

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 631[1,179 words]

Chapter 631 Who Is Coming?

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The girl kept staring at Leander, her expression shifting repeatedly as if she had just discovered a brand-new continent. Her gaze refused to leave him.

Ashlee was Yvette's uncle's daughter. Ravenridge Senior High carried a century of prestige and reputation, which was precisely why she had enrolled as a freshman. Since then, she had been living long-term at the Sitwell Residence.

At the Sitwell Residence, the name she heard most often was not Yvette's; it was Leander's.

Based on Monica and Linden's descriptions, Leander came across as nearly all- powerful. He was resolute, unassailable, and able to manage anything in his path. They frequently called him the family's benefactor, and every time they mentioned him, gratitude was evident.

A few days earlier, Ashlee asked about him when Yvette came home. Noticing Yvette's expression and the gentle softness in her demeanor, Ashlee sensed there was something more beneath the surface.

That curiosity had only grown stronger.

She wondered what kind of man could inspire an entire family to view him with such reverence, as if he were a living legend.

Now that very person stood right in front of her.

Only moments earlier, she had boldly asked him for his number, and the sheer absurdity of the situation left her stunned.

"Is she your cousin?" Leander glanced at Yvette, faint amusement flickering across his face.

Yvette nodded. "She is. Let me introduce her properly. This is Ashlee Sullivan, my uncle's daughter. She just started her freshman year here."

Leander inclined his head toward Ashlee, then regarded her with a half-smile. "Young lady, focus on your studies while you're at school. Stop asking random boys for their numbers."

A teasing note colored his voice. "If you want my number, your cousin already has it. You can ask her."

Yvette turned toward Ashlee. The blush creeping across her cousin's face and that embarrassed glare explained everything. "You little troublemaker. Were you playing that silly game again? Asking your senior for his number?"

Ashlee stuck out her tongue and clung to Yvette's arm. "How was I supposed to know he's your person? If I knew, I would never ask. I'm not competing with you for your boyfriend."

Yvette flicked her lightly on the forehead, exasperation mixing with amusement. "Mind your words."

Ashlee tilted her head, mischief dancing in her eyes. "Did I lie? If I weren't afraid you'd get embarrassed, I would have called him my future cousin-in-law right then and there,"

Heat rose instantly to Yvette's cheeks. She felt exposed, yet she offered no denial.

Once Leander had walked several yards ahead, she patted Ashlee's shoulder and hurried after him.

The moment the two disappeared, Ashlee's friends rushed over.

1/3

2:37 pm

Chapter 631 Who Is Coming?

"What happened?"

"Did you get his number?"

"Who was that girl?"

Ashlee lifted both hands helplessly. "Forget it. No chance. That's my cousin and her boyfriend."

Her friends erupted into laughter.

"So your cousin didn't scold you? You were flirting with your own cousin's boyfriend." "Trying to steal him from family now?"

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Their teasing piled on until Ashlee's face turned bright red. The group chased each other around the track in squealing chaos before finally settling down.

After catching her breath, Ashlee's expression turned thoughtful. "If they came for the anniversary ceremony, then the school has a

real heavyweight on campus today."

Her friends blinked in confusion.

"What do you mean?"

"Wait, didn't the school invite your cousin, Victor, Shiloh, and all those star alumni back for the anniversary? The way you're talking... are you saying your 'future cousin-in-law' is actually more impressive than all of them?"

Ashlee paused, gaze drifting toward the direction Leander had gone.

If Uncle Linden and Aunt Monica are telling the truth, then Victor and the others

would not even be worthy of standing next to him.

He walked into the Grove alone and took Yvette back from the Walsh family.

That alone tells me exactly what kind of man he is.

Inside Ravenridge Senior High's auditorium, seats had nearly filled.

Victor, Shiloh, and Hendrix had been escorted to the guest section by Jacklyn and Melanie.

Another familiar face occupied the section as well-Jade.

During her senior year, she served as a class monitor for Class 4 and as the deputy director of the arts committee in the student council. After graduation, she had entered Highcliffe University of the Arts. Her presence at the centennial celebration felt inevitable.

Upon seeing Victor, Jade's eyes brightened. "You're all here."

Victor maintained a composed expression and took the seat beside her. His feelings toward Jade were lukewarm, though he appreciated the attention she gave him. Jacklyn and Melanie, acting as hosts, settled nearby.

1:37 pm

Chapter 631 Who Is Coming?

Victor scanned the room and asked curiously, "Weren't others invited? Why are we

the only ones here?"

Shiloh, Hendrix, and Jade all understood his implication.

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Among their graduating class, besides the four present, the other notable names included Madeline, Yvette, and Ginny. Each of these three had complex connections to the men sitting here.

As their names came up, subtle changes appeared on their faces, making the atmosphere feel a little more tense.

Melanie responded quickly, "You mean Yvette and Ginny? They arrived yesterday and contacted me. They'll definitely attend."

She hesitated briefly before continuing, "Madeline is harder to confirm. The school mentioned that her identity is special. Her attendance depends on her schedule." Victor's expression darkened at the mention of Madeline.

At that time, he liked her and saw her as the perfect partner. He believed she would ultimately pick him.

However, reality had shattered that confidence.

Shiloh noticed the shift and clapped his shoulder. "Let it go, Victor. With that man around, they won't even glance our way. You

should move on."

At the mention of "that man," Jade and Hendrix visibly stiffened. The unspoken name lingered heavily in the air.

Jacklyn, standing nearby enough to observe the slight changes in their expressions, felt her curiosity intensify. "Shiloh, who is that?"

Shiloh's brows furrowed slightly at the question, but he didn't respond. The tension

in his face made his feelings obvious.

Seeing this, Melanie quickly gave Jacklyn a warning look.

Jacklyn caught on at once and held her tongue.

Feeling the tense atmosphere, Melanie softly shifted the conversation. "Victor, apart from Yvette and Ginny, another old friend of yours is here today. He wasn't officially invited, so there's no reserved seat. Would you like him brought over?"

Victor's lips curled into a subtle, dismissive sneer. The term "old friend" held no significance for him. Besides Yvette, Ginny, and Madeline, he regarded hardly anyone else from their class as important.

A sense of disdain simmered quietly inside him, but he masked it with a nonchalant demeanor. When Melanie mentioned it, he pretended to be mildly interested. "Old friend? Who?"

Before Melanie could answer, Jacklyn spoke up eagerly, "It's Leander. You remember him, right?"

The name dropped into water, causing everyone to stiffen and focus.

Victor, who had always maintained his composure and restraint, suddenly stood up

His eyes stayed fixed on Melanie as his voice suddenly became much louder.

"Who did you just mention? Repeat that."

373

2:37 pm

Chapter 632 A Sovereign Ruling The Sky

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 632[996 words]

Chapter 632 A Sovereign Ruling The Sky

Chapter 632 A Sovereign Ruling The Sky

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Only moments earlier, Victor had appeared composed, even faintly indifferent. The instant Jacklyn mentioned the name, everything changed. He shot up from his seat as if triggered.

"Who did you just mention? Repeat that."

His eyes locked onto Jacklyn, something sharp and unsettling flashing within them. The intensity made her shrink instinctively.

Madeline stood nearby, equally stunned. In her memory, Victor had always carried himself with elegance and restraint. He rarely revealed emotion and maintained a cool distance from others. Now he looked like a man struck by sudden danger, his body rigid and his expression tight.

"Victor... what's going on?" Jacklyn lowered her head slightly, anxiety creeping in. Fear flickered across her face.

Victor became aware of his loss of control. He inhaled slowly and forced his expression back into order. The chill in his eyes, however, remained unmistakable. "Answer me first."

Jacklyn pressed her palm lightly to her forehead and managed a strained smile. "It's Leander Ashcroft. He was in your class. You all remember him, don't you?"

She had noticed earlier that Leander had not received an official invitation. No reserved seat awaited him. The oversight struck her as unfair. Mentioning him now had been her attempt to bridge that gap. He had once stood among Ravenridge's brightest names. Being excluded from the anniversary felt wrong.

"Leander?" Victor's gaze sharpened further. He turned toward Melanie. "You saw him on campus?"

He did not clarify which Leander he meant. At Ravenridge, only one person bore that name with weight.

"Yes." Melanie nodded, confusion clouding her expression. "Jacklyn saw him herself. Is there an issue?"

All four former standouts wore unusually grim expressions. The reaction puzzled her.

Victor offered no reply. He lowered himself back into his seat slowly, as though drained of strength. His face darkened in a way none of them had seen before.

"It's really him," he murmured under his breath. "He's back."

Hendrix and Shiloh exchanged uneasy glances and remained silent.

Time and experience had expanded their understanding. As they progressed further

in life, Leander's true position became increasingly clear.

Victor possessed greater knowledge than most; he knew exactly who Leander had become the Chairman of Jeff Enterprises of The Legend of Mornwick.

Each title alone was towering, like a mountain. Achieving even a small fraction of that stature would require decades

He wondered, He has been gone for more than a year. Everyone said he left Ravenridge and Mornwick Se why is he back n

Jade felt a flicker of memory. She recalled the distant, cool boy she once underestimated. Their earlier conflicts resurfaces in her mind. For a long time, she

had dismissed him. Six months earlier, however, she had learned the truth at

thering. The revelation that he chaired Jeff Enterprises had shaken her completely.

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2:37 pm

Chapter 632 A Sovereign Ruling The Sky

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She was the first to break the silence.

"Maybe there's a mistake."

Keeping her tone steady, she looked toward Victor and the others.

"Leander left Mornwick over a year ago. There hasn't been any sign of him operating here since. With his current status, the entire nation-perhaps even the world-is his arena. Why would he return for something like a school anniversary?" She held her composure, though unease stirred within her. "Would someone like him care about such a small event?"

Shiloh nodded quickly. "She's right. A campus celebration would not even register for someone at his level. Perhaps Jacklyn misunderstood. It could be another alumnus with the same name."

Victor and Hendrix both frowned, uncertainty clouding their minds. The idea seemed unlikely, as Leander now matched the most powerful figures in Mornwick. Even influential leaders showed him respect. A mere school ceremony hardly justified the return of such a prominent person.

Jacklyn blinked, then gently gestured in the air as she described him, "He's about six feet one, wears casual clothes, and is extremely good-looking. Is that the Leander you are referring to?"

The tension that had barely eased tightened once more.

Her description matched him perfectly.

"That can't be..... He really comes back?" Jade's composure cracked, shock surfacing openly.

Victor's expression shifted rapidly, light and shadow crossing his face. His fist tightened at his side, knuckles paling.

Silence stretched heavily across the space.

At last, Victor stood again and withdrew a cigarette from his pocket. "I'm stepping outside for a smoke. I'll return before the ceremony begins."

Hendrix and Shiloh rose without hesitation. "We'll join you."

The three moved in quiet unison and exited the auditorium, leaving Jade, Melanie, and Jacklyn behind.

Melanie, who had always been closest to Jade in the student council, leaned slightly toward her, her curiosity evident. "Why do they react like that? They look... afraid."

Jacklyn edged nearer as well, eyes wide with interest.

Jade raised a glass of water, took a slow sip, and then exhaled softly. "Afraid? Yes. Because even combined, they can't match him. They're still miles behind."

The statement stunned Melanie and Jacklyn.

"Jade, that doesn't make sense." Melanie shook her head. "Leander used to be outstanding, sure. He once set the highest mock exam score in school history. That was impressive. Still, he dropped out. He never even took the SAT."

She frowned, trying to reason it out. "Victor and the others entered top universities. Over time, shouldn't they surpass him?"

Jade let out a quiet laugh, though bitterness edged the sound. "You're only looking at appearances. Standardized exams and

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2:38 pm 1

Chapter 632 A Sovereign Ruling The Sky

prestigious degrees mean nothing to someone like him.

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"Where he stands now is beyond the reach of PhDs and MBAs from elite schools. Even if Victor and the others push themselves for another decade, they may never catch up."

Her eyes sharpened, admiration mingling with disbelief.

"If we compare ourselves to him, we are little more than ants on the ground. And he stands far above us, like a sovereign ruling the sky."

3/3

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 633[1,287 words]

Chapter 633 The Shock That Split Ravenridge Senior High

Chapter 633 The Shock That Split Ravenridge Senior High

As Jade finished speaking, Jacklyn and Melanie stood frozen, disbelief etched on their faces.

Melanie struggled the most.

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In her understanding, Leander had walked away from school, academics, and the SAT. That decision meant he had shut the primary door to success. Reopening it would require climbing mountains and crossing rivers with no guarantee of return.

Victor, in her mind, represented the future-elite universities, polished credentials, the makings of a pillar of society. Compared side by side, Victor and his circle should have stood far above someone who had never even stepped into a college classroom

Yet Jade described them as ants on the ground, while Leander was portrayed as something unreachable. The distance between them seemed almost unreal.

"Jade... is he really that extraordinary?"

Melanie finally found her voice.

"He never even took the SAT. Even if he has talent and connections, are you really saying all of them combined cannot match him? Not even after ten more years?"

She needed something concrete. The difference she was hearing sounded absurd.

Jade's expression grew solemn. "I am not exaggerating. You have no idea how high he stands."

Victor, Shiloh, and Hendrix only knew part of the truth. To them, Leander was chairman of Jeff Enterprises and the so-called Legend of Mornwick.

Jade's world was different.

Studying in Highcliffe had placed her near the circles where real influence flowed. In those circles, Leander's name carried weight that shifted conversations.

He had dismantled Wave Alliance alone, forcing Rodrick to make public

concessions. The heirs of the four major elite families lowered their voices around him. Even the formidable seven Generals had bowed under pressure. The Riverstone family, once at its peak, withdrew from Highcliffe after a single command attributed to him.

Each of these events had the potential to shake the nation.

He was at the heart of all of them.

Calling him extraordinary only scratches the surface.

"Then who exactly is he?" Melanie's earlier disbelief had vanished, replaced by deeper confusion. "If he is that powerful, what is his real identity?"

Another thought surfaced.

She wondered, if he truly is as powerful as Jade makes him sound... then who is he, really? What kind of backing does someone like that have?

And if he stands that high, why wasn't he invited to the anniversary? Why isn't there even a seat waiting for him?

3:35 pm

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Chapter 633 The Shock That Split Ravenridge Senior High

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It was almost as if Jade could read the confusion written all over her face. She gave a faint chuckle and shook her head. "You are wondering why someone like him was not formally invited."

Melanie nodded.

Jade's voice carried no arrogance, only blunt clarity. "Our school is simply too small. The world he moves in exists far beyond what Ravenridge can comprehend."

Melanie fell silent.

When she first enrolled, she had felt immense pride in attending a century-old institution. She had admired its top students and imagined carving her own name into its history.

Now she realized that the school she revered might not even measure the scale of Leander's existence. The thought unsettled her, forcing her to reconsider everything she once admired and the kind of person who could stand beyond those very standards.

Beside her, Jacklyn remained speechless.

The memory of that afternoon at the internet cafe came back to her with vivid clarity-the moment she casually asked to borrow his ID, just as she would with any other senior. Although the scene played again in her mind, it didn't feel the same anymore.

Back then, she genuinely thought he was merely a fallen figure from Ravenridge Senior High-someone who had once caused a stir but had since faded into obscurity. She even tried to "help" him more than once, convinced he needed saving.

The realization now felt almost embarrassing.

Nothing had collapsed or disappeared. He was just standing somewhere outside her view. The so-called fallen senior was actually the most concealed-so far above others that even Victor and Shiloh could only look up to him from below.

Her father's long-standing advice drifted back to her. "Stay close to the most successful person in the room. That's how you rise."

The thought lingered heavily in her chest. If that's true, could he be the most successful person I've ever met?

Five minutes remained before the ceremony.

Students flooded into the auditorium. Thousands of bright faces filled the space, voices blending into a low hum.

Victor and the other two had regained their composure and returned to their seats. Whatever Leander had become, they were still honored alums today. Showing any sign of weakness was not an option.

They forced themselves not to dwell on comparisons. Measuring oneself against something untouchable invited only bitterness.

Melanie and Jacklyn had logistics duties, yet they quietly handed responsibilities to other council members. They stayed near Jade, pressing her for more details.

Jade chose not to elaborate further. Leander's identity and standing were too powerful and delicate. She worried that mentioning him casually could bring danger to herself.

As the two girls stayed close to Jade, a burst of exclamations erupted in the auditorium. Amidst the increasing commotion, words like "ex-campus belles" and "pretty girls" drifted through the crowd. The male students, in particular, became restless, as if suddenly excited.

2/4

3:35 pm

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Chapter 633 The Shock That Split Ravenridge Senior High

Victor and the others instinctively turned as well. Every gaze in the hall shifted toward the entrance.

Two striking figures were walking in with effortless grace.

They were Yvette and Ginny.

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Once hailed as two of Ravenridge's legendary three belles, their presence had once dominated the campus. Together with Madeline, they had reigned over the school for three years. Admirers followed them from freshman year through graduation. Wherever they appeared, attention followed.

Now two of the three had returned.

A buzz rippled through the crowd.

Then, almost abruptly, the noise dissolved.

The auditorium fell into a strange stillness, so quiet that even the faintest sound seemed amplified.

All eyes locked onto the entrance.

More precisely, onto the young man walking between them.

He wore simple, casual clothes. Each of the former belles held one of his arms, guiding him into the hall as if escorting someone important.

Jealousy flared visibly among the male students. Many stared, eyes reddened, envy written plainly across their faces. To be flanked by the two former campus queens, treated with such closeness, was a fantasy countless boys had once entertained. Yet the young man at the center appeared calm, almost detached.

A faint trace of reluctance lingered on his face, as though the attention meant little to him.

"Are you satisfied now? Can you let go?"

He lifted his hands slightly, resignation in his tone.

"I did not even want to come. You dragged me here. The place is packed-do you really think this looks appropriate?"

Yvette and Melanie tightened their grip. "If we let go, you will disappear."

He offered no reply, only a helpless shake of his head.

Recognition spread as they moved deeper into the hall.

One voice rang out from the crowd.

"Wait... that's Leander Ashcroft!"

The name ignited a memory.

Students who had been stunned into silence slowly regained their awareness. Memories from more than a year earlier resurfaced- the effortless confidence, the dazzling presence on stage that had once left the entire school speechless.

In their minds, the image from the past slowly blended with the man standing before them. The overlap became unmistakable.

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3:35 pm

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Chapter 633 The Shock That Split Ravenridge Senior Hight

Within moments, the students alike burst into thunderous cheers, the sound sweeping through the hall like a tidal wave.

"Leander!"

The chant swelled, echoing across the auditorium like the arrival of a global icon.

In that instant, Ravenridge Senior High erupted into chaos.

4/4

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 634[1,073 words]

Chapter 634 The Shadow Creeps In

"Leander!"

"It's really him!"

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Inside Ravenridge Senior High's auditorium, his name rose in waves. The sound built and crashed again and again, shaking the hall with raw excitement.

The loudest voices came from the seniors. When Leander had been a senior, they had been his underclassmen. They had witnessed his effortless domination of the stage with a single performance. They had watched him set the highest mock exam score in school history.

More than a year had passed, yet those two moments remained vivid in Ravenridge's collective memory.

The freshmen, however, looked confused. They began tugging at nearby upperclassmen, asking who Leander was. Once the stories began spilling out, understanding dawned. Jealousy in their eyes shifted into awe.

It became clear to them why the two former campus belles treated him that way.

In the guest section, Victor, Shiloh, Hendrix, and Jade watched Leander's entrance in silence. Each expression carried a different emotion, though none were pleasant.

Victor felt it most sharply.

The sight of his old rival stirred a familiar ache. In his entire life, no one had struck him harder than Leander. Defeat after defeat had once cornered him, leaving him powerless.

"Wow... he's insanely popular. Jade wasn't exaggerating." Jacklyn stared at Leander as if witnessing a living legend. Tiny sparks of admiration gleamed in her eyes.

Beside her, Melanie parted her lips slightly in disbelief.

She had not expected this.

Leander had been gone for more than a year, yet his return instantly placed him at the center of attention once again.

Her gaze slid toward Jade, confusion resurfacing.

The roar in the hall exceeded her expectations, yet she still struggled to grasp why Jade rated him so highly.

Her eyes returned to Leander, a subtle hint of flirtation reappearing. Her curiosity about the senior, who once made her heart race, quietly came back.

"Listen to them. They're shouting your name. You claimed you didn't want to come. If you hadn't, how would you explain yourself to all these underclassmen who worship you?"

Yvette and Ginny seemed delighted by the crowd's response. They shared a glance and then turned to Leander, flashing him playful smiles.

Leander rubbed the bridge of his nose with a faint, helpless smile. He had never imagined that an impulsive performance-sparked

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3:35 pm

Chapter 634 The Shadow Creeps In

by Colin's provocation-would leave such a lasting impression.

The blazing anticipation in the students' eyes pressed in from all sides.

He exhaled lightly and raised a hand in acknowledgment.

That simple gesture ignited the crowd even further.

The auditorium erupted in deafening shouts as voices reached their limits.

Several girls screamed with all their strength, hoping their voices would reach him above the roar.

"Leander! Are you going to perform tonight?"

"Sing something! Or play the piano!"

"Leander, we love you!"

The cries rolled through the hall as Yvette and Ginny guided him down the aisle.

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Victor and the others watched in silence. Though they had returned as honored alumni, none of them could stir such a reaction.

"You can stop pulling. I'm staying for two minutes, then I'm leaving. This scene isn't for me."

Despite the roaring enthusiasm around him, Leander remained composed. His voice stayed low and steady as he spoke to the two of them.

"How could that be? We came all this way and definitely plan to stay for the anniversary. Just see how excited the underclassmen

are."

Yvette tightened her hold on his arm.

Leander cast her a sideways glance, met her stubborn expression, and finally let out

a quiet sigh.

He allowed himself to be led to the guest row.

A line of familiar faces waited there.

His eyes briefly scanned them-cool and unreadable.

Shiloh and Hendrix lowered their eyes almost instantly. Victor alone maintained eye contact, clinging to his pride.

Yet, Leander's glance lingered for barely a second before sliding past him entirely.

He took a seat at the end of the row without greeting anyone. To him, they might as well have been empty chairs.

Victor's hands curled into fists, nails biting into his palms.

"So I don't even deserve acknowledgment?"

Heat rose in his chest, sharp and suffocating. His gaze burned with refusal.

"Maybe I can't match you now. Give me ten or twenty years; I won't look up forever."

He stared at the rival who was already far ahead and etched that vow into himself- resolute, rebellious, and determined not to

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3:35 pm

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Chapter 634 The Shadow Creeps In

yield.

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Leander remained unaware of the storm brewing beside him. Even if he had known, it would have drawn little reaction. His current adversaries were figures who shaped nations. Against that scale, Victor's ambition barely registered.

He had returned today on impulse, curious whether the campus still felt the same. Attending the ceremony had never been part of the plan. Without Yvette and Ginny's persistence, he would not have stepped inside.

Just as the two prepared to sit beside him, a smaller figure darted past and slipped into the seat at his side.

"Leander, you actually came!" Jacklyn beamed, eyes sparkling.

"It's you." Leander recognized her immediately and offered a faint nod.

Ever since she learned about Leander's past at Ravenridge Senior High and heard the way Jade spoke of him, her admiration had taken root deep in her heart.

She did not even try to hide it.

Confidently, she grasped his arm and leaned in, lowering her voice with visible excitement. "Leander, I've heard all about you. You were a legend at our school- more impressive than Victor and the rest. Jade even called you a sovereign of the sky. I can't believe I met someone like you at an internet cafe."

'Jade? You mean Jade Dempsey?" Leander's eyes shifted to Jade, sitting nearby. She was the class rep in Class 4 in their final year, and he still faintly remembered

her.

Jade stiffened under his glance, offering an awkward smile before lowering her

eyes.

Jacklyn continued firing questions, unable to contain her excitement. Leander responded briefly at first, then gradually fell silent. (vette and Ginny watched with amused expressions, covering soft laughter.

Inside the hall, preparations for the anniversary ceremony neared completion.

Outside the campus, however, a different scene unfolded.

Two figures advanced silently along the outskirts of Ravenridge. Where they stepped, the grass darkened, and the flowers visibly withered. The air grew dense and oppressive, pressing down like an unseen weight.

The sky overhead dimmed unnaturally, with darkness spreading outward like ink bleeding across paper. A shadow slowly encroached upon the city's edges. 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 635[960 words]

Chapter 635 The Twin Ghosts of Blightwood

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Two figures dragged themselves from the mass grave beyond Ravenridge's outskirts. Their faces were drained of color, their skin shriveled and corpse-pale, like revenants clawing their way back from the underworld.

Both wore black robes from head to toe, their shapes obscured by the fabric, yet their eyes shone with a chilling, toxic malice. A heavy, suffocating stench of decay followed them, and an unnatural gloom spread across the sky above, dimming the sun as if it had been swallowed whole.

"How long have we been buried beneath the earth? I can hardly remember," the figure on the left spoke, his voice rasping like wind scraping over bone.

The other person moved with a jerky sway, his uneven steps, shoulders rising and falling at different rates. A harsh chuckle escaped him. "One hundred and three years."

The first man fell silent. A flicker of black light ignited deep within his eyes.

"One hundred and three years... all because of that cursed Dragon Emperor. If it weren't for him, we would never have been forced underground, hiding from the sun

for over a century."

His voice hardened.

"We were once the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood, and Astria trembled at our names. No one dared defy us. Then, Lucas arrived and tore everything apart. Without him and the Martial Alliance he built, who could have driven us into this abyss?"

Hatred flared within his hollow gaze.

A century earlier, they had stood at the pinnacle-King Phase masters whose cultivation surpassed a hundred years. In age and power, they had even been considered seniors to the Dragon Emperor himself.

He was known as the Sun-Devouring Ghost King, a final disciple of the ancient Rimba Sect. Beside him stood his senior brother, the Soul-Reaver Ghost King.

During the chaos that once engulfed Astria, they chose not to defend the nation. Instead, wielding sinister techniques to command spirits and bind the dead, they carved out a dominion over Blightwood, Martial artists who resisted perished beneath their hands.

Through ruthless force, they seized the region and declared themselves sovereigns. Thus was born the dreaded Soulreap Sect.

Their cultivation challenged opposition, with Blightwood revolving around them. Wealth, power, flesh, and blood-everything was within their reach.

Ordinary lives meant nothing. Entire clans of corpse herders and ghost wielders were crushed under their reign. Darkness swallowed Blightwood under its shadow. They had believed their rule was eternal until Astria gave birth to a Dragon Emperor. Lucas rose like a thunderbolt. When western powers pressed against Astria's borders, he struck them down. He gathered King Phase patriots, forged the Martial Alliance, and reshaped the laws of the martial world.

Their long years of enslaving civilians and taking twisted pleasure in killing and toying with life and death had made them infamous. As a result, the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood became prime targets.

On a full moon night 103 years ago, Lucas guided three supreme King Phase masters to the Soulreap Sect. Their attack was brutal,

1/2

3:35 pm

Chapter 635 The Twin Ghosts of Blightwood

annihilating the sect. Disciples were killed, and the sect was shut forever.

Lucas crippled the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood in that battle.

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Broken and hunted, they hid underground to survive. For 103 years, they persisted quietly, concealing themselves and growing in darkness.

A cold snort escaped the Sun-Devouring Ghost King. His eyes burned. "For more than a century, we drank stagnant spring water and fed on insects and worms. We endured humiliation. We refined the Annihilation Reincarnation Seal to its absolute limit.

"We now rival the Rimba Sect patriarch of five centuries past. The time for repayment has come."

The Soul-Reaver Ghost King's killing intent surged outward, sharp as blades. Tombstones nearby fractured and crumbled into dust.

"Certainly! Lucas crashed through our gates and wiped out our sect. That blood debt will be settled. The Martial Alliance will collapse alongside him. No one will survive."

As his words faded, the Sun-Devouring Ghost King turned his head. They made eye contact, and suddenly, a fierce darkness burst forth, creating a thick black cloud that covered the hills and forests, casting shadows.

"If memory serves, this region once held Ravenridge," the Sun-Devouring Ghost King murmured. "That old fool from the Lafayette Inn should still linger nearby. He was among the King Phase masters who followed Lucas."

A skeletal hand emerged from his sleeve, fingers curling slowly. "We begin with him."

The Soul-Reaver Ghost King nodded, a cruel smile twisting his lips. "He chose Lucas. Today, he answers for it."

"We will not merely cripple him. We will slaughter his descendants before his eyes and erase his bloodline. Let him taste despair."

These two tyrants, once ruthless evils of the region, faded in and out of view as they journeyed through the thick mountains and forests toward Ravenridge.

Inside Ravenridge Senior High's auditorium, Leander sat among the honored guests.

Jacklyn continued chattering beside him, her questions endless. He rested his chin on his palm, offering brief responses before lapsing into quiet indifference. Boredom flickered faintly across his expression.

Officials in formal suits entered one after another and occupied the remaining guest seats. Moments later, the lights dimmed. A powerful spotlight illuminated the center of the stage.

A figure approached, revealing the principal of Ravenridge Senior High.

He wore a tailored black tuxedo, his hair neatly slicked back. Years earlier, he had stood beside Leander during the special exemption examination for Highcliffe University.

The principal raised the microphone, preparing to speak.

At that precise moment, Leander's gaze shifted toward the staircase at the side of the stage.

There was a deep, mysterious aura pulsating there—subtle but undeniable.

His eyes narrowed slightly. "Ravenridge Senior High... actually has a King Phase?"

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 636[1,286 words]

Chapter 636 Survival and Principles

"Impossible!" Leander pondered. The discovery surprised him.

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He sensed an overwhelming aura approaching him from the stage steps. He could tell it was a King Phase master. The person was no weaker than Darian of the Bulwark Sect. They were only slightly weaker compared to the top King Phase warriors of Astria, such as Caelius and David.

He wouldn't call it a surprise for such a person to show up on a college campus or high school grounds. After all, he was a walking exception himself.

Still, Leander studied at Ravenridge Senior High for half a year in the past, but never met a King Phase. Yet now, he sensed one in the auditorium, among the students celebrating homecoming.

"Are they here to attend the ceremony? Or are they alumni like me?" The more he considered the idea, the more convinced he was. "I'm curious."

He focused on the sensation, and his brows knitted together.

The King Phase master he sensed was strong without a doubt. Their aura was fathomless and oppressive. However, it was also irregular and unstable.

"They must suffer from old injuries."

Leander nodded in understanding. The kind of damage didn't happen overnight.

The person must have suffered from a heavy injury but never fully healed. Over time, it became that person's weak spot.

At first, it wouldn't cause any trouble. That person would live their life like nothing. Even in a fight, the problem wouldn't show in the first few rounds. Only when the battle dragged on would the person find their breathing quickened and their strength

weakened.

Leander narrowed his eyes and scanned the surroundings. He gazed into the shadows around the stage and clearly spotted an elderly man in a crisp suit.

The elderly man's hands were clasped behind him. He waited beside the steps as if he was going to enter the stage next.

Leander had never seen him. However, his calm presence and indomitable spirit carried weight.

The moment Leander's gaze fell on the man, the man also turned toward Leander as though noticing his gaze.

Their eyes met briefly before Leander dipped his chin. The elder's gaze lingered on him in astonishment. "Who is this guy? Why does he give off the aura of a predator?"

The elder continued to stare at Leander, attempting to find an opening in Leander. No matter how hard he tried, Leander looked like a normal person. It was like trying to find a ripple on calm water.

He found nothing special about the younger man.

As he figured, the principal, James Shephard, cleared his throat on the stage. "Today, we are celebrating our 100th anniversary. The committee specially invited a guest, the former principal of Ravenridge Senior High, Mr. Julian Lowell. Let's give him a big hand and welcome him on the stage!"

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Chapter 636 Survival and Principles

At that, the figure was thrust into the spotlight. All eyes were on him, and applause erupted.

The man had no choice but to tear his gaze from Leander. He waved at the audience and marched onto the stage.

"Julian Lowell was the thirteenth honorary principal!" Jacklyn blurted out when she recognized the name.

"Oh?" Leander turned to her. "Do you know the elder?"

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She nodded. "When I first came to Ravenridge, I spent countless hours in the library. I read a lot of the school's history. The principal introduced the elder as Julian Lowell. He's a living legend in the school's history. He was already the principal of Ravenridge Senior High sixty years ago, at the beginning of the reformation era. He spent ten years improving the unknown third-rate high school by gathering talent. Eventually, it became a top school in Ravenridge. Everyone will agree that he's the most successful reformed in the school's history. The school has its glory today thanks to him. He's one of the greatest contributors. No. He's the greatest contributor."

Yvette and Ginny nodded in agreement.

"She's right. We have seen his picture in the yearbook. It said he was forty when he served as the principal, and it was sixty years ago. So, he should be in his hundreds now. He had lived such a long life."

Leander remained composed and didn't comment. He was certain that Julian definitely lived longer than that.

Although Julian looked like he was in his sixties, his ease and otherworldly temperament indicated that he was older.

Leander smiled in amusement. He's definitely a King Phase from a century ago. This school is full of surprises.

Other than him, a King Phase who concealed his identity, there was also a principal in the King Phase who was at least a hundred years old.

Julian ascended the steps and walked to the center.

He hadn't even spoken, but the auditorium had quieted down. The students held their breath, watching the former principal in anticipation and respect.

Even proud elites like Victor and Shiloh sat upright and stared at him attentively, not daring to look away.

Julian smiled at the audience and nodded.

James shook his hand respectfully and passed him the microphone. "Mr. Lowell, we are honored to have you here today. It's also a blessing for the students to meet you. Please don't keep anything back. We are all ears and look forward to your advice."

James was over fifty, but meeting Julian was like a long-held dream come true. He could barely hide his excitement.

Only after Julian nodded did James step down and join the audience.

The moment Julian held the microphone, he exuded authority. Nobody dared to meet his eyes. Everyone held their breath, anticipating his speech.

"Everyone, destiny brought us together on the 100th anniversary. I believe I have earned this opportunity as well. If it were decades ago, I might have had the energy to go on and on.

"I'm old now and not much use. I'll keep it short."

He started his first sentence with a straight face, but the following sentence with a hint of humor. It elicited a chuckle from the

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Chapter 636 Survival and Principles

students, and the mood eased.

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He waited patiently for the laughter to subside before continuing. "Today, we won't dwell on education, grades, or history. We'll talk about the wisdom of being a decent human being. Ravenridge Senior High strives to educate the students.

"Yet, I hope the students shape their own standard of being a decent person. There's a natural order to everything. Today, we stand in the world. We need to find the pattern of how things work around us. Once we master them, we'll be in our element and meet everything head-on regardless of the situation. It's a simple truth about survival.

"Still, there's one more thing I hope you won't forget."

He paused, building suspense, and finally added, "Survival indeed matters. However, behaving oneself is more important than that. Only with principles would a person stand proudly and unashamed. Without principles, you lack the essence and are pushed around by society's beliefs."

He said nothing about grades, but his words inspired the students, nonetheless. They rose to their feet and clapped their hands hard.

"Well said, Mr. Lowell."

His short speech filled them with motivation and received thunderous applause from the audience in return.

He was glad to see his words inspire them and ignite the justice within them.

Suddenly, his smile vanished.

Leander also sensed something bothering him.

A voice cut through the auditorium out of nowhere, drowning the applause. It reached the students from everywhere,

The newcomer clicked their tongue. "Julian, you old fossil. You can't change the habit of preaching, huh? I wonder if you can maintain your principles when your life is at stake."

The second the words landed, the atmosphere in the auditorium tensed.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 637[1,118 words]

Chapter 637 Trapped Inside

Chapter 637 Trapped Inside

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The ominous voice chilled the students to the bones. What was worse was their ghastly chuckle. It pierced the students' eardrums and made their skin crawl.

The adults looked around but were unable to distinguish the source. It started to freak them out.

Maybe it was their imagination, but the moment that voice boomed across the room, the temperature seemed to drop.

"What's going on? Who's talking?" Jacklyn tilted her head and looked for the source everywhere.

Meanwhile, Julian's gaze turned sharp as he stared at the shut main door.

Just as the students started to panic, the solid door was blasted open with a deafening bang. It collapsed to the ground as if it had been thrown down by great force. Then, two black-robed figures appeared in sight.

It drew the attention of the members of the martial arts club providing security. Two pale middle-aged men entered the room. Despite their wariness, duty kicked in. They circled the men and reached out to block them.

"Wait!" Julian sensed danger when he recognized the newcomers. He called out to stop the club members, but he was a few

seconds too late.

The club members were still a few feet from the two men, but they stopped in their tracks abruptly as if hypnotized. They dropped to the ground, their faces ashen and sinister.

Seeing that, the students seated near the aisles shrank in horror and leaned back toward their peers.

They didn't know who the men were, but they could tell the pair was up to no good. The men's faces were as pale as vampires', and the sight fueled the students' fear. Those timid ones already scream at the top of their lungs.

Leander's eyes narrowed dangerously at the newcomers. The black-robed pair walked down the aisle. They could only see Julian. They paid the others no mind.

"We meet again, old man. What a surprise, right?" One of them grinned, baring his teeth. As he spoke, wisps of black smoke leaked from his mouth, as though a snake hissed.

Julian's expression darkened as he watched them approach. When he addressed him, his tone was laced with solemnity and shock. "The Twin Ghosts of Blightwood."

He glanced at the passed-out students at the door and shook his head. "I should've known you would return one day when the Dragon Emperor failed to hunt you down."

The pair was none other than the Sun Devouring Ghost King and the Soul Reaper Ghost King.

"So what if you expected it?" The Sun Devouring Ghost King sneered. "The Lowell family resides in Ravenridge and guards the Lafayette Inn generation after generation. You'll never abandon it. We know we can find you here anytime if we want revenge."

The Soul Reaper Ghost King lifted his left hand. Five bony fingers unfurled as his shrill voice echoed through the room. "Julian, we planned to deal with you and your family at the Lafayette Inn. When we learned that you came here today, we made a detour. The two of us were forced to hide underground and never returned to the surface for centuries, no thanks to you and the Dragon Emperor. Now, it's time to repay the debt. We'll cripple you, bring you back to your family, and kill them before your eyes. You need to experience the taste of losing your loved ones."

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Chapter 637 Trapped Inside

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A cruel smile tugged at their lips.

"Say it again?" Julian clenched his fists. Anger flared up in his eyes.

The students in the auditorium stared at the pair. Despite not recognizing them, they realize there was bad blood between the pair and Julian.

They wondered what encouraged the pair to show up before Julian and threaten to slaughter his family when there was a crowd.

Are they outlaws? The students couldn't help but think.

James and several directors took a while to digest the unfolding event before finally standing.

He adjusted his glasses, and his expression hardened. "Gentlemen, I don't know what grudge you hold against Mr. Lowell. However, you're interrupting an important event. Please resolve your business outside the school compound later. And mind you, this is a society ruled by law. Whatever you do, you'll face the consequences. Murdering is considered committing a crime, and you'll be punished severely."

Although he couldn't fathom the pair's real strength, he was responsible for handling the situation as the principal.

"Law?" The Ghost Kings burst into laughter.

"Kid, I take you're the one running the school. But who are you to quote the law on us? We didn't even care about the laws when the royal family still reigned. Yet, they didn't dare to cross us. Pray tell, why would we be scared by your law?" The Sun- Devouring Ghost King sneered and suddenly lifted his hand.

A beam of black smoke shot from his palm. It slithered like a snake, targeting James.

"Stop!" Julian roared. His figure blurred and vanished from the stage. In the blink of an eye, he reappeared in front of James and swept his palm through the air.

The black smoke hit his palm and sprang away, hitting the speaker near the stage instead.

The students followed the motion. Their discovery paled them, and they shuddered.

A hard plastic shell protected the metal components inside the tower speaker. When the smoke touched it, its surface crackled and corroded speedily. Lastly, even the components inside corroded away, turning into a pool of stinking green slime.

James went sheet-white and nearly collapsed. If Julian hadn't protected him from the smoke and let it touch him, his end would've been way worse than the speaker's.

The students' screams rippled through the hall. They flinched in their seats.

They belatedly realized the duo didn't just want a payback on Julian. They were absolute monsters who defied the law and killed mercilessly. Moreover, they were powerful.

Julian frowned, and his gaze turned icy. "What exactly do the two of you want? Come at me if you want revenge. The others- especially these young students-have nothing to do with our feud. Why did you go after them?"

The Ghost Kings, who had spread horror throughout Blightwood, ignored his accusations and simply grinned. "Old man, we want to remove you from existence more than anything. You have only yourself to blame for coming to the school today. It's everyone's death today, including you."

Then, the pair traded a look. Darkness spread out from under their robes like vines came to life, sealing every exit of the

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Chapter 637 Trapped Inside

auditorium.

In an instant, the auditorium turned into a cage, trapping everyone inside.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 638[1,570 words]

Chapter 638 Don't Worry, There's Still Leander

Whoosh!

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Right now, thick black mist swirled around, forming heavy clumps that blocked every door and window of the auditorium. A few students from Ravenridge Senior High, who had been hoping to bolt out the main entrance, froze in terror. They didn't dare touch the dark fog.

The memory of what had happened when the sound system collided with that mist was still fresh in their minds. Nobody wanted to get anywhere near it.

"Ah!" Jacklyn finally snapped back to reality. She gripped Leander's arm tightly. Her face drained pale with fear. She whispered, her voice trembling. "Leander, these two... they're terrifying. Are they trying to trap us in here?"

Leander didn't answer.

His eyes flickered as if he were weighing something silently.

"The Lowells... Lafayette Inn?" His mind raced. "So, this Mr. Lowell... must be the patriarch of the Lowells from The Lafayette."

After all, only a figure of that caliber could stand shoulder to shoulder with the Dragon Emperor and rank among the hundred-year King Phase.

The two Ghost Kings sealed the auditorium, and yet Leander stayed perfectly still. He watched their every move, making sure none of the other students got hurt. At the same time, he couldn't help but wonder just how strong the Lowells' patriarch really was-the same one who had once followed the Dragon Emperor, dominating Astria in every direction.

Jacklyn, seeing him remain motionless, stared blankly. She thought maybe he'd been stunned into silence by these sudden, black-clad monsters and felt utterly lost.

Besides Leander, Melanie and Jade huddled together in a tight bundle. No matter how tough they were back at school, facing these incomprehensible terrors left every one of them frozen with fear.

"Julian, we're not here to kill everyone. If you can beat us, we'll turn around and leave like we did back then. But unfortunately, back in the day, it took all four of you King Phase grandmasters working together to even touch both of us.

"Now, you're on your own. You won't get that chance." The Soul-Reaver Ghost King grinned with cruel satisfaction. He seemed to own the entire space, his laughter echoing arrogantly through the auditorium.

A chill ran through every student and teacher present. For a fleeting moment, it felt like they'd been transported back to the era of ancient martial arts. Nothing in the modern world could produce someone so contemptuous of life, and someone who could wield black energy in the palm of his hand with such reckless abandon. Victor was dangerously close to the two Ghost Kings. Years ago, they had been entirely crushed by Crestgate High's karate team at the martial arts club. Later, he had watched Leander take down their captain in a single move, and the blow had hit them harder than anything before-it was a wake-up call they couldn't ignore.

Since that day, they trained relentlessly, driven by nothing but the hope of revenge. Over the past year, they had grown stronger beyond measure,

On the very first day after graduating high school, Victor had even gone to Crestgate High himself to spar with Colton, the karate team captain, and had steamrolled him without mercy.

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Chapter 638 Don't Worry, There's Still Leander

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But now, facing these two strange men in black, he didn't dare make a move. Not even a flicker of confidence dared cross his mind. Against them, he had no idea if he could even land a hit.

Julian stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his gaze locked on the two Ghost Kings. Then, with a low, commanding voice, he spoke, "Everyone-students, teachers-stay where you are. Don't touch the black smoke. Don't panic. I promise, I'll get everyone out of here safe and sound."

He finished speaking, rolling his sleeves up past his elbows, eyes flashing with a fierce, piercing light.

"Twin Ghosts of Blightwood? I haven't fought anyone in a hundred years, but today, as you wish, I'll see this through to the end." With that, he lifted a single hand, and the auditorium ceiling-nearly a thousand square meters-rose into the air as if held by some invisible force, fully separating from the walls. Sunlight poured in through the gap.

"What the..." Dozens of eyes widened, all locked on the space above. Their expressions drained of color, eyes wide with disbelief.

These students had never seen anything like this. Even if they had, it was only on the big screen. In real life, who has ever seen someone lift a ceiling with a single hand and rip it from the building?

And yet it was happening right in front of them. The person doing it was none other than their legendary Ravenridge Senior High principal-Julian himself.

"Today, we settle this over Ravenridge Senior High!" Julian shattered the ceiling with a burst of power. His clothes hung perfectly still as a streak of radiant light followed him. Then, in a blink, he shot straight upward, sending a whirlwind swirling through the

auditorium.

"Nice, old man, that's real decisive!" The two Ghost Kings nodded in unison, their eyes blazing with lethal intent. They didn't even glance at the students and teachers gaping up at them below. Without a second thought, they stepped off the air itself and shot toward the sky.

Three streaks of light tore straight up into the hundred-foot-high air. Everyone in the auditorium craned their necks, mouths open, utterly frozen in awe.

"What... What is happening?"

The elite students like Victor, always champions of science and fans of physics, felt a chill run down their spines. It was impossible to comprehend. Even the teachers who had been instructing for decades were gulping hard, completely dumbfounded. "Are we dreaming?"

Jade and Melanie instinctively ducked behind Victor. Only there did they feel even a sliver of safety.

Victor, on the other hand, didn't move a muscle. But inside, his mind was a storm. Seeing Julian and the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood rocket into the sky, he felt something nobody else did. Everyone else was shocked, scared, or disbelieving. He was trembling with pure excitement.

This is precisely the kind of power I've been dreaming of

He'd adored martial arts since he was a kid, obsessed over every sword clash and secret technique. But this-this was a force even more potent than anything in those novels, right there in front of him.

A brand-new door was swinging wide open.

Victor turned to look at Leander.

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11:57 am PDQX.

Chapter 638 Don't Worry, There's Still Leander

The guy was staring at the sky too, frozen, clearly powerless against it all.

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That only made Victor's thrill surge higher. "Leander, so what if you're Mornwick's Legend? So what if you're the chairman of Jeff Enterprises? There are still things in this world that can leave you helpless. The moment I reach this level, I'll crush you under my feet just the same."

Even though Jacklyn was scared out of her mind, her curiosity still got the better of her. Her eyes were wide open as she stared at the chaos unfolding in the sky. She did not notice at all that Leander, Yvette, and Ginny, standing beside her, had remained perfectly calm from start to finish. Their expressions were steady, not the slightest flicker of surprise.

Then, a deafening boom tore through the air.

Everyone snapped back to their senses. High above them, a massive black handprint was taking shape in the sky, easily sixty meters wide, dark and oppressive as it solidified out of thin air.

The moment the black palm finished forming, a streak of concealed golden light shot out from the clouds. It burst forward and spread into a radiant wall of gold, slamming into the black hand and sealing it off completely.

Two completely different forces collided in midair. The shockwaves spilt downward, whipping into fierce gusts that tugged at everyone's hair and clothes.

Even from a hundred meters away, they could feel the crushing pressure pressing against their chests, heavy enough to make it hard to breathe, as if the next second it might shatter them where they stood.

The clash in the sky did not stop. Each impact felt like it was striking straight into their hearts. With every thunderous collision, their hearts pounded harder, faster, almost painfully so.

At first, the golden light and the black glow were evenly matched. Neither side gave an inch. But gradually, the two forces began to wear each other down. Before long, the golden light began to fade at a visible pace, slowly being devoured by the black palm and forced back.

Every student and teacher present knew precisely what that golden light represented. It was Julian. And the fact that the gold was retreating meant only one thing. He was losing ground.

Jacklyn watched as the golden glow dimmed further and further. She glanced at the doors and windows around them, now sealed tight by creeping black energy. A chill spread through her chest, and the fear inside her only grew heavier.

Leander had not moved an inch this entire time.

That unsettled her even more. She turned quickly toward Yvette and Ginny. Her voice was tight with anxiety. "Yvette, Ginny... are we going to be okay?" Yvette and Ginny looked entirely at ease. When they saw how tense she was, they exchanged a small smile and gently patted her shoulder. "Relax," they replied lightly. "We've still got Leander."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 639[1,481 words]

Chapter 639 Stand Above You

Chapter 639 Stand Above You

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Ah?" Jacklyn froze for a second, her mind going completely blank. "Wait... what are you even talking about?"

Those two weird men seal off the entire area, and the tension in the air turns suffocating almost instantly. Everyone else looks on edge, like they are barely breathing. But Yvette and Ginny just stand there, calm as ever, like none of this even fazes them. That alone already feels strange to me.

Now they were saying there was nothing to worry about because Leander was here.

She honestly had no idea what that was supposed to mean.

Does that mean Leander can protect us and make sure we walk out of this unharmed?

Jacklyn suddenly remembered what Jade had said earlier, about how Leander once took down the entire karate team at Crestgate High School by himself.

know he can fight. I know he is good. But no matter how skilled he is, he is still human. Julian and those two men in black are on a whole other level. They stand suspended in midair, as if gravity does not apply to them. A casual flick of their wrists looks powerful enough to split mountains apart. This is far beyond human limits.

In a situation like this, even if there were ten Leanders, she could not convince herself that he would be able to keep them safe.

Yvette and Ginny did not answer her question. They simply exchanged a knowing smile.

They had no idea how strong those two men in black really were. But in their world, the concept of Leander losing to anyone had never even existed.

Especially after the video they had seen online not long ago, the one where he cut down a fighter jet with a single sword strike. They had been completely stunned. From that moment on, they saw him as untouchable.

He can even destroy a supersonic fighter jet and go head-to-head with a fully modernized military force. What on earth could stand in his way?

Yvette noticed Leander hadn't made a single move. Curiosity got the better of her. "Lean, do you think Mr. Lowell can actually beat those two?"

That was when Leander finally lowered his gaze to her. "If it were one-on-one, he'd have about a seventy percent chance of winning," he said calmly. "But if they team up on him, that drops to fifty at best. And that's assuming he isn't injured. He's been carrying internal damage for years. In a short burst, he could hold them off. Maybe even gain the upper hand. But if it turns into a drawn-out fight, he's losing. No question."

Jacklyn stood off to the side, completely baffled. She looked at Leander like he was some kind of anomaly, almost unreal in her

eyes.

There were so many people watching. Even campus standouts like Victor had gone quiet, their expressions tight and serious. Yet Leander looked almost relaxed. He spoke with easy confidence, breaking down the odds as if he were analyzing a game rather than a life-and-death fight. She could hardly wrap her mind around it. What struck her most was how deliberate and structured he sounded, every word falling into place with unsettling precision. Even from nearly a hundred meters away, he seemed to grasp every detail of the fight unfolding between them. The more he spoke, the

more unreal it all felt to her.

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Chapter 639 Stand Above You

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She was still standing there in stunned disbelief when Yvette's next question caught her completely off guard, leaving her frozen in place.

Yvette's eyes shimmered, bright and playful. A faint smile curved her lips. "What about you?"

Leander glanced at her but didn't answer. Instead, he let out a soft laugh. The confidence in his eyes and the faint, almost dismissive curve at the corner of his mouth said everything he chose not to say.

Yvette and Ginny exchanged a look. They understood.

Ginny tilted her head, curiosity written all over her expression. "You just said Mr. Lowell won't win. So you're not stepping in?"

"Step in?" He shook his head lightly. "Mr. Lowell is a legend in Ravenridge Senior High's history. The man has pride. He's poured years of his life into Ravenridge Senior High. This is his fight. He's going to give everything he's got to protect the Ravenridge Senior High students. That's his decision, and I'm not about to get in the way. Besides, this is his grudge, his destiny with the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood. Until the very last moment, he doesn't want anyone else stepping in!"

Yvette and Ginny nodded, though only half-understanding, their brows still furrowed.

"But what if Mr. Lowell gets seriously hurt by those two?"

He let out a soft chuckle and shook his head, a cold glint flickering in his eyes. "Relax. With me around, nothing's going to happen to Mr. Lowell or anyone else here."

His voice carried a confidence that felt unshakable, a kind of commanding aura that dared everything to challenge him.

Jacklyn, unable to hold back any longer, grabbed his arm. "Leander, you're not joking, are you? You can actually take on those two guys in black?"

He tilted his head and lightly tapped her forehead. "Hey, kid, stop asking so many questions. Just sit tight and stay out of trouble."

Hearing his calm, easy smile, Jacklyn felt a strange sense of relief wash over her, though doubt still lingered in her chest.

Does Leander really have the power to go up against those two? I mean, no matter how strong he is, he's still barely twenty, only a couple of years older than me.

Their conversation was quiet, so no one else noticed. Around them, the rest of the hall was staring at the sky, frozen, not daring to move an inch.

Many of the girls had their hands clasped tightly, silently hoping Julian would unleash his whole strength and completely take down the two men in black.

The sky darkened as black handprints shimmered with a sinister glow, completely overpowering the golden walls. In the next instant, a sharp crack split the air, and the golden barrier shattered into pieces.

Crack!

The massive black hand tore through the clouds. Within the storm, Julian's eyes were ice cold. He held one hand upright at his chest and pushed forward in a single, decisive motion. "Golden Seall"

The ancestors of the Lowells had once been lay disciples of the Suncrest Order of the Hidden Path, but they were exceptional. They mastered multiple Awakened Way martial arts, blending them into a cohesive system, and eventually forged a style unique to the Lowells. Almost every technique carried a hint of the Awakened energy, yet each strike packed unstoppable power.

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Chapter 639 Stand Above You

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As Julian extended his hand, a golden imprint adorned with sacred glyphs cut through the clouds, colliding with the black hand. The golden wall he had formed moments ago was only a precursor, a setup to channel his radiant strike. Once the Golden Seal erupted, it sliced through the sky with devastating force, smashing the black hand backward step by step.

"Huh?" The Soul-Reaver Ghost King staggered back, his body shrouded in black mist. Surprise flickered across his expression.

"I can't believe it," he muttered, a note of awe in his voice but excitement sparking in his eyes. "A hundred years later, even you've sharpened your cultivation quite a bit."

"Perfect," he continued, voice low but charged with anticipation. "This will let both of us truly taste revenge." His right hand shot upward, fingers splaying as it drove straight into his left hand.

Where his hands met, black primordial energy twisted up his arms and surged into the palm imprint. Suddenly, the sky blazed with golden and black light, radiating raw, thundering energy in all directions.

The students all tilted their heads skyward. Above them, a rotating disk of gold and black light spun like a celestial weapon. "Back then, the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood only fooled the world with dark sorcery. Now? They've reached this level of cultivation!"

Julian felt the oppressive force pressing toward him, his arm trembling. The danger was undeniable. Either of these two could match him blow for blow. If the Soul-Reaver Ghost King alone attacked, Julian would already be stretched to his limits. But there was still the Sun-Devouring Ghost King lurking nearby, eyes sharp and calculating. This battle was unpredictable and deadly.

Victor, always seeing Leander as his greatest rival, looked up at the sky with a flash of determination. His mind raced, already formulating a plan.

No matter who wins or loses, I pledge myself to the victor. I harness this unimaginable power. Leander, I use it to crush you completely and stand above you.

The air trembled around them, charged with energy, and the fight had only just begun.

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 640[1,812 words]

3/3

3:32 pm

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Chapter 640 Let Me Handle This Battle

Chapter 640 Let Me Handle This Battle

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Victor didn't see any lines between good and evil anymore, not in Julian standing tall against the horizon, and not in the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood.

To him, power at this level answered to nothing-neither morals nor laws. It could bend everything to his will. Right and wrong didn't matter. Anything could be done, and nothing was out of reach.

He used to think money, influence, and connections were what he should chase. But now, the world had opened up before him in a way that no paycheck or title could ever match.

In the face of this kind of crushing power, everything else just crumbles. Money, influence, it's all a flick of the hand. Why would I need flattery? Why would I bend over backward for anyone? Anyone who resists, one strike. Anyone who disrespects me, just a flip of the hand, and it's done. This is what it means to rule. With this kind of power, who even needs the trappings of wealth or status? Even the wealthiest person in the world, even the head of a nation, they'd have to grovel just to get in my good graces.

Victor's eyes sparkled with excitement, a hunger growing hotter by the second. Leander had always been his shadow, his nightmare, the one he had longed to crush one day. But the problem was Leander's status. He was untouchable.

Leander carried two powerful identities. One was Mornwick's Legend, a name that commanded legions. The other was the chairman of Jeff Enterprises, holding wealth rivaled only by nations. Either one alone was beyond Victor's reach. Most of the time, he had felt helpless, trapped, with no hope in sight.

But now, hope is right here. If I can seize this transcendent power, what does it matter that he's the chairman of Jeff Enterprises? Or that he's Mornwick's Legend? I could crush him with a flick of my hand.

Jade and Melanie huddled behind Victor, bodies trembling but eyes locked on the battle in the sky. What had happened today was nothing short of extraordinary. It would leave a mark on their lives, a moment that could forever reshape everything they believed in.

The martial arts dreams that had lain dormant in their hearts for years stirred awake once more. Seeing Julian and the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood face off, feeling the earth-shaking, sky-shattering power in every move, they felt a flicker of yearning rise inside

them.

It wasn't just them. Other students and teachers from Ravenridge Senior High were equally captivated, torn between awe and fear, curiosity and exhilaration. Everyone imagined what it would be like to soar through the skies, to hold the lives of others in the palm of their hands.

But Jacklyn was different. She didn't glance at the chaos in the sky. Her eyes stayed fixed on Leander, unblinking. She was desperate to know if this enigmatic figure, the one Jade had compared to a Celestial Serpent, really had the power to save countless people and control chaos itself.

Boom!

A thunderous blast ripped across the sky. Soul Reaper Ghost King's hands flared with dense black light, darker and heavier than before, as he thrust them forward again "Shadow Palm!"

The air in front of him was instantly swallowed by rolling black mist. From within it came the shrill wails of a hundred ghosts, layered and echoing, like the gates of hell had cracked open and something hungry was crawling out to devour the world.

A massive black hand, steeped in venomous energy, tore through the fog its five fingers stretched wide, sealing off the very space around it, before crashing down toward Julian with crushing force.

174

3:32 pm

Chapter 640 Let Me Handle This Battle

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Julian's gaze remained calm, almost unfathomably deep. He brought his hands together, thumbs and ring fingers pressed lightly while the other three fingers extended straight. For a split second, everyone's vision blurred. Then, high above in the open sky, the faint silhouette of the Awakened One emerged behind him. The towering figure shimmered in radiant gold, dozens of feet tall, solemn and divine. When it pushed its palm forward, the clouds scattered in an instant. The air split apart as if chaos itself had just been forced into order. A colossal hand infused with the Awakened light surged out and slammed head-on into the descending black palm.

Boom! Boom!

The two forces collided in midair. The surrounding clouds exploded into shredded fragments, whipped apart by violent currents that spiraled downward. The gusts roared against the auditorium windows, rattling them hard enough that several weaker panes shattered on the spot.

The two enormous palm prints refused to yield, locked in a dead stalemate in the sky. Both men drove their Primordial Energy to the brink, power surging wildly through their veins. Black radiance and golden brilliance blazed at their peak, splitting the heavens cleanly into two opposing halves.

"Julian, a hundred years ago, you could crush me without breaking a sweat. You always had the upper hand. But time wears down everything. You're not who you used to be. That dominance you once carried? It's gone." Soul-Reaver Ghost King spoke lightly, like he couldn't care less about Julian's power.

On the surface, Julian's expression looked casual and offhand, but a faint crease lingered between his brows, hinting at a worry he couldn't hide.

D'mn it. If I can't finish this fast, they're going to drag me into a drawn-out fight. These two demons... who knows what kind of brutal training they've endured over the past century to push their cultivation to this level?

The more he thought about it, the colder his insides felt. In Ravenridge, he was the only one who had reached King Phase. Even if there were another, there was no guarantee they could stand toe-to-toe with two-hundred-year King Phase monsters like these.

His thoughts drifted, unwillingly, to the Lowells, the teachers, and the students at Ravenridge Senior High. If he fell here today, there was no telling what these two would do to his descendants, to his students. He knew precisely how cruel they had been when they ruled over Blightwood back in the day. There was nothing they wouldn't do.

'Fighting me and you still dare to lose focus? You've got some nerve, old man," Soul Reaver Ghost King sneered.

Julian had been deep in thought, and for the briefest instant, his concentration slipped. The flow of his Primordial Energy stuttered, just a hair. But at this level, a hair was all it took. In a clash between masters, the most minor crack became a fatal flaw Soul Reaver Ghost King caught it immediately.

A jolt of alarm shot through Julian's chest.

Soul Reaver Ghost King suddenly stepped forward. Black light coiled around his palms, then exploded outward. From the massive black hand, countless dark tendrils lashed out, wrapping tightly around the golden palm print and smothering it "Break!" With a low bark, the golden hand was swallowed whole by the black radiance, then shattered in a violent burst.

Not good.

At this level of battle, there was no room for the slightest lapse, no hesitation, no distraction. Yet that fleeting moment of divided focus had cost him the initiative. Soul Reaver Ghost King had seized the opening and crushed his attack in a single move.

Julian let out a muffled groan. He stomped ten rapid steps across the air before finally steadying himself. A flush rose to his face,

2/4

3:32 pm

Chapter 640 Let Me Handle This Battle

heat surging up his chest.

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"Old man, I'll start with you today. Once you're dealt with, Darian, David, and Lucas... we'll come knocking one by one and wipe them all out. And you? I'm going to cripple your cultivation first. I want you to taste what it feels like to fall from high and mighty King Phase... down to being nothing more than an ordinary man."

Soul-Reaver Ghost King's eyes blazed with blood-red light, his murderous intent radiating like fire. He stepped forward once more, and thick black smoke swirled around his feet, rising and coalescing above his head into a massive war hammer, easily over ten stories tall.

"Soulreaver Hammer!" he shouted, gripping at nothing as if he were holding the handle of the colossal weapon. The black hammer rose, hoisted high above his head.

Then, in an instant, he swung both arms, and the hammer came crashing down. Before it even touched the ground, a fierce wind roared ahead of it, casting a shadow over the entire arena below.

The students and teachers of Ravenridge Senior High looked up at the sky, their voices caught in their throats.

"Golden Barrier!" The hammer's strike was brutal, heavy with the Soul-Reaver Ghost King's unrefined Primordial Energy. Julian's pupils constricted. He let out a low shout, pressing his hands together in front of his chest. A circle of golden light sprang into being, forming a semicircular shield that wrapped around him. The moment the Golden Barrier solidified, the hammer was already descending head-on.

Clang!

The deafening clash of gold and iron made nearly everyone cover their ears.

The golden shield quivered violently under the hammer's impact, cracks appearing and disappearing across its surface. Julian himself couldn't entirely resist the sheer force raining down from above. He shot downward and slammed into the auditorium floor.

Bang!

Even as the force slammed him down, he held his stance, though the stage beneath him cracked and splintered, leaving a half-foot- deep crater.

All around, teachers and students stared in disbelief, fear etched on their expressions.

Julian is probably the most outstanding principal in Ravenridge Senior High's history, but is he about to fall?

"You old coot. You actually blocked my strike. I'll give you that!" From above, Soul Reaver Ghost King looked down coldly, a sneer in his voice, Sun-Devouring Ghost King, arms crossed, wore a teasing smirk.

Julian was on his last legs, trapped with no way out.

"This is bad!" He tried to spring into the air, ready to unleash his final technique and fight to the bitter end. But as his Primordial Energy surged, a sharp pain shot from his lower abdomen straight into his core, halting his movement. "No, not now. Why does this old injury flare up at the worst possible moment?"

He forced his Primordial Energy to push through, trying to suppress the pain. This was all he could do, a life-for-life gamble. He swore to himself that even if it burned him out completely, he would make sure that at least one of the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood fell heavily wounded.

3/4

3:32 pm

Chapter 640 Let Me Handle This Battle

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Julian's fingers clenched as he prepared to risk everything in one final desperate

move. Then a young voice cut through beside him. "Mr. Lowell, how about I take this fight from here?"

4/4

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