

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 651[1,308 words]

Chapter 651 The Shadow of a Bat

Chapter 651 The Shadow of a Bat

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"Are you asking me to bid for that item?" Leander took a sip of his drink, a faint smile playing on his lips. "General Leon, the favor you're asking of me isn't simple at all."

The meaning behind Darrow's request was obvious. If Leander won the item, he would instantly become the common enemy of the four King Phases.

Darrow looked apologetic, but he still forced himself to continue.

"General Ashcroft, if you're the one who wins the item, their attention will shift entirely to you. Once it's in your hands, you'll become their main target. After that, you only need to return to the military district with us and stay there for a while. No matter how arrogant they are, they wouldn't dare to break into a military base alone," he explained.

"As long as the four of them don't start fighting inside the city, the rest of us can rest easy. That way, we can prevent a four-way battle from breaking out."

Leander nodded.

Darrow was right. If the item fell into the hands of any of the four, it would cause serious trouble. Their movements were unpredictable, and if a fight broke out anywhere in Ravenridge, it would be impossible to guard against.

But if the item ended up with Leander, his movements could be controlled, and he could go straight to the military base. As one of the top military districts in Astria, the Crestgate Military District had formidable defense capabilities.

No matter how bold the four King Phases were, they likely wouldn't dare storm a military base and challenge the power of the state. This would resolve the chaos, and Ravenridge would no longer become a battlefield for the four Kings.

"It does sound reasonable," Leander said, rubbing his chin before spreading his hands. "But I can't guarantee I'll win the bid. I'm still in school, after all. A college student isn't exactly filthy rich."

Darrow and the two Major Generals beside him rolled their eyes, unsure whether to laugh or cry. If the chairman of Jeff Enterprises wasn't wealthy, no one in the world could call themselves rich.

Still, since they were asking for help, they had to show sincerity.

Darrow spoke frankly. "General Ashcroft, of course we wouldn't expect you to pay out of pocket. All expenses at the auction will be covered by the military. You only need to win the item and return to the military with us. The official account will transfer the funds directly to the auction house at The Lafayette."

A smile curved at the corner of Leander's mouth. "That sounds like a good deal."

He paused briefly before changing the subject. "I don't have an issue with this, but I am curious about one thing. If the reason those hundred-year King Phases are coming is because of an item at the auction, why not approach the Lowell family directly and have them hand it over to the military for safekeeping? That way, the item wouldn't even appear at the auction. Wouldn't that prevent the four King Phases from fighting over it in the first place? Wouldn't that be simpler?"

A trace of helplessness crossed Darrow's face, and he shook his head. "That was our first idea too, but it wouldn't work."

He explained, "The Lafayette has existed for over a hundred years. It started as the Lafayette Inn and has been in business to this day. The underground auction has never stopped, not even once. For a century, they've been hosting it, and every time it draws top martial artists from all over Astria.

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- 10 Free Coins

"It's practically become a tradition. In the 1960s, it even received official recognition and tacit approval. In fact, Julian was hailed as a national hero. He has certain privileges, and the Lowell family has long been under state protection.

"If we asked the Lowell family to withhold the item and hand it directly to the military, Mr. Lowell would most certainly agree. But those four King Phases wouldn't believe it. In the end, they would still track down the Lowell family and demand to know where the item is. By then, the Lowell family would inevitably suffer a major blow" Darrow continued, "So, the safest approach is for someone to win the item at the auction in full view of the four King Phases. After that, the military will escort that person away. And the best candidate for that role is you, General Ashcroft."

Leander held his cup in one hand and finished the last of his drink. At that moment, he finally understood the full picture.

The Lowell family had deep roots in Ravenridge. Their business was fixed in one place, and The Lafayette was a family legacy they would never abandon.

If the Lowell family dealt directly with the military and handed the item over, the four King Phases would likely become furious and go straight to the Lowell family for revenge.

When that happened, the Lowell family wouldn't be able to run. They could hide the priests, but not the church.

Leander was different, and he was alone. His relatives were all in Highcliffe, a highly sensitive area that even King Phases wouldn't dare enter lightly. If he handled the matter, the four King Phases would have no easy way to deal with it.

Even if the four King Phases came looking for Leander, he had no burdens, and he could leave whenever he wanted.

Simply speaking, he could disappear without worry.

"Looks like I can't refuse," Leander said as he set down his cup and nodded. "I'll help, but I have one condition."

Darrow was overjoyed and immediately gestured. "Anything you want, General Ashcroft."

Leander's eyes were murky as he raised one finger. "The item I win at the auction belongs to me."

Darrow exchanged a glance with the two Major Generals beside him. Then, the three of them nodded firmly and agreed on the spot.

By the time Leander left Ravenridge's military district, it was already 7 p.m. A military vehicle dropped him off at Salford Street in the northern part of the city. Darrow paid out of his own pocket and treated Leander to a local delicacy.

They drank strong liquor freely during dinner. Only when Darrow and the other generals were slightly tipsy did the gathering end. When Leander left Salford Street, his expression remained unchanged, unaffected by the alcohol.

It was 8.30 p.m. when Yvette called him. "Lean, where are you?"

Hearing the slightly awkward nickname, Leander frowned faintly but still replied, "I'm at Salford Street, What's up?"

He could hear a hint of drunkenness in Yvette's voice.

"Salford Street? What a coincidence! The school leaders invited the outstanding graduates to dinner tonight. We were at Salford

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Street too. The dinner just ended! Ginny and I are heading to Coco's for some drinks. Want to join us?"

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"It's just the two of you. What would I do there?" Leander refused almost without thinking. "You two have fun. If you guys have had too much to drink, call me, and I'll take you home."

He was about to hang up when suddenly, an extremely faint current of air brushed past his side. It was so weak and subtle that anyone who wasn't a King Phase would probably not notice it at all.

"Hm?" He looked up at the sky.

A massive bat-shaped shadow flashed across the air. Its wings spread wide like a giant roc as it glided forward, disappearing into the bar district at the end of Salford Street.

Leander's gaze shifted slightly.

"I've changed my mind," he said into the phone. "Wait for me at Coco's. I'm coming now."

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 652[1,459 words]

Chapter 652 The Mysterious Man at the Bar

Chapter 652 The Mysterious Man at the Bar

When Yvette heard that Leander was coming, she happily hung up the phone.

Leander put away his phone, but his eyes remained fixed on the direction of the bar street, a trace of doubt in his gaze.

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The bat-shaped shadow had moved incredibly fast, flashing across the sky in the blink of an eye. Other than him, none of the hundreds of pedestrians on Salford Street had noticed it.

What puzzled him most was why the shadow had chosen to disappear into the bar district. What was its purpose?

With one hand in his pocket, Leander walked in the same direction where the bat shadow had vanished and soon arrived at the entrance of the bar alley.

"Hm?"

He paused at the entrance and focused his senses to the limit. Strangely, the unusual aura had completely disappeared. He could not detect even the slightest trace of it.

"Interesting." A faint smile curved on Leander's lips. This was the first time something like this had happened. In the past, no matter how strong his opponent was, he could always capture at least a hint of their presence. But tonight, for the first time, he had lost track.

"To conceal one's aura to this extent... It must be some kind of secret technique specialized in hiding," he muttered to himself. The mysterious uninvited guest was clearly wary of being detected by certain powerful figures. That was probably why it had chosen a noisy, crowded place like the bar street to hide.

Leander withdrew his thoughts and walked into the alley. Pushing through the bustling crowd, he went deeper inside and eventually stopped in front of a bar. It was the very one Yvette had mentioned, Coco's.

He wasn't particularly interested in the mysterious visitor. What mattered to him was ensuring Yvette's safety. Sensing her presence on the second floor, Leander headed straight for the staircase. Just then, a young man brushed past him.

He was a brunette with dark eyes, looking around twenty-four or twenty-five years old. He was handsome, though there was a slightly feminine sharpness to his features.

Even in the dim lighting of the bar, Leander immediately noticed the man's almost sickly pale complexion.

They merely brushed shoulders. In that instant, Leander's eyes flickered slightly, but he didn't stop and continued upstairs.

The young man, however, paused and looked at Leander's back, feeling that something about him was unusual. After standing there for a moment, he shook his head and continued toward the bar counter, a cold indifference toward life flashing in his eyes.

On the second floor of the bar, Leander had just stepped up when a wave of fragrance rushed toward him.

"You're here, Lean! Come sit with us!"

Yvette was still dressed in the elegant, girl-next-door style she had worn that afternoon. Without caring about appearances, she hooked both arms around Leander's and pulled him toward a booth further inside.

When they reached the booth, Leander realized it wasn't just Yvette and Ginny. There were three more people.

Jacklyn, whom he had met that afternoon, was there. Beside her sat a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl with gentle features and

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a reserved expression.

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What surprised Leander the most was seeing Jade-the former homeroom monitor

who had once had several conflicts with him- sitting across from him.

"Sit here. You're our honored guest," Yvette said with a sweet smile, placing Leander between herself and Ginny.

Five beautiful young women, each stunning in her own way, were gathered at one table. It was naturally an eye-catching sight. Almost every man on the second floor glanced their way from time to time. Some were already eager, clearly considering coming over to strike up a conversation and offer a toast.

With Leander suddenly appearing and taking a seat right in the middle of the five beauties, the jealousy in their eyes grew intense. Some of them practically wished they could kick him out and take his place.

"Lean, this is Jackie. She's a junior of ours. You met her this afternoon, so there's no need for another introduction.

"And this is Jade, your former homeroom monitor. I'm sure you already know each other.

"Let me introduce you to Melanie. Like Jackie, she's our junior, but she's two years ahead of Jackie. She's a senior at Ravenridge Senior High this year and also the student council president."

Leander took the glass of wine handed to him. He didn't appear overly cold, and he simply nodded at them in acknowledgment.

Jade looked a little awkward. Back in school, she had worked in the student council with Yvette and Ginny. Since they were all girls and got along well, they had come out together tonight.

But she hadn't expected someone like Leander-a figure of his status-to join their gathering.

Melanie, on the other hand, remained calm and confident. After collecting her thoughts, she smiled at Leander.

"Hello there, Leander. You might not remember me, but at the school anniversary celebration over a year ago, I was one of the hosts. I handed you the microphone."

"You're the hero of our school-everyone's savior. Here's a toast to you."

Leander smiled faintly and didn't deny it. He raised his glass toward her.

"Me too, Leander!" After Melanie finished her drink, Jacklyn quickly poured herself a full glass.

"Meeting you is definitely the greatest luck of my life. It's a good thing I didn't go home when my parents called at noon today. Otherwise, how would I have had the chance to use your ID for an online game?"

She grinned.

"In the future, I'm going to tell everyone that you once lent me your ID. They'll all be so jealous!"

Even though she couldn't really handle alcohol, she still hurriedly drained her glass in one go.

"Silly girl. If you can't drink, take it slow. It's not about the alcohol-it's about the people," Leander said with a light chuckle as he noticed her cheeks turning red from the liquor. He shook his head slightly and took another sip himself.

Watching the two juniors interact so naturally with Leander, and seeing how he carried himself without any arrogance, Jade felt uneasy. Still, she gathered her courage and raised her glass toward him.

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"Um... Leander, long time no see."

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She was usually eloquent and confident, thriving in school with her sharp tongue and quick wit. But facing Leander now, she felt as if something was stuck in her throat. Even speaking a single word felt difficult.

Holding her glass, she lowered her head slightly. "Leander, I know that back in class, I said some harsh things and didn't treat you well. That was my fault.

"But no matter what, we're still old classmates. It's been a long time. Can we have a drink together?"

Her tone was humble, almost pleading, as she offered the toast.

Melanie and Jacklyn turned their heads in surprise, beginning to understand. It turned out Jade had once had some conflict with Leander.

Thinking about it, both of them couldn't help but feel a little sympathy for her. Missing out on someone like him-she must be feeling the bitterness now. Leander had wine in his glass. He gently swirled it, the liquid moving lightly inside, but he didn't respond at once.

Jade's expression stiffened. Her arm hung awkwardly in midair, unsure whether to pull back or continue holding it out.

Just as she felt time had almost frozen, Leander finally reached out and lightly clinked glasses with her.

"Cheers." His expression remained calm as he finished his drink. Only then did Jade seem to wake from a dream. Excitement filled her face as she quickly drained her

own glass.

No matter what their relationship had been before, the fact that Leander was willing to share this drink meant he hadn't held a deep grudge over the past.

After the toasts, the group chatted casually on the second floor. Almost every topic revolved around Leander. Melanie and Jacklyn, especially, were full of curiosity, wishing they could learn everything about him.

Meanwhile, downstairs on the first floor of the bar, the young man who had brushed past Leander earlier was now holding a blonde woman with a stunning figure as they entered a restroom stall.

The blonde was passionate, wrapping her arms around him and pressing kisses against his lips, eager to release her desire.

The young man responded to her enthusiasm, but deep in his eyes lay a chilling coldness.

The blonde noticed nothing.

Her smooth, delicate skin began to dry and wrinkle at a speed visible to the naked eye. Her golden hair started turning white from the roots, the pale color spreading

strand by strand.

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

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 653[1,299 words]

Chapter 653 Who Gave You the Nerve?

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In the bar's shared restroom, a charming blonde woman wrapped her arms around the man's neck. Bold and uninhibited, her fiery red lips brushed repeatedly across his face.

"You're so handsome!"

Her features were seductive. Even without the heavy makeup, she would still be considered above average in looks. What truly stood out was her alluring figure- curved in all the right places-exactly the kind that easily ignited desire in countless

men.

At that moment, she gazed at the young man with fascination, her eyes filled with infatuation.

"I've been drinking at Coco's for three years now. I'm practically a regular here. But I've never met a man as attractive as you, I just can't get enough of looking at you!"

She cupped the young man's sharp, almost wickedly handsome face and breathed softly against him.

"Is that so? To spend tonight's leisure time with a beautiful and charming lady like you is my honor as well." The dark-haired young man smiled faintly and kissed her gently on the cheek.

"Oh, you're such a gentleman. I can't wait to devour you!"

The blonde already had a slight buzz from alcohol. Fueled by it, her desire had been stirred to the peak.

"Yes... I'd very much like to devour you too," the young man replied with a smile. Hearing this, the woman pulled open a restroom stall behind her and dragged him inside.

What she didn't notice was that deep within his eyes, beyond a trace of disgust, lay an icy coldness.

Inside the stall, the atmosphere grew heated. The faint rustle of clothing filled the small space as they embraced and kissed, the prelude to a wild encounter unfolding.

Several bar patrons using the restroom next door heard the sounds. They exchanged knowing smiles, muttered about how impatient the couple was, then shook their heads and left. None of them realized that a cruel hunt was quietly taking place.

Upstairs on the second floor, Leander continued raising his glass, sampling the different cocktails sent over by the bar owner. Yet, his gaze shifted slightly.

From downstairs, he had already sensed something extremely unusual. 'It's really happening downstairs.'

In an instant, he recalled the dark-haired young man who had brushed past him earlier. But his expression remained calm as he continued chatting with the girls.

About ten minutes later, the restroom stall door on the first floor opened. The dark-haired young man stepped out, carefully straightening his shirt. He looked refreshed and energized, without the slightest sign of having just gone through an intense

encounter.

His already dark eyes had become even deeper, like ink. Within that pitch-black gaze, a faint, eerie red flickered. His skin appeared even paler and smoother than before-almost delicate like a woman's-making him seem a few years younger out of thin air.

"Hmph."

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He looked at himself in the mirror above the sink and smiled.

"As expected, a low-grade, mixed-blood type like that produces only mediocre results. Tonight's moonlight is perfect. I should make good use of it and find a few higher-quality targets."

He lifted his head slightly, his nose twitching like that of an animal, as if catching a scent in the air. A moment later, excitement flashed across his face.

"Top-grade, and four virgins at that!" He licked his lips, greed flashing in his eyes. "It seems fortune is truly smiling on me tonight."

"These four pure energy sources will become the greatest boost for me to step into Infernal Crown Transcendent!"

Thinking of this, he took a step forward and headed up the stairs toward the second floor.

Outside the restroom, a slightly drunk young girl stumbled in. Seeing that one of the stall doors was open, she happily pushed it wider and walked inside.

The moment she stepped in, she froze. A piercing scream shattered the night.

Inside the stall, an elderly woman with snow-white hair was slumped against the toilet. She was completely naked, her skin shriveled and dry, every inch wrinkled and drained of life. The sight was so horrifying that the girl collapsed onto the floor in terror.

On the second floor of the bar, the dark-haired man-dressed in a deep blue shirt- didn't hesitate. He strode directly toward Leander's table.

Holding a pina colada in one hand, he walked with calm confidence, exuding a mature charm unique to certain men. When he saw the five stunning beauties at the table, his excitement grew. He felt as if fate had blessed him tonight.

Then his gaze shifted, and he suddenly noticed Leander sitting between Yvette and Ginny. His expression changed slightly.

"Isn't that him?"

He clearly remembered brushing past this man earlier and even paying special attention to him. He hadn't expected Leander to be seated at the same table as the prey he had sensed.

He glanced at Leander briefly, then looked away. Although there was something unusual about Leander, the ladies in front of him were far too tempting to ignore.

He lifted his arm and set his pina colada down on their table. His voice was deep and magnetic as he spoke.

"Ladies, I just arrived in Ravenridge. I didn't expect to meet such extraordinary beauties on my first night here. It must be fate. May I treat you all to a drink?"

He wore a confident smile, as if rejection had never crossed his mind. Before even looking up, a hint of amusement had already appeared in the hearts of Yvette and the others.

Each of the five girls was outstanding in both looks and temperament. Any one of them could easily have been the beauty of their cohort.

On a normal day, it was already difficult enough for a man to approach even one of them. Yet this dark-haired man had walked up and boldly offered to buy drinks for all five at once. It was arrogance to the extreme.

Yvette and Ginny kept smiling but didn't even lift their heads, offering no response at all. With Leander sitting beside them, even if a 2/3

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prince from some nation or the heir of a global tycoon appeared, they wouldn't spare him a glance.

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Out of courtesy, Melanie and Jacklyn turned their heads, intending to refuse politely. But the moment their eyes met, the dark-haired man's gaze, everything changed.

His eyes felt like twin black holes, pulling at their minds and locking their attention in place.

The words of refusal that had reached their lips were suddenly trapped in their throats, and not a single word came out. Deep within their hearts, it was as if a voice was guiding them, urging them to move closer to him.

Seeing this, the dark-haired man's smile widened. He casually pushed the pina colada a little further across the table.

"Ladies, I've reserved a table downstairs. It's more spacious there. Why not join me for a proper drink?"

Yvette, Ginny, and Jade hadn't paid the man any attention at all, so none of them responded. But Melanie and Jacklyn-whose eyes had already met his-slowly stood up, ready to follow him.

"Melanie? Jackie? What are you doing?" Jade asked in confusion when she saw them rise.

The dark-haired man noticed that Yvette and the other two hadn't even spared him a glance. He understood immediately and didn't push further. He planned to consume Melanie and Jacklyn first, then deal with Yvette and the others afterward.

He gestured for Melanie and Jacklyn to go ahead. The two girls obediently walked forward, as if they were truly willing to leave

with him.

Just as they reached the staircase, Leander—who had remained silent the entire time—let out a faint, mocking laugh.

"Taking people away in front of me? Who gave you the nerve? Stop right there."

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

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 654[1,150 words]

Chapter 654 Destroying His Cultivation

Chapter 654 Destroying His Cultivation

"Stop right there."

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Leander's voice rang out clearly. The moment the word left his lips, Jacklyn and Melanie—who had been following the dark-haired man—suddenly froze in place.

The haze in their eyes instantly cleared, as if they had just woken from a strange dream. Both gasped at the same time.

"Huh?"

They looked at each other in shock, completely unaware of how they had ended up at the staircase. They had no memory of anything that happened after the man came over to offer them a drink.

Seeing them stop, the dark-haired man's expression stiffened. He turned sharply toward Leander, his pupils shifting.

"It was you, wasn't it? What did you do? You actually broke my Hypnosis Art!" The technique he practiced allowed him to transmit power through eye contact, fully hypnotizing anyone who met his gaze and turning them into obedient puppets.

He had already reached the peak of Kindling Transcendent, and anyone below the Transcendent Realm should have been unable to resist or break his hypnosis. Yet, Leander had shattered it with a single command and restored the girls' awareness.

Other than the master who had taught him everything, he couldn't imagine anyone else capable of such a feat.

"Hypnosis Art?" Leander picked up the pina colada the man had brought and took a small sip before shaking his head dismissively.

"It's just a minor hypnotic trick. It's slightly more advanced than what those so- called psychology experts use, perhaps. How dare you call it an art? It's ridiculous."

He set the glass down calmly.

"Take this pina colada, for example. It's colorful and flavorful, but still a mixed drink meant for casual entertainment. It can't stand in the realm of something refined."

With just a glance, Leander had already seen through the man's methods. It reminded him somewhat of a descendant of the Augurey family he had once killed. But that clan's enthrallment ability was an innate gift of their bloodline. What this man used was merely an enhanced version of hypnosis, which was far inferior.

In Leander's eyes, even true enthrallment was nothing impressive, let alone this so- called hypnosis art.

But hearing Leander belittle it, the dark-haired man was instantly enraged.

All his abilities had been taught by his master, and this Hypnosis Art was his master's proud creation. With it, his master had once enslaved nearly a hundred Martial Sovereigns and ten Transcendent Realm experts, building immense power.

Yet in Leander's mouth, it was worthless and compared to an improper cocktail. It was a direct insult to his master's legacy.

"Who are you to insult my master? To call our supreme technique a mere side trick?" He pointed at Leander, his eyes narrowing with dangerous light.

Earlier, when they brushed past each other, he had sensed something unusual about Leander. Now he was certain that this man

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Chapter 654 Destroying His Cultivation

was no ordinary person. Otherwise, he couldn't have broken his technique with a single word.

+10 Free Coins

"You're not qualified to ask who I am," Leander said casually, lifting his glass without even looking at him. "Maybe if your master were here, he might have the right."

He continued, "Earlier downstairs, you drained that woman's vitality to strengthen yourself. I should have killed you. But she walked into your trap willingly, so I didn't interfere. Now that you're right in front of me, how dare you use the dark arts for your own cultivation? You're asking for a death wish."

The dark-haired man's pupils shrank sharply.

"You want to kill me?"

He didn't know Leander's identity or background. There wasn't even obvious killing intent in Leander's tone.

Yet for some reason, a wave of cold fear wrapped around him. A terror he had never felt before filled his heart.

The man standing before him gave him an unprecedented sense of danger.

The other customers on the second floor looked on in confusion, unable to understand what the two were talking about.

Leander, however, only smiled faintly.

"I won't kill you."

He slowly raised his hand and extended one finger.

"But from today on, you'll never use those evil techniques again."

The young man's expression shifted slightly, not understanding what Leander meant. At that instant, a powerful force surged toward him. Before he could react, a sharp burst of finger energy pierced through the air and struck his lower abdomen.

An overwhelmingly violent power erupted from his core, racing through his limbs and invading every meridian in his body.

His face changed drastically. He tried to circulate his innate vitality to suppress it, but the refined energy he had cultivated for decades crumbled the moment it touched that force—like a lamb meeting a starving wolf. It was completely suppressed, unable to

exist at all.

'How is this possible?'

'anic filled his heart. The force surged along his meridians, then exploded inside him like a volcano, shattering the martial vein in

his chest in one blow.

Pfft!" He spat out another mouthful of blood and staggered back five steps until he

hit the wall at the corner of the second floor. 'retty soon, all color drained from his face.

His arm trembled as he pointed at Leander, his voice nearly hysterical.

It was you... You destroyed my cultivation?"

.eander casually withdrew his hand, his tone as cold as ever. "If you want revenge, come find me anytime. Now get lost."

The dark-haired man felt his mind buzzing, his body on the verge of collapse. He had reached the peak of Ember Transcendent and was only one step away from entering the Infernal Crown Transcendent.

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Chapter 654 Destroying His Cultivation

Yet with a single finger from Leander, thirty years of bitter cultivation had been erased.

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Anger surged in him, but even stronger was shock. To cripple his cultivation with one strike—such strength was comparable to his

master's.

What was more, Leander looked so young. How could he possess such terrifying power?

But he had no time to think. The loss of his cultivation drove him nearly insane.

Clenching his fists tightly, he forced out each word through gritted teeth,

"How dare you cripple me? If you have the guts, leave your name! My master will definitely avenge me!"

"Is that so?"

Lea

croft?"

gaze slightly. The young man had been at the peak of Ember Transcendent. That meant his master was a King hundred-year one at that.

smile curved on his lips. "My nam

ark-haired man froze. The next se

o it's you, Jeff Ashcroft!"

His laughter echoed through the

Dozens of seconds later, the

"Jeff Ashcroft! My cultiv

"My master will be cultivation dest

Ashcroft. If your master truly has the ability, I'll be waiting for him."

crazed laugh.

sending chills down everyone's spine.

ruptly. The young man dashed down the stairs, his manic voice lingering in the air. orged by my master. Now that you've crippled me, he won't let this slide!

omorrow. I'll kneel and beg him to make you suffer the same fate, to have your ments!"

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 655[1,123 words]

Chapter 655 It's You Again!

The dark-haired man staggered away, his body teetering, leaving only his voice echoing through the second floor

Leander didn't pay him much mind, but he caught a crucial piece of information.

"Arriving in Ravenridge tomorrow?"

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Given the young man's cultivation, which was at the peak of Ember Transcendent, Leander had already guessed that his master must be a King Phase.

Now, hearing the young man's words, his master was set to arrive in Ravenridge the next day. That made it highly likely his master was one of the hundred-year King Phases who would arrive tomorrow.

Leander withdrew his gaze. With a lift of his hand, the pina colada levitated silently and dropped into the nearby trash bin.

To him, even a hundred-year King Phase didn't warrant real attention. His only concern now was the mysterious elder who had appeared at the Ashcroft family.

"What just happened, Leander?"

Melanie and Jacklyn had come back to their senses, hurrying back to their seats, faces full of confusion as they looked at Leander.

"Nothing. You were just caught in someone else's hypnosis." Leander poured himself a drink and answered casually.

The two girls were dumbstruck, their gratitude toward him deepening. They knew that without Leander's presence tonight, they would've been in trouble.

By 11 p.m., with countless envious eyes following them, Leander left the bar with the five girls. After seeing off the other four, only Yvette remained with him.

"It's late. Aren't you getting in the car?" He turned to her, his gaze calm yet deep. Because of the alcohol, Yvette's cheeks were flushed, but her eyes remained clear as she stared at the quietly flowing Tempest River.

"I want to walk along the river back home. Will you come with me?"

She turned to Leander, her voice carrying a quiet plea.

Leander kept one hand in his pocket, expression neutral. "Walking from here to your villa will take at least an hour. With your current state, I wouldn't recommend it."

Yvette stood beside him, her expression subdued, and let out a soft sigh.

"Want to know something, Leander?" She looked at the river's surface, smooth as glass, and gave a bitter smile.

"I find myself envying Madeline: You never give her the cold shoulder. Even if she makes a mistake, you always choose to forgive her. Meanwhile, ever since the first time we met, after I treated you wrongly, I've never been able to truly get close to you again."

She laughed softly at herself, pressing a hand to her forehead.

1/3

Chapter 655 It's You Again!

+10 Free Coins

"Sometimes I really hate myself," Yvette said softly, her voice tinged with regret. "I wish I could turn back time, back to when we first met. If I had treated you better, been closer to you, maybe let you stay at my house... Would things between us be different now?"

Leander stood tall, rigid as a steel spear, his gaze calm and steady.

"Life is like that," he said. "A single word, a single choice, can change the path of two people entirely. Too much time has passed Between us now, we're neither friends nor strangers. There's no need to dwell on what might have been."

Yvette leaned against the riverside railing, her voice soft, almost mournful. "Yes... One word, one decision, can haunt a person for a lifetime. That's true retribution."

Her hands trembled slightly. The emotions she had long kept buried threatened to spill over. In her heart, she remembered that first day she met Leander. Countless times in dreams, she had imagined returning to that day, hoping to change their ending-but

e always awoke to realize it was just a fleeting fantasy.

er didn't reply, simply folding his hands behind his back.

matter how deep Yvette's feelings here, she could never enter his inner world.

To be frank, Yvette had always be changed now, it was only becau guise of a beggar that day, her

Daphne, however, was com quietly waiting for him-d

They walked along the

When they arrived,

Leander shook

With that

Human

and p

judge by appearances, to value money and social standing. Even if she had med of his true identity and accomplishments. Had Leander not appeared in the have been entirely different.

No matter whether he was down and out or ruling the world, she was always the

one ering. She was the one he would spend his life protecting.

e, returning to the Sitwell Residence without exchanging a single word.

vette asked gently, "Aren't you going in? Just for a bit?"

late. I'll visit tomorrow afternoon."

watched his figure fade into the night before letting out a quiet sigh and opening the villa door.

g step, and they become almost impossible to repair. Though she and Leander shared moments ver truly meet.

ence, Leander returned to his semi-hill villa in Springville Gardens. This was reputed to be, unmatched even now.

garea halfway up the hill, the guards at the gate immediately saluted him, visibly shocked.

long, they had thought Leander would never return to Ravenridge. Yet here he was, standing before them

them, then walked toward the empty parking lot. The vast space was completely vacant. He moved to the edge, iling at the sprawling night view of Ravenridge, a complex feeling stirring in his chest.

ay for just over a year, yet had experie

uld hardly put into words.

ng to his semi-hill villa now, he felt a tangle of

2/3

3:47 pm

POW

Chapter 655 It's You Again!

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The night in Ravenridge was calm and majestic, stars sprinkled across the sky like scattered jewels, giving the scene a faint, mysterious glow. Yet at that moment, Leander's thoughts shifted. He lifted his hand and struck forward into the empty air.

A streak of deep blue light shot across the night sky, tearing through the void. But before it could reach its target, a pale, delicate hand emerged from the air, intercepting and nullifying Leander's strike.

"You're a grown man, and it's only been days since we last saw each other. Why are you greeting me with such force?"

A clear, melodious female voice drifted from the mist, followed by a graceful figure, catching Leander by surprise.

"It's you again!" Leander's eyes flickered, a mix of astonishment and exasperation.

Above him, the woman hovered in the air, dressed in a moon-white robe. Her long, icy-blue hair fell smoothly over her shoulders, giving her the ethereal appearance of a cold-moon celestial being.

She was none other than Genevieve, the same woman Leander had met in the Sahar Wastes Desert.

Back then, after receiving a sword strike from her, he had thought he could finally be

rid of this trouble, yet just a few days ago, she had followed him to Highcliffe.

Now, she was here in Highcliffe.

Upon thinking of this, Leander's gaze darkened.

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 656[1,488 words]

POW

Chapter 656 Make You Fall for Me

Chapter 656 Make You Fall for Me

+10 Free Coins

"Of course it's me. Surprised?" Genevieve hovered in midair as if gravity had simply forgotten about her. Her smalt, exquisitely shaped feet hung there effortlessly, every line of her poised and deliberate.

She flashed Leander a syrupy smile. That breathtakingly delicate face of hers softened into something almost girlish, playful in a way that felt dangerously intentional.

Leander, however, had no interest in admiring her.

His expression darkened, and his voice turned glacial. "You again. Don't you ever go away?"

She drifted closer, light as a feather, and settled down right in front of him. Then she lifted a finger and wagged it at him. "Wow is that really how you talk to a lady? I am a woman, you know. Aren't men from the outside world supposed to have some basic gentlemanly manners? Because I'm not seeing any on you. You've already seen every inch of me. The least you could do is speak to me a little more gently."

His expression did not change. His tone stayed flat, stripped of warmth. "I've never claimed to be a gentleman. And gentle? Sorry. Not for you. I remember very clearly what happened in the Sahar Wastes Desert. You and I settled everything with a single strike. It was over. So, why do you keep coming back?"

She clasped her hands behind her back and tilted up her chin, all sweet defiance. "The part where you saw me naked? Yes, that's done. I'm not here to chase you over that. I came for something else."

Leander's gaze sharpened. "Spit it out."

A sly glint flickered across her eyes as she stepped closer, closing the space between them. "I want you to be my husband. Come home with me."

Suppose any other girl had said that to him, he would've laughed it off. But with Genevieve, there was nothing funny about it. He could tell she was completely serious.

"I already told you in Highcliffe. Not happening." He shook his head immediately, firm and absolute. "You and I crossed paths by chance. At most, we shared a few complications. That's it. I have a fiancée. Stop showing up and stop interfering in my life."

He did not wait for her reply. He turned and strode toward Villa No. 1, clearly done with this conversation.

"Fiancée? You mean Daphne from the Highcliffe Florians?" Genevieve's voice floated after him.

Leander froze mid-step. His pupils tightened. Slowly, he turned back around. The air around him seemed to drop several degrees, a lethal chill settling over his features as something dangerous flashed in his eyes. "What did you do to her?" Even with her King Phase cultivation, she was caught off guard by the intensity in his eyes. She waved her hand immediately. "Relax, you don't have to get all worked up. I didn't do anything to her! I was just curious. Someone like you, a once-in-a-generation genius-what kind of person would your fiancée be? So I snuck a peek, that's all!"

She paused for a moment, then pointed her finger firmly. "Look, in terms of looks, she's on par with me, I'll admit that. But her family? A total joke compared to mine. Even ten of the Highcliffe Florians together wouldn't measure up to a single cadet branch of my family. Talent-wise, sure, in the outside world, she's a rising star among the young Martial Practitioners. But where I come from? She'd barely make the middle tier. Nothing special. And cultivation? She's just stepped into the Transcendent Realm, while I'm already in the King Phase. Ten times stronger. Add it all up, we're equals. So you should forget about her and be my husband instead!"

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3:47 pm

Chapter 656 Make You Fall for Me

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Genevieve looked at Leander, speaking each word like it was the most natural thing in the world. And somehow, that just froze him

in place.

I've never met a girl who's this blunt. And get this, she's literally comparing herself to Daphne and telling me to dump Daphne just because she thinks she's better. What kind of logic is that?

A few dark lines appeared on his forehead.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, and your proposal? Not interested," he said, then didn't linger. He turned and strode straight toward Villa No. 1.

"Hey, wait for me!" Genevieve called, chasing after him as he just walked off. "She's not good enough than me. Did I say something wrong? Great people belong with other great people. What's wrong with that? Are you seriously saying you should settle down with someone way weaker than you?" She looked at him, genuinely baffled, and kept pressing him with questions.

Leander kept his gaze straight ahead and let out a faint, almost dismissive chuckle as he shook his head. "Genevieve, I don't know where you're from, and I don't care how powerful or prestigious your family is. To me, none of that means a d'mn thing. Daphne is my fiancée. I don't care if she's strong or weak, beautiful or plain. Even if you were a hundred times better than her, so what? She's the one I love. Not you." He tossed the words over his shoulder without breaking stride and continued toward the villa, leaving Genevieve standing there alone, stunned into silence.

"Love?" A few seconds later, she snapped out of it. Her expression was turning strange and unreadable. From the time she was a child, her family had drilled one belief into her over and over again: stand with the strong. If she were to choose a husband one day, he would have to be powerful. Strength was everything. Strength was truth.

For twenty-one years, her life had revolved around cultivation and meeting elites alongside her elders. She had shaken hands with prodigies, dined with titans, and measured people only by how formidable they were. Love had never entered the conversation.

And yet, just now, she had heard that word from Leander's mouth for the very first time.

As she watched him approach the villa doors, she suddenly lifted her chin, something shifting behind her eyes. "So what you're saying is, no matter what she looks like, you've already decided she's your fiancée?"

"Exactly," he answered without hesitation.

"Is that so?" A cold edge crept into her voice. "Then I'd really like to see if you'd still care this much... after I ruin her face."

The instant the words left her lips, a crushing wave of killing intent swept across the sloped parking lot. Thunder split the night sky. A bolt of blue-violet lightning tore downward and detonated in the trees nearby, reducing a towering trunk to splinters in a single, violent blast.

Leander spun around as brilliant blue Primordial Energy ignited in his palm, blazing and dense, the air itself seeming to compress beneath the crushing weight of his

aura.

"I didn't quite catch what you said just now," he said flatly. "Why don't you repeat it?" There was no emotion in his voice. His icy eyes locked onto her, unblinking, unyielding.

Genevieve's expression changed instantly.

It felt as if some ancient beast had fixed its gaze on her, a primordial predator

poised to strike. The pressure suffocated the space around

me, she had no doubt. If she dared to repeat herself, he would kill her without hesitation.

2/3

8:48 pm

POW

Chapter 656 Make You Fall for Me

She had never felt such pure, unfiltered killing intent from him before.

I only threw that out casually, and he's ready to kill me? Does he really care about Daphne that much?

+10 Free Cothe

She met his killing gaze, and something deep inside her clenched. For the first time in her life, she recognized the sharp, unfamiliar sting rising in her chest. It was jealousy.

Genevieve had been born into one of the most dominant families in a world ruled by power. Even among countless elites, her clan ranked firmly in the top ten and commanded awe wherever its name was spoken. From the day she entered this world, she had been surrounded by privilege and protection, raised at the very peak of society. Anything she wanted, her elders secured for her, no matter the cost. She was breathtakingly beautiful. Her talent was unrivaled. Her cultivation stood far above her peers. She had always been the prodigy others envied, the standard others failed to reach.

And yet today, she found herself jealous of a woman who was far weaker than her. The feeling unsettled her. It churned in her chest, sharp and unfamiliar.

But instead of backing down, she stepped forward, straight into the suffocating storm of his killing intent, and stopped right in front of him.

"I won't touch her," Genevieve said, meeting his gaze head-on. Her eyes had turned solemn, almost resolute. "But I'm staying by your side. And I'll make you... fall in love with me."

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 657[1,522 words]

Chapter 657 Distinguished Guest

Chapter 657 Distinguished Guest

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+20 Free Coins

Leander stood there radiating pure killing intent. The air around him felt sharp, his gaze cold enough to slice through steel. He had been ready for anger, for defiance, for tears. What he had not expected was that line from Genevieve.

The murderous edge in his eyes eased, just slightly. He flicked his hand in dismissal. "I'm not interested in playing some growth game with you. I'll say this one last time. Stop bothering me." The moment the words left his mouth, he turned and strode into the villa without another glance.

Watching his unyielding back disappear, a strange bitterness crept into Genevieve's chest. It caught her off guard. She had never felt anything quite like it before.

From him, she had sensed something fierce and unwavering. The kind of devotion a man could give a woman without holding anything back. And she found herself wondering if there would ever be someone who would love her like that. Someone who would not care about cultivation, family background, talent, or even beauty. Someone who would choose her, and only her, without hesitation.

She stood there for a long while, unmoving. Then she lifted her head. Her eyes hardened with resolve. "Leander, no matter what it takes, I'll make you fall for me."

For someone like me, who has fought to be first in everything since I was a child, if someone else has it, of course, I want it too. Daphne is behind me in every possible way, so why does she get Leander's unwavering love? Why can't I be the one he loves so fiercely that he never looks away?

The thought settled in her heart. Genevieve stepped forward on her long, graceful legs. She lifted her palm, and the villa's professional security lock responded instantly, the door sliding open at her command. Without hesitation, she walked inside

'What are you doing here?' Leander had been sitting on the living room couch, about to close his eyes and rest. The second he saw her step in, his brows drew together sharply.

'I told you, I'm going to make you fall in love with me. And until that happens, I'm obviously staying with you. How else are we supposed to build feelings?' A faint blush spread across her cheeks as she said it, rare and startling against her usual composure.

In the domain she came from, the entire world saw her as an untouchable goddess, aloof and distant. She had never once taken the initiative to live under the same roof as any man. And yet here she was, boldly inserting herself into the life of a young man from the outside world. If the proud prodigies who pursued her ever found out, they would probably want Leander dead out of sheer jealousy.

Leander narrowed his eyes and pointed at her. "Genevieve, don't push it." His voice was icy, impatience flickering beneath the surface. "Don't think I won't lay a hand on you just because you're a woman. Are you walking out on your own, or do you want me to throw you out?"

If anyone else had said that to her, she would have sneered, clearly showing her disdain. But back at SandSong Oasis, he had taken her sword strike head-on and shattered her attack like it was nothing. She knew he was more than capable of overpowering her.

Even so, she did not look the least bit rattled. Instead, she flashed him a teasing, almost wicked smile and casually stretched out on the couch beside him, lying down as if she belonged there.

"Oh, really? Then go ahead and throw me out. I won't fight back. Do it." She spread her arms wide and stretched lazily, completely surrendering herself to his judgment. Leander's eyes flickered, and his fingers clenched sharply, making the crisp sound of knuckles snapping. He had held himself back for a long moment, yet he simply couldn't strike someone who wasn't resisting-especially not a woman.

1/3

5:41 pm P P

Chapter 657 Distinguished Guest

+20 Free Coins

He drew his gaze back and wore a mask of cold indifference. Without another word,

he turned and strode back to the bedroom.

"You can stay here if you want. Pick any room you like. But I warn you, don't push your luck. My patience has its limits!" With that, he slammed the door shut.

On the couch, Genevieve let a sly, knowing smile curve her lips. "Hmph. Still couldn't bring himself to do it, huh?"

She felt a rush of triumph.

This guy really can't handle someone playing soft on him. As long as I'm persistent and gentle, he's got no way to stop me!

She glanced toward his bedroom but held back the urge to push his boundaries further. Instead, she picked one of the guest rooms next door and settled in for the night.

The house was quiet all night. Around noon the next day, the smell of food drifted through the air and woke Genevieve from her sleep.

She twitched her nose and followed the scent out of the room. There, she saw Leander sitting at the table, sipping soup. The delicious aroma was coming straight from his bowl.

"What is that? Smells amazing!" she said, eyes wide with curiosity, staring at the bowl like a kid who had never seen the world.

Where she lived, everyone focused on cultivation above all else. Everything they did was about getting stronger. Meals were usually bland, just enough to keep the body going. The most prized delicacies were rare herbs and elixirs. She had never tasted anything like this.

Even when she traveled in the outside world and smelled fresh, enticing foods here and there, years of disciplined training kept her from giving in. Her mind was always focused.

But now, seeing Leander, someone far stronger than her, savoring a simple meal like this, she could no longer resist. Her fingers twitched, and she was drawn straight

to it.

"This is chicken and veggie soup!" Leander said lightly, but inside, he felt a flicker of something strange.

Back at the Oasis in the Sahar Wastes Desert, he had already been curious about Genevieve's background. And now, seeing her struggle even with ordinary, everyday food, he was more convinced than ever. Everything pointed to her coming from a place completely cut off from the world, maybe even utterly detached from everyday life.

But the world was huge. Even people in remote mountain villages or in primitive jungles had at least some contact with the outside world. He couldn't imagine any place truly isolated, untouched by the ordinary bustle of life.

"Lesser World?" he suddenly remembered what she had mentioned before. He'd heard the name before, but he knew almost nothing about it.

Even after eight years traveling across the entire world, surviving countless dangers, and poring over numerous dusty, forgotten tomes, he'd never come across any record of this Lesser World.

And judging by the way things were now, the people in the entire world seemed to have abilities and talent far beyond ordinary Martial Practitioners.

His mind drifted to that mysterious older man who had knocked him back ten feet with a single move.

Is he from that mysterious Lesser World, too?

2/3

5:41 pm P PM

Chapter 657 Distinguished Guest

+20 Free Coins

"Mind if I scoop some for myself? I want to try it too!" Genevieve had crept up beside him while he was lost in thought. Her big, curious eyes were blinking eagerly. "There's still some in the pot. Go help yourself," he said, finishing the soup in his bowl and walking straight out of the villa. He didn't care what she did. Today, he had more important things to take care of.

Genevieve was too focused on the delicious chicken and veggie soup in the pot. When she finally looked up, Leander was already gone. She huffed in annoyance.

At the gates of the Lafayette, Leander arrived alone. Earlier that morning, he had received word from Julian. Because of the auction's unusual nature, the event that was supposed to happen at night had been moved up to 2 in the afternoon. Julian had also asked Leander to come to the Lafayette first, saying there was an important matter to discuss. That was why he had come early.

As soon as Leander arrived, Vytal, the Lowells' top decision-maker, came forward with the dazzling Gwen at his side. They bowed deeply. "Welcome, Sovereign Ashcroft."

Before this, they had naturally been wary of Leander. Now, their respect was mixed with gratitude. Leander had saved Julian's life, and for the Lowells, that was a debt they could never repay. Everyone in the family treated him like a god.

Leander's expression was calm. "Where's Mr. Lowell?" he asked.

Vytal straightened and smiled. "He's waiting for you at the Imperial Court Suite in the hotel. A few other guests have already arrived. He'll introduce you to each of them."

"Guests?" Leander's eyes lifted, scanning the hotel's tall building as if he could see right through the concrete walls.

He smirked. A hint of mockery in his smile. "Four of the hundred-year King Phase types?"

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 658[1,389 words]

Chapter 658 Destroying My Disciple-Do You Know the Consequences?

Chapter 658 Destroying My Disciple-Do You Know the Consequences?

Leander stepped into the elevator and rode straight up to the seventh floor of the Lafayette.

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+20 Free Coins

The Imperial Court Suite was the most extensive and most lavishly decorated suite in the whole building. This single room took up half of the seventh floor. Every detail inside—from the layout to the decor—was designed in a palace-like, almost royal courtyard style. It was the priciest suite in the Lafayette and probably the most expensive one anyone could book.

Usually, the Lafayette kept more than ten professional cleaners on staff to maintain spotless conditions. But since the Imperial Court Suite was completed, no one had ever actually used it. The suite was never open to outsiders.

Yet today, someone was already inside, and Leander had reached the doorway.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, please, come in. My great-great-grandfather is over there in the Gazebo. I won't intrude, so I'll step back!" Vytal, the CEO of Lafayette, bowed low, gesturing respectfully for Leander to enter. He stayed at the elevator entrance, never once crossing the threshold, as if the suite itself were a sacred place.

The moment Leander stepped inside, Julian, dressed in a silk tunic, was already walking toward him.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, it's an honor to have you here. I apologize for not meeting you sooner!" Julian held out his fist in a formal greeting. His tone was casual, friendly, and completely equal, without any hint of arrogance.

Leander returned the gesture, smiling. "You flatter me. Technically, you're the honorary principal of Senior High, and I'm just a regular student. You're the elder here. No need to be so formal."

Julian laughed loudly. "Ha! If even the world-shaking Iron Sovereign counts as just a regular student, then who's left to be an exceptional one?"

He stepped slightly to the side, spreading his hands. "Sovereign Ashcroft, come on in. A few old friends are already here, and I thought it'd be a good chance for you to meet them."

Leander understood immediately but stayed calm. He followed the long corridor of the suite without showing any reaction.

The two of them moved down the corridor side by side. As they stepped through, Leander finally realized that behind the lavish facade of the Imperial Court Suite, there was an entirely different world waiting.

Beyond the corridor, the space opened into a vast, airy garden suspended in the sky. Sunlight streamed down in bright shafts, washing over the flowers and spirit-grown trees until everything shimmered. The whole place felt alive, breathing. Right at the center stood the Gazebo, solid and dignified, almost ancient in its presence. It rose like an anchor, pinning the entire garden in place and radiating a quiet yet overwhelming force.

It wouldn't have been an exaggeration to call it a sky garden.

"This is actually pretty clever. I'm guessing this was your idea?" Leander turned to Julian with a faint smile.

After all, only someone like Julian, a hundred-year King Phase with that unmistakable scholarly air, would come up with something this deliberate and refined.

Julian laughed. "Getting a nod from you makes all the effort worth it. Please." He lifted his hand casually. The premium azaleas growing side by side ahead of them slowly parted, revealing a narrow path that led straight to the Gazebo.

The Gazebo covered roughly a hundred square meters, modest but spacious enough. At its center stood a stone patio table, solid and heavy. A complete coffee set had already been arranged on top. Steam curled into the air in thin wisps, and the aroma of fresh

5:41 pm P P MO

Chapter 658 Destroying My Disciple-Do You Know the Consequences?

+20 Free Coins

coffee drifted toward them on the breeze.

Four figures occupied the table, each sitting at one of its four corners. Each of them wore a robe in an old-world style, their bearing composed and commanding. The eldest looked well into his seventies, not far from Julian in age. The youngest appeared to be in his thirties or early forties, at the peak of his life.

The moment the azalea path opened, all four turned together. Their expressions differed. Their gazes varied, but every single pair of eyes settled squarely on Leander.

Leander let his gaze sweep across them one by one. His expression remained calm, unreadable. Then he stepped forward.

Suddenly, a low hum vibrated through the air.

A subtle surge rippled up from the ground beneath him. The floor along the azalea path cracked inch by inch. Soil split and rolled, layers peeling back as the earth itself surged toward his feet.

Julian felt it, but he didn't give any sign. He just let Leander keep walking.

Leander didn't slow down. He moved like the approaching force in front of him didn't even exist. The dirt beneath his feet churned and jumped, but just as it was about to hit his soles, he stepped forward again, landing perfectly in the center of that hidden energy on the ground.

Whoosh!

A soft breeze swept up from under his feet. The clouds and rain seemed to vanish instantly. Even though the dark soil had been tossing and turning, his shoes stayed spotless, not a speck of dirt clinging to them.

By this point, he had taken five steps, and the Gazebo was still fifteen away.

Inside, the four people sitting there—the eldest, a white-bearded man—shifted his gaze slightly, a hint of surprise flickering in his eyes. That surge of hidden power had clearly come from him.

Earlier, Julian had invited the four of them to the Imperial Court Suite, saying he was bringing a friend along. Naturally, they were curious. Nobody else could join them at the table besides themselves.

When the white-bearded man saw Leander, a test flashed across his mind. If Leander couldn't get past this, he clearly didn't belong at their table. But Leander's reaction was unexpected.

The hidden energy he unleashed didn't just get brushed off effortlessly. The dirt scattered, yet Leander's pristine white shoes missed a single speck. That subtle clash in the shadows clearly showed Leander was on another level.

The other three pupils shrank. Any dismissive thoughts they had about Leander's youthful appearance vanished immediately.

"The King Phase from a hundred years ago really did things differently. I see now how he welcomed guests." Leander glanced at all four of them, a half-smile playing on his expression, then walked straight to the Gazebo.

The remaining three didn't try anything. They just watched him stride forward and take a seat on one side of the patio table.

"Ha!" Julian moved confidently, taking the head seat. "I told you all, Jeff Ashcroft is going to be the true ruler a hundred years from now. You didn't believe me before. How about now?"

The older man with a white beard stepped forward and bowed to Leander, clasping his hands respectfully. Another elder in blue robes, an Eight Trigrams pattern faintly visible on his chest, gave the same gesture. A middle-aged man with a trim goatee and knuckles thick like tiger claws raised a fist in salute.

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:41 pm P P M

Chapter 658 Destroying My Disciple-Do You Know the Consequences?

All three were hundred-year King Phase cultivators. Their simultaneous salute meant they recognized him as an equal.

+20 Free Coins

Leander's lips curved into a faint smile as he returned their gestures. But the youngest, most muscular man sitting directly across from him suddenly spoke. "Jeff Ashcroft? You're the one who ruined my disciple's cultivation?"

The moment he spoke, expressions shifted all around the Gazebo. Even Julian, the host, furrowed his brow. His eyes were darkening with surprise. Leander lifted his coffee cup, took a calm sip, and didn't flinch. "If the disciple you're talking about is that pathetic fool who stole Prime Shadow through hypnotic tricks to boost his own cultivation, then yeah. That was me," he said casually.

The four around him all shifted in expression, but the muscular man who had spoken turned completely grim.

"Jeff Ashcroft, huh? You've got some nerve." He stood, and a sudden gale tore through the garden, ripping at flowers and shrubs. The Gazebo groaned as if it might collapse under the force.

He locked eyes with Leander, lethal intent crystallizing. "Do you even realize the consequences of destroying my disciple's cultivation?"

3/3

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 659[1,537 words]

Chapter 659 Sitting Across From You

+20 Free Coins

"Do you even realize the consequences of destroying my disciple's cultivation?" The man in his prime stood tall. The moment he rose, a fierce wind whipped around them. The clear sky above twisted with roiling clouds, and the air itself seemed to tremble from the raw force of his Primordial Energy, cracks spider-webbing through the atmosphere.

The previously calm, almost peaceful atmosphere turned heavy in an instant. Everyone else's expressions shifted slightly. Except for Julian, the other three wore smirks, clearly enjoying the drama unfolding.

These four weren't particularly close, but they'd known each other for over a hundred years. That made them old acquaintances. They knew this man's temper well.

He was fiercely protective. Whether it was a disciple, a student, or a friend, anyone who clashed with him-right or wrong-would face his thunderous wrath.

Leander was a young martial artist on the rise. His cultivation was top-tier, enough to stand on equal footing with them. But standing shoulder to shoulder didn't mean he could challenge or surpass them.

They were sitting with Leander today only because Julian had introduced them. But Leander was still the younger guy, and, naturally, the others couldn't help but feel a little smug about their seniority.

Even as Leander greeted them with a polite bow, everyone could feel the fire of his pride simmering beneath. It was apparent he hadn't fully acknowledged their presence. Now that the man in his prime was stepping up to confront him, the older trio couldn't help but feel pleased.

After all, putting a dent in Leander's sharp edge was clearly a good thing. They'd been itching to show him what a hundred-year King Phase really meant.

Leander didn't move. He still held his coffee cup, lifting it casually to sip. A light chuckle escaped him. "Consequences?" he said. "I can't say I know them. But he used cheap mind tricks to steal someone else's Prime Shadow. Normally, that's none of my business. But luck wasn't on his side. He did it right in front of me. I only ended up destroying his cultivation. By any measure, I went easy on him."

"Went easy on him?" The man narrowed his eyes and let out a cold laugh. "Destroying his cultivation counts as going easy? If that's easy, what would you have done if you hadn't held back? Killed him?"

Faced with the middle-aged man's interrogation, Leander didn't deny a thing. He just gave a faint nod. "That's right."

His words hit the four others like a shockwave, leaving them all frozen.

The man was fiercely protective of his own, but he wasn't blind to the bigger picture. He had hundreds of disciples under him, at least ten of whom were just as capable as the one Leander had harmed. Sure, he was furious about the injury, but letting it turn into a full-blown feud with a King Phase expert was pure fantasy.

He brought this up, but it was mostly about saving his reputation. If Leander apologized in front of everyone, he could throw out a few polite words and move on. Nobody would hold a grudge. But the way Leander was acting left him no way out.

The man's pupils tightened. He hadn't expected this at all.

Leander didn't just refuse to apologize. He didn't even give him a scrap of reputation. Saying this in front of four-hundred-year-old King Phase masters was nothing short of blatant provocation.

A strange, new thrill surged through the man. He hadn't felt anything like this in over a century.

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1:41 pm PPMO

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The middle-aged man wore purple, faint battle scars tracing his arms. He stared at Leander, and his voice sharpened. "You're one arrogant kid. King Phase isn't easy at your age. I was willing to let it slide in front of Julian, thought maybe you'd offer an apology with some coffee and call it done. But now? Looks like you want to learn firsthand what I, the Mistwalker, can do."

Leander's expression didn't flinch. He drained the coffee and shook his head. "Apologize with coffee? That's not something I've ever done since I was born. Your disciple's cultivation? That's on me. I don't owe anyone any reputation. Want you wanna act? Then just do it."

He spread his hands, making it clear he was done talking.

Except for Julian, the other three Hundred-Year King Phase warriors all had a flash of sharpness in their eyes. To them, Leander, this young upstart, was pushing it way too far. Not only had he harmed their disciples, but he was also acting like they couldn't even handle him. That attitude alone stirred their resentment.

"Interesting. In over two hundred years, I've seen countless juniors, but you? You're the first one bold enough to talk to me like that!" The Mistwalker's eyes burned with lethal intent. In a blur, a dark shadow appeared at his waist, and an aged, battle-worn smoking pipe materialized there.

It was the weapon that had cemented his reputation. It was plain in appearance, but as deadly as any of the finest blades in the world. Though he looked like a man in his prime, he was actually two hundred thirty-four years old. That pipe had been by his side. since he was sixty, used to cut down enemies and lead charges. For a hundred seventy years, it had tasted the blood of countless Transcendent Realm warriors, and three King Phase warriors had fallen to it.

Since the King Phase battle a century ago and the signing of the King Phase Accord, the bloodstained pipe had been silent for a hundred years. Today, it was finally back in his hands.

"Azure Wave Pipe?" The others' expressions shifted slightly. They had all heard of its reputation, and a few had even faced him directly and survived to tell the tale. They knew exactly what they were up against.

"You've harmed my disciple. Even if I don't kill you today, I will make sure you suffer." The Mistwalker's gaze turned cold and unwavering. His words were few, but every syllable carried unshakable certainty. It was clear to him that Leander was already in his

grasp.

Suddenly, a fierce aura surged, wrapping around the Gazebo. Every nearby plant shuddered violently. Even the marble floor beneath them showed cracks forming. The skies above the Mistwalker churned with gathering storm clouds. Whatever was coming would hit with the force of thunder.

Leander, however, didn't move at all. He even lifted a coffee pot to pour coffee, acting as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

"Looking for death!" The Mistwalker's anger flared. He swung the Azure Wave Pipe, slicing through space itself. A thin, white streak of light arced across the void, aiming to strike right from the center of the Gazebo.

"Leonard, stop!" At that exact moment, a gnarled, aged hand shot out, positioning itself between Leander and the Mistwalker. The white streak of energy faltered, pushed back an inch, and the assault was forcibly halted.

"Julian, what's the meaning of this?" The Mistwalker's eyes darted across the room, locking on Julian. He was the one who had

moved first.

Julian pulled his hand back. His expression was serious. "Leonard, today I invited all

of you here. This Imperial Court Suite is my place of peace. It's not meant for fighting. I'm asking you to stop."

The Mistwalker let out a cold, bitter laugh. "Julian, are you worried I'll wreck your precious Imperial Court Suite?"

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Julian shook his head slightly and shot Leonard a look of helplessness before speaking. "This suite of mine isn't worth bragging about. I'm asking you to hold back because there's something I need to say. Listen to me. Once I'm done, if you still insist on attacking, I won't stop you."

The Mistwalker's eyes darkened, and his body radiated pure fighting intent. He said in a low, threatening voice, "Say what you need to say. No matter how much you try to protect him, today I will settle this!"

Julian stood with his hands clasped behind his back, shaking his head with a soft sigh. "You all remember the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood, don't you?"

The group stiffened for a moment, then it clicked. The Mistwalker spoke first. "You mean the two brothers who once ruled Blightwood, crowned themselves kings?" Julian nodded. "Back then, the Martial Alliance chased them down, and they barely escaped. Who would have thought, after a hundred years, they'd come back with a vengeance? Just yesterday, they showed up in Ravenridge, looking to get revenge on me."

The others exchanged tense glances. The Mistwalker furrowed his brow and asked with a hint of skepticism, "Back then, you and Lucas led the attack on Rimba Sect. Them coming for revenge makes sense. But what does that have to do with us?"

Julian turned to him. His expression was stern. "The grudge between the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood and me doesn't concern any of you. But here's what you need to know. Just yesterday, they were killed. And the one who killed them is sitting right across from you."

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 660[1,702 words]

Chapter 660 The Secret of Immortality

Chapter 660 The Secret of Immortality

"What did you just say?" The Mistwalker's expression hardened in an instant. His features were still and sharp.

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The other three beside him reacted too. Their eyes turned cold. Their expressions shifted in different ways: surprise, doubt, irritation.

They knew exactly who the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood were. A hundred years ago, when Astria was in chaos and influential figures rose from every corner, the Twin Ghosts asserted their dominance through their uncanny ability to command spirits and bend wandering souls to their will. They ruled Blightwood outright, forcing every rival to fall in line and submit to their authority. Back then, their reputation rivalled anyone in this room.

Blightwood had rich soil and abundant resources. Countless King Phase experts had coveted it, but in the end, the ones who truly claimed the throne were the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood. That alone spoke volumes about their strength.

None of the people seated here would openly admit they were weaker than the Twin Ghosts. Still, not one of them dared to claim they could defeat them either. If the Martial Alliance had not been founded later, and if Lucas had not risen out of nowhere, no one could say how much longer the Twin Ghosts would have continued to dominate Blightwood.

The Twin Ghosts of Blightwood were severely wounded back then by Lucas and several King Phase experts from the Martial Alliance. They had been forced to flee in disgrace. Now, more than a century later, they returned and sought revenge on Julian. That could only mean one thing. They had backing. Their strength must have grown significantly, stronger than before, not weaker.

Yet Julian was saying the Twin Ghosts had been killed, and the one who killed them was sitting right across from the Mistwalker. The man sitting across from him was Leander. In other words, he was the one who killed the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood. It felt impossible.

The Mistwalker's pipe froze midair. His hand hovered, suspended. The Primordial Energy he had gathered began to disperse, large portions of it dissolving into nothing. The strike he had been preparing never came.

He stared at Julian and spoke in a low, heavy voice. "Julian, we've known each other for over a hundred years. Even if you don't want me to make a move here, you don't need to spin some wild story to stop me."

There was no way he could accept that Leander had slain the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood.

Individually, he might not have feared either of them. But together, they were a different matter. Even he would have found them extremely troublesome. By sheer coincidence, he had once passed through Blightwood and clashed briefly with the Twin Ghosts. The memory had remained vivid ever since.

If he can kill the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood, doesn't that mean he can kill me, too? He is a junior who is one or two centuries younger than us, yet stronger than me by several levels. Who could accept that?

The other three turned to Julian as well, studying his expression closely, looking for the slightest flicker of doubt or any sign that he was making it up. None of them bought it.

But Julian's expression did not waver. His expression remained solemn and steady. "Leonard, you just said we've known each other for more than a century. Then you should understand me better than anyone. Since the day we met, have I ever told even half a lie?"

He glanced at Leander, then shifted his gaze to the others, and finally fixed it on the Mistwalker. "Sovereign Ashcroft did not merely kill the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood. He shattered their domains completely and fought them two-to-one. I've said what I needed to say. If you truly believe you're stronger than the Twin Ghosts, then go ahead and make your move. I won't stop you."

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Everyone in the Gazebo fell silent. The air inside felt thick, almost frozen in place. Only Leander seemed untouched by it all. He calmly poured himself another cup of coffee and drank at his own pace, savoring the rich, smooth flavor of the Southlands' finest beans like none of this concerned him.

The Mistwalker's eyes narrowed, a faint tremor flickering through them. From the very first day he met Julian, the man had never lied. Not once. Julian had always spoken plainly, never embellishing, never dodging the truth. That was precisely why his words carried weight. If Julian said it, then it had to be real. Which meant the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood had truly fallen by Leander's hand. The realization hit him hard. He had no idea how deep Leander's strength truly ran.

Silence stretched on inside the Gazebo At last, the Mistwalker lowered the Azure Wave Pipe in his hand. "An hour from now, at the auction, make sure you tell the Lowell juniors to bring that item with them. You know exactly why I'm here."

When he finished speaking, his gaze shifted to Leander For a split second, something wary flashed in the depths of his eyes. Even so, his voice remained cold. "Jeff Ashcroft, this isn't over between us."

The moment the words left his mouth, his figure shot upward, rising straight into the sky. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared beyond the rooftop of the tavern.

The other three stood after he left.

"Julian, at our level, money and power don't mean a d'mn thing anymore What we're after now is martial pursuit and life itself. You know what that item means to me. Since it ended up in the Lowells hands and you can't decipher it, then give it to someone who can. If I don't see that item at today's auction, don't blame me for forgetting our friendship and tearing the Lowells apart." The oldest of the three, a blue-robed elder, stroked his beard as he spoke. His tone was firm. When he finished, he rose into the air and vanished in a streak of red light.

The remaining two said nothing. They simply exchanged a look with Julian, then lifted into the sky and departed in opposite directions.

The Gazebo, once occupied by six, emptied in moments. Only Leander and Julian remained.

Julian stared in the direction the four had gone, his gaze deep and unreadable. No one knew what was running through his mind. After a long while, he finally sat back down. Then he reached for the coffee pot, but it was empty.

He blinked, caught off guard.

"I haven't tasted coffee like this in a long time. Something this exceptional is rare. Truly rare." Leander, seated beside him, set his cup down at just the right moment and turned to Julian. "Sorry about that. You're hosting old friends tonight, and I get the feeling! just wrecked the mood."

Julian waved it off immediately. "Has nothing to do with you. To be honest, over the years, I've heard plenty about the Mistwalker's disciples. Most of them had a reputation for chasing pleasure and playing dirty. You crippled his cultivation. I don't see anything wrong with that."

Leander only smiled. He finished the last swallow of coffee and offered no denial.

Julian lifted a hand. A faucet nearly one hundred feet away twisted open on its own. Water streamed through the air in a thin arc and poured neatly back into the coffee pot.

He moved his palm like a blade. Primordial Energy surged into the flame beneath the pot, and the coffee began to boil rapidly. As he worked, he continued speaking. "The four you saw just now were all King Phase figures from a century ago. Each of them once stood at the very peak. The one who tried to make a move on you is Leonard Valentrine. Word has it he's a descendant of the Valentines' Fortress that shook the Central Realm seven hundred years ago. His weapon is that purple gold smoking pipe. He used it to defeat countless opponents. He resides at Mistwave Pool of Glenwick, so people call him the Mistwalker"

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2:53 pm P PPP.

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He did not pause long before continuing "The old man in blue is thirty years older than I am. He rose to fame at a hundred and dominated the Klok region for a time. He never bothered to announce a formal name. He loved ancient texts and wandering from place to place, fishing wherever the waters pleased him. People call him Eldon Pike."

Julian's tone grew slightly heavier. "As for the other two. The one in gray is Wilbur Warren, successor of the Demon Sage Palace of the Ormari Horde. His demon scripture cultivation was said to reach the heavens and the earth. A hundred years ago, he fought Lucas head-on and lost by only a single move.

"And the last one is Aciel Aetheron. No one really knows where his lineage comes from. Before the War of the King Phase a century ago, he was practically unheard of. No reputation. No name. Then that war broke out, and he stunned everyone. He once fought three Western King Phase experts alone and won. His cultivation is unfathomable."

Leander remained expressionless. He listened quietly and offered no comment.

Julian went on. "I just received word from the Martial Alliance. Mornwick Military Command invited you here as reinforcement. That eased my mind a great deal. But aren't you curious why all four of them rushed to Ravenridge?" Leander's expression stayed calm. His voice was even. "General Leon already mentioned it. They're here for something in this auction. As for what it is, I don't need to know. My job is simple. I secured that item at the auction. That's all." Seeing how indifferent he seemed, Julian suddenly smiled in a way that felt almost secretive. "This item might interest you, too."

His eyes gleamed now, burning with restrained excitement and a trace of solemnity. "Because what's up for auction concerns the one path every martial artist dreams of walking. It holds the secret of longevity."

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