

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 661[1,334 words]

Immortal

Chapter 661 The Broken Sword of the Infinity Sword Immortal

“Immortality?” Leander paused mid-sip, setting his coffee down with deliberate care.

The word wasn't unfamiliar to him. In fact, it was almost too familiar.

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Over the past eight years, he had wandered across countless lands, delving into ancient texts wherever he could find them. These texts mentioned immortality endlessly, almost obsessively. But people who had truly glimpsed it were few and far between.

He didn't crave immortality for himself. Still, he had always been chasing its secrets. He wanted the ones he cared about to live long lives. That was what family and friends deserved. Yet even now, he was only scratching the surface.

Take the Phoenix Essence Pill he had developed, for example. Even though it was just one type of longevity medicine, it could pierce the marrow using ancient techniques, extend a person's lifespan, and even improve their constitution, making them resistant to all kinds of illnesses while warding off demons and evil. That's why, in today's world, his Phoenix Essence Pill has become such a sensation. And it was also what enabled Jeff Enterprises to rise to the top and secure its spot as the world's number one corporation.

But even with the pill in his hands, Leander was still worlds away from true immortality. Real immortality meant lifespans stretching easily five hundred years or more. A single pill that added ten years to one's life was nothing in comparison.

“That's right,” Julian said, nodding. “Every Martial Practitioner aims to transcend, to reach unimaginable power. But in the end, their path is really the path to immortality. Beyond chasing ultimate destructive force, what is it that every practitioner secretly dreams of? Immortality.”

He shook his head with a quiet awe. “Take Saint Greaterson of the Wanda Sect five centuries ago. He developed the Eternal Flow Technique in pursuit of immortality. Or Master Tobias Zane of the House of Exorcists, who mastered pills to transcend life itself. These legendary Martial Practitioners shook the world with their power. But in the end, none escaped the limits of mortality.”

“Even the longest-living, Saint Greaterson, spent three hundred and twenty years studying in the Wanda Sect before finally passing on. That's how irresistible immortality was to them. Otherwise, why would the four hundred-year King Phase warriors all gather in Ravenridge for the auction hosted by the Lowells?”

Leander nodded, a trace of a smile in his eyes. His gaze was deep. "Exactly. When you talk about immortality, Martial Practitioners need lifespans long enough to wield world-shaking power. If you only had one day to live, no matter how much strength you had, capable of tearing oceans apart with a flick of your hand, what would it even matter?"

He turned his gaze, sharp and severe now. "From the way you put it, the Lowells must be holding something. Something that contains the secrets of immortality?" Julian nodded, then shook his head in that casual, almost absent way. "Ten years ago, my eldest son was hauling cargo down in Riverlands South. While he was navigating the waterways, he ran into a boatman. This boatman had something in his hands—a short sword encased in resinous amber. At first glance, it was nothing special, honestly looked worse than your average iron sword, and through the amber, you could see it was completely rusted through"

"But my son thought there was something unusual about it. It was the first time he'd ever seen a broken sword preserved in amber. So he bought it from the boatman for ten thousand! He brought it back to the Lowells and kept it in his study as a collectible. I didn't even notice it until I went into his study one day to talk with him, and there it was, sitting there, that broken sword"

He paused. His expression hardened, and his voice dropped. "At first, I thought it was just an ordinary trinket. But I had no idea. That broken sword had a story. After digging through an old book called "The Sword Codex" and studying its illustrations and descriptions, I finally realized what it was. This sword belonged to a grandmaster named Infinity Sword Immortal, a personal sword from five hundred years ago, the same era as Saint Greaterson!"

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Chapter 661 The Broken Sword of the Infinity Sword Immortal

“Broken sword? Infinity Sword Immortal?” Leander's eyes narrowed.

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"Yeah, that Infinity Sword Immortal. Legend says he was the last grandmaster in the Eastern world to transcend the King Phase. He once split mountains and rivers with a single strike, even cutting through the Tri-Spire Expanse with one swing! Rumor has it he met Saint Greaterson once. They faced each other, and it ended without a clear winner. But records from the old masters who watched say Infinity Sword Immortal didn't even use his full strength that day.

"Reliable sources say he inherited powers from ancient immortals. He commanded godlike abilities and knew the secrets of immortality. Five hundred years ago, he was untouchable. Every secret he

mastered was sealed within his personal sword. But when he mysteriously disappeared, his sword vanished with him. I never imagined it would end up back at the Lowells, brought home by my own eldest son."

Leander poured himself another cup of coffee and said lightly, "Are you sure that broken sword is really Infinity Sword Immortal's personal blade?"

Julian nodded firmly. "The Lowells have been rooted deep in Ravenridge since the days of the last royal family. Our archives are full of ancient records. I've gone through several old texts, and every description of Infinity Sword Immortal's personal sword matches this broken blade almost exactly. I even wondered if it might be a forgery. But when I probed it with my divine perception, the energy inside was incredibly mysterious. There's no doubt-this is the very sword he carried."

"Oh?" Leander's lips curved into a small smile. He sounded a bit amused. "So if this broken sword really belonged to Infinity Sword Immortal, it must contain some secret to immortality. Why wouldn't you keep it for your own research instead of letting other King Phase know that it's with the Lowells?"

Julian shook his head with a self-deprecating smile. "Honestly, it's embarrassing. I'm old, my eyes aren't what they used to be, and even after ten years with this sword, I haven't figured out its secrets. Not a single hint about immortality has come to me."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "As for why others in King Phase might know it's with the Lowells-that was my doing."

Seeing Leander's puzzled expression, he went on. "After Infinity Sword Immortal vanished, his personal blade became the ultimate treasure every martial artist craved. It's even more coveted than legendary weapons like the Abyssal Godblade. That's because it holds the path to immortality and ancient teachings. But I've had it for ten years and learned nothing from it. It's useless to me. There's no such thing as a wall the world can't see through. No matter how tightly the Lowells guard it or how secretive we are, Eventually someone would find out the sword is here.

"This broken sword is a dangerous liability. If I held onto it quietly, I'd be guilty just for possessing it. Once other King Phase warriors seeking immortality know it's here, all their attention would fall on the Lowells. They could even bring harm to us. So rather than let the Lowells suffer that kind of threat, I decided to release the information myself. And I want to do it openly, in front of countless martial practitioners, making sure this sword leaves the Lowells under everyone's eyes."

Leander's gaze deepened as he listened. He already had a hunch. The broken sword Julian was talking about could very well be the sword core he had been aiming to get his hands on.

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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 662[1,353 words]

Chapter 662 Violet Lund of Envine

Julian sat up straight. His eyes were glinting with a sharp intensity.

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At that moment, Leander finally came back to himself. "Well, look at you, scheming like a pro!" he said with a low chuckle, nodding in admiration. "First, you let the word slip, baiting all the King Phase grandmasters to fix their gaze on the Lowells. Then today, at the auction, you handed that broken sword over to someone else right under everyone's noses. Boom-attention completely redirected. And just like that, the Lowells are off the hook, no strings attached. That... that's some next-level maneuvering right there."

Julian, holding the broken sword, was useless-it got him nowhere. If the other King Phase knew it was with the Lowells, the whole family would be an easy target. But this move was pure genius. He wasn't after the sword. He used it as bait to pull the Lowells clean out of this mess.

Julian threw back his head and laughed, shaking his head. "You're flattering me. I had no choice. The Lowells have been sitting pretty in Ravenridge for a century. The whole family's entrenched there, every branch anchored in the town. If any hidden King Phase operatives got wind of them, it would've been a nightmare. I run the Lowells. I had to do it."

He turned to Leander. His expression was sobering. "But Sovereign Ashcroft, have you really thought this through? If you take the Mornwick Military Command up on their offer, the kind of trouble heading your way isn't even on anyone's radar yet. Every King Phase here today, both the obvious and the shadowy, will have their eyes glued to you. You'll be walking around with a target painted on your back, and God knows how many threats, hidden or blatant, will be coming for you."

Leander didn't answer, but inside, everything was crystal clear.

This time, the four-hundred-year King Phase grandmasters had gathered at Ravenridge for one reason: that broken sword. And beyond those four, there were bound to be plenty more King Phase grandmasters sneaking in, countless eyes all fixed on the

weapon.

Whoever managed to claim that sword would instantly become everyone's target, marked by scores of King Phase grandmasters. When that happened, it wouldn't be a fight-it would be a massacre aimed solely at them. The danger would skyrocket exponentially.

Julian spoke while watching Leander's expression closely. He had to ask himself honestly-if the roles were reversed, he wouldn't dare accept the task. With that many King Phase masters watching, unless the person had the strength to crush everything in their path, it was a death trap at every turn, a gamble for survival with almost no margin.

The air in the Gazebo held still for a full minute. Then Leander stretched lazily, his arms reaching wide. His gaze was calm, almost unnervingly so. "Mr. Lowell, you don't need to worry about this one. Since I promised General Leon, I'll take whatever risks come my way. And besides..." His eyes sharpened suddenly, an almost palpable intensity shooting skyward. "This thing? I have to have it."

Julian could see the fire flickering deep in Leander's eyes. He narrowed his own and nodded. "If that's how you feel, then I'll leave it to you. Don't stress too much. My Martial Alliance grandmasters are already on their way to Ravenridge. Once they arrive, even the four I mentioned earlier won't dare act recklessly."

Leander waved him off as if he hadn't heard. "Mr. Lowell, I don't need anyone's help. Right now, the only thing I care about is how this auction works. Normal auctions? Sure, the highest bid wins. Whoever has the most money takes it. But for something like the broken sword of Infinity Sword Immortal, a treasure of the martial world? Money isn't going to cut it."

He wondered, right at that moment, how he could manage to snag that broken sword at the auction.

Leander heard him and straightened up. His expression sharpened a bit. "I've got this all figured out," he said. "When the broken

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Chapter 662 Violet Lund of Envine.

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sword comes up at the auction, I'll change the rules. No more bidding. Instead, every Martial Practitioner here will have to put one of their treasures on the table. I'll look at the value of each item, mix in a little of my own taste, and pick the one I want. Whoever brought that item will walk away with the broken sword."

He glanced at Leander with a half-smile. "Of course, that's just the official line. No matter what incredible treasure anyone else shows up with, even if you only hand over a plain rock, I'll still award the broken sword to you."

Leander drained his coffee and gave a slight nod. He had never felt anything like this before. It was a total first for him-this kind of behind-the-scenes advantage. The two of them lingered in the Gazebo for another forty minutes. It wasn't until twenty minutes before the auction started that they finally got up and headed toward the Lafayette auction hall.

Outside the Lafayette, people of all ages, dressed in vintage styles, were converging toward the entrance. Some of the Arch held floating dust in their hands. Other priests wore gray priest robes. There were young men with long swords slung across their backs and women carrying ivory flutes. Everyone looked strikingly out of place compared to the trendy, modern crowd of the West.

Still, not a single Lafayette server dared to treat any of them casually. Each one carefully handed out coffee and drinks, moving cautiously as if they were walking on eggshells around every single person.

Two days before the auction even started, the higher-ups at The Lafayette had already given them a heads-up. After all, these men and women had just arrived at the hotel in their outlandish outfits, and each one looked like someone they definitely didn't want to mess with.

Inside the hotel lobby, Gwen, as the person in charge on behalf of the hotel, naturally stayed behind to greet the martial world colleagues who had traveled so far. Then, a stir from outside the main doors caught everyone's attention. Everyone's heads turned, and Gwen couldn't help but look back, too.

That one look froze her expression for a moment. A spark of admiration flickered across her eyes.

Two young women were stepping into the lobby. They were barely in their twenties, but their presence was like something out of a dream, ethereal and flawless.

The woman on the left was tall and graceful. Her figure flowed like the finest red silk. Her skin was flawless, and her features perfectly sculpted without a single imperfection. Yet there was a hint of celestial nun indifference in her expression, as if she had already seen through the world and had no interest in its petty affairs.

The woman on the right was even more striking. Her eyes were bright and expressive, pure and clear as though they could see right into others' souls. In her hands, she carried an ancient longsword set with rainbow-colored crystals, radiating the aura of a true master.

Even Gwen, a striking beauty in her own right, found herself drawn to these two as they entered. She didn't recognize the woman in red, but she immediately guessed the identity of the swordswoman. Her mind clicked. "She is Claire from the Silvermoon Sect"

Claire walked side by side with the woman in red, smiling lightly. "Violet, I didn't expect the Envine to show up at Ebon Sect's auction this time. That's a rare sight."

The woman in red returned the smile. "Even though the Envine sits above Golden Summit and rarely concerns itself with the mundane world, we're still a martial world sect. It's only natural that our disciples step out every now and then."

Swen, standing not far away, caught every word. When she heard the name Violet, her eyes widened in shock for a split second before her mind raced to catch up.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 663[1,613 words]

Chapter 663 Choosing a Life Partner

Chapter 663 Choosing a Life Partner

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"The Envine? Violet?" Gwen's eyes flickered with a sudden light. Almost immediately, a saying that ran like wildfire through Astria's martial world popped into her mind.

"Twin Stars of Highcliffe and the Three Brilliants, Four Beauties." It referred to Ethan and Daphne, the Twin Stars of Highcliffe. Then there were the three young talents- Kian, Theo, and another-and the four young beauties led by Claire.

But what hardly anyone knew was that the saying didn't end there. There was a second part. "Violet Lund of Envine and Harmony Hadley of Lingster Sect."

Among Astria's younger generation, the public spotlight fell on the nine led by Ethan, Daphne, and Claire. But in reality, two more existed, their power immeasurable. They rivaled the older generation's masters and drifted outside the usual circles, almost

invisible.

One of them was the heir of Envine, living high in the Golden Summit, rarely touching the mortal world. The other was a secular disciple of the Ancient Lingster Sect, quietly honing himself in the sect, barely stepping into the wider martial world. That was why his name carried little fame.

Yet those two were truly the ones who dominated Astria's young martial scene. Gwen knew that better than anyone.

The young woman had walked alongside Claire, the Silvermoon Sect's sword prodigy. Claire had even mentioned Envine and the young woman's name-Violet. Her identity was almost impossible to miss.

"Envine, Violet Lund?" Gwen's gaze shivered. She had never expected that Envine's rare, once-in-a-generation heir would show up at Ravenridge for the martial auction hosted by the Lowells.

Envine's Violet is here. Does that mean Lingster Sect's Harmony will show up too?

At that thought, she scanned the room. She wanted to see if the future of Lingster Sect, the prodigy hailed as the greatest in a hundred years since Master Branson, had also arrived.

Claire and Violet moved side by side. Both carried ancient swords, dazzling everyone with their presence. Their beauty and bearing drew all eyes in an instant, making them the center of attention in the hall.

No one in the hall stepped forward to talk to them. The seasoned powerhouses who had come for the auction had already taken their seats inside. The ones lingering in the lobby were mostly the younger generation from the various martial sects. They carried themselves with pride, but they were not delusional. When it came to prodigies like Claire and Violet, they knew better than to walk up and embarrass themselves.

The two women did not sit down. They remained standing beside the ornamental rock formation in the hall.

Violet lifted her beautiful eyes slightly and smiled at Claire. "Envine may keep a low profile in Astria's martial world, but a sect is still a sect. It can never step outside the circle of the martial world. This auction, hosted by Ebon Sect's the Lowells, has something that even my master found intriguing. She instructed me to bring Envine's treasured artifact and attend the auction in advance."

Her voice flowed like clear water, light and ethereal, almost untouched by the dust of the mortal world. She spoke openly and without restraint. There was nothing guarded about her tone. Claire could not help but admire her.

Claire paused for a moment before replying. "If even Envine has been drawn here, then this auction must be hiding something extraordinary. Do you know which item she has her eye on?"

Violet stood tall in her plain dress tied with a blue sash. At the question, she gave a slight shake of her head. "I do not know the

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exact item. She only told me that if I see any King Phase senior placing a bid, I should follow."

"King Phase?" Claire's eyes sharpened, and a ripple of shock stirred in her chest.

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For a long time, she had speculated about Lingster Sect and Envine, these ancient sects that had endured for hundreds, even thousands of years. She had believed that most of the Supreme Grandmasters of the present age were likely hidden within these old factions. It had only been a theory. But after hearing Violet mention King Phase, her doubts vanished.

Five hundred years ago, Lingster Sect and Envine had stood at the very top of Astria's martial world. They had been revered as its twin sacred strongholds, legendary places where true masters gathered and extraordinary talents quietly thrived behind closed doors.

Claire knew Violet had always spoken plainly and never hoarded information. She did not press further. Instead, she shifted the topic, curiosity flickering in her eyes. "Violet, among Astria's martial world younger generation, you and Harmony stand at the forefront. Now that you are here, will Lingster Sect's Harmony also be attending?"

Violet's gaze was cold and bright like winter stars. "Harmony is Lingster Sect's most promising successor after Master Branson. He is the one most likely to step into King Phase. Before I left Envine and descended the mountain, I heard he had also departed Lingster Sect. But his purpose this time is to enter the secular world for cultivation and return to the outside world. He should not be coming here."

Claire's brows drew together slightly. "The way you say that, it sounds like you have already met him."

Violet did not hesitate. She nodded at once.

Claire's gaze shifted, sharpening as she pressed, "This Lingster Sect's Harmony... is he really what the rumors say? Has he truly cultivated the indestructible body of

the Awakened Way, almost reaching the level Master Branson once did?"

The moment the question left her lips, Violet's eyes flared with sudden light. It was the kind of brightness that only appeared when someone had witnessed something extraordinary.

Violet kept her eyes forward. There was longing in them, but even more admiration. "I don't know whether Harmony has reached the indestructible body of the Awakened Way," she said quietly. "But I can say this with absolute certainty. Out of everyone I've met so far, he's the most gifted. The most brilliant. I honestly can't imagine there's another person alive who loves life the way he does, or who pursues power with that kind of relentless hunger."

Claire's beautiful eyes trembled.

She had known Violet since they were children. Their paths had split later on. Violet went to Envine while she entered the Silvermoon Sect.

Because they had grown up together, Claire understood her better than most. Violet was not someone who praised lightly. If she spoke of a man like this, then the so called future pillar of Lingster Sect was no ordinary talent. He was a once in a generation prodigy-the undisputed crown of the younger generation.

Violet seemed to drift into memory, as if replaying the moment she first met Lingster Sect's Harmony. After a brief silence, she spoke again, her voice softer now. "This time, when I left the mountain, I came under my master's orders to attend the Eton Sect auction. But that's not the only reason."

Claire caught the firmness in her tone. She turned sharply, startled. "You mean

Violet nodded without hesitation. "That's right. This trip down the mountain isn't just about the auction I'm also here to choose a life partner."

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Claire froze where she stood. Her expression went utterly still.

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A life partner was not some fleeting romance. In the path of cultivation, it meant someone who would stand at her side for a lifetime. Someone to support her, challenge her, and elevate her. Two cultivators walking the exact origin, refining together, searching for a way to transcend the limits of flesh.

Envine had always been known for its female nuns. Yet through countless transformations over the ages, the sect had changed in its own way.

Its disciples were forbidden from indulging in ordinary love affairs, but they were granted one rare privilege. They were free to choose one life partner, one person to bind themselves to for the rest of their lives. Together, they would cultivate in harmony. seeking a path beyond the mortal body.

But that privilege came with ruthless standards. It was talent, insight, and aptitude that all had to be extraordinary. Every single one had to be exceptional. A person who met those requirements was rarer than one in a million. That was why, throughout the generations, most Envine successors never found a life partner. And now, after all these years, her oldest friend had finally reached that crossroads. "Is there already someone in your heart?" she asked softly, turning to Violet. "Yeah." Violet gave a faint, distant nod. "If nothing unexpected happens, Harmony will probably be my life partner. After this auction, I'm heading north to Highcliffe to meet Ethan of the Ashcrofts. Who knows? Maybe he's just as gifted and brilliant as Harmony. Maybe he'll make me rethink everything."

Claire fell silent.

Harmony of Lingster Sect. Ethan of the Ashcrofts. The two of them stood at the very front of Astria's younger generation in the martial world. Their talent and natural gifts were undeniably top-tier.

At the moment, Harmony seemed stronger. But that came down to opportunity and timing. Ethan's raw talent and future potential were no less than Harmony's.

It made perfect sense for Violet to consider both of them as possible life partners.

Then suddenly, Violet turned to her. A spark flared in her eyes, bright and alive with curiosity and anticipation. "There's someone else, too. He's the one I want to meet the most. I want to hear everything about him from you." Claire's beautiful eyes sharpened at once. "You mean Jeff Ashcroft?" 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 664[1,360 words]

Chapter 664 The Person You've Been Wanting To Meet

"Are you asking about Jeff Ashcroft?"

Claire didn't have to think twice, and the question slipped out immediately.

Compared to Harmony Hadley of the Lingster Sect or Leslie Ashcroft, who else could Violet possibly want to meet other than the Iron Sovereign, who took the world by storm at such a young age?

"Yes." Violet nodded solemnly, her expression turning serious.

"My master once said that Jeff Ashcroft's the reincarnation of an immortal. The senior monks of the Lingster Sect call him the Honored Venerable, a heavenly being descended to the mortal world. Jeff Ashcroft is the only person who deserves to be called that.

"He's our age, yet in strength and reputation, he has far surpassed us. We are still struggling on the path toward becoming King Phases, while he's already defeating such powerful figures across the world, even challenging the great powers of today. "You've seen him twice. I really want to know-what kind of person is he? If possible,

I would like to meet him in person and ask him to clear up my doubts."

Under Violet's steady gaze, Claire paused for a moment, then smiled in understanding. "I should have known. An Envine descendant like you wouldn't appear because of some auction."

She shook her head lightly, a trace of regret in her smile. "I wish I could tell you more about Jeff, but I can't. Only those who have seen him would understand. He can't be described with words, nor can he be judged by common sense.

"He is like the wind, formless and unseen. Think of drifting clouds-ever-changing, never fixed. You shouldn't ask me for the answer. You should find it yourself."

Violet had expected this and did not press further. Her gaze shifted to the Abyssal Godblade in Claire's hand.

"It's said that the Abyssal Godblade was one of the two personal swords belonging to Aurion, the Sun Emperor, back in ancient times. Only those recognized by the Abyssal Godblade are qualified to draw it. May I, Claire?"

Claire did not answer immediately, only smiling in response. "Of course. But in exchange, I have one condition."

She pointed at the ancient sword in Violet's hand.

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"The Celestial Reliant Blade of Envine is unmatched in sharpness. It has been passed down for five hundred years and is one of the strongest divine weapons in the world today. Could I have a look at it too)*

The moment Claire said this, the two women looked at each other, then suddenly burst into Laughter.

They both loved swords and were masters of swordsmanship. Naturally, they were passionate about fine blades.

With a flick of their wrists, both the Abyssal Godblade and the Celestial Reliant Blade shot downward, slamming into the tiled floor and embedding themselves half a foot deep.

With one smooth motion, Claire drew the Celestial Reliant Blade from its sheath. A brilliant, crystal-like light flashed across the hall. Its cold, razor-sharp aura was overwhelming, causing several people nearby to gasp.

"It emits a dazzling cold light with overwhelming sharpness. Even the blade itself carries a fierce edge. As expected of the Celestial Reliant Blade"

Violet lifted her delicate hand and grasped the hilt of the Abyssal Godblade. She channeled her true energy into it and applied force, but the sword did not move at all, remaining hidden

within its sheath.

"Gosh, the Abyssal Godblade is divine."

After just one attempt, she already sensed the hidden, restrained power within it.

She withdrew her hand and stepped back, no longer forcing it.

Seeing this, Claire could only shake her head with a wry smile.

"Honestly, it's a bit embarrassing. The only reason I could draw the Abyssal

Godblade was because of someone's help. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to move it at all."

"Are you talking about Jeff Ashcroft?"

Violet nodded to herself. Her curiosity about this living legend grew even stronger.

While the two women were talking, the Abyssal Godblade-embedded half a foot into the floor-suddenly began to tremble. A clear sword cry rang out, as if it were about to leap from

its sheath.

Claire's expression changed slightly.

She placed her hand on the hilt, but the Abyssal Godblade continued to vibrate. Its sharp

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ringing echoed through the hall, almost slipping beyond her control

"What's going on?"

She was puzzled.

Violet also frowned.

At that moment, two figures stepped into the hall.

One of them had white hair and a white beard, clearly over seventy years old. His temples bore the marks of time. But when Claire looked up, her gaze did not linger on the old man. Instead, it locked onto the young man in white standing beside him.

Violet followed her line of sight. Her eyes rested on the handsome young man for a long moment, yet she could not sense anything unusual about him. On the contrary, it was the old man who made her pupils shrink.

"A King Phase?"

The old man and the young man walked side by side through the hall. As they passed Claire, the young man turned his head slightly and nodded at her.

At that instant, the Abyssal Godblade in her hand stopped trembling. It became calm and obedient, like a loyal blade recognizing its true master.

The young man and the old man headed toward the auction hall and soon disappeared from sight.

Only then did Claire seem to wake from a dream. She firmly gripped the Abyssal Godblade again and gently stroked it.

Beside her, Violet had already sheathed the Celestial Reliant Blade. "Claire, do you know that young man?"

Claire withdrew her gaze and revealed a breathtaking smile. "Of course I do. He's the person you've been wanting to meet."

Violet's pupils suddenly contracted, disbelief written all over her face. "What?"

She turned sharply toward the direction the young man had gone, her expression shaken.

"You're telling me that's Jeff Ashcroft?" Her eyes remained fixed on him.

She knew Claire would never speak carelessly. And precisely because of that, she found it even

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harder to believe.

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The Envine Discipline she cultivated was not just a sword technique, but a supreme inner cultivation method. It was similar in principle to the Silver Peak Doctrine of the Silvermoon

Sect.

She had trained her Envine Discipline to its peak, standing shoulder to shoulder with her master. She had reached the realm of Polar Dominion. What she lacked now was only a higher level of raw martial power.

Polar Dominion gave her an extremely sharp perception. Even among today's King Phases, she could sense the extraordinary nature of more than eighty percent of them.

It was similar to Claire's Lucent Blade. Whenever they encountered someone with exceptional talent, they would feel it instinctively.

But when that young man had just passed by, her Polar Dominion felt nothing at all.

She had thought he was simply an ordinary, handsome young man.

And yet Claire had said that he was the very person she most wanted to meet.

"He's grown even stronger."

Not only Violet-even Claire herself felt deeply surprised.

The first time she met Leander was at Silvermoon Sect, when he boarded the reception boat for foreign guests. At that time, her Lucent Blade had reacted strongly to him.

Later, at the martial assembly between four major elite families of the Southern Shore, she saw him again. Her perception still reacted, though much more faintly. Now, seeing him once more, she felt nothing at all. Her Lucent Blade gave no response.

That did not mean Leander had grown weaker. On the contrary, it meant his cultivation had reached an even more terrifying level-so refined that it returned to simplicity, leaving no trace behind.

She turned to Violet and smiled gently at the complicated look on her face. "Violet, I originally planned to leave after accompanying you to Ravenridge. But now, I've changed my mind. The Ebon Sect's auction is probably going to be much more exciting than we imagined. I want to stay."

With that, she took Violet's hand, and the two walked side by side toward the auction hall.

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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 665[1,432 words]

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Chapter 665 How Dare He Sit Here?

Chapter 665 How Dare He Sit Here?

+20 Free Coins

The Lafayette was known to at least half of Ravenridge's nearly one million residents. But to most people, it was simply a century-old luxury hotel. Very few knew that beneath it lay the largest underground auction house in the entire 200,000-acre Mornwick.

The auction hall was built in a circular design. Rows of seats curved in a wide arc around the stage, wrapping around more than a thousand chairs. The auction platform, made of crystal glass, shone brilliantly under the lights.

At this moment, almost every seat was occupied.

Most of those present were leaders or heirs of well-known martial arts sects and prominent martial families in Astria. The weakest among them were Martial Sovereigns. Quite a few Transcendent Realm experts were also seated among the crowd.

Yet a strange scene could be seen inside the hall.

No matter whether they were Transcendent Realm experts or Martial Sovereigns, everyone sat from the fourth row onward. The second and third rows were completely empty. In the first row, only four people were seated.

The others deliberately left two full rows between themselves and those four figures.

It was not only out of fear, but also out of respect for true power.

The reason was simple. Those four were the strongest beings of the current era- hundred-year King Phases.

They were the same four King Phases who had previously sat together with Leander and Julian in the octagonal pavilion.

Once someone stepped into the King Phase, their aura, pressure, and influence over heaven and earth surpassed ordinary understanding. Regular martial artists could not even endure the oppressive force within several feet of them. Even Transcendent Realm experts, who were closest to the King Phase, stayed well beyond that range and did not dare cross the invisible boundary.

The River Angler looked aged and frail, but his eyes held restrained brilliance, his cultivation deeply hidden. His hands were tucked into his sleeves, his expression calm, as if nothing around him mattered.

Leonard Valentrine, also known as the Mistwalker, had a sharp and imposing gaze fixed on the auction stage. Wherever his eyes passed, it felt like blades slicing through the air.

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Chapter 665 How Dare He Sit Here?

Wilbur Warren folded his hands over his knees, overlooking the hall with a commanding presence.

Aciei Atheron had refined features and a unique aura. He wore a luxurious robe embroidered with python patterns, like a royal noble. His presence was dignified and untouchable.

The four King Phases dominated the entire venue, becoming the undisputed center of attention. Many cast secret glances at them, only to quickly look away, afraid of being noticed.

In the fourth row sat mostly Transcendent Realm experts. In the fifth row, Claire and Violet sat together, surrounded by sect leaders and heads of martial families.

Logically speaking, both Claire and Violet belonged to the younger generation and did not have the seniority to sit alongside these figures. Yet, no one objected to their

presence.

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Claire was the once-in-a-century sword prodigy of Silvermoon Sect. Half a month had already reached the peak of Martial Sovereign and was on the verge of stepping into the Transcendent Realm.

As for Violet, few present knew her true identity. But the ancient sword in her hand, the Celestial Reliant Blade, made it clear that she was the successor of Envine. Who would dare show her disrespect?

"Claire, where's Jeff?"

Violet blinked her beautiful eyes and scanned the surroundings, but Leander was nowhere in sight. She could not help but feel puzzled.

Claire gently shook her head.

"He entered the auction hall before we did. Logically, he should have arrived earlier than us."

Just as the two were wondering, two figures suddenly appeared beside them.

One of them was a young man with a blue headband tying back his hair. He had refined features and carried a long sword. He smiled slightly at Claire.

"It's you, Lady of Radiance. Ever since we parted at the Southern Shore, we finally met again."

Claire calmly turned her head. When she saw who it was, she returned a polite smile.

"It's you, Kian. Please, have a seat."

It was Kian of the Mount Sect, one of the nine top martial arts prodigies in Astria.

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10:36 Fri, Mar 27

Chapter 665 How Dare He Sit Here?

#51

+20 Free Coins

At Claire's invitation, a trace of joy flashed in Kian's eyes. He sat down beside her. The young man in white next to him, his face filled with admiration, followed and took a seat as well.

As Kian sat down, he noticed Violet beside Claire.

Claire was already recognized as one of the most beautiful women in the current martial world. Yet, Violet's beauty did not lose to hers in the slightest. Her temperament was elegant and classical, clearly not that of an ordinary person.

His gaze shifted—and suddenly landed on the Celestial Reliant Blade in Violet's hand.

"Is that the Celestial Reliant Blade?"

His pupils shrank. Without hesitation, he had already guessed her identity. At that moment, Claire also turned to introduce Violet.

"Allow me to introduce you guys. Violet, this is Kian. I'm sure you've heard of him."

Violet's gem-like eyes finally shifted toward him.

"The sword is a mighty weapon capable of battle. I've long heard of Kian's achievements. Today, we're finally meeting in person."

After speaking, she cupped her hands politely in greeting.

Kian knew she was referring to the time he had slain seven monsters in Kolk. He

quickly returned the salute, not daring to act arrogantly.

"Oh, you flatter me. With my small amount of skill, how could I compare to the successor of ancient Envine?"

Violet smiled faintly, neither confirming nor denying his words.

At that moment, the young boy beside Kian suddenly asked, "Kian, why is no one sitting in the second and third rows? Why don't we move up to the second row? It's closer to the stage."

His tone was youthful and straightforward. It was clear he lacked experience in the martial world.

Kian immediately waved his hand. "Don't be foolish. Do you see the four people in the first row?"

He gestured toward the front and said in a low voice, "Those four are the strongest of this era. They are legendary hundred-year King Phases. Even if our master came personally, he probably wouldn't dare sit there."

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Chapter 665 How Dare He Sit Here?

+20 Free Cons

"To sit in the same row as them, one must also be a hundred-year King Phase. And

to sit in the second or third row near them, you'd need to at least reach King Phase

or Infernal Crown Transcendent. If you truly have the courage, go ahead and sit there."

The boy's face changed instantly, fear filling his expression.

"King Phases?" he muttered. He quickly understood the gravity of the situation and shut his mouth.

He was a newly promoted core disciple of the Mount Sect. Though still young and unfamiliar with many unspoken rules of the martial world, he was not stupid. He knew very well what King Phases were.

Similar conversations were happening throughout the auction hall. Once the younger disciples heard the explanation from their elders, they lowered their heads and dared not ask further questions.

Just then, the curtain at the entrance of the auction hall was lifted, and a tall figure stepped inside.

The young boy beside Kian happened to see him enter. Aside from the empty second and third rows, every other seat in the hall was filled. Out of curiosity, he wanted to see where this late-arriving young man would sit.

Not only him—many other young martial artists, men and women alike, also turned their toward the newcomer.

eyes

The young man who had just entered had one hand in his pocket. In the other, he held a box of milk, casually drinking as he walked, looking completely relaxed.

Row sixteen. Row fifteen. Row fourteen...

Under countless gazes, he walked forward more than several feet, heading straight toward the stage. In the blink of an eye, he had already passed the fourth row.

"Is he some clueless rookie? What is he trying to do?" The boy beside Kian stared in shock, not noticing the stunned expression on his senior's face.

When the young man reached the fourth row, he did not slow down at all. He continued walking toward the first row.

Several younger martial artists held their breath. To walk toward the first row—to enter the forbidden zone of the auction—was the same as challenging the authority of the hundred-year King Phases.

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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 666[1,707 words]

Chapter 666 The Fight for the Treasure

Chapter 666 The Fight for the Treasure

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The young man who had just walked over and taken a seat in the first row was Leander.

Earlier, he had exchanged a few words with Julian backstage. Then, he stopped by the hotel front desk to get himself a glass of milk.

Only after the bell rang throughout the venue did he finally arrive at an unhurried pace.

Most of the martial artists present, including sect leaders and heads of great families, had already seen Leander before. Only some younger martial artists who had been brought along to gain experience did not recognize him.

So, at this moment, many of them were secretly shaken that Leander was here.

The young man beside Kian stared at Leander, shock written all over his face. He could not understand how Leander had ended up sitting in the first row, nor how he dared to do so.

Among the younger generation, even a rising prodigy like Kian could only barely sit in the fifth row.

Talents such as Claire and Violet were seated there as well, but Leander had moved straight forward without hesitation and taken a seat in the first row.

It was not just anywhere in the first row, but directly in the center position.

It was obvious he had no regard whatsoever for the four century-old King Phase masters in the front row.

Anyone who dared sit alongside those four was either blindly arrogant-or certain he possessed the strength to stand as their equal, if not above them, yet Leander looked only one or two years older than him.

How could he possibly compare with those century-old martial artists?

What confused him even more was that after Leander sat down so casually and freely, the four century-old King Phase masters beside him acted as though they had seen nothing. Aside from the Mistwalker letting out a heavy snort, the others showed no reaction at all, as if they had silently permitted it.

He turned toward Kian and lowered his voice. "Kian, that guy has taken a seat in the middle of the front row... is he crazy? Is he not afraid that the four King Phase masters will tear him apart?"

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Chapter 666 The Fight for the Treasure

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He waited for Kian's reply, only to realize Kian was staring blankly ahead. His expression was shifting rapidly, and his gaze was unusually serious. "Kian, what's wrong?"

He lightly patted Kian's shoulder as he spoke.

Only then did Kian come back to his senses. He took a deep breath and murmured, "I did not expect him to come too!"

"Him?" The young man looked even more stunned. "You mean that young man?"

"Who is he?"

Kian recalled the battle at Southern Shore, where Leander had swept through countless peak Transcendent Realm martial artists with overwhelming dominance.

He could not help drawing in a sharp breath before saying shakily, "If you ask who among the younger generation of the Astria martial world is qualified to stand on equal footing with King Phase masters, he is the only one! He is the living legend of this era, Jeff Ashcroft!"

The

young man's eyes widened with shock, and he nearly jumped out of his chair. "What? My god, that is Jeff?"

Leander's achievements had already become legend throughout today's Astria martial world. The older generation regarded him with awe and respect, while nearly every young martial artist treated him as an idol and lifelong role model.

He had never imagined meeting this living legend in such a situation.

The other young martial artists inside the auction hall also learned Leander's identity through introductions from their elders. The doubt and confusion in their eyes quickly turned into reverence and admiration.

Those who had previously been reluctant to come now grew excited, secretly glad they had followed their elders here.

Otherwise, how could they possibly witness the most legendary figure in the Astrian martial world?

Violet remained seated, yet her alluring eyes stayed fixed on Leander. Leaning back in his chair with one leg crossed, he appeared relaxed and completely unrestrained, causing the light in her gaze to grow even brighter.

King Phase masters of the present era were already regarded as the strongest beings alive, while those who had reached the century mark stood on an entirely higher level.

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Chapter 666 The Fight for the Treasure

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+25 Free Coins

Yet Leander, not even twenty years old, moved effortlessly among these century-old

King Phase masters, completely at ease, as though he held the entire situation under his control. Among the younger generation, no one could rival such a presence.

She watched Leander for a long moment before suddenly smiling and speaking softly. "Harmony can't hold a candle to him!"

Sitting beside her, Claire neither agreed nor disagreed.

Harmony of Lingster and Violet of Envine stood side by side as supreme prodigies beyond the Nine Geniuses. But no matter how outstanding they were, how could they compare with the Iron Sovereign, whose might shook the world and who could defeat thousands alone?

Harmony possessed extraordinary martial talent and had received personal instruction from Master Branson since childhood. His cultivation had already reached the Transcendent Realm, yet even so, he still stood below King Phase

masters.

Not only that, even among Transcendent Realm martial artists, he ranked near the lower tier.

Meanwhile, Leander had already fought across the world, standing against century— old King Phase masters and even slashing down supersonic fighter jets with a

single strike. The gap between them was obvious.

She gently stroked the Abyssal Godblade before suddenly asking, "Violet, are you reconsidering your choice of partner?"

A faint blush spread across Violet's face.

After a moment's thought, she shook her head.

"It is still too early to talk about that. But he is already acknowledged as the

strongest of our generation. That is no longer disputed! My wish to see him has already been fulfilled! Right now, what I want most is to watch him fight with my own eyes and witness his true strength!"

Claire's eyes narrowed slightly as she nodded.

Not only Violet, but even she, who had once witnessed Leander dominate the

Southern Shore, felt deeply curious about his current strength.

Since Leander's identity had been revealed, unrest spread among the younger crowd in the auction hall.

Just then, a male voice suddenly echoed throughout the hall.

"It seems today's guests have all arrived. I now announce, the Lowell family's tenth

martial

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auction officially begins!"

As the words fell, Julian appeared on the auction stage, dressed in a silk tunic.

Since establishing themselves in Ravenridge more than 100 years ago, the Lowell family had hosted an auction every ten years, inviting members of the martial world. This was the tenth auction.

Standing before everyone, Julian lifted his palm. Invisible force seeped beneath the auction stage, and ten auction pillars suddenly rose upward from below, settling firmly into place.

Inside each crystal display atop the pillars appeared an item; they were clearly tonight's auction pieces.

"These are the ten auction items for tonight. The Lowell family auction has always been known for simplicity and efficiency. We never waste time, and tonight is no exception!"

"All unnecessary procedures are skipped. I now announce the auction of the first item, a thousand-year-old spirit reishi excavated from Eldergreen Highlands! "The effects of the thousand-year-old spirit reishi need no further introduction. The starting bid is thirty million; bidding begins now. Those with the highest offer wins!" Julian's voice rang firmly, and no one dared object. The Lowell family had stood firmly in Ravenridge for over a century under Julian's protection as a King Phase master.

No one dared act recklessly.

Several martial artists had already raised their bidding paddles when Eldon, who had been resting with eyes closed, suddenly spoke, "Julian, ten auction items?"

"I believe you made a mistake. There should be 11 items?" His sharp gaze locked directly onto Julian. "We traveled thousands of miles for that item. We have no interest in the rest of the items!"

"You and I share a century of friendship. I do not wish to break the Lowell family auction rules, but I have one request," he continued. "Before auctioning these items, bring that item out first. We do not have time to watch these insects compete! I want that item auctioned first!"

Eldon rarely spoke, but once he did, his presence carried unquestionable authority. Behind him, the expressions of the Astrian martial artists present changed drastically. Though dissatisfaction rose in their hearts after being called insects, none dared show it.

Before Eldon, they truly were no different from insects.

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Chapter 666 The Fight for the Treasure

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As Eldon spoke, the Mistwalker beside him also chimed in, "Yes, Julian, tonight's auction should begin with that item. I know you intend to save it for last, but we do not have the patience!

"You have to understand that at our age, every second means life is slipping away, we are unwilling to wait!

"I will make this clear. Anyone behind us who dares to bid now will be killed by me once we leave!"

With a single statement from the Mistwalker, the auction was thrown completely into chaos. Those Transcendent Realm and Martial Venerable experts who had raised their plaques hurriedly lowered them.

Being targeted by a King Phase master meant certain death.

Wilbur and Aciel said nothing, but their burning gazes flickered with impatience.

Standing on the stage, Julian appeared completely unsurprised. He looked toward Leander, exchanged a glance with him, and finally sighed. "I knew you could not wait! Very well. We will begin with that item!"

As his words fell, he made another grasping motion. A violent suction force erupted

as a stone tile beneath the stage shattered into dust, and a pitch-black stone box burst upward from underground.

A clear sword hum faintly echoed from within the stone box, sharp and piercing to the ears.

The moment the stone box appeared, the four century-old King Phase masters all rose to their feet, flames seeming to erupt within their eyes.

Then, in a shocking move, the Mistwalker suddenly raised his hand and released a stream of Primordial Energy.

The Primordial Energy condensed into a massive ice-blue hand that descended toward the stone box, and the auction hall instantly fell into chaos!

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 667[1,463 words]

Chapter 667 I Bid One Dollar

Whoosh!

+10 Free Coins

A massive hand formed from Primordial Energy spread across the entire auction stage. Then its five fingers curled inward, preparing to seize the washbasin-sized stone box.

Expressions shifted throughout the hall. The martial artists present all turned toward the Mistwalker in shock. No one had expected him to make a move directly during the auction itself.

This was no longer a test. He was openly attempting to seize the treasure by force.

"Hmph!"

The other three century-old King Phase masters clearly had not anticipated the Mistwalker's sudden action and reacted a moment too late. At that instant, however, a cold snort rang out from the auction stage.

A massive crimson energy hand appeared out of thin air and collided head-on with the ice-blue hand, triggering a thunderous explosion that echoed throughout the auction hall.

Cracks instantly spread across the surrounding walls. Dust rained down as the structure trembled under the pressure, as though it might collapse at any moment.

Had everyone present not possessed extraordinary martial strength, many would have fled in terror on the spot.

After the two Primordial Energy hands clashed and canceled each other out, calm gradually returned to the auction hall. Julian stood tall upon the stage, one hand still extended, his eyes cold and sharp.

“Leonard, this is an auction hosted by the Lowell family. I am presiding over this event. Yet you openly attempt to seize the item by force. Are you looking down on the Lowell family, or do you believe I lack authority?”

By the end of his sentence, the chill in his gaze had nearly become tangible, his anger unmistakable despite his cer

appearance.

"Haha!"

Leonard's expression shifted as he withdrew his hand and let out an awkward laugh.

"I became a little excited when I saw the item, and I lost my composure for a moment. Please do not take offense, Julian!"

Though he sounded apologetic, his tone remained relaxed, showing no real remorse. It was obvious he had not taken the matter seriously at all. Julian's gaze grew even colder. Leonard's attempt to seize the auction item in front of fellow Astrian martial artists was equivalent to openly disrespecting both the Lowell family and Julian himself. True anger had already risen within him

"Leonard. We all want the item, but once we enter the Lowell family auction hall, we follow the Lowell family's rules. Attempting to seize it by force shows disregard for the rest of us."

Eldon suddenly spoke.

Wilbur raised a brow as he said coldly, "Leonard, if you want the item, compete through bidding. Taking it by force breaks the

rules."

His tone clearly showed strong dissatisfaction with Leonard's actions.

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12:05 pm

Chapter 667 I Bid One Dollar

Aciei, meanwhile, stood with his hands behind his back, a faint, meaningful smile on his face, saying nothing.

+10 Free Coins

Seeing two century-old King Phase masters express their displeasure, even someone as arrogant as Leonard chose to step back slightly and waved his hand.

"I did not mean it that way. Everyone here came for the broken sword inside that stone box. Why would I try to seize it by force?

"There is no need to be nervous. I only wished to confirm whether the broken sword was truly inside. I had no intention of taking it. From here on, everything proceeds according to Julian's arrangements!"

After speaking, he sat back down as though nothing had happened.

The others followed suit, waiting for Julian to resume control and begin the auction of the stone box.

Julian was fuming, but with so many distinguished guests present, he could not openly confront Leonard. He could only suppress his anger.

Before the gathered crowd, Julian pointed forward. A sharp burst of energy sliced cleanly across the top of the stone box.

The clear sword hum heard earlier grew even stronger. An ancient aura surged outward from within the box, accompanied by a faint radiant glow.

Julian then lifted a broken sword forged from an unknown dark material and displayed it to the crowd.

Rust covered the blade, bearing the marks of countless passing years. Yet beneath the corrosion, a faint divine light shimmered, hinting at the unmatched glory the sword had once possessed. The veteran martial artists present could immediately tell that this weapon was extraordinary.

After displaying it, Julian placed the broken sword back into the stone box, his expression solemn.

'Everyone, this is the personal sword of the undefeated Infinity Sword Immortal from five hundred years ago. Its authentic beyond question!

'The starting price is unrestricted. Artifacts, gold, silver, medicinal herbs, or any other valuables may be offered as bids. The highest offer will receive priority, but final ownership will be decided by me!

"Bidding may now begin!"

Julian had originally intended for this sword to serve as the auction's grand finale, so

it would not overshadow the previous ten items. However, after the Mistwalker's

disruption, events had already been set in motion. The item could only be moved to the opening position.

"Infinity Sword Immortal?"

Most of the martial artists present looked confused upon hearing the name. Only Transcendent Realm experts who were over a century old showed drastic changes in expression.

"Infinity Sword Immortal?"

Claire's beautiful eyes filled with surprise. "The invincible figure from five hundred years ago?"

Violet nodded beside her. She came from Envine, a lineage whose history rivaled that of Wanda and Lingster in ancient times. Naturally, she was familiar with events from five centuries past.

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12.05 pm

Chapter 667 I Bid One Dollar

+10 Free Coins

"The Infinity Sword Immortal stood alongside Saint Greaterson five hundred years ago. Saint Greaterson shook the world with the Thirteen Forms of Tai Chi, while the Sword Immortal dominated every direction with his peerless swordsmanship. Rumor has it he inherited an ancient legacy and grasped the secret of immortality. After Saint Greaterson passed away, he remained alive somewhere in the world, though no one knows where."

"I never expected his personal sword to appear at a Lowell family auction. Now I understand why my master insisted I come. It was clearly for this broken sword!"

"What do you mean?"

Claire's expression shifted again.

"This broken sword may contain the secret of immortality left behind by the Infinity Sword Immortal?"

At the mention of immortality, her expression turned solemn. Since ancient times, immortality had been humanity's ultimate

temptation.

Violet nodded firmly and looked toward the four King Phase masters and Leander seated in the front row. She clearly understood that once the broken sword appeared, only those five supreme figures dared to place a bid.

After Julian announced the start of bidding, silence fell across the hall beyond the third row. Not a single person spoke.

Most people did not recognize the name of the Infinity Sword Immortal or understand the sword's true significance. A few elderly Transcendent Realm experts did know, but that knowledge changed nothing.

Faced with the temptation of immortality, even King Phase masters would compete without restraint. If anyone else dared to bid, the masters seated in front would likely crush them first.

The Mistwalker moved first, producing an emerald twin-toned statue from within his robes.

"This twin-toned statue was carved from gemstones dating back to the medieval era. It carries a history of over on

years!"

He spoke briefly while holding it in his palm.

A pale glow radiated across its surface while deep crimson light shimmered within. Ancient engravings covered the statue, clearly marking it as an artifact of immense value, conservatively worth more than one hundred million.

Such an item would have stunned any ordinary auction.

Eldon remained calm. Reaching into his sleeve, he produced a wine vessel. Crystal clear in appearance, it revealed intricate internal patterns resembling branching blood vessels as he guided a stream of wine into it.

"This is the Bloodwine Vessel, also a royal treasure from the medieval period."

Wilbur and Aciel soon presented their own offerings as well. Each was a priceless treasure capable of driving even the wealthiest elites into frenzy.

The martial artists seated behind watched in stunned silence. The four century-old King Phase masters casually produced treasures of staggering value, clearly determined to obtain the broken sword.

After recovering from their shock, everyone turned their attention toward Leander, seated at the center of the first row.

Since Leander had come to the auction, the only item worthy of his interest could be this broken sword. Everyone wanted to see

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05 pm

Chapter 6671 Bid One Dollar

+10 Free Come

what he would offer.

Leander had just finished his milk. Still holding the bottle, he stretched lazily before reaching into the pocket of his casual jacket and pulling something out.

"Since everyone else is bidding with treasures, I'll just use cash."

Leander smiled faintly as he pinched the object between his fingers.

The entire hall instantly fell silent. Even the four century-old King Phase masters widened their eyes in disbelief.

Between Leander's fingers was a completely ordinary one-dollar coin. 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 668[1,227 words]

Chapter 668 Step Forward and Take It

+10 Free Coins

A flash of gold gleamed between Leander's fingers. It was unmistakably a one-dollar coin, leaving the entire crowd stunned.

Leander did not seem bothered in the slightest. He raised the coin high with a relaxed smile.

"This sword is already this worn down and has existed for far too long. I bid one dollar. That should be enough, right?"

After speaking, he flicked his fingers. The coin traced a clean arc through the air and flew onto the auction stage, where Julian caught it in his hand.

"This guy..." Julian stared at the completely ordinary coin, momentarily speechless as he shook his head inwardly.

Earlier, he had already told Leander that the final ownership of the sword would be given to him. Still, Julian had expected Leander to at least present something valuable so that handing over the broken sword would not appear overly biased.

Instead, Leander had produced nothing more than a one-dollar coin. Compared to the priceless treasures offered by the other four King Phase masters, the difference was enormous. Yet in the end, Julian still had no choice but to hand the sword to Leander.

The situation left him caught between laughter and frustration.

The others, of course, had no idea what Julian was thinking. The Mistwalker let out a mocking snort.

"Jeff, are you joking with us? If you have no intention of bidding, then stop interfering. You think a one-dollar coin lets you compete

with us?"

Wilbur smiled faintly and shook his head.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, that joke of yours is certainly interesting."

Eldon did not even glance at Leander. He simply gave a cold laugh and sat back down, while Aciel's sharp gaze moved between Leander and Julian, as if he had noticed something unusual.

Facing the questioning from two century-old King Phase masters, Leander tilted his head toward the Mistwalker and lightly wagged a finger.

"You misunderstood. I am not competing with you.

"I intend to take this sword."

The moment those words fell, all four King Phase masters' expressions shifted.

"What did you say?"

A sharp killing intent surged in Eldon's eyes.

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"Jeff, you are a newly risen King Phase master, and you do have some ability. But do not assume that makes you untouchable. With the four of us here, you still dare speak so arrogantly?

"The ownership of this broken sword depends on strength and capability. On what basis do you claim it for yourself alone?"

Leander kept one hand in his pocket, completely unconcerned.

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Chapter 668 Step Forward and Take It

+10 Free Cli

"This broken sword currently belongs to the Lowell family. Who receives it is decided by the Lowell family. Why not ask the host?"

He lifted a hand and pointed toward Julian, having already exchanged looks with him earlier.

Julian frowned slightly. Leander's move was effectively forcing him to publicly grant ownership of the broken sword to him. Doing so would immediately place Leander at the center of hostility from the four century-old King Phase masters.

Clearly, Leander had decided to drop all restraint. Julian could not understand why

he had suddenly chosen such a direct and domineering approach.

Following Leander's gesture, Eldon and the others all turned toward Julian.

"Julian, what exactly does he mean?"

Each of the four century-old King Phase masters possessed immense experience. From that single sentence alone, they had already sensed something was off.

Julian knew there was no turning back now. He immediately reached out and drew the broken sword into his hand.

"As Sovereign Ashcroft has stated, this broken sword will be given to Sovereign Ashcroft!"

Holding the sword toward Leander, his voice carried across the entire auction hall. The instant his words fell, four overwhelming pressures descended upon the venue. Each pressure formed its own domain, creating violent currents that pressed down over the auction hall. The entire structure trembled as though it might collapse at any moment.

Everyone present, whether Transcendent Realm martial artists, Martial Sovereigns, or even prodigies like Violet and Claire, felt their bodies suddenly grow heavy, their feet nearly sinking into the ground as if gravity itself had doubled.

"Julian!" The Mistwalker's expression turned icy as he shouted. "We have known each other for a hundred years, and you dare play tricks behind our backs? We each offered priceless ancient treasures, while Jeff presented nothing but a coin, yet you ended the sword to him. You reached an agreement beforehand, did you not?" Killing intent surged from Eldon as Primordial Energy began

roaring around him. "Julian, our friendship runs deep, but today, anyone who stands in my way of obtaining that sword becomes my enemy do not blame me for showing no mercy!" Blood-red energy gathered in Wilbur's palm as his eyes narrowed.

"Mr. Lowell, the Lowell family auction has lasted for a century. This is the tenth session, always known for fairness and integrity. Today, you have deeply disappointed me."

Aciel stood with his hands behind his back, smiling faintly, yet the abyss-like pressure surrounding him clearly revealed his stance

Each of the four century-old King Phase masters was determined to claim the broken sword rumored to contain the secret at immortality. Their battle intent surged skyward, none willing to back down.

Standing atop the auction stage, Julian felt their combined pressure threatening to tear the entire hall apart. His brows tightened.

Though he himself was a King Phase master, facing all four at once placed immense strain upon him. Just as their combined aura locked onto him, Leander finally moved.

2/3

12:05 pm PP

Chapter 668 Step Forward and Take It

He stepped forward and stomped heavily onto the ground.

+10 Free Cons

The entire auction hall shook from that single step, yet instead of collapsing, an invisible force burst outward from beneath his foot and slammed directly into the converging pressure surrounding Julian.

A soft tearing sound echoed.

The compressed energy field split apart from the center, severing the united pressure of the four masters

Leander walked forward through the opening step by step until he arrived before the auction stage.

"Hm?"

The four century-old King Phase masters stared in surprise. Their auras surged again as four streams of Primordial Energy merged into a massive tide pressing inward.

Four colored lights filled the auction hall. Standing within them, Leander appeared small and insignificant. Yet no matter how violently the energy surged, none of it could approach within arm's reach of him.

"Jeff broke through the combined pressure wall formed by four century-old King Phase masters alone?"

Violet, the strongest among the younger generation and already at the Transcendent Realm, stared in disbelief, her voice filled with shock.

Every century-old King Phase master possessed world-shaking power, yet Leander alone resisted the combined pressure of all four without yielding.

He showed no reaction to their overwhelming force. His expression remained calm

as he reached toward the auction stage and took the broken sword from Julian's hand.

The moment the sword entered his grasp, the four century-old King Phase masters' pupils contracted in t

Before they could speak, Leander raised the broken sword and pointed it toward them. "This sword is now longer has anything to do with the Lowell family or The Lafayette. If anyone wants the sword, you must go through

His gaze swept across all four of them, dominance radiating outward as overwhelming battle intent filled the hall. "To anyone who wants to take the sword, step forward and take it!"

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 669[1,115 words]

Chapter 669 One Against Four

Chapter 669 One Against Four

"To anyone who wants to take the sword, step forward and take it!"

+10 Free Coins

Leander's gaze swept across the four century-old King Phase masters. His eyes carried open dominance and cold battle intent as he held the broken sword upright before his chest.

"I know all of you want this sword. Now that it is in my hands, the rules are simple! "Whoever defeats me gets the sword!"

The auction hall instantly fell into silence as countless shocked gazes turned toward Leander.

Everyone knew how powerful Leander was. His battle against an entire army in the Middle East had already shaken the world. No one doubted his strength, yet no one expected him to say something like this directly in front of four century-old King Phase

masters.

Anyone who could defeat him would claim the sword. Those words were effectively an open challenge to all four masters at once. With a single statement, he had offended four of the most powerful figures alive.

Originally, the four King Phase masters might not have wanted to openly clash with Leander and completely sever relations. But now that Leander had spoken those words in front of fellow Astrian martial artists, silence would mean fear. Even if unwilling, they were now forced to respond.

Claire showed a gentle expression and lightly shook her head.

"His temperament really has not changed."

She was no longer surprised.

Back at Southern Shore, Leander had faced every Transcendent Realm expert from both the Arbitration Office and the War God Sanctum alone. That blazing scene remained vivid in her memory.

The only difference now was that his opponents had become four far more terrifying King Phase masters.

Violet, however, frowned slightly.

From the energy domains surrounding the four King Phase masters, their Primordial Energy had already reached complete unity between thought and power. Even her own master would stand only on equal footing with them.

That meant four opponents equal to her master.

Yet Leander openly invited all four to attack at once. In doing so, he had instantly made four overwhelming enemies. She could not help but doubt whether Leander truly possessed the confidence to face all four simultaneously.

Julian had witnessed Leander eliminate the Twin Ghosts of Blightwood alone and understood how strong he was. Still, seeing Leander deliberately draw all the hostility toward himself filled him with both gratitude and worry.

The broken sword originally belonged to the Lowell family. Handing it to Leander in front of four King Phase masters had already caused dissatisfaction. The Lowell family could easily have become their target.

But by stepping forward now and drawing all attention onto himself, Leander had effectively shielded the Lowell family from retaliation.

1/3

12:05 pm P PM

Chapter 669 One Against Four

*10 Free Com

Julian was grateful.

Yet facing four century-old King Phase masters alone was another matter entirely. Even someone as powerful as Leander faced danger far greater than confronting an army.

Leonard's eyes turned icy as he stepped forward.

"Jeff, you truly are arrogant!"

A single step caused the space at Leander's left side to freeze into an icy blue domain.

"You are forcing my hand!"

Eldon extended his withered hands from his sleeves. Gray energy surged forward, pressing toward Leander's rear left side, ready to

strike at any moment.

Wilbur's expression darkened as crimson energy formed a solid barrier, sealing off Leander's rear right side.

Aciei still wore a calm smile, refined and composed, yet as he stepped forward, violet energy waves covered Leander's front right

side.

Four streams of energy formed impenetrable walls, sealing every direction around Leander. The four King Phase masters clearly intended to trap him and prevent him from leaving with the sword.

Leander stood confined within an area smaller than four square feet.

Yet within that space, none of the surrounding energy could touch him in the slightest.

His expression remained relaxed as he shook his head with a faint laugh.

"If you are going to attack, then do it properly. Do you really think tricks like this can hurt me?"

As his words fell, a blue light flashed deep within his eyes.

A sharp, explosive sound suddenly tore through the air.

Brilliant blue light erupted beneath Leander's feet. A force sharper and heavier than the combined pressure of the touring Dave masters exploded outward like starlight bursting through the night sky.

Everyone present possessed cultivation above the Martial Sovereign level and could see clearly in the darkness, yet at that moment, all they saw was dazzling starlight filling their vision.

"Hm?"

The instant the starlight erupted, the four King Phase masters and even Julian froze.

The energy net formed jointly by Leonard, Eldon, Wilbur, and Aciel collapsed under the scattering starlight. A shockwave burst outward from the center, violently tearing their combined suppression apart.

All four century-old King Phase masters were forced backward simultaneously.

Each retreated three full steps.

As the light faded, many Transcendent Realm experts, including Violet and Claire, finally saw clearly what had happened,

2/3

Chapter 669 One Against Four

Every one of them was shaken beyond words.

+10 Free Cams

The four masters' combined barrier had been as solid as reinforced steel, something even heavy tank artillery would require sustained bombardment to break through.

Yet Leander had shattered it with a single strike.

Compared to the crowd's shock, the four King Phase masters themselves felt even greater disbelief.

They could not comprehend how Leander had dismantled their joint suppression instantly and forced each of them back three

steps.

For the first time, grave expressions appeared on their faces.

The young man before them was far stronger than they had imagined.

Their gazes met silently. Each saw the same shock reflected in the others' eyes.

Leander had dispersed their combined attack effortlessly. If he fought seriously, none of them could predict the outcome.

Though none of them had used their full strength, the fact remained that Leander alone had forced all four back.

That alone proved his power surpassed theirs.

Leander flipped the broken sword into a reverse grip and rested it behind his back, his gaze turning cold.

'I already said it. Anyone who wants the sword must defeat me!

'Since no one is making a move, I am taking the sword with me!'"

His clear voice echoed through the hall.

He walked straight between the four masters, his steps steady as he headed toward

the auction hall exit.

Throughout the entire moment, the four century-old King Phase masters clenched their fists as Primordial Energy around them.

Their power gathered.

Yet none of them moved,

They could only watch as Leander walked away and disappeared through the

auction hall entrance,

Silence filled the entire venue.

od volently

Violet's eyes suddenly shone with blazing light. Her hand gripping the Celestial

Reliant Blade trembled slightly with excitement.

"He really defeated four King Phase masters by himself?"

3/3

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 670[1,162 words]

Chapter 670 Did You Do This?

"One man holding down four King Phase masters. That is terrifying!"

Nearly every martial artist present arrived at the same conclusion. No one had expected things to end like this.

+10 Free Comma

All four century-old King Phase masters had clearly come for the broken sword. Everyone anticipated a fierce clash between giants, yet Leander walked away with the sword alone while the four masters could only watch without stopping him. To everyone watching, the meaning was obvious.

The four King Phase masters had backed down before Leander.

"Iron Sovereign truly lives up to his name. Trapped inside the pressure field formed by four century-old King Phase masters, he still located the single weakness within it. He used precision to overcome brute force, instantly neutralized their combined power, and even redirected their own strength against each other, forcing all four back in one strike!

“He relied on technique, but that level of control over Primordial Energy and combat timing is something even century-old King Phase masters rarely possess. That is exactly why none of them dared continue fighting!

"All four came for the sword with different motives. True cooperation between them was never possible. And if any one of them fought Jeff alone, none could guarantee victory. Even winning would come at a high cost and allow the others to benefit. That is why none of them dared move!"

Violet's eyes shone as she calmly explained what had happened.

Even though many Transcendent Realm experts failed to understand the exchange just now, she grasped it immediately.

Claire quietly nodded, her admiration for Violet deepening. She herself had not understood what happened at all, while Violet saw through everything instantly. The reputation of Envine's successor was clearly well deserved.

Just as Violet finished speaking, a cold voice filled with killing intent suddenly rang out.

"Who is boldly discussing us here?"

Leonard's gaze turned icy as he stared directly at Violet.

"Young girl, reaching Kindling Transcendent at your age shows impressive talent. But someone like you thinks you are qualified to judge us?"

"You must have a death wish."

Leander leaving with the sword without resistance had already humiliated him. Now, a young Transcendent Realm cultivator openly analyzing their situation struck directly at his pride, instantly igniting his anger.

The other three King Phase masters also looked over. All four carried suppressed frustration and were clearly looking for someone

to vent on.

Under the pressure of their attention, even Violet felt her chest tighten.

Still, she did not panic.

After steadying herself, she stood and offered a respectful salute.

1/4

Chapter 670 Did You Do This?

"Seniors, I spoke plainly and only shared my observations. Please do not take offense."

Her tone remained respectful yet composed, neither submissive nor fearful.

+10 Free Coins

Leonard was about to lose his temper when his eyes suddenly landed on the emerald-hilted Celestial Reliant Blade in Violet's hand.

"Celestial Reliant Blade?

"You are from Envine?"

Violet smiled politely and nodded.

"I am Violet Lund, the twenty-third generation successor of Envine. My mentor is Elowen Jensen. Some of you seniors may know her."

"Madam Jensen?"

At that name, all four century-old King Phase masters stiffened slightly. Around them, the other martial artists reacted with shock.

"So she is Envine's successor. The current wielder of the Celestial Reliant Blade. That means she is the legendary Violet Lund!"

"Violet Lund. A prodigy even beyond the Nine Geniuses!"

"Envine. I finally see one of them in person!"

Her introduction immediately stirred the entire hall. Even Julian on the auction stage looked surprised.

"So it is her.

"Envine's successor has stepped into the world as well?"

Envine, Lingster, and Wanda had long stood as dominant forces in the martial world across centuries. Wanda adapted to modern society, but Envine and Lingster remained mysterious, with their disciples rarely appearing

Violet's presence clearly signaled movement from Envine.

"So you are Madam Jensen's disciple. Considering your age, we will overlook what happened just now."

Leonard's anger faded completely. Though his tone remained cold, the killing intent vanished. The other three masters also withdrew their attention.

Elowen Jensen's reputation carried enormous weight even among King Phase masters. In past battles, she had defeated more than ten Western King Phase masters alone. Even they treated her name with caution.

"Thank you, seniors."

After apologizing again, Violet turned toward Claire.

"There is probably nothing else worth watching at today's auction. I received a message from my mentor. She has already arrived in Lu City. Would you like to come meet her with me?"

Violet smiled.

2/4

12:05 pm

Chapter 670 Did You Do This?

"Madam Jensen has arrived as well?"

+10 Free Coins

Claire's eyes lit up immediately. She had long wanted to meet Envine's legendary King Phase master. After greeting Kian, the two left the auction hall together.

The four King Phase masters remained standing silently for a long moment before Eldon finally turned toward Julian.

"Julian, we have known each other for many years. But today you played us."

"I will remember this. From now on, there is no friendship between us. I am leaving."

With that, he vanished from the auction hall like a shadow.

"Hmph!"

Leonard let out a cold snort and departed as well. Aciel and Wilbur followed instantly, disappearing from sight.

With all four gone, Julian finally relaxed slightly.

But the next moment, his expression hardened again as he looked toward the direction they had left.

He knew their personalities well.

This matter was far from finished.

Leander carried the broken sword as the ring on his middle finger flashed faintly. The sword disappeared into it.

It was a spatial ring he had obtained years ago during a life-or-death expedition in ancient ruins, containing several hundred square feet of storage space.

Sensing the four powerful auras retreating farther away behind him, he grinned.

"They still did not dare make a move.

"This turned out easier than expected."

He stretched lazily. Seeing it was already four in the afternoon, he remembered his visit to Aunt He's home. He flagged down a cab and headed straight toward the Sitwell family villa.

Since Leander reclaimed the Sitwell estate, Yvette's family had continued living there. Grateful for his help, they never considered moving even after Linden's Sitwell Group expanded several times and his wealth surged dramatically. Arriving at the residential community where the Sitwell villa stood, Leander carried his gift and walked past the security booth.

At that moment, a Lamborghini Huracán rushed up from behind him at high speed. The driver neither slowed nor swerved, brushing dangerously close past him. An ordinary person would have been hit.

Leander pulled his arm inward slightly to protect the gift box. His eyes narrowed as

his hand swept sideways, dragging across the Lamborghini's passenger-side door.

Scrrrt!

Sparks burst instantly.

3/4

Chapter 670 Did You Do This?

+10 Free Coins

Hearing the noise, the driver stopped about 160 feet ahead. A young man jumped

out and rushed to inspect the car, his expression changing immediately.

A deep scratch now ran across the entire door. The once flawless supercar instantly looked ruined.

His face twisted with anger as he turned toward Leander.

"You jerk! Did you do this?"

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