she had no choice? Because she'd been forced into it?

Before he could make sense of it, Pierce's expression darkened. His gaze locked on Leander, cold creeping into his eyes. "What did you say? You're accusing me of using tricks?"

"Did you not?" Leander smirked, spreading his hands toward Shirley and the other girl. "If you hadn't used enthrallment on them, how else would they worship you this blindly and let you toy with them however you want?"

Swish!

Pierce's face twisted violently at once. His eyes widened slightly, the mask cracking for the first time, exposing pure shock.

"H-How do you know?"

For the first time, actual fear flickered across his features.

Pierce was a pure-blood Westerian Blood Clan member, born with one of their innate gifts-his being spiritual domination.

With it, he could hypnotize others and seize control of their will. Any woman he set his eyes on fell into his hands effortlessly, unable to resist even if they realized something was wrong. They obeyed him completely, treated him like their master.

It was the secret behind his decade of indulgence, behind all the lovers he'd stolen and broken. Aside from a few elders within the Blood Clan, no one in the outside world even knew this ability existed. Yet now, Leander had exposed him just like that. How could he not be shaken?

Eyes narrowing, Pierce studied Leander intently, suddenly unsure who or what-he was dealing with.

But Leander only smiled, cold and sharp, a glimmer like divine light flickering in his gaze. "That weak little enthrallment of yours is barely worth mentioning. And you dare brag about it? Since you think you're so remarkable, why don't I show you what real enthrallment looks like?"

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 609[1,245 words]

Chapter 609 Exposed at Once

Chapter 609 Exposed at Once

+10 Free Coins

Leander stood with one hand in his pocket, posture relaxed but unmistakably commanding, his eyes carrying that detached contempt of someone who looked down on everything around him.

Pierce froze for a moment, shock rippling through him. Leander had not only uncovered his secret-judging from his tone, but he also utterly disdained the enthrallment Pierce used. In this world, aside from a handful of true spiritual masters, no one should have had the confidence to say such things.

"Who the hell are you?" Pierce stared at Leander, though suspicion churned beneath the surface.

Could he actually be a spiritual master?

He probed discreetly, yet he couldn't sense even the faintest hint of Primordial Energy or spiritual strength from Leander. He felt completely ordinary-more fragile than the average person, his presence practically nonexistent. But the more ordinary Leander appeared, the more unfathomable he became. No normal person could possibly see through his secrets.

"You don't need to know who I am." Leander's voice carried a chill. "There's no bad blood between us. I don't care about your little hunting game. I'm giving you a chance-remove your enthrallment from her, and never show up in their lives again. Do that, and I'll let you walk away."

He tilted his head slightly, his tone still mild, but there was no mistaking the pressure behind it-an effortless authority that allowed no argument.

"What did you just say?" Pierce's eyes darkened completely. He didn't understand Leander, but that didn't mean he feared him.

Ever since possessing the ability of enthrallment in adulthood, Pierce had used it to control a person's thoughts and will to satisfy his twisted desires. Every woman he ensnared became a lifelong slave, crazed and devoted to him alone.

He delighted in it, and because of his overwhelming strength, no one had ever stopped him. He had never once given up a prey he got his hands on. And now Leander wanted him to release Shirley? That was like asking him to toss away cake already at his lips. Impossible.

What infuriated him more was Leander's tone-dismissive, condescending, as if he had Pierce completely figured out. As if granting mercy to him was some kind of favor. The arrogance burned in his chest.

He was a pure-blooded Westerian Blood Clan descendant, gifted with abilities beyond human comprehension, far above an ordinary Infernal Crown Transcendent. Across Astria-and across the world-no one could defeat him other than an actual King Phase.

And even if a real King Phase stood before him, he could still put up a fight. So how could he bow to Leander's command?

A cold gleam gathered in Pierce's eyes as everything clicked. His lips curled into a sneer. "Hmph, stop pretending. So what if you figured out my enthrallment? You think I'll obey you just because you said so? My prey stays mine unless I personally discard them.

You want to threaten me? You?"

The next second, faint flecks of crimson lit up within his pupils. A heartbeat later, two thin streaks of red shot out from his eyes, strange ripples spreading from him and wrapping around Leander.

"You sure you want to pull your little tricks in front of me?"

A cold, murderous thrill surged through him. He was ready to enthrall Leander as well-to turn him into another slave at his beck

and call.

1/3

3:57 pm D

Chapter 609 Exposed at Once

+10 Free Coins

Buzzz...

Those standing nearby had no idea what was happening. They only felt the space between Leander and Pierce distort slightly, as if some unseen medium now linked the two men.

Liam watched the scene unfold from behind without saying a word. Suddenly, he remembered that night on their local bar street- when Leander sprang forward and chased the Blood Demon into the darkness.

Could Pierce be some superhuman like Leander? Is that why Leander is stepping in now?

Meanwhile, Shirley and the young woman leaned lazily against the wall, utterly confident in him. Both were under Pierce's enthrallment. In their minds, Pierce was

an all-powerful god-perfect, invincible, and beyond compare.

Pierce locked eyes with Leander, his enthrallment already unleashed in full.

"Hmm?"

His expression stiffened. No matter how he unleashed his enthrallment, Leander's expression never shifted-not even the smallest flicker in his gaze. He stood unshaken, like an immovable stone.

It can't be-my enthrallment doesn't work on him?!

The realization hit him like a storm. His enthrallment was so strong that even some Transcendents struggled to resist it. To remain completely unaffected, someone would need to be at least an Origin Realm spiritual master.

's he an Origin Realm spiritual master? Impossible!

He felt a chill spread through him. An Origin Realm powerhouse under twenty years old was unheard of to him.

Leander held Pierce's gaze, completely calm. He rolled his neck slightly and shook his head. "I gave you a chance. Too bad you didn't take it."

A burst of divine light flashed in Leander's eyes. An invisible wave surged outward, recoiling from his gaze and slamming directly into Pierce's spiritual strength.

A faint pop rippled through the air. The moment Pierce's spiritual strength touched Leander's, it crumbled like a mouse meeting a cat-shattered instantly and forced back without resistance.

'Aah!" Pierce's eyes flew wide, his mind going blank. Terror froze across his face.

In his perception, an overwhelming flood of spiritual force crashed down on him from every direction. It tore his spiritual power apart, piece by piece, grinding it into dust.

If his spiritual strength was a clay pot, then Leander's was a massive iron cauldron- smashing it to pieces in a single blow.

Blood streamed from Pierce's eyes, dripping onto the floor in stark, shocking streaks. He jolted upright from the couch, stumbling backward, fear and disbelief twisting his face.

"Y-You broke my enthrallment?!"

He stared at Leander in horror. Blood filled his eyes, nearly bulging from their sockets. His proud enthrallment-his ultimate trump card-had been crushed, not countered, not resisted, but obliterated at the root. And Leander had done almost nothing. Barely a gesture. No visible effort at all.

2/3

Chapter 609 Exposed at Once

A clean, brutal, effortless dismantling.

+10 Free Coins

"That little trick of yours works on regular people," Leander said, a lazy smile touching his lips. "But in front of me, it's child's play. And for you to

on me? I'll give you this-you've got balls."

enthrallment

His tone almost sounded like praise, but the mockery beneath it was unmistakable.

The moment Leander shattered Pierce's enthrallment, Shirley and the young woman both trembled. Their eyes went blank for a heartbeat, then slowly regained clarity.

"What... What happened to me?" Shirley blinked, dazed. A second later, she spotted Liam not far away. Seeing his worn, exhausted face, she sprang up and rushed to him. "Liam, what happened? Are you okay?"

She remembered nothing of what happened under Pierce's control. All she saw was Liam's scruffy, tired appearance—her heart

ached for him.

Liam was startled by the sudden change, but understanding dawned quickly. Pierce must have tampered with Shirley's mind, turning her cold toward him.

On the ground, Pierce lifted his blood-filled gaze. Supporting himself with one hand,

he glared at Leander with murderous fury. "Astrian... I'll kill you. I'll kill every last one

of you!"

He clenched his hand, and his innate vitality roared to life. A blood-red force gathered in his palm—then exploded outward inside the lounge, its shockwave swelling in every direction. His target wasn't just Leander.

He meant to kill everyone in the lounge bar.

3/3

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 610[1,216 words]

Chapter 610 The Augurey Family

Bang!

The blood-red energy in Pierce's palm detonated, scattering into countless thin blood threads that shot in every direction. Each strand carried a terrifying piercing force-strong enough to punch through steel with ease.

With his enthrallment shattered, Pierce had lost every shred of sanity. All he wanted now was to kill Leander and kill everyone else in the bar along with him.

Leander's expression held nothing but disdain. He lifted his hand slightly and tapped at the air in front of him.

Buzzz...

The air around Pierce quivered... then froze. For an instant, it felt as though time itself had stopped. All those blood threads, still in mid-flight, suddenly halted and hung suspended where they were.

"What?!" Pierce's heart lurched violently, his expression twisting again and again. He had never imagined a single gesture from Leander would completely immobilize his lethal move.

"You're courting death!"

He turned his head-just in time to meet Leander's cold, indifferent gaze. In that moment, every suspended blood thread shattered in midair.

Leander's expression remained impassive. His raised finger continued its motion, and a sharp streak of force shot out, moving so fast Pierce didn't even register it before it pierced straight through his heart.

Pffft!

Pierce coughed up a mouthful of blood as a small crimson hole opened on his chest. Wisps of smoke curled from the wound. He fell backward, expression frozen in disbelief, as if his mind couldn't comprehend what had just happened.

He was an Infernal Crown Transcendent—a pure-blooded Westerian Blood Clan adult, a powerful body, and extraordinary regenerative abilities. Yet with one strike, Leander had bypassed everything he relied on and cut straight through the core of his strength.

Pierce collapsed to the ground, his body convulsing. The faint green smoke rising from his chest slowly turned white—his last flickers of life burning away.

"Who... Who are you?" He turned his head toward Leander, feeling his life draining rapidly.

"Someone like you doesn't deserve to know. Your clansmen should've stayed in Westeria, where you belong. Wreaking havoc here. in Astria—that's just courting death."

Leander understood well that the Westerian Blood Clan possessed powerful vitality and could heal from most injuries on their own. But no matter how fearsome a race was, no creature existed without weaknesses. In this world, nothing was flawless.

He had seen Pierce's weakness instantly—his heart. Even for someone of the Westerian Blood Clan, a catastrophic injury to the heart meant irreversible death. That one finger had severed Pierce's last hope of survival. What remained now was nothing more than the final flicker of life before death claimed him.

"You... You know I'm from Blood Clan?" Pierce's voice trembled. Madness suddenly twisted across his features. "Astrian... I don't

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care who you are. If you dare kill me, you're dead. My elders will hunt you down. Even if you flee to the ends of the earth, they'll find you—your blood and bones will pay tribute to me!"

By the end, his breath was fading—barely a whisper left.

"Is that so?" Leander clasped his hands behind his back. "I'll be waiting."

Pierce let out two hollow, bitter laughs. The pure-blooded Blood Clan powerhouse- an Elite Infernal Crown Transcendent-slowly lost the light in his eyes. His life faded completely.

Only then did the surrounding guests finally snap out of their stunned silence. Several young women screamed.

"He's dead!"

Panic erupted. People scattered in every direction. They had no idea what exactly had happened, but it was obvious Pierce was dead-and no one wanted to linger

and get dragged into whatever nightmare had just unfolded.

Liam walked over with Shirley supporting him, stopping at Leander's side. "Leander... you killed him?"

Even though they were close-best friends since high school-seeing someone die at Leander's hands still left Liam shaken. His face was pale with disbelief.

"Yes." Leander nodded lightly, as if he had simply stepped on an ant.

Liam was about to say more when Leander's gaze suddenly shifted toward the window.

Swoosh!

A black shadow streaked inside, landing beside Pierce's corpse. It was a rugged Westerner middle-aged man-massive, muscular, nearly six-foot-five, and radiating a violent, feral aura.

When he saw Pierce's body, his eyes widened sharply. He looked up at Leander and his friends. "You killed him?"

His voice carried fury-and barely hidden fear. Pierce was his young master. The two of them had crossed the sea together, concealed themselves as ordinary humans, and everything had gone smoothly for more than half a month. And now Pierce was dead?!

"Yes, I did. Got a problem?" Leander's gaze stayed cold. He could sense the same strange aura Pierce had carried-though this man's bloodline wasn't as pure, he was clearly another Western Blood Clan member. Two Blood Clan figures appearing in Astria was no coincidence. They were here for a reason.

"You?" The man stared hard at Leander. After a long moment of scrutiny, his expression froze. His eyes widened in shock again. "You... You're Jeff Ashcroft!"

He had never met Leander in person, but seeing his youth, his overwhelming presence, and his ability to kill Pierce, there was only

One Astrian who matched the profile-the undefeated sovereign hailed as a living legend.

"You know me. Why are you still standing there for? Get lost!" Leander raised his hand. A hidden wave gathered in his palm. The man's expression tightened-he felt the surrounding space compress around him, sealing every possible retreat. "Westerian Blood Clan members hiding in Astria... I don't care what you came here for. Right now-this instant-get out of my country. Stall, and you die."

A frigid, bone-deep malice erupted through the lounge. Standing behind Leander, Liam and Shirley felt the air plunge from

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summer heat into winter frost. The entire room felt like a hellish purgatory.

Once again, they witnessed just how terrifyingly powerful Leander truly was.

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The middle-aged man was an Infernal Crown Transcendent as well, though slightly weaker than Pierce. Yet even so, just one breath of Leander's aura made him feel an unprecedented sense of doom. He mobilized all his innate vitality to resist the crushing pressure, but he didn't dare entertain the slightest thought of fighting. Leander's legendary feats were too well-known-especially the video spread a week earlier, showing him clashing head-on with a military force and cutting down ten supersonic fighter jets with a single sword strike.

Every powerhouse in the world had witnessed that terrifying display. Against someone like him, resistance meant instant death.

Realizing this, the man withdrew his aura and gave Leander a respectful bow. "Sovereign Ashcroft, you stand among the strongest of this era. Only the King Phase beings from a century ago could ever qualify as your opponents. I wouldn't dare fight you. I only ask that you allow me to take my young master's body and leave."

Though he lowered his head, his tone remained steady-neither servile nor arrogant. "And one more thing, Sovereign Ashcroft. I should warn you... The one you killed isn't someone ordinary."

Leander lowered his hand, the corner of his mouth lifting. "Not ordinary?"

The man's expression turned solemn as he nodded heavily. "My young master was the sole heir of our bloodline. One of the four great families of the Westerman Blood Clan- the Augurey family."

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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.