

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 611[1,222 words]

Chapter 611 The Castle in Westeria

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The middle-aged man spoke with a hint of pride and reverence, as though he were describing a figure of near-sacred stature.

"One of the four great families of the Blood Clan-the Augurey family?" Leander murmured the name under his breath.

It was the first time he had ever heard of them, yet from this man's tone alone, it was clear that the Augureys held an exceptional place within the Blood Clan.

"Correct." The man lowered his gaze slightly. "The Augurey family was one of the four ancestral ruling houses of the Blood Clan, and one of its sovereign powers. The one you killed was the family's sole heir, the one the patriarch had placed all his hopes on- Pierce Augurey. Sovereign Ashcroft, you killed the Augurey family's future patriarch. You owe them an explanation."

Earlier, he had spoken to Leander with fear and unease, but now his tone was steady, even faintly pressing back against him. The moment he mentioned the Augurey family and saw Leander pause, he assumed Leander had heard their legend-and was intimidated.

"An explanation?" Leander lifted his gaze, rolling his neck once before answering with quiet arrogance. "For foreign races like yours to sneak into Astria and hide among civilians already spells bad intentions. Killing him was simply what any Astrian martial artist ought to do. The Blood Clan vanished from history 200 years ago after the world's fighters joined forces to purge them. Why would I owe you an explanation?"

The man's expression shifted instantly, gaze tightening. "Sovereign Ashcroft, do you even understand what you're saying? You have no idea how powerful we truly are. By killing the Augurey heir, you've invited disaster. You've forged a blood feud with them, and the Augurey family will never let this go!"

Leander acted as if he hadn't heard him, lazily waving his hand. "So what? If one of their true apex figures were standing in front of me, maybe they'd have the right to say that. But you? You're nowhere near qualified."

At that, he lifted a hand. A flash of light carved clean through the center of the lounge, slicing the 3,000-square-foot space neatly in half and gouging a massive ravine between him and the middle-aged man.

"I only just returned to Astria today. Over the past half-month, I've killed more than enough people, I'll spare you to make my ledger less red. Take his corpse and get out of Astria. If I see you here again, your fate will look exactly like this crack in the floor."

A chill raced through the man's bones. A malice so sharp and overwhelming crashed into him that he felt as though he had been hurled straight into a hellish battlefield, every limb turning cold.

He roused his innate vitality just to withstand that suffocating aura, then struggled to lift Pierce's corpse into his arms.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, I'm not your match. I know I cannot avenge my young master. You may spare me today, but he died by your hand, and I will report every detail to the Augurey family's upper council. The Augurey family will make you pay for his death."

Leander gave a dismissive, almost amused smile, as though the man's words barely registered. "Tell them whatever you want. Tell them Jeff Ashcroft killed him. If they want revenge, they can come find me-I'll be waiting. Now get lost."

With a snap of his fingers, a burst of force slammed into the man, sending him and Pierce's body flying straight out the window. They blasted through a wall before the man transformed into a streak of blood-red light and shot across the sky, disappearing into

the distant horizon.

Most of the lounge's patrons had already fled, leaving only a few servers frozen in place, staring at the devastation in stunned silence. None of them had ever witnessed anything remotely close to this-something straight out of a battle between superpowered beings.

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Chapter 611 The Castle in Westerial

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The two Westeria Blood Clan members fled, and only then did Leander withdraw his gaze. He glanced at the deep trench he had carved with a casual flick of his finger, let out a quiet laugh, and shook his head. Then he pulled a gold-embossed bank card from his pocket and tossed it to the trembling lounge owner.

"Sorry about that. Forgot to hold back for a second. There's half a million on that card. Password is six ones. Should be more than enough to renovate the whole place."

With that done, he patted Liam on the shoulder and tilted his head toward the exit. "Come on. Let's grab a drink somewhere else. There's a lot I haven't explained to you yet."

Liam snapped out of his daze, and Shirley finally returned to her senses as well. The two of them trailed after Leander in a stunned haze as they stepped out the front door.

In a themed music bar near Stanton Academy's back gate, Leander lounged comfortably on a leather couch, hands folded behind his head. Liam and Shirley sat across from him, both still visibly shaken.

"Leander... you're telling me that Pierce wasn't human? That he was some kind of Westerman supernatural race called the Blood Clan?"

He swallowed hard. If he hadn't witnessed Leander killing Pierce with his own eyes- and heard him speak with that middle-aged man-he would never have believed something this wild.

"That's right." Leander gave a calm nod. "The Westerman Blood Clan-what we usually call vampires. Pierce was a little unusual, though. He had a rare ability that allowed him to control a person's mind and thoughts."

Liam connected the dots instantly. "So Shirley ended up like that because she was under his ability..."

Leander nodded again. "Exactly. Everything Shirley did was against her will. Ordinary people have no way of resisting that ability. So none of this is her fault. As for how she feels about you-I could see it clearly, and you've felt it too."

Liam pulled Shirley into his arms, tears of relief spilling over. Shirley still couldn't remember anything that had happened, but she could sense all the fear and helplessness Liam had carried. She wrapped her arms around him in return, their hearts falling back into sync.

Watching them, Leander smiled with quiet satisfaction. After a few seconds, he spoke again. "I called you out today because there are things I need to tell you. You and I were classmates in high school, and we've always been close, but there are some things never took the initiative to reveal. Aside from being the chairman of Jeff Enterprises..... I have another identity. I'm a martial artist."

Liam and Shirley straightened, their expressions turning solemn. They knew Leander was about to open a door to a world they had never imagined.

On the Europa continent, deep within a remote and ancient forest, the wilderness stretched endlessly, untouched by human life. Wild animals roamed freely, the landscape primitive and undisturbed.

Yet hidden in the heart of the forest stood an old castle-like structure. At its highest point, a sculpture of a blood-red bat perched silently, so lifelike that under the sun's reflection, its glinting crimson sheen carried an eerie, mystic chill.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 612[1,307 words]

Chapter 612 The Blood Clan's Comeback

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The castle stood deep within the forest, so out of place it looked as though it had been dropped there from another world. Under the slanting sunlight, the bat sculpture perched at its peak shimmered with a striking, blood-red glow.

In Europa, the season stood opposite that of the East-bitterly cold, with daylight lasting only a few short hours. Before long, the sun dipped behind the hillside, and darkness crept in.

As night settled, the forest lost all traces of light, but the castle remained completely unlit, as silent and lifeless as an abandoned mausoleum. Every once in a while, the rasping cries of crows echoed from its depths.

Crack!

Lightning tore across the sky, illuminating half the night, and for that brief moment, a lone figure appeared atop the castle. He stood on the brickwork with his hands clasped behind his back. With a faint stretch of his arms, a massive pair of wings unfurled behind him-each spanning more than ten yards.

He was a Westerian man in the form of a middle-aged aristocrat, dressed in medieval court attire. His naturally elegant face had gone pale, and two sharp fangs protruded from his lips, giving him an air that was both sinister and uncanny.

Standing at the highest point of the castle, he swept his gaze across the surroundings like a sovereign surveying his realm. Just then, a flock of birds flew overhead. He lifted a hand and reached casually toward the sky.

Bam, bam, bam, bam...

One after another, the birds detonated into clouds of blood mist. Each crimson cloud compressed into thick droplets, which streamed toward him as though summoned. His lips parted, drawing them in with an invisible pull. Blood threads whipped through the air and disappeared into his mouth.

As the blood touched his tongue, a look of satisfaction crossed his face, the red glow in his eyes intensifying.

"Human blood was still the finest."

He licked his lips, then stepped off the edge of the towering structure. His wings folded as he dropped several dozen yards, landing before the castle gates.

The massive doors-hundreds of pounds each-creaked open beneath his push. The interior lay in absolute darkness, not a sliver of light penetrating the gloom. He snapped his fingers, sending a burst of force toward the side wall. Click.

A single lantern flickered to life, then another, and another. Flame after flame lit up in sequence until a long, glowing corridor stretched all the way into the depths of the castle.

Hands clasped behind him, he strode forward, moving swiftly along the illuminated path until he reached the grand banquet hall at the castle's heart. The hall lay empty, adorned only with the ornate partitions and decorations of Europa's old royal

courts.

His eyes deepened, and his voice reverberated through the emptiness.

"All of you... After sleeping for so many years, the time has come. Are you truly planning to remain asleep?"

Only his own words echoed back to him. He seemed to be speaking to thin air, and no one responded.

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"Hmph." A cold smile flickered across his brows. "I'll say this once. If you remain silent, I'll turn around and leave immediately. One week ago, the Arbitration Office publicly tore up the King Phase Accord. Whether you continue to sleep or return to the world-it's all in your hands."

Silence lingered... until a sudden gust of wind rushed in through the window.

Whoosh...

It whipped the curtains, snapped the tablecloths, and made the long banquet table at the center of the hall tremble. The tremors intensified, causing the utensils atop it to rattle, then spill onto the floor with crisp metallic chimes.

The man stood with his hands behind his back, the corner of his lips lifting. "So you've finally decided to show yourselves."

Boom!

A thunderous blast suddenly erupted through the grand hall. The long sandalwood table shattered from the inside out, blown apart by some unseen force. As the fragments scattered, a round opening was revealed beneath it. Thick, churning blood surged within the pit, bubbling continuously.

Then, with a violent burst, the blood geysered upward and split into three distinct silhouettes.

As the figures solidified, the one on the far left appeared first-a tall, elderly man dressed in blood-red robes, wearing an old-fashioned monocle attached to a long metal chain that wrapped behind his head.

On the far right stood a man in medieval European aristocratic attire, the kind that heirs of noble titles once wore. Though he looked to be only in his forties or fifties, his hair had already gone silver, and his eyes carried a deep sense of the passing of ages.

The figure in the center was the youngest-barely in his early thirties, with striking gold hair and impossibly handsome features, the very image of a European nobleman. His entire presence radiated piercing intellect and unshakable calm, as though nothing in the world escaped his perception.

The moment the three appeared, the middle-aged man standing before them dropped to one knee without hesitation. "Greetings, my lords."

He addressed them with the oldest noble title of the Westerian Blood Clan, his voice full of reverence.

The two standing to the left and right remained silent. The central man-clearly their leader-cast a chilly glance at the kneeling figure.

"Kit," he said indifferently, "what did you just say? Repeat it."

"Yes." Kit lowered his head and repeated, "One week ago, the Arbitration Office publicly declared beneath the Westerian world that the King Phase Accord has been officially torn apart. And in the East, the Martial Alliance has resurfaced."

The three exchanged looks, subtle shifts flickering through their eyes. After a moment, the central man finally spoke. "Is everything you just said true?"

Kit nodded heavily. "Absolutely. It's all real. And because of the current state of the world, I came here to request your return. The glory of the Augurey family, the prestige of the Westerian Blood Clan-it is time for both to reappear before the world!"

His eyes gleamed with excitement. He had waited nearly a century for this moment.

"Two hundred years ago," he continued, "our ancestor grew too brazen in the Westerian world. The powers of that era joined forces, besieged him, and sealed him within the shattered land. The human world turned against us after that. They hunted us

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Chapter 612 The Blood Clan's Comeback

relentlessly, forcing the Blood Clan to vanish from the face of the earth.

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"Since the day I came of age, I've lived hidden among humanity-suppressing my instincts, restraining my thirst for blood-all to bide my time and wait for the day I could summon you back. Today... that moment has finally arrived!"

Emotion surged through Kit's gaze. He had spent more than 100 years holding back, terrified that the slightest slip would draw the attention of human experts. He had lived as an ordinary businessman, avoiding all human blood, surviving only on the blood of animals-an indignity for a pureblood vampire.

But the locks and chains holding him down were beginning to loosen. Once these three-the pinnacle of the Westeria Blood Clan's power-decided to return, he would never again have to restrain his nature. He could finally unleash himself without limit.

The three elders remained silent, giving no immediate answer. Then, at last, the golden-haired man in the center moved.

He lifted his hand. A crimson badge shot out from his chest, engraved with ancient lettering-one word in particular standing out: Augurey. He tossed the token to Kit, a glint of bloodlust and determination flashing in his eyes.

"Kit. Take the token and contact the other three great houses. Tell them: from this day forward, Westeria's Blood Clan will return in full force. We will reclaim the glory and authority that once belonged to us."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 613[1,314 words]

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Chapter 613 Determined To Kill

Chapter 613 Determined To Kill

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Kit clutched the blood-red badge. His mind reeled, and he bent forward at once, lowering his head in a deep bow.

"Yes!"

Only after taking the badge did he slowly straighten up.

At that moment, the middle-aged man seated at the center suddenly spoke. "Before that, I still have a question for you. Where is Pierce?"

Kit snapped back to attention and replied immediately, "Lord Augurey went to Astria half a month ago. Accompanying him was John, the most loyal servant of the Augurey family!"

"Astria?"

The middle-aged man's expression darkened instantly. The two elderly men beside him also stiffened.

"What is he doing in Astria? And why didn't you stop him?"

An icy chill spread across the man's expression. "Pierce is the Augurey family's only candidate for succession. In the past two hundred years, he's the only genius with the potential to inherit all of the family's supreme techniques!

"When he was born, I sent him into the human world through you so he could adapt and learn how to survive among humans. And now you had the nerve to let him go to Astria?"

"You should know this well. Although the Western martial world is slightly stronger than the Eastern one overall, Astria is a land of wonders and mysteries. Too many unknown and powerful beings have emerged) from that country!"

"Forget the distant past. Just look at the Dragon Emperor who founded the Martial Alliance a hundred years ago. With the underground world in chaos again, he's bound to reemerge. If he were to discover Pierce's identity as a member of the Blood Clan, he would show no mercy. With Pierce's current cultivation, he would die without question!"

"How could you allow Pierce to act on his own?"

Faced with the man's hostile tone, Kit appeared calm and confident. He raised a hand slightly, gesturing for restraint.

"Lord Lewis, please don't be so agitated. Lord Augurey's trip to Astria was not a rash decision. I gave it careful thought before allowing it.

"In the Astrian martial world, the Martial Alliance is currently in the middle of reorganization. Even the Dragon Emperor himself would have no time to concern himself with anything else. They're busy consolidating their forces to prepare for the face—off against the Western martial world.

"This time, Lord Augurey went to Astria under the identity of a foreign-language instructor at Stanton Academy. Hidden within a university campus, no matter how many Astrian powerhouses there are, none

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Chapter 613 Determined To Kill

would think to search a school and uncover his identity.

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"Moreover, Stanton Academy is located in Highcliffe, one of Astria's most sensitive regions. Those powerful King Phase masters from Astria do not go there without a reason. Lord Augurey's risk is virtually

zero.

"On top of that, while staying in Astria, he could quietly lay the groundwork for our future infiltration. It was a move that served two purposes at once."

The three men listened carefully. After some thought, the tension on their faces eased slightly, though traces of concern still lingered.

Seeing this, Kit reached into his robes and produced a jade token.

"My lords, there's no need to worry. This is Lord Augurey's life token. If anything were to happen to him. I would know immediately."

The three men examined the life token. Since there were no abnormalities, their expressions finally softened. Just as Kit was about to ask about contacting the other three families, the blood-red jade token in his hand suddenly began to tremble. "Hm?"

Kit stared at it in confusion. The jade token continued to quiver violently. At the same time, the three men looked over, their expressions changing.

"What's going on?"

Under the gaze of all four, a crack appeared down the center of the blood-red jade token. The fissure spread rapidly, and with a sharp snap, it shattered into several pieces.

"How is this possible?"

Kit stared at the broken jade, his eyes wide, disbelief written all over his face.

The jade token represented Pierce's life. In the half month since Pierce had gone to Astria, it had shown no reaction at all. Everything had been calm. How could it suddenly shatter now?

He swallowed hard, fear creeping into his eyes.

The life token was broken. That meant Pierce's life had ended. The Augurey family's sole heir, the greatest hope for the family's revival, was dead.

"That's impossible!"

The moment the jade token shattered, Kit's face drained of color. He staggered back

a step, as though all strength had been ripped from his body.

"Kit!"

A furious roar echoed through the ancient castle. Killing intent instantly flooded the air. The surrounding

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lamps went out one by one, and the temperature plunged.

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Kit's eyes nearly split as terror surged again. His knees buckled, and he dropped to the floor, bowing until his forehead struck the ground.

"Lord Lewis, please forgive me! I truly don't know what happened!"

By his calculations, Astria did have many powerful figures, but Pierce was hidden on a campus. No one should have been able to discover his identity.

Astria's martial experts were as elusive as phantoms. Who would wander into a university without a

reason?

Yet now, all of his careful planning had turned into nothing but an illusion. Pierce was dead. His life token was shattered. That was an undeniable fact.

Crash!

A streak of blood-colored energy descended from above, enveloping Kit. To his horror, he found that he could no longer move-his limbs, his neck, any part of his body. It was as if he were carrying a million pounds.

In the next instant, an overwhelming force slammed him into the ground, pinning him flat against the stone floor.

"Kit, I entrusted Pierce to you because I trusted your ability and your judgment. You are the Augurey family's strategist and most loyal servant. I believed that under your guidance, Pierce would grow ever more worthy of being the family's heir.

"But now, Pierce is dead. Tell me how should we punish you?"

Fear flooded Kit's heart. He himself was an Infernal Crown Transcendent, yet before these three, he was as helpless as an infant. Even the ability to resist had been completely stripped away.

Pressed against the floor, he spoke in terror. "Lord Lewis, I truly don't know why this happened. Lord Augurey's death was just as unexpected to me. Please give me a chance. Let me go to Astria and uncover the truth behind Lord Augurey's death!"

He knew all too well the capabilities of the three men before him. His voice was filled with humility and desperate pleading.

"Hmph. Pierce died in Astria. Naturally, we will investigate that matter ourselves. What use would you be?"

The middle-aged man, Lewis, glared at Kit. His eyes burned with rage, red light flickering as killing intent surged.

"As for you, you must pay the price for Pierce's death. The responsibility for this lies squarely with you!"

"As the current head of the Augurey family, I hereby strip you of your life!"

As his words fell, the light in Kit's eyes vanished, replaced by utter despair.

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Chapter 613 Determined To Kill

"No-please, give me one more chance. Don't-" Kit wailed, desperate for forgiveness.

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Lewis ignored him completely. With a downward press of his hand, the crushing gravity intensified once

more.

Kit, an Infernal Crown Transcendent, was forced straight into the ground, his body pulverized inch by inch into shattered flesh and bone.

After Kit was killed, the crimson in Lewis' eyes deepened. He looked down at the blood-red jade fragments scattered on the floor and slowly clenched his fist.

"Set aside the matter of contacting the other three families for now. I ask the two of you to send a word at once. Mobilize every force we can in Astria. We must find out who killed Pierce!

"I swear I will kill that person no matter what!"

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 614[851 words]

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too well the wifion for Blood Claw, fhere was fine cake of loyalty or justice. There was

only whenever therything was decided by wrongs done

If de twee before him wished to kill him, he would never be able to stay alive.

Legris dared for for a long time. The pressure grew so hewy that Tor felt the air itself had solidified his breathing, becoming, razzed, Only then did Lewis rein in his anger and torn back to Pierce's body.

Lord Lucca, Lord Sith. What do you think?"

Lucca, standing, to Lewis left, studied the corpse for a moment. He nodded, then slowly shook his head

Sith remained silent for a long while before finally speaking, "One strike pierced Pierce's heart, leaving him no time to reart. The one who made that move must be incredibly powerful-at least on our level Yven among King, Phase masters, such a person would rank near the very top.

Lewis nodded in agreement.

Their cultivation was profound. Merely by examining Pierce's body, they could tell how strong he had

been

Pierce had already reached the Infernal Crown Transcendent realm, just a step away from the King Phase Blood Clan members were born with abilities far beyond ordinary humans, and at the same level, their combat power vastly exceeded that of typical martial artists.

With Pierce's strength, even if he encountered an average King Phase master, he should have been able to fight with ease. Ex

if he could not win, he should have been able to escape. Death should not have been possible

Yer Pierce's body bore no other wounds. There was only a single bloody hole through his heart, clear proof

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Chapter 614 Leander's Gift

that he had been killed instantly with one decisive blow.

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"Looking across Astria," Lewis said heavily, turning to Tor, "among the powerhouses I know, only figure. like the Dragon Emperor, Master Branson, the master of the Twinfang Sect, or the master of the Righterar Sect could possess such strength.

"Tor, tell us everything you know. Who killed Pierce?"

Tor's expression hardened. He slowly spoke a single name. "Jeff Ashcroft."

"Jeff Ashcroft?"

Lewis and the two counts were all taken aback.

The name meant nothing to them. They were puzzled. Had Astria produced another superpower they had never heard of in the past hundred years?

At the same time, in a bar tucked away in a back alley near Stanton Academy, Leander had been sitting with Liam and Shirley for three full hours.

During that time, Leander had explained his identity to them-his background, his experiences, and the brutal reality of the underground world-laying everything bare before their eyes.

Though Liam and Shirley had already held Leander in awe and deep respect, what they heard left them stunned into silence for a long while.

The eldest son of the Ashcroft family of Highcliffe. Chairman of Jeff Enterprises. Number one on the Astria Power Index. Ranked first among the International Combat Units. The sole occupant of the current King Phase Rankings. And, most shocking of all, the man known online as the Blue-Light Superman.

The revelations left their heads spinning.

Liam never could have imagined that someone like this-a living legend of the age- had once been his classmate.

Whether in the open or in the shadows, Leander's identities were unmatched. Calling him one of the strongest people alive was no exaggeration.

After a long silence, Liam finally came back to himself and swallowed hard.

"Leander... everything you told us today is more than I've encountered in the past twenty years combined. I never imagined that someone like you was hiding right beside me.

"That Pierce you mentioned-if he was from the Western Blood Clan, then there must be an enormous family backing him. No matter how powerful you are, you should still be careful. Guard against their revenge."

Leander smiled faintly.

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"If they want to come, let them come. The entire underground world is in turmoil now. Clashes between the world's top experts have long become routine."

"But before they arrive," he added calmly, "they'll need to take a look at the gift I've prepared for them."

"A gift?"

Liam and Shirley exchanged glances, both baffled by what Leander meant.

At the same time, deep within the ancient castle of Europa, something sudden and terrifying began to happen to Pierce's corpse.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 615[523 words]

Chapter 615 A True Divine Being

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Inside the ancient castle, Lewis and the other two were still interrogating Tor.

"Who exactly is Jeff Ashcroft? When did Astria produce someone like him?"

Tor's gaze hardened as he recounted everything about Leander's legendary rise over the past few years.

When he spoke of Leander dominating the Astria Power Index and ranking first among the International Combat Units, the three listened with calm expressions.

But when Tor mentioned that Leander had cut down ten supersonic fighter jets with a single sword strike and stood alone at the very top of the King Phase Rankings, their expressions finally changed

If anyone had claimed before that a King Phase master under twenty existed-one who could cleave supersonic fighter jets-they would never have believed it.

Yet Pierce's corpse lay right before them. The single bloody hole through his heart left no room for doubt.

"Jeff Ashcroft..." Lewis murmured the name softly, the killing intent in his eyes growing thicker by the second.

mester with insane powers, anyone who dares to

"Whether he's the greatest genius in Astria's history or a kill the heir of the Augurey family has only one ending-death!

"Lord Lucca, Lord Sith. The matter of uniting with the other three Blood Clan families can wait. The three of us will go to Astria together and settle this blood debt with Jeff!"

Lucca and Sith nodded. Leander's combat power unsettled them, but it had not yet reached the point of fear.

Destroying supersonic fighter jets was something they couldn't do as cleanly as Leander, but two hundred years ago, they themselves had clawed their way out of seas of corpses and rivers of blood, forging their strength through fire and slaughter. When had they ever feared anyone?

With the three of them joining forces, they were confident they could suppress even the Dragon Emperor. Even a Supreme Arbiter from the Arbitration Office would have to retreat. Compared to that, what was a newly risen young powerhouse from Astria?

They exchanged a glance, confirmed the details with Tor, set their destination as Highcliffe, and prepared to leave the castle for Astria.

At that very moment, Pierce's corpse suddenly twitched.

"Hm?"

All four turned around at once.

A lotus-shaped mark had appeared on Pierce's forehead. At first, it was faint, barely visible, but it grew clearer with each passing second.

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Chapter 615 A True Divine Being

Liam and Shirley were still trying to process his words when Leander stood up.

"I'm heading out. In a couple of days, I'll bring my partner over so you can meet her."

He patted Liam on the shoulder and strode out of the bar.

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A long time passed before Liam finally came back to himself. He stared in the direction Leander had gone and let out a quiet sigh.

"Maybe... he is a true divine being of the heavens."

He knew that even if he spent his entire life trying to catch up to Leander, he would never succeed.

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**From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding
Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 616[
1,447 words]**

Chapter 616 The Hidden Presence

Chapter 616 The Hidden Presence

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After leaving the bar, Leander went straight to the Florian Estate in Highcliffe. Wesley Florian, the Half-Lord of Highcliffe, was sitting in the main hall, sipping coffee. When he heard that Leander had come to visit, he immediately went out to greet him in person.

"Leander, you really are a restless one," Wesley said with a laugh. "If you're not stirring up something earth-shaking, you just won't be satisfied, will you?"

He looked at Leander the way a man might look at his future son-in-law and gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Not long ago, a video of Leander single-handedly shooting down ten supersonic fighter jets had gone viral across the internet. Even without any official verification, Wesley had recognized him at a glance.

The more he looked at this future son-in-law, the more pleased he felt. Across the entire world, there simply wasn't a second young man who could reach Leander's level. Calling him the strongest man alive was no exaggeration at all.

"Mr. Florian, I had no choice," Leander replied calmly. "If they hadn't sent people to kill me, I wouldn't have done any of that."

There was no air of dominance about him at all. He rolled his neck once and sat down on the couch.

He had come here to see Daphne, but she was in seclusion upstairs. It wouldn't have been appropriate to disturb her, so he chatted with Wesley in the hall instead. Their conversation eventually turned to the King Phase masters around the world.

At the mention of King Phase masters, Wesley's expression grew noticeably heavier.

"That's true," he said slowly. "On the International Martial Network, I saw that you've already made it onto the King Phase Rankings-and you're the only martial artist on the list. If this keeps up, you'll inevitably become the top target for King Phase masters all over the world."

Leander smiled faintly and spread his hands in resignation.

"That mess was dumped on me by whoever's pulling the strings behind the International Martial Network. And the video of me shooting down those supersonic fighter jets being uploaded online-that was Agylae's doing too. They want to turn me into a living target for everyone."

He shrugged, his tone relaxed.

"But for me, whether it's open attacks or hidden assaults, it's all the same. Whatever they want to do, I'll be waiting."

Then he turned to Wesley, his gaze sharpening slightly.

"As for you, Mr. Florian, you really shouldn't go anywhere for a while. Don't leave Highcliffe, and definitely don't leave Astria. The world is in chaos right now. For anyone below the King Phase, if you're not under a nation's protection, it's very hard to stay safe."

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Chapter 616 The Hidden Presence

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Wesley nodded in agreement. Not everyone had the strength like Leander's. In the current state of the world, old aristocratic families and powerful publicly listed corporations were nothing more than empty clouds. What truly mattered was the power they held in their own hands.

They talked for more than an hour before hurried footsteps suddenly came from upstairs.

Daphne came rushing down from the second floor in her pajamas, not caring about her appearance at all. She ignored Wesley completely and threw herself straight into Leander's arms.

"You're finally back!"

Her eyes trembled as she tried to suppress the emotions surging inside her. But the moment she saw Leander, the longing she had held in for so long completely broke free.

Seeing this, Wesley tactfully retreated into his study, leaving only Leander and Daphne in the hall.

"What, it's only been half a month, and you already missed me this much?" Leander asked with a smile, gently patting her shoulder.

"Who missed you?" Daphne snapped.

Realizing how unrestrained she had been, she quickly let go and stepped back several paces.

She studied Leander carefully, searching his body for any signs of injury, her face full of tension.

"I heard from a few friends in the military," she said anxiously. "They said you were attacked by an unknown armed force in the Sahar Wastes. They even deployed AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters and supersonic fighter jets. You weren't hurt, were you?"

She had seen the viral videos online and knew that Leander had shot down the fighter jets and survived the military assault. But being alive didn't mean being uninjured. After all, in all of world history, no martial artist had ever gone head-on against modern military weapons before,

"I was injured," Leander admitted with a light smile, "but it wasn't serious. I recovered in Yelem."

As he spoke, he was slightly surprised. In just half a month, Daphne's cultivation had already reached the peak of the Martial Sovereign Realm, only half a step away from the Transcendent Realm. She could break through at any moment.

He couldn't help but marvel at it. Daphne truly deserved her title as one of the four greatest prodigies of Astria's martial world. If not for his existence, Daphne and Ethan-the Twin Stars of Highcliffe-would have been the most dazzling leaders of the younger generation. Unfortunately for everyone else, there was one extra variable: him.

"Are you really fully healed?" Daphne pressed. "Don't lie to me."

The usually aloof campus queen of Highcliffe University now behaved like an overly worried partner, patting and checking him all over. Only after confirming that he was completely unharmed did she finally

relax.

"Dani, come home with me," Leander said, taking her hand. "I've been running around nonstop lately and

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haven't had time to go back to the Ashcroft family."

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"The rest of the Ashcrofts don't really matter," he added softly, "but my mom is still there. Come with me to see her."

After the battle at Southern Shore, Lydia had returned to the Ashcroft family. Leander hadn't set foot there since. By his count, it had been nearly a month since he'd last seen her, and as her son, he felt a trace of guilt.

"Sure," Daphne said readily. "Let me change clothes first."

She went upstairs to get ready, and twenty minutes later, the two of them were driving toward the Ashcroft Residence in Daphne's wine-red BMW.

At the gates of the Ashcroft Residence, Leander walked forward in casual clothes, his head held high, with Daphne lightly holding his arm as they moved side by side.

"Mr. Leander?"

When the guards at the entrance saw him, they immediately bowed deeply, their faces full of respect.

Although Leander rarely appeared at the Ashcroft Residence, his reputation had shaken the entire family to its core. Reginald had personally shown Leander's photograph to every servant and guard, making sure none of them would ever mistake his identity.

They all knew that Leander's authority within the Ashcroft family surpassed even that of the current patriarch, Gareth, and the former patriarch, Reginald. Who would dare show him the slightest disrespect?

Leander didn't care much about his status as the Ashcroft family's eldest son, but he still nodded and led Daphne through the gates.

The Ashcroft Residence was built in a traditional courtyard style-spacious, elegant, and well connected. Northern plants filled the gardens, with pavilions and side courtyards scattered throughout, making the place feel like a hidden paradise.

Leander and Daphne crossed the courtyard together and arrived at the main hall. Reginald, dressed in a dark suit, was reading that evening's financial paper. Nearby, Ethan sat in fitted training clothes, his eyes closed in meditation.

Leander was just about to step inside when his gaze suddenly froze.

An extremely subtle sense of danger washed over his entire body-a feeling he had never experienced before, not in any of the dozen battles he had fought since rising to prominence.

In that instant alone, his Devourer Form activated on its own. It was a powerful warning, triggered only when facing a truly formidable threat.

Without the slightest hesitation, Leander lifted his arm and threw a punch toward the sky on the side of the Ashcroft Residence.

Boom!

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The force of his punch was terrifying. A hollow rupture appeared in the night sky, the space itself twisting slightly. From the darkness, a withered hand suddenly shot out and met Leander's fist head-on.

At the moment of contact, Leander's fist force was abruptly cut off, dissipating into nothing.

Then an aged voice, laced with surprise, echoed faintly through the air.

"Interesting. To think you could sense my presence. I never imagined that the Ashcroft family would harbor someone like you."

Leander's eyes turned cold. The sense of danger intensified sharply as the Nirvana Energy within him. surged to its absolute peak.

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 617[1,306 words]

Chapter 617 Power Beyond All Precedent

Chapter 617 Power Beyond All Precedent

Boom!

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+10 Free Coins

Leander's punch thundered through the air, warping the sky above the side wing of Ashcroft Residence. The instant the shockwave rippled outward, Reginald—who had been reading the paper—hardened his gaze, flashed into motion, and shot out of the main hall.

Ethan, deep in cultivation, sensed it as well. He snapped his eyes open, took a single step forward, and appeared beside Reginald.

The two of them arrived just in time to see it—a withered hand suddenly reached out from the sky to the side, casually dispersing Leander's fist force in midair.

"Leander?"

"Leander?"

Reginald and Ethan froze, then turned sharply toward Leander.

Leander was still holding his punching stance. His eyes were slightly narrowed, a flicker of surprise flashing through them.

That punch hadn't been his full strength, but even Darian or the Twin Reapers-King Phase masters from a century ago—would have struggled to take it head-on. Yet this person had dissolved it with effortless ease. Such cultivation was nothing short of terrifying.

"To think a mere Ashcroft family could produce someone who can sense my presence," a voice drifted down from the night sky. "Interesting."

The voice sounded like that of a man in his forties, yet upon closer listening, it carried the weight of someone in his sixties or seventies—strangely layered and profound.

As the voice echoed, a figure slowly emerged from behind the dark clouds. As his outline sharpened, Leander and the others looked up and saw an elderly man dressed in luxurious gold robes.

He had snow-white hair and a youthful complexion. Though slightly stooped, he radiated vigor. His eyes held their light in reserve, his forehead was full, and his temples bulged faintly—clear signs that his body, energy, and spirit were all at their peak. He was an exceedingly rare, top-tier powerhouse.

Reginald and Ethan both stiffened. The old man had been hiding in the Ashcroft Residence, and clearly not for a day or two. Yet all this time, neither of them had sensed his presence in the slightest.

Leander stared at the old man, his expression subtly shifting.

Earlier that day at the airport, he had met the Dragon Emperor—the strongest person he had ever faced since venturing into the martial world.

But now, the old man standing in the void radiated an aura that was vast and

unending. Even a faint release of it felt like the deep sea itself-endless and unfathomable. Even someone as strong as Leander felt as though he were facing an ocean without a shore.

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Chapter 617 Power Beyond All Precedent

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More than that, Leander felt something he had never experienced before-a sharp sense of mortal danger. Only when life itself was threatened did such an instinct arise. His Devourer Form began to surge violently, as if sounding an alarm.

This old man was an enemy of unprecedented strength.

Even Leander had to admit it-purely in terms of raw power, the old man far surpassed him. Even the Dragon Emperor couldn't compare.

"Who are you?" Leander demanded. "Why are you hiding in the Ashcroft Residence? What's your purpose?"

Though the old man's cultivation far exceeded his own, Leander showed no fear as he questioned him. directly.

Cultivation was cultivation. Combat was combat.

Since the day he ventured into the martial world, Leander had fought more than a dozen battles. His realm was often lower than his opponents', yet he had always been the one standing at the end.

This old man was unlike anyone he had faced before, but if it came down to a fight to the death, Leander was fifty percent confident he could drag him down with him.

His tone had already turned hostile.

The old man had concealed himself in the Ashcroft Residence-clearly with ulterior motives. Though Leander no longer acknowledged the Ashcroft family, blood was still thicker than water. He could act against the Ashcroft family himself, but he would never allow outsiders to do so.

Reginald and Ethan stepped forward quickly, positioning themselves behind Leander in a confrontational stance. The old man, however, remained calm and simply shook his head.

"Child, do you even know who I am?" he said flatly. "And you dare speak to me in this tone?"

He continued indifferently, "A minor clan like the Ashcroft family isn't even worthy of making me hide myself.

"The only reason I'm here is that I bear an important commission from my clan. Otherwise, I wouldn't step foot inside the Ashcroft Residence even if they invited me."

Seeing the hostility in Leander's eyes, he remained unmoved. "You don't need to look at me like that. I have no interest in your family. I'm merely waiting for someone."

If anyone else were present, they would have been stunned by his words.

The Ashcrofts of Highcliffe were one of Astria's top ten great families, with deep roots in business, politics, and the military. A single move from them could shake the nation. They were a true behemoth.

Yet in the old man's mouth, the Ashcroft family was no better than dirt and rubble- not even worth his

attention.

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Chapter 617 Power Beyond All Precedent

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Reginald, as the former head of the Ashcroft family, felt anger stir in his chest, but he said nothing. He had no choice. Someone who could casually block Leander's attack was far beyond him. Before such a figure, his status as the Ashcroft family's leader meant nothing.

"Waiting for someone?" Leander's gaze shifted slightly. "Who are you waiting for?" The old man crossed his arms, standing on empty air like a sage, his presence dignified and aloof.

"Who I'm waiting for is none of your concern."

His eyes swept over Leander again and again, tinged with curiosity.

He had only been at Ashcroft Residence for a week, but during that time, even Reginald-who had reached the Transcendent Realm-had failed to notice him. Yet the moment Leander arrived, he sensed him immediately, pinpointed his position, and attacked.

The old man hadn't expected someone so young to possess such ability.

"There's something very familiar about your bloodline," he said slowly. "So, you're Liddy's son."

He nodded and sighed.

"Liddy?"

Reginald and Ethan were utterly confused, having no idea who he meant. But Leander reacted instantly.

Liddy-wasn't that Lydia Brookhaven, his mother?

"You know my mom?" Leander demanded. "Who are you?"

His vigilance spiked. The old man clearly knew Lydia well-close enough to call her

Liddy.

The more he thought about it, the more dangerous the situation felt. This man had hidden himself in the Ashcroft Residence and knew his mother. There was little doubt he was here because of Lydia.

Being targeted by someone of this caliber made even Leander feel pressure.

He wasn't afraid of powerful enemies-but he feared enemies who went after the people he cared about.

The old man smiled faintly and didn't answer. Instead, he said arrogantly, "Child, by seniority alone. I could be your great-grandfather.

"That punch you threw just now was more than enough reason for me to cripple you.

But since you're Liddy's son, I'll let it go this time.

"If there's a next time, even being Liddy's son won't save you."

As his words fell, his figure began to blur, fading back into the clouds.

"Stop!" Leander barked sharply. His fingers curled into claws as he tried to seal the surrounding space and keep the old man there.

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The old man didn't move. He merely flicked his sleeve.

A deafening boom tore through the night sky—and Leander's expression changed instantly.

An overwhelming force surged toward him like a collapsing mountain.

Whoosh!

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Leander was blasted backward. Even going all out, he couldn't withstand it. His

body skidded across the marble ground, carving a deep groove as he was forced back more than thirty feet.

At that sight, Reginald, Ethan, and Daphne all froze in shock.

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

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 618[1,180 words]

Chapter 618 My Destiny

Chapter 618 My Destiny

Slash!

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Leander's foot slammed onto the marble floor, sinking half an inch into the stone. A shallow trench streaked out from the impact, stretching over thirty feet.

Daphne and the others froze, staring in disbelief.

Leander's strength was legendary-he could slice through supersonic fighter jets. The only one at the top of the King Phase Rankings of the present era, he was a peerless powerhouse, even compared to the King Phase masters of a century ago.

Yet the old man in the luxurious robes had merely flicked his sleeve-and Leander was hurled back more than thirty feet, as if it required no effort at all. The casual display of such overwhelming power was truly astonishing.

Leander skidded back, then his palm erupted in a ring of blue energy, shaking the ground with sheer force. Only then did the colossal, crushing momentum dissipate, and he came to a halt.

"What incredible power!"

His eyes narrowed as he scanned the night sky. The old man's figure had vanished, leaving nothing but a gust of wind that drifted away.

"Ander, are you okay?"

Daphne quickly rushed to his side, her face tight with worry.

Honestly, this was the first time since their reunion that she had seen Leander struggle in a clash of raw strength.

The old man's casual strike had sent him flying. She didn't dare imagine what might happen if the man unleashed his full power.

"I'm fine."

Leander shook his head lightly, his gaze deepening with curiosity. The old man's identity fascinated him more and more.

A single, effortless strike capable of suppressing him like that? Even the Dragon Emperor couldn't do that to him.

Though he had never considered himself invincible, Leander was confident in his power. Yet tonight, the old man reminded him just how vast and unpredictable the world truly was.

The Dragon Emperor, the 16 Supreme Arbiters of the Arbitration Office, the High Priest of the Church- they were all the pinnacle of the martial world. But even their top status was merely what was visible.

The world was full of hidden martial experts. This old man, for instance, could easily defeat them all.

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Chapter 618 My Destiny

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Could he be one of the legendary beings above the King Phase? Leander pondered, the possibility growing more real with each thought.

King Phase masters represented the peak of contemporary power, but history spoke of even greater existences like Western divinities and Eastern immortals.

"Leander!" Reginald snapped out of his shock. "Who is that old man? How could anyone be that strong?"

Leander's eyes sharpened, but he didn't answer. Instead, he asked, "Where's my mom? Where is she right now?"

Ethan responded immediately, "Mom and Dad went on a trip. I talked to them on the phone a couple days ago. They're in Zolara!"

Leander paused briefly, then dialed Lydia's number.

After three rings, her voice came through-cheerful and light.

"Ander, is that you? Finally giving your mom a call!"

Hearing her tone eased some of Leander's worry. He didn't mention the old man, simply keeping the conversation casual.

"Mom, I just got back from the Sahar Wastes and decided to bring Dani to see you. Didn't realize you were traveling! Where are you now?"

"You have done all these world-shaking things and are only now thinking of your mom," Lydia scolded lightly, though her voice carried a trace of indulgence.

"I just flew with your dad to Lucentia in Etrax. We're on top of Zenith Tower, taking photos!"

Leander was silent for a moment, then said, "I see. Well, have fun-I won't keep you. If anything happens, call me immediately. I'll be there in no time."

A brief pause followed on the other end, then Lydia laughed softly.

"We're just traveling. What could possibly happen? You're the Iron Sovereign, top of the world-who would dare mess with me?"

"Alright, that's settled. When I go back to Highcliffe, you'll bring Dani over. I'll make glazed ribs and roast chicken for you!"

She hung up.

Ethan frowned. "Leander, why didn't you tell Mom and Dad about the old man? They should at least be aware, for safety's sake."

Daphne and Reginald looked at him, puzzled.

Leander rested his chin in his hand, shaking his head.

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"The old man was hiding in the Ashcroft Residence, clearly to check on Mom. With his strength, tracking her would be effortless. His concealment shows no ill intent toward her.

"Then, there's no reason to worry her during her trip."

He raised his palm, slowly clenching his fingers, his eyes turning sharp and cold.

"But whatever his purpose, I will find out. Any threat near my mom must be eliminated. Next time... I won't let him leave so easily."

Atop Zenith Tower in Lucentia, Etrax, Gareth and Lydia stood in the fierce wind, like a couple suspended in the sky.

Lydia had just hung up when Gareth asked, concerned, "Was that Leander? Did he return to Astria?"

She nodded, but her expression had turned serious, far from the lightheartedness she had shown during the call.

"Leander said he had brought Dani to visit me today. He didn't mention anything else, but I have a feeling something happened-enough to make him call and ask where I am.

"I suppose someone from 'that side' came... and it was a heavyweight. He must have felt the pressure and worried I might be in danger."

Despite being thousands of miles away, Lydia's insight seemed almost prophetic, her eyes gleaming with sharp intelligence.

"Are you talking about someone from the Brookhaven family?"

Gareth's pupils contracted, his expression darkening.

Lydia nodded gravely. "With Leander's current power, there are few rivals in the world. Even the Dragon Emperor, who once dominated Astria, would not intimidate him this much. Only the Brookhaven family could make him feel pressure."

She lifted her gaze to the blazing sun, then stepped forward. They were on Zenith Tower's observation deck, but not in the safe zone-she stepped onto a ledge where a misstep meant a fall of over 300 feet to certain death.

Seeing Lydia's movement, Gareth slightly lowered his head and did not stop her. She took a single step- and her foot landed on empty air as if it were solid ground.

She walked three steps in a row. This gentle, unassuming mother who always appeared ordinary now seemed to stride upon nothing, commanding the world beneath her, like a celestial being walking among

mortals.

Gareth's eyes flickered, and he sighed deeply. Lydia turned to him, smiling.

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"Gareth, these twenty years have flown by. If I had the chance again, I would still choose to be with you without regret.

"The Brookhaven family has entered the mortal world. That means my time has come."

Her voice was soft, her tone distant, almost like a whisper carried by the wind.

"I cannot walk the next path with you. Find someone else to stand by your side. "Now, I must return to my birthplace. That is my home, and there, my destiny awaits."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 619[1,332 words]

Chapter 619 True Martial Heavenrend

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Lydia stood proudly in the sky. The gale howled straight at her, yet it couldn't stir even a corner of her clothes. She looked like a celestial being who had descended into the mortal world, towering above all living things.

If Leander and Ethan had been there, they would have been utterly stunned. Lydia had always shown herself to be an ordinary woman. She had always been a gentle, capable wife and mother, never once revealing the slightest hint of martial power.

But now, she stood in empty air, suspended between heaven and earth. Her aura was so vast and boundless that even Gareth, standing behind her, was clearly inferior.

"Gareth," Lydia said softly, "during this time-after Ander returned, and with you by my side as we traveled the world-these truly were the happiest days of my life. But now, this kind of life has to end.

"I still have my own destiny to fulfill. I promised the family twenty years back then. The time has come to honor that promise."

Her voice was low and distant as she lifted Gareth's face in her hands. Below them, countless tourists and passersby stared upward, their faces frozen in shock and disbelief.

Gareth ignored everyone else. His eyes were filled with sorrow, his voice heavy with grief.

"Lydia... do you really have to leave?"

She was his wife-his partner for twenty years. Even though, for eight of those years, Lydia had withdrawn from worldly life because of Leander, devoting herself to prayer and faith, their bond had never weakened.

The thought of Lydia leaving him, leaving the Ashcroft family, felt like a knife twisting in his chest.

"Gareth," Lydia said with a quiet sigh, "you know the answer to that better than I do.

"The Brookhaven family's strength-what you saw back then was only the tip of the iceberg. You should understand by now that they're not something the Ashcroft family or the Florian family can be compared to.

"In the eyes of the Brookhaven family, even the world's great powers don't necessarily matter.

"Without using nuclear weapons, even a major nation couldn't shake them in the slightest. That place exists on a completely different level from the secular world.

"Because of my promise, you and I were granted twenty years of peace. But I am a daughter of the Brookhaven family-and a chosen saintess. They won't let me go."

Gareth clenched his fists, as if trying to vent the last of his defiance. His voice dropped.

"Lydia, the Ashcroft family is nothing like it was twenty years ago. Even if the Brookhaven family tried to force the issue, it wouldn't be so easy now. And Leander has risen. With his talent and potential, there may come a day when he can stand against their strongest figures."

Lydia shook her head helplessly and sighed again.

"Gareth, you said it yourself-that's the future.

"Leander's talent and potential would rank at the very top even within the Brookhaven family, where geniuses are everywhere. Give him ten years, and more than ninety percent of their experts wouldn't be his match. But that's ten years from now.

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Chapter 619 True Martial Heavenrend

+10 Free Coins

"Right now, Leander hasn't reached that level. If the Brookhaven family's experts truly went after him, his chances of survival would be slim.

"As a mother and a wife, I cannot put you all in danger. I must return to my family."

Resolve flashed through her eyes. Gareth stood frozen, knowing her decision was final.

He stepped forward, standing beside her in midair, and tightly grasped her hand. "Lydia, I know I can't change your mind. But one day, I will go to the Brookhaven family myself and bring you back-openly and honorably.

"That's my promise."

Lydia looked at the man she loved, standing there with such passion and determination. A gentle smile appeared on her face as she nodded softly.

The next instant, she suddenly tightened her grip on Gareth's arm.

A surging force poured directly into his body. Gareth was shocked and hurriedly circulated his innate vitality to block it, but the power shattered through his defenses, flowing into every part of him.

"Lydia, what are you doing?" he cried, his face changing as realization struck him.

"I'm giving you a farewell gift," Lydia said with a smile. "This is the last thing I can do for you. My man should stand above the world."

The power grew even more violent, filling every cell in Gareth's body to the brim. His cultivation surged at a terrifying pace. His innate vitality circulated, becoming denser and purer under the scouring force, gradually transforming into a far stronger, more refined Primordial Energy.

If any Infernal Crown Transcendents stuck at the King's Triple Turn had seen this, they would have been stunned speechless-and mad with envy.

Gareth skipped the King's Triple Turn entirely. His innate vitality transformed directly into Primordial Energy, and he was charging straight toward the King Phase.

"Ah!"

Feeling the overwhelming power within him, Gareth roared. The shockwave rippled across the sky. A radiant halo appeared above his head, blowing away the clouds as a brilliant canopy soared upward.

Throughout Etrax, countless martial experts turned toward that pillar of light, their expressions tightening. They all knew what it

meant.

A King Phase master had been born.

Inside the hall of Ashcroft Residence, Leander, Daphne, Ethan, and Reginald had gathered together. Mira, a young woman from a side branch of the family who had been awakened by the disturbance, stood nearby as well. She looked at Leander with curiosity and barely concealed excitement.

This cousin of hers-who dominated the world and stood at its very peak-had finally set foot inside the Ashcroft Residence. She

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Chapter 619 True Martial Heavenrend

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didn't know what had just happened, but judging from the expressions of Leander and Reginald, something major was unfolding. She wisely kept silent. "Leander," Reginald said, looking at him, "what do you plan to do about this?" Leander's gaze flickered. He didn't answer right away. The appearance of that mysterious old man had surprised him.

Judging by the man's strength, he was clearly far beyond the King Phase. Being targeted by someone like that put enormous pressure even on Leander.

With his current power, merely holding his own against the old man would already be difficult. Defeating him was nearly impossible. If the old man truly intended harm toward Lydia, Leander estimated he only had a fifty percent chance of stopping it.

"For now, we'll put this aside," Leander finally said. "Go on with your own matters. From his tone, he didn't seem to be targeting the Ashcroft family. He also seemed extremely familiar with my mother, so he probably won't harm her.

"I just can't figure out why he was hiding in the Ashcroft Residence. Was he waiting for something?"

Even Leander couldn't help marveling at the old man's power. With just one glance, he had recognized Leander as Lydia's son. From his aura alone, he could see through everything. Leander had a strong feeling that the old man didn't come from the same world as they did-but from a higher plane altogether.

"So we just leave it alone for now?" Ethan asked, nodding.

His strength was worlds apart from Leander's. If even Leander couldn't stop that mysterious old man, then no matter how much Ethan wanted to intervene, he would be powerless. Everything depended on Leander to hold the line.

Under everyone's gaze, Leander suddenly stood up. A flash of determination crossed his eyes.

"From today on, I'll stay permanently at the Ashcroft Residence."

He had already made up his mind. He needed to take a risky path to gain a means of going against that mysterious old man. Among the techniques he had created himself, there was still one ultimate move-one with terrifying, destructive power. If he could perfect it, it would possess might beyond the King Phase itself, enough to contend with the old man.

That move was called True Martial Heavenrend.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 620[1,243 words]

Chapter 620 The Centennial at Ravenridge Senior High

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While creating the Devourer's Ninefold Path, Leander had drawn inspiration from it and gained insight into many powerful martial techniques. Yet he had never truly begun to practice them.

All of those techniques lay stored in his mind-and True Martial Heavenrend was one of them.

True Martial Heavenrend was the art of channeling the True Martial Power contained within Nirvana Energy and condensing it into a refined Flying Sword, unleashing destructive force capable of going against the heavens and severing all vitality.

With a single strike, its power could rival ten missiles, easily leveling an entire football field. Even against an existence beyond the King Phase, Leander was confident he could rely on it as his ultimate trump card and fight on equal footing.

But to truly master True Martial Heavenrend, there was a crucial prerequisite: he first had to refine the legendary Flying Sword, an artifact said to exist only in the myths of immortals.

Seeing Leander fall silent, Daphne asked in confusion, "Ander, what are you thinking about? Do you have a plan?"

Leander narrowed his eyes slightly and rose to his feet.

"I'll handle this matter. Everyone should carry on as usual. Don't worry too much about that mysterious old man-given his strength, he won't make things difficult for anyone in the Ashcroft family."

Those words were meant for Reginald, Ethan, and the others. As soon as he finished speaking, Leander left the Ashcroft Residence with Daphne.

Reginald and Ethan remained in the hall, exchanging wordless glances.

Outside the residence, Daphne clutched Leander's arm, her expression grave. "Ander... are you sure about this?"

Leander turned his head and gave a faint smile.

"Don't worry. His cultivation may be higher than mine, but cultivation is one thing- combat strength is another. If he truly intends to harm my mother, I have a way to keep him in check.

"Still, I need time to prepare. At least a week.

"I'm going to cultivate a supreme technique-one powerful enough to severely injure him."

Daphne's eyes flickered in shock. "A supreme technique?"

Leander already stood at the pinnacle of the world, nearly unrivaled. For even him to speak so seriously about a technique he needed to cultivate-the very thought made her shudder. Its power was surely far beyond anything she could imagine.

Leander escorted Daphne to the Florian Estate. At the gate, he gently pulled her into his arms, guilt softening his voice.

"Dani, I went to the Sahar Wastes and visited the Divine Vault. I thought that once I came back, I could finally spend some real time with you. I didn't expect something like this to happen.

"I may have to leave again for a while."

Daphne hugged him back and shook her head lightly.

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"It's okay. The greater a person's power, the greater their responsibility. That's the Ander I love.

"This concerns Ms. Brookhaven's safety. Go and do what you must. I'm not some lovestruck little girl-I'll wait for you."

Her understanding sent a warm surge through Leander's chest. He lowered his head and kissed her gently on the forehead.

As they parted, Leander's gaze hardened, a faint chill flashing through his eyes.

"True Martial Heavenrend... It's time for you to enter the world."

Instead of returning to the school dorms, Leander went straight to Jeff Enterprises' Highcliffe branch and sought out Frankie.

"Help me gather information-anything related to ancient swords. Collect everything you can. I'll need it."

In the top-floor suite of Jeff Tower, Leander leaned back on the couch and issued his orders.

The reason he needed ancient swords was simple: one of the materials required to refine True Martial Heavenrend was a sword blank.

A sword blank was an incompletely formed Flying Sword. These blanks were highly malleable, allowing Leander to reshape them according to his own needs and forge them into terrifying weapons.

But in this era, where the art of forging had steadily declined, sword blanks were almost impossible to find. Only ancient, secretly passed-down sects-or forgotten ruins in desolate wilderness-might still hold them.

The world was vast. To locate sword blanks as soon as they appeared, Leander needed the intelligence network of Jeff Enterprises.

"Understood, Mr. Ashcroft. I'll get right on it," Frankie replied with a nod.

He immediately made a call and began issuing orders.

Leander remained there, resting with his eyes closed. About an hour later, Frankie wheeled a laptop over. Line after line of detailed information about ancient swords filled the screen.

"Mr. Ashcroft, nearly all recent information related to ancient swords is here. Please take a look."

Leander nodded faintly. His eyes swept rapidly across the dense text, his mind processing and filtering everything at astonishing speed. In just a few minutes, he had scrolled through hundreds of entries-until his gaze stopped on one.

"An underground auction house?"

Leander narrowed his eyes.

According to the listing, provided by one of the auction house's managers, a damaged ancient sword was scheduled to be auctioned off in two days.

And the location of that underground auction was none other than Ravenridge of Mornwick-the very place where Leander's rise to dominance had begun.

"How much do you know about this auction house?" Leander asked, closing the laptop and turning to Frankie.

As the undisputed power behind Ravenridge, Frankie knew nearly everything about the city. Yet when it came to this underground auction house, he shook his head.

"Mr. Ashcroft, I don't know much about it," he admitted.

"Although it's located in Ravenridge, it's controlled by a group of mysterious individuals. Their true identities are unknown.

"All I know is that only people with assets exceeding ten billion are eligible to enter, and the guests they receive are... special. Most of them are martial artists-people like you."

"Interesting," Leander said softly.

He understood immediately. This auction house was clearly designed for martial artists, and the items up for sale would naturally be tied to the martial world. The ancient sword mentioned was almost certainly no ordinary object-very likely the sword blank he was seeking.

Whether it truly was a sword blank or not, he had to make the trip. Refining True Martial Heavenrend was no longer optional.

As he ght of the place where his name first shook the world, wave of emotion rose in his chest. His ascent in the martial world, the founding of Jeff Enterprises- everything had begun in Ravenridge.

"Book me a flight. I'm going to Ravenridge tomorrow."

More than a year had passed. At last, he was returning to where it all started.

Frankie immediately made the arrangements, booking a business-class ticket from Highcliffe to Ravenridge.

At that moment, Leander's phone rang. The caller ID showed a name he hadn't seen in a long time-Yvette.

His expression calm, Leander answered.

"Leander? Is that you?" Yvette's voice came through the line.

"It's me," he replied coolly.

"I thought you wouldn't pick up. Liam and I ran into each other near the back gate of Stanton Academy today-that's how I found out you're back in Highcliffe."

Leander remained indifferent. "It's late. Why are you calling?"

There was a brief silence on the other end before Yvette spoke again. "Well... tomorrow's the last day of the holidays. It also happens to be the hundredth anniversary of Ravenridge Senior High. The school invited many alumni from the previous class to attend. I wanted to ask you if you would be willing to go with me."

Leander's expression turned strange at once.

"Ravenridge Senior High's centennial?"

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