

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 681[1,010 words]

Chapter 681 Kensei Karate: Red Sun Palm

Well beyond the Sitwell Residence, Violet and Claire ade their way up Glidewing Mountain

Within martial circles, the pair were often mentioned together-the so-called twin “fairies” Yet instead of relying on footwa techniques, they climbed the mountain step by step, unhurried and composed.

Ever so, it took only five minutes before they reached the summit.

At the top, little had changed.

Massive stone pillars still thrust skyward, linked by thick iron chains that wove a vast lattice overhead.

A closer look revealed damage-cracks ran through more than a dozen pillars, remnants of a violent clash that had once tor hrough the area, leaving its mark for time to slowly wear away

'So this is where Leander first rose to fame?'

Violet's gaze drifted across the sea of clouds below before she glanced at Claire.

Claire nodded lightly.

'Grayson Shire, the 'Jade Emperor', challenged him here. Back then, no one believed Leander would make it out alive, but he didn't just survive—he won!

'He defeated Grayson Shire and even faced Tsaric Dubois-Briggs' sacrificial sword strike head-on. That fight changed everythi or him.”

There was a trace of awe in her voice. Even now, she couldn't help but regret never seeing that battle firsthand.

'He rose to fame overnight,' Violet said quietly, "yet everything he built came at a cost of lives."

As the two gazed into the ravine, a voice suddenly drifted through the air. It seemed to come from beyond the heavens, yet also

from right beside them.

"Madam Jensen?" Violet's eyes lit up, delight flashed across her face.

"Is Madam Jensen here?" Claire reacted just as quickly, lifting her gaze skyward.

Within the clouds above, a figure floated like an immortal, wearing a crown scarf and holding a whisk riding the wind toward

them

She was a breathtakingly beautiful nun. Though her long hair was hidden beneath the crown scarf, it did not diminish her stunning features.

Draped in black, she stood atop the clouds like a being untouched by the mortal world, gazing down at the swirling clouds recoiled from her, held at a distance of nearly ten feet by the sheer force of her cultivation.

It was the head of Elvina Llowen Jensen.

"Madam Jensen" Violet cupped her fist, in greeting.

"Hello, Madam Jensen! Claire bowed as well.

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generation's successor of the Silvermoon Sect. Not bad!"

She gave Claire a slight nod, her voice soft and distant. "Come to think of it, your sect traces back to Envine. Its founder, legendary sword wielder from Envine! When you have the time, visit Envine's Golden Summit. Our sword arts would you!"

Claire's eyes lit up. "Thank you, Madam Jensen!"

Envine's techniques rivaled—if not surpassed—those of the Silvermoon Sect, and its masters could offer guidance few could. For her, this was no small opportunity.

Elvina paused, then looked at Violet again. "Violet, what happened at the auction?"

Violet's eyes flickered as she shook her head. "I'm sorry, Madam Jensen. There were four masters of the hundred-year who showed up at the auction. All of them joined the bidding for that item. I simply couldn't win it!"

Elowen only nodded, not being surprised by what she heard. The broken sword of the Infinity Sword Immortal carries t mmortality. It's only natural that so many hundred-year King Phase masters would compete for it."

That was expected.

I came this time under orders from the Dragon King, the lord of the Martial Alliance, to take the sword away and stop a c >etween King Phase masters from throwing everything into chaos. Who has the sword now?"

Molet hesitated briefly before answering. "Leander!"

Oh?" Elowen's gaze shifted slightly. "Leander is barely twenty. With his cultivation, living another hundred or even two hu ears would be effortless. As things stand, the secret of immortality shouldn't tempt him greatly.

Yet he still took part?"

Solet nodded and recounted everything that had happened at the auction.

flower eyes narrowed "Leander's goal wasn't immortality it seems he stopped on t falloway farrilly and drew all trouble onto himself! Leander seems to have tofest soitin hard

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"Are the King Phase masters fighting?"

Elowen's eyes sharpened as she raised her hand.

The pale yellow Primordial Energy wrapped around Violet and Claire as the three shot toward the distant sky.

Following the fluctuations of power, it took them little more than a minute to arrive at the battlefield. Madam Jensen on the sky, and her pupils suddenly shrank.

Seeing the six figures standing shoulder to shoulder in the sky, Elowen asked with deep gravity, never once expecting! ineup. "It's the River Angler, The Mistwalker, and Wilbur Warren, Aciel Aetheron! Wait, is that the King of Red Sun from And also... Derek Symonds, the Thunder Sovereign?"

Claire and Violet were also stunned, their expressions stiffened in disbelief.

Earlier, there had only been four King Phase masters, such as the River Angler and the rest, yet in just over an hour, another had arrived.

Almost instinctively, they turned their heads.

head of those six men stood a single figure, tall and upright—Leander.

Leander is going to take on six by himself? Even with Violet's cultivation, her heart trembled at the sight.

Today, I'm sending all of you to your graves!"

Leander paid no attention to the other three who had just arrived. He stared at the six

enemies before him as blue light gathered around his body.

As his fingers flexed, flames surged within his palm.

Brilliant fire danced and leaped as if it was alive

Dragonfire ignited in his grasp once more "Flamebreaker!"

Lightning flashed and the air detonated outward in an instant transformation.

Below were lush colors

Some of the most beautiful kind Capela afterpart

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Faced

surged forward.

The King of Red Sun, who was just testing his skills, erupted with crimson light.

He pressed his palms together before his chest, forming a lotus-like seal, his fingers interlocked in pairs.

Before him, a crimson hand seal slowly took shape.

"Kensei Karate: Red Sun Palm!"

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 682[1,041 words]

Chapter 682 I Alone Am Enough

"Kensei Karate: Red Sun Palm!"

The King of Red Sun formed a series of intricate hand seals, his movements swift yet heavy, as if bearing the weight. As his palms came together, a burst of crimson light erupted and scattered across the sky.

Boom!

A massive flaming palm descended from above, crashing down with overwhelming force. The crimson seal surged up defiantly, meeting it head-on without yielding.

Bang-

Explosions echoed across the sky, sending a faint tremor through the ground below. Countless residents leaned out of windows, staring at the spectacle above, their faces pale with shock.

"Hm?"

Flames surged along Leander's arm as the fiery, massive palm continued to burn fiercely. Yet no matter how violently it could only erode the crimson seal at an agonizingly slow pace- it couldn't break through in a single strike.

Since Leander first rose to prominence, his Flamebreaker had never failed. No opponent had ever withstood it-until to

For the first time, his invincible technique had been halted.

Unbeknownst to him, the King of Red Sun was equally shaken.

His Red Sun Palm, derived from the Hand of Judgment and refined through a century of King Phase cultivation, possessed >verwhelming might-power capable of toppling mountains and overturning seas.

Back in the Tiberran snowfields, he had once used this very technique to push half a glacier into the celestrial void, Nowing

hold its waters.

With a single hand seal, he could forcibly halt a speeding train and drag it back into place his power

Yet Leander's flaming palm left him with an unsettling feeling that he might not be able to hold place

the way pressure built in his chest, refusing to wake no matter how hard he tried to study it 36-400

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Buzz-

The air rippled.

A thin line sliced through space itself, splitting it apart before transforming into a razor-sharp gale that shot straight Leander's forehead.

At the level of a hundred-year King Phase, condensing true essence into a single thread concentrated its destructive extreme. Its lethality was more than ten times that of a standard essence strike. Leonard's attack alone could pierce alloy armor of multiple tanks.

Shing!

Leonard's eyes narrowed.

The massive flaming palm dissipated instantly as he retreated, his body shifting just enough for the attack to graze his forehead, severing a few strands of hair.

The gale shot downward and struck the rooftop of a nearby building. Several tons of reinforced concrete exploded into scattering through the air as residents fled in panic, cries erupting all around.

Leander frowned slightly at the sight.

But before he could react further-

Another figure descended from above like a hunting hawk.

'Demoncloud Palm!'

Wilbur thrust out a palm. A massive, shadowy hand formed from condensed true essence, swirling with dark, sinister energy

It pressed down toward Leander with oppressive force.

Leander had just evaded one attack and hadn't even regained his footing.

Forced to

he threw a hurried punch upward, striking the center of the

demonic palm

Bang

Leander had struck with full force, but Wilbur's response was rushed

The impact sent Leander's body trembling as he was thrown downward

LEADER lunged out as the impact of the Mu

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The moment Aciel moved, his finger shot forward, pressing directly on Leander's back.

Slash!

A flash of light burst forth.

Leander grunted as the force struck him, sending him hurtling forward for dozens of meters.

Four hundred-year King Phase masters attacked in perfect succession-each move seamlessly linking into the next, I room to breathe.

Since rising to fame, aside from facing modern military forces of Agylae, Leander had never been suppressed so comp

"Four King Phase masters working together... Their coordination is flawless. It's terrifying! With just four already pushi if all six join forces, Leander will be completely cornered!" Violet murmured softly, then turned to Elowen. "Madam Jer rate, Leander is bound to lose!"

Elowen nodded solemnly, her voice grave. "That's right

"Individually, none of them are his match. Leander Ashcroft wouldn't fear any one of the six. But together? Their combir strength is more than tenfold.

"Back in the Sahar Wastes, he fought an entire army and emerged victorious. But those were machines-predictable, wit exploit. What he faces now... are six living opponents. That makes it far more dangerous than any battlefield."

Elowen shook her head, her expression growing more serious.

"It's more than that. The Mistwalker and the others only care about seizing the sword as quickly as possible. They won't he over collateral damage-in their eyes, these civilians are nothing but ants.

"But Leander is clearly holding back. He doesn't want to harm the innocent. After dodging Leonard's first strike he the following attacks head-on. With this give-and- take, his combat strength has dropped by at least thirty percent

"Today he may truly be pushed into a corner."

Violet had already witnessed Leander repel four hundred old King Phase masters before and had ang N But seeing him now forced into such a state still left her disappointed

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Landes had never lost before yet the first time she witnessed his power she might 400wides

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After a moment she asked. Madam Jensen if he really fines with your ficly tune Flowerphed without the afat

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Both Violet and Elowen believed he would lose, but she alone remained convinced.

The Iron Sovereign would remain unbeaten.

High in the sky, Leander steadied himself. The calm in his eyes faded, replaced by a sharp, chilling resolve.

At first, he had only intended to drive them back. He had been considering the coming King Phase war. Killing them would the Eastern to lose six of its strongest

fighters.

But now?

His patience was gone.

'At first, I only intended to force the six of you to retreat," he said slowly, his voice carrying a cold calm that seemed to sup everything around him.

'With the coming war between East and West in mind, I had no desire to go too far. The East cannot afford to lose six of its trongest fighters over something like this.

'But now..." His gaze sharpened, the last trace of hesitation vanishing. "I've changed my mind."

'For the battles that are yet to come-I alone am enough!" His tone turned completely cold.

A surge of killing intent erupted

Half the sky was instantly stained a sinister, blood-red hue.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 683[710 words]

683 I'll Kill Five More Kings

Crash!

The killing intent pouring off Leander had nearly taken on a physical shape, staining half the sky red. The onlookers' wave of dread rose from deep within them, making their bodies tremble.

The expressions of the six hundred-year King Phase masters changed at once. Aciel, in particular, was shaken as if he had landed squarely on Leander's back.

That strike would have

Leander, however

wasn't a normal King Phase master.

He remained, completely unharmed.

He

Elowen

His

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e punched through it. The skin beneath only showed a pale mark without any trace of a
uldn't break through. That defense is something else."

it when the River Angler stepped forward

d no one's arguing that. Holding your ill going to lose. I'll ask one last time. A

ow, and we all share this eternal life. W

eyes were cold. He didn't answer

g pipe swinging at his side.

t once is impressive. But however hard yo r the sword?

hed up and tore away

y muscle, every inch

one of you die

ath was a body that looked like it had been carved by undreise

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his sternum visibly caved in. He could only stare ahead in sheer shock.

A direct hit, and he didn't even move an inch...

Leander hovered in mid-air, his fist still extended from the blow. His face was a mask of cold indifference, looking down a others as if they were insects.

The remaining five were visibly shaken.

"He threw a punch that hit three times the speed of sound with nothing but his bare body? How is that even possible?"

The River Angler's heart was hammering.

Leander had moved at triple-sonic speed-faster than a supersonic fighter jet, on par with direct tank fire.

At that speed, even a hundred-year King Phase master could barely track him. The damage that came with it was devastat

Even Elowen, who had quietly written Leander off, stood there speechless. She's not even sure whether she could have do that punch.

"Ugh!"

Leonard was sent flying by a single punch, soaring a hundred yards before he finally came to a stop. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, fear now written plainly across his face.

Leander glanced over at him, mildly surprised.

"You're still alive?"

He had launched at triple-sonic speed with his full Primordial Energy behind that punch-enough to spit a more favo through ten heavy tanks in a row. Against any King Phase master who was not a body forger, that was a quaranteed a

Leonard was still standing.

Thurt was unexpected

Lennard reached into his chest and slowly pulled out an old bronze muma, ils surfacends Cuttered

Me trad & shined upon it years ago in some ruim & Heart Grand Miben a lovastg Toughout the King Phase was Chad defeciva acak Fatarbe ws their dee

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"You think those will hold?"

By the time the first shield was up, Leander was already there. His fist slammed into

it.

The shield, which was solid enough to tank a direct missile strike, shattered. Leander didn't slow down. The fist drove st Leonard's head.

panic, Leonard poured everything he had into a final wall of force, then screamed at the others.
"Are you going to he

King Phase masters had been charging up the moment Leander moved.

e attacks from five different angles-a seal, a demon palm, a fishing rod strike, a
black finger thrust, a bolt of purple lig all arriving at once.

Leander didn't look, nor did he flinch as he fixed his gaze on Leonard.

Crack

The last shield broke. The punch co

A hundred-year King Phase m

At that exact moment, th

He staggered slight

"That's impo

a watermelon. The force tore his body apart completely.

crashed into Leander all at once.

All fi

Leonard's body were wrapped in a flare of flame from Leander's hand and burned to
not

se master gone.

eyes flickered, her chest tight.

cks, head on, and not a scratch Has his body gone beyond the god level form Has

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let had gone completely still

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 684[1,326 words]

Chapter 684 Gravity Domain

Chapter 684 Gravity Domain

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+30 Free Coins

Blue light erupted across Leander's entire body, transforming him into something like a war god wreathed in azure flame.

Dozens of feet away, the five hundred-year King Phase masters retreated almost as one, putting distance between themselves and Leander closer.

-none of them willing to draw any

That last punch had been utterly terrifying. Three times the speed of sound, no technique, no tricks—just raw physical power and brutal acceleration fused into a single blow that had killed the Mistwalker.

Each of them quietly turned the same question over in their mind: had any one of them been standing in the Mistwalker's place, that god-killing punch would have been the end of them, too.

“What a terrifying punch. Mr. Leander is truly terrifying.”

Elowen's eyes narrowed. Even she hadn't seen the reversal coming.

Only a short time before, four attackers had trapped Leander and hit him one after another. He was under so much pressure that he could not fight back and just absorbed the blows. During this struggle, he even took a direct hit from Aciel.

Yet in the span of a single breath, two punches were all it had taken. The Mistwalker, whose cultivation sat only a step below Elowen's own, was dead. Among every King-Phase fighter she knew, only those standing at the absolute peak of that tier could have managed such a thing.

Leander had done it before the age of twenty. It was horrifying. It defied belief.

Violet's grip on the Celestial Reliant Blade trembled slightly. Right up until this moment, she had been convinced Leander was going to lose- so who could have imagined he would claw back from the very edge of defeat and, in an instant, carry himself like a true Sovereign?

"Just as I thought- he won't lose!"

Claire's eyes sparkled with conviction. From the very beginning, she had never doubted that Leander would be the one standing at the end."

"Today, I'll kill five more Kings!"

The calm detachment had left Leander's face entirely. With the Devourer Form unleashed, his killing intent had surged to the surface, and his eyes became piercingly cold like ice.

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The five men in front of him were already marked. Not one of them was walking away.

"Everyone- at this point, are we really still holding back?" "If we don't use our trump cards now, we're the ones who die!"

The River Angler swept his gaze across the other four, his expression cycling through one shift after another. The whole situation felt absurd.

Every one of them had once stood at the top of the world, steamrolling anything in their path. Century-old King-Phase monsters, the strongest among the strong- there were precious few people or forces anywhere that could pose a genuine threat to their lives.

But now, standing right at their

faced a pr

ander filled each of them with the chilling sense that death was ring the great war of Kings a hundred years ago, they had never or terrifying as this.

"Gan

tore off his monk robe, exposing bronze skin like a wrathful arhat.

ergy rushed out as a flash of red light burst ood out, and his whole body immediate

the body-forging art of the Tiberran

ven said in shock, "I didn't expect Ki

and mastered the Red Sun Palm pering art to perfection!" "One body of gods and devils-

match Mr. Leander now

Violet and Claire ha unblinking.

him. His muscles grew thick uch larger.

Garuda Body Art'!"

have not only carved out his own ought the hidden sect's body-

y Art reaches perfection, it's said to rival to an innate body. He might actually be able

owen's explanation. They stared ahead,

mbled a small tank. His massive hands slammed together red light erupted skyward, coalescing into a towering crimson crimson radiance.

d and closed as though it breathed with life. Then, both of its luminous d simultaneously, bearing down on Leander like a collapsing mountain.

alm had always been a fearsome martial technique on its own. But with the Art now active, his raw physical strength had surged to more than three times evel.

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+30 Free Coms

He then channeled into "Zenith of Serenity," the Red Sun Palm's finishing move, that power compounded into something bordering on catastrophic.

The sky churned with wild force.

Every cloud in sight was ripped apart into nothing.

Every bird in its path exploded into clouds of blood.

Even the space around Leander looked almost vacuumed clean.

Cheap tricks!" Leander sneered, utterly unbothered by the incoming strike.

A burst of blue radiance closed the distance descending Titan's Technique, first

The technique Form and

These

Th

erupted around him, and in the blink of an eye, he had already

ten feet vanished in an instant-positioning himself directly before the titan. He drew

back his fist and launched it forward. Trinity Strike Soulbreaker.

Even the same name, yet the gap between Leander channeling the Devourer or fighting without it was nothing short of staggering.

no longer two iterations of the same warrior-they were distinct forces of nature. Between these two states was not merely a gap; it was a tenfold surge in power."

Leander's fist shot forward, space itself buckled under the strain, releasing a deep, dull groan as though the fabric of reality had been pushed past its limits. Fractures webbed through the air in every direction.

A blue fist shadow tore through the atmosphere like a cannon round, colliding dead-center with the massive titan's palm.

Rip!

Shockwaves of energy screamed outward in all directions. The formidable red titan palm- dense, unyielding, forged from the full might of the Red Sun Palm-couldn't even hold for a breath. The force punched clean through it, scattering the crimson light into nothing.

King of Red Sun staggered. A mouthful of blood sprayed past his lips, and his eyes went wide

in disbelief. With something he hadn't felt in a long time-pure

He had activated the Garuda Body Art. He had poured everything into the mightiest strike his Red Sun Palm could produce. And it hadn't been enough to weather a single blow from Leander?

But Leander

a blur of

underclap shattered the air as he lunged forward.

d like a supersonic jet, leaving a violent vapor

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trail in

+30 Free Coms

"Attack!"

The River Angler and his companions snapped into motion-there was no room for hesitation now. Another moment's delay and they would watch yet another ally fall. The River Angler swept his fishing rod in a wide arc.

What followed looked less like a weapon and more like the heavens themselves had unraveled-countless pinpricks of light cascaded downward in a sweeping curtain, a river of stars spilling from the sky.

For just a fraction of a second, Leander went still.

"Oh?"

His gaze

So

ened, and something rare crossed his expression-genuine surprise.

tered gravity?'

stant, Leander had sensed it clearly-the gravity pressing down on him had roughly

d. It was common knowledge that heavier gravity meant greater friction against thing around oneself, making even the simplest movement a taxing effort.

Ir. Leander, breaking the sound barrier at three times its speed-yes, that is quite the feat." But inside my Gravity Domain, it doesn't matter how swift you are. That speed of yours will be crushed down to nothing!"

The River Angler's tone dropped into something cold and quiet, and the look in his eyes hardened into something far more dangerous.

The moment that fishing rod had swept through the air, his domain had already snapped into place the Gravity Domain. Within its boundaries, gravitational force compounded relentlessly, layering on itself until any intruder was reduced to a sluggish, dragging crawl.

Leander, who could ordinarily tear through the air past Mach 3, now found that weight bearing down on every inch of him, stripping his velocity to little more than half- somewhere around Mach 1.5.

Mach 1.5 was still breathtaking by any ordinary measure, but for century-old King- Phase warriors like those gathered here, it was finally within the range of human

perception.

They could track it.

They could react.

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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 685[
1,118 words]**

685 Blazing Horizon, Condense!

Chapter 685 Blazing Horizon, Condense!

+30 Free Com

Whoosh! A streak of light shot from Leander's finger, striking the massive Primordial Energy hammer.

Despite the magnified gravity, Leander's movements were unaffected. The streak of light pierced through the hammer with ease and cut through the sky in a flash. Its blinding speed could barely be seen by the naked eye.

His strike spurred a gust of air so fast it was three times the speed of sound. Standing in the path of the light, Eldon felt a chill of death rush over him and instinctively turned.

Swish! The light grazed past him, and blood sprayed from the wound. At the same moment, the Gravity Hammer came crashing down, nearly crushing Leander's skull.

But he held out his hand, and halted the hammer mid-air.

Bang! A deafening roar shook the heavens and earth. Suddenly, a shockwave erupted beneath him, forming a small circle of mushroom clouds.

The four King-Phase cultivators watched in stunned disbelief, their eyes widening in horror.

The hammer had fallen with enough force to shatter the very sky, yet Leander remained unshaken. His hand held the hammer in place, but he didn't budge a single step.

Crack! Leander clenched his fist, and the shattering of the giant hammer echoed through the air. It exploded into pieces mid-air and vanished into the sky.

"Is he a monster?" Wilbur and Aciel exchanged a look, shock and disbelief flashing across their faces.

The level of combat power Leander had displayed was extraordinary. Despite their strongest attacks, none of them had managed to breach his defenses. It was impossible to defeat him.

At that moment, the King of Red Sun and Derek's faces hardened. Could they really defeat him? Why had they even dared to provoke such a monster?

"Eldon, should we..." Wilbur, the Demon Sage Palace of the Ormari Horde, hesitated. For the first time, the thought of retreat crossed his mind.

He looked up to Eldon to speak his mind when his eyes widened in surprise.

A sharp, metallic tang hung in the air.

Eldon clutched his right shoulder with his left hand, as blood oozed from his right arm. It was gone.

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Chapter 685 Blazing Horizon, Condense!

Witnessing this gave the rest of them knots in their stomach.

+30 Free Coins

They had assumed that Leander's strike was meant to weaken the Gravity Hammer. But with Eldon's arm severed, it was clear that the blow had been aimed directly at him.

How could a single strike sever an arm?

Eldon gritted his teeth against the searing pain, sealing his nodules to stop the bleeding. Deep down, he was overwhelmed with fear. If he hadn't instinctively moved away just in time, Leander's strike would have severed his heart instead. How could it be? He had to endure at least twice the usual gravity in the Gravity Domain, and yet he was still able to deliver such an astonishing blow. Eldon couldn't help but ask, "Leander, what kind of martial technique was that?" That strike could have rivaled a laser

cannon!

"You're fast, I'll give you that," Leander commented as he lowered his hand, his gaze cold and unyielding. "I created it using my physical strength. It's a new technique, so I haven't named it yet. But since you asked, I'll call it 'Sky Piercer'!" He locked eyes with Eldon, as he casually walked freely within the Gravity Domain, unbothered.

"You got lucky just now. But you won't escape this time." As he spoke, Leander extended his index finger, and a faint blue glow flickered at his fingertip.

"Stop him!" Wilbur and Aciel wasted no time. They attacked with no hesitation and their figures left blurred afterimages in the sky.

They flanked him from the left and right.

Their Primordial Energy circled and coiled into two deadly crimson streaks. The speed was phenomenal, wrapping around Leander's arms like slithering snakes.

"Argh!" Reaching out his palm, the King of Red Sun swallowed the taste of blood in his mouth, as his Primordial Energy coiled around him; while Derek clenched his fist, and a bolt of violet lightning was shot.

They both seized each of Leander's legs.

Although Eldon had lost an arm and wasn't in peak form, he ignored his injury and raised his left hand.

His Primordial Energy formed a chain that wrapped tightly around Leander's waist.

In the blink of an eye, the five King-Phase cultivators had restricted his every move.

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"Jeff, no matter how fast you are, how will you move now? How will you strike?" Eldon said, his eyes flashing with menace as he watched Leander's limbs bound by Primordial Chains.

"Is no one going to make a move?" He looked toward the rest.

The four King-Phase cultivators exchanged glances and nodded.

They placed a hand on the Primordial Chain and raised the other to strike him. Four attacks surged toward Leander, each coming from a different direction and color. Their combined power was enough to tear the sky apart, but Leander was unable to move, with his limbs bound his waist restricted.

vette cried out in alarm from below.

and Monica looked on, horror etched on their faces.

ng! Bang! The sound of the explosions echoed around Leander, and smoke filled

the air. It was as if four bullets had hit the target.

Joy lit their faces, except for Derek, who remained vigilant and refused to let his guard down.

"You think you can kill me with just that?" said a voice amid the smoke, dripping with mockery and disdain.

"What?" Everyone turned in shock.

As the wind gently cleared the smoke, Leander's figure emerged, standing tall and unscathed. His hair danced wildly in the wind, and it was as if the attacks had vanished into thin air.

"This is impossible!" The King-Phase cultivators were once again struck with disbelief.

"It's just as I thought. He has achieved the Primordial Body. Even if he hasn't fully attained it, he's almost there. To injure him, they'd have to strike him continuously, at least dozens of times!" Violet shook her head gently. "He's unbeatable now. The battle is over."

Leander ignored the Primordial Chains that bound him, and his physical strength erupted all of a sudden.

Crack! The Primordial Chains snapped at once and the King-Phase cultivators staggered back in disbelief.

Many

1. d.

ue glow around him, and screamed, "I know that blue os—the Blue Light Superman! The one who shot down

Chapter 685 Blazing Horizon, Condense!

*39 free Co

A wave of shock spread through the crowd, as everyone gasped in amazement. Meanwhile, Endimion and Thiago stood frozen.

Leander looked at the King-Phase cultivators, and the blue glow around him slowly

faded. His expression shifted from cold to indifferent.

He stretched out his fingers and clenched his fist.

"Blazing Horizon, Condense!"

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 686[756 words]

"Blazing Horizon-form!"

Leander clenched his hand, and the world instantly turned crimson. Endless waves of fire surged in from every direction, engulfing the space where the five century-old King Phase masters stood.

churned and condensed into a massive fireball, spanning hundreds of red high in the sky, trapping both Leander and his opponents inside.

perature soared.

square

ne sky was flooded with red light. Below the fireball, black smoke rose in twisting strands, releasing low, anguished cries.

"Madam Jensen, what is that?"

Elowen's gaze darkened as she exhaled slowly. "That's Jeff's domain. The black smoke should be Eldon's Gravity Domain. It's al

Violet had long known that highly condensed space

Yet the moment L

power was un

The fire

withi

breaking apart."

Phase master possessed a domain-an independent, y impossible to destroy from the outside.

his domain, Eldon's began collapsing. The difference in

in the sky. Flames flickered across its surface, hiding everything

ery direction.

year King Phase masters stood together, their expressions tense. Each of ushing, destructive pressure closing in.

domain?" Eldon lashed out, swinging his fishing rod at the wall of fire. "How can it na vast area and seal every direction completely?"

small crack appeared, only to vanish instantly as flames surged back and sealed it. His black-gold rod was scorched and snapped in two.

The other four narrowe

d simultaneously. Their combined force

struck a single poi

1/4

The flames rippled, then settled-unbroken.

"How is that possible?"

They stared in disbelief.

Moments earlier, Eldon alone had managed to open a crack. Now, even four of them together couldn't make a dent.

one

"Stop wasting your effort." Leander's cold voice echoed behind them. "Inside my domain, no
ves. The fire wall adjusts to the strength of your attacks. The stronger the attack, the
r the rebound. You're trapped. Once you enter Blazing Horizon, your life is mine."

st

ords fell like a final verdict.

diculous!"

Despite losing an arm, Eldon's eyes still burned fiercely. "We may not be able to break your domain, but you're trapped in here with us. Kill you, and it'll collapse on its own!"

The others immediately caught on.

A domain relied on its master-kill him, and everything would end.

"You're right," Leander agreed as he stepped forward, a faint smirk on his lips. "That is, if you can manage it."

Derek, the Thunder Sovereign, moved without hesitation. He drew a crackling arc of lightning between his hands.

"Thunderflash!"

The massive arc compressed into a sphere the size of his palm. Violent energy surged and raged, crackling and boiling between his palms. In the next moment, he pushed both hands forward, releasing it at Leander as if unleashing a burst of force.

Crackle!

A palm-sized spherical object shot toward Leander, with hidden purple lightning within.

Although this spherical attack looked insignificant compared to the massive Primordial Energy palm strikes that could reach dozens or even hundreds of meters, the destructive power contained within it was extremely terrifying-comparable to a tracking missile.

d, and as if it could automatically track its target, it had already

2/4

"Hmph."

Seeing the Thunderflash strike, Leander wore a faint, disdainful smile.

At the moment it reached his chest, his right hand reached out, five fingers

extended, and directly grasped the front of the Thunderflash.

The originally extremely fast, supersonic Thunderflash was abruptly stopped in front

of hi

Derek's pupils contracted instantly, his expression filled with shock, while Leander only smiled in contempt.

"Compressing light explained even

is under my

His ga

1. n.

ch a small form does produce impressive power," Leander ely, it's useless against

me. Inside Blazing Horizon, everythin

an arm. Your strength is fading. I'll return your companion's attack and rway."

of his wrist, the Thunderflash shot back-twice as fast.

was already in a weakened state, h ced. Leander's attack came comp Thunderflash had already slan

scream tore through the at engulfed him. His

The remaining f

ready dead

and his movement speed greatly

is expectations-he had no time to evade chest.

ng exploded outward, forming a raging storm stand the force. It shattered and

dissolved into dust

two of the six hundred-year King Phase masters were

handles quite well."

the survivors.

his expression tense.

we admit defeat. We were misled by Eldon and the Mistwalker, which is you. Please show mercy and end this here. We are willing to offer ancient compensation." quickly followed, bowing in submission.

3/4

"Sovereign Ashcroft, this was our mistake. We will not pursue immo you are, we will stay away?

Their voices were steady and sincere.

These were proud figures who rarely bowed their heads. Faced with more than pride.

Leander swept his gaze over them and let out a faint laugh.

He raised his hand. "Begging now? Too late."

Flames gathered at his fingertips.

"Skyfire Palm!"

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 687[1,120 words]

Chapter 687 Are You Here for the Sword Too?

Chapter 687 Are You Here for the Sword Too?

"Skyfire Palm!"

Inside the sphere of fire, Leander clenched his five fingers and struck with a single palm.

Boom!

+20 Free Coins

The surrounding walls of flame erupted violently. As his palm pressed forward, fire surged in every direction, and six massive flaming hands burst out from the blaze.

The four fire hands extended in all directions-above, below, left, right, front, and back-forming a sealed cubic space that completely trapped the four men.

Each hand carried an overwhelming, destructive force as they pressed inward from every side.

"What?"

The four hundred-year King Phase masters' pupils contracted sharply, their expressions freezing.

Every escape route had been sealed. There was no space left to dodge.

In a split second, they exchanged glances and acted together.

This time, none of them held back. All four unleashed their strongest power, their auras erupting without reservation.

King of Red Sun had used the brief pause to recover to nearly seventy percent. His eyes flashed coldly as his clothes shattered, his body swelling to twice its original size.

"Red Sun Palm: Sacred Form!"

He pressed his palms together. Muscles bulged as physical strength and Primordial Energy fused into a single force. Between his hands, a brilliant golden light erupted.

A massive hand formed in front of him-dozens of meters wide, dense and solid, carrying an ancient and solemn aura.

"Three Hundred Dark Paths!"

Wilbur spread his fingers. Black Primordial Energy surged behind him, forming a massive demonic face that blocked the front.

"Merciless Finger!"

Aciel shot into the air. His entire right arm was wrapped in Primordial Energy, all of it compressing into a single point at his fingertip. He thrust forward.

Space tore apart as a piercing finger force shot out like a beam of destruction.

"Oblivion Thunder!"

Derek let out a low roar. Blue-violet lightning erupted around him as countless arcs twisted and converged into a massive purple bolt over ten meters thick, crashing forward.

The four attacks merged into a devastating force that expanded outward from the center.

1/3

2:46 pm

ppp.

Chapter 687 Are You Here for the Sword Too?

+20 Free Coins

At the same time, the six flaming hands descended.

Boom!

Heaven and earth shook violently. Even outside the fireball, the ground trembled. Countless eyes turned toward the massive sphere suspended in the sky.

Nearby residents instinctively pulled out their phones and began filming the surreal scene. People from all directions-men, women, young, and old-stared in shock at the blazing phenomenon.

"They're fighting inside that fireball. Judging by this level of energy fluctuation, this should be the final clash"

Elowen narrowed her eyes as she stared at the fireball.

Violet was about to speak when a sharp sound cut through the air. Julian, dressed in a silk tunic, had arrived.

He looked at the massive fireball with a shocked expression. This was already the second time in two days that Leander had activated his domain.

The violent tremors continued for nearly a full minute before gradually fading. Then, the massive fireball in the sky dispersed, revealing five figures.

Leander stood bare-chested in midair, hands clasped behind his back. His gaze rested on the distant horizon, where a red dawn was rising.

In front of him, Aciel, King of Red Sun, Wilbur, and Derek stood motionless. Their expressions were eerily calm.

The atmosphere fell into a strange, suffocating silence. Violet and Claire exchanged uncertain looks, unable to determine the

outcome.

Elowen and Julian narrowed their eyes, looking between Leander and the four hundred-year King Phase masters. Even with their experience, they could not see who had won.

"Jeff!" Derek suddenly spoke. "What exactly are you? Human or god?"

Leander did not turn around. He continued looking toward the horizon.

"What does it matter whether I am human or god?" he replied calmly. "When power reaches a certain level, everything can be crushed. Even gods are no exception."

Derek gave a bitter smile and slowly shook his head.

"That's a good line."

He tilted his head upward and let out a long sigh.

"What a pity."

The moment his voice fell, a small flame suddenly ignited at the center of his chest.

It began as a spark, then instantly exploded into countless fire fragments, engulfing his entire body.

At the same moment, the other three also ignited from the chest, flames spreading rapidly until all four were completely consumed.

2/3

2:46 pm Ppp.

Chapter 687 Are You Here for the Sword Too?

Four human-shaped pillars of fire burned fiercely in the sky.

Elowen and Julian froze on the spot. Violet and Claire trembled, unable to speak.

Below, Yvette quietly watched. The tension in her eyes finally eased.

She knew Leander had won. The last one standing was still him.

The four flames burned. Leander finally turned his head, his gaze cold and emotionless.

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Inside the Blazing Horizon, his Skyfire Palm had overwhelmed them completely.

Even after all four had unleashed everything they had, they still could not withstand it.

The Dragonfire that followed the strike had already passed through their bodies, extinguishing every trace of life within them. The only reason they were still standing

in midair was that more than a century of cultivation was barely sustaining their final breath.

The other three had already lost the strength to speak. Only Derek was still able to open his mouth, making it clear that his cultivation was the strongest among the four. Even so, he had still been killed by Leander without exception.

The flames burned for several seconds before fading into four trails of smoke that drifted away. The sky returned to silence.

All gazes shifted to Leander with reverence, as though he were a living god.

Lyle collapsed to the ground, completely numb. He finally understood why Leander stood above everyone else.

Thiago, who had once spoken arrogantly to Leander, was now pale and shaken, barely able to stand. Replaying his earlier words, he felt nothing but humiliation.

With power like this, Leander could kill him instantly. Even the vast Eccho Group could be erased with a single gesture.

Overwhelming regret filled his chest. His legs gave way, and he collapsed.

Behind him, Endimion stood frozen, unable to speak.

"So, this is who Leander really is."

Monica and Linden exchanged stunned looks, both shaken to their core, especially Monica.

When Leander had once stormed the Walsh family in Grove alone and pulled them out of despair, revealing himself as Mornwick's Legend, it had already felt unreal.

Now, he stood in the sky like a god, wielding power capable of splitting mountains and seas. She could no longer connect this figure to the ragged young man who once had nothing at all.

Leander looked at the fading remains of the four hundred-year King Phase masters. Then his gaze shifted and locked onto Elowen.

"Are you here for the sword too?"

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 689[1,149 words]

Chapter 689 Thunder Infusion

+20 Free Coins

The battle above the Sitwell Residence was the first to shake all of Ravenridge. Tens of thousands witnessed the blazing fireball streaking across the sky. Many recorded it on their phones and quickly shared the footage.

The entire city buzzed with speculation. Some called it a rare celestial phenomenon, while others claimed immortals were fighting. Rumors spread in every direction. Only those living near the Sitwell Residence knew the truth.

They had seen figures standing in midair, their every move shaking heaven and earth.

Before the news could spread further, troops from the Mornwick Military Command arrived and sealed off the entire neighborhood. The incident was classified as top secret, and all further discussion was strictly prohibited.

To the outside world, the explanation was simple-an unusual effect caused by a special-weapons military exercise. Even so, many remained skeptical and began searching online for similar supernatural events and sightings across the globe.

For a time, the atmosphere worldwide grew subtly tense.

Outside the Sitwell Residence, more than a dozen military vehicles formed a tight perimeter. Inside the hall, Leander and Darrow sat across from each other at a large table, the mood solemn.

Yvette and her parents sat on the couch nearby, quietly listening. Linden and Monica were visibly shaken. They had never imagined that the highest commander of the Mornwick Military Command would sit as an equal with Leander.

Then again, considering Leander's power, it made perfect sense.

"General Ashcroft, thanks to your intervention-and for decisively killing those six hundred-year King Phase masters-a major disaster was avoided. If they had fought among themselves, Ravenridge would've become a battlefield. On behalf of its people, I thank you."

Darrow rose to his feet and gave a crisp military salute.

Leander stood and waved lightly.

"General Leon, there's no need to thank me. I intended to take that broken sword from the beginning. In the end, I acted for my own purpose as well."

They both sat again.

Darrow's expression grew more serious.

"General Ashcroft, you killed six hundred-year King Phase masters. Your name will once again shake both Astria and the international martial world. That may not be entirely a good thing. I've just received a message from the Dragon King. He asked me to pass it on-be more cautious of Western forces from now on.

"You fought six alone and displayed power beyond ordinary hundred-year King Phase masters. The Western King Phase will see you as a primary threat. Organizations like the Arbitration Office and Netherweb will place you at the top of their elimination list."

His gaze darkened further.

"Years ago, sixteen Supreme Arbiters joined forces to hunt the Dragon King and nearly killed him. He does not want you to face the same fate."

Chapter 689 Thunder Infusion

+20 Free Coins

"Oh?"

Leander simply smiled.

"Please thank him for the reminder."

Seeing his calm attitude, Darrow sighed inwardly. After exchanging a few more words, he departed with his troops.

The moment he left, Linden and Monica hurried over, unable to hold back any longer. They bombarded Leander with questions about his power. He answered them one by one, though it clearly tested his patience.

Meanwhile, the International Martial Network and the Global Assassin Network had already erupted into chaos.

Their forums were flooded with posts about Leander. Phrases like "one against six," "Jeff invincible," and "undefeated sovereign" dominated the discussions. Countless users rushed to share their opinions.

"Jeff can kill six hundred-year King Phase masters alone. Does that mean he's now the strongest among them?" a user named Farseer posted.

Another user, Stayreal, replied, "Those six were hundred-year King Phase masters, but not among the strongest. His feat is impressive, but calling him invincible is an exaggeration."

The debate quickly split into opposing sides, arguments escalating.

After about half an hour, a new post silenced everyone.

"The person above is correct. Among King Phase masters, there is a ranking from one to nine stars. The weakest are known as one-star King Phase masters, while the strongest are nine-star King Phase masters.

"Only those in the top three tiers qualify as hundred-year King Phase masters. Derek, the Mistwalker, Eldon, the King of Red Sun, Aciel, and Wilbur were all around the four-star level. That places them at the lowest tier among the hundred-year King Phase

masters.

"Jeff defeating them proves his strength. However, his level is likely around six-star to seven-star. He is still far from nine-star figures like the Dragon King, the Supreme Arbiter, or the Lord of

Netherweb. Calling him invincible is inaccurate." The speaker was none other than the hidden owner of the forum-The Destroyer. The moment he posted, all arguments stopped. No one dared question him.

After a brief silence, another user, Cloudfall, asked, "The Arbitration Office has already torn up the King Phase Accord. A war between the Eastern and Western King Phase seems inevitable.

"There are fewer than a hundred King Phase masters in total, and only around twenty hundred-year King Phase masters on each side. Jeff killing six may be impressive, but it also removes a quarter of the East's top combat power. For the Eastern martial world, this is undoubtedly a heavy blow.

"In a future war between Eastern and Western King Phase forces, the East is far more likely to end up at a severe disadvantage. What do you think about this?" Cloudfall appeared to be asking The Destroyer a question, but every word of his post actually laid out his own analysis. His reasoning was clear, well-structured, and logically consistent-clearly showing he had already thoroughly analyzed the situation.

2/3

Chapter 689 Thunder infusion

+20 Free Coins

Below the post, many people quickly liked and agreed with it. After all, there were only so many hundred-year King Phase masters in both the East and the West, and losing six at once was an unbearable loss for either side.

After a long pause, The Destroyer responded, "Jeff alone is worth eight King Phase masters!"

The forum fell completely silent. No one dared argue.

Outside the Sitwell Residence, Leander walked forward calmly. He had just finished answering the Sitwell couple's questions.

Reaching the edge of the neighborhood, he leaped into the air and vanished into the night as a streak of light. Moments later, he appeared at the parking area of Villa No. 1 on the hillside.

He stood there, overlooking the city lights below, his mind completely at ease. With a thought, blue light flashed from his spatial ring. A sharp sword cry echoed across the mountain as the broken sword appeared in his hand. "Tonight, I will use you as the sword blank to forge the True Martial Heavenrend."

A fierce light flared in his eyes as he clenched his fist. A bolt of lightning suddenly descended from the sky, drawn by his hand, and surged into every cell of his body. The first step of the True Martial Heavenrend-Thunder Infusion.

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 690[1,113 words]

Chapter 690 Reforging the Sword Spirit

Chapter 690 Reforging the Sword Spirit

Crash!

+20 Free Coins

A thunderous crack echoed across the hillside villa as a thick bolt of violet lightning tore through the clouds and illuminated the night sky. The lightning struck down from above, turning the parking area of Villa No. 1 into a field of daylight. It descended like a blue-violet flood dragon and slammed directly into Leander's palm.

Crackle!

The lightning surged into his hand. In an instant, arcs of electricity spread across his body, wrapping around him as every cell was filled with violent electrical energy.

The True Martial Heavenrend required three steps to forge. What he was performing now was the first step-Thunder Infusion. The broken sword left behind by the Infinity Sword Immortal was an exceptional sword blank. Although most of its original power had faded with time, it still retained its spiritual essence and remarkable adaptability. He had not hesitated. The moment he returned to the hillside villa, he began the forging process. The mysterious old man who had appeared at the Ashcroft family made it urgent for him to complete the sword as quickly as possible. Only then would he have the confidence to face that unfathomable existence.

The True Martial Heavenrend did not depend solely on its physical form. Its true power came from the energy sealed within it. Among all destructive forces in heaven and earth, lightning stood at the pinnacle for both annihilation and penetration.

He needed to draw heavenly lightning into his body, use himself as a conduit, and channel it into the sword.

Thunder rolled overhead as another bolt struck without warning. In normal circumstances, such power would leave even elite body cultivators on the brink of death. It was strong enough to erase a powerhouse like the King of Red Sun, while even Eldon had been reduced to dust when struck by a reflected lightning blast from him. Yet he remained completely unharmed.

His Devourer Form allowed him to absorb any form of energy and convert it into his own power. His Nirvana Energy was even more extraordinary, vast, and all— encompassing like a sea absorbing countless rivers. Using his body as a medium, he carefully guided the lightning into the broken sword.

Blue-violet light erupted from the sword as it released a piercing hum. The entire parking area was filled with resonant cries of swords.

At that moment, the villa doors opened, and a graceful figure stepped out. It was Genevieve.

She had somehow slept through the entire day inside the villa. It was the most peaceful sleep she had ever experienced. Only the overwhelming energy fluctuations outside had finally awakened her.

Her eyes widened when she saw Leander standing amid the lightning.

"He's forging an artifact?"

Shock filled her expression.

In the Lesser World she came from, weapon-forging techniques did exist. They were ancient inheritances passed down through sects and families, never revealed

to outsiders. In the secular world, such methods had long been lost.

Even in the Lesser World, those who knew how to forge artifacts were extremely rare—each one was a talent fiercely fought over by the major families and sects.

1/3

1:54 pm P PPP.

Chapter 690 Reforging the Sword Spirit

Yet Leander was only in his twenties, and he came from the secular world. He actually knew how to forge artifacts.

Shing!

+20 Free Coins

A sharp sword cry suddenly rang out. A streak of sword light tore through the sky as the broken sword swept forward. Thunder erupted in its wake, and a blue-violet arc of energy stretched across hundreds of feet. Within that range, everything-even the air itself-was shattered into microscopic particles.

"Not bad."

Leander raised his hand and formed a sword gesture with two fingers, slowly tracing them along the broken sword. His spatial ring flickered, and a piece of pitch-black metal floated into the air, suspended by his Primordial Energy.

"I'll use this piece of celestial black iron to rebuild your body."

The second step of forging the True Martial Heavenrend had begun-Reforging the Sword Body.

In its sword-blank state, the sword had absorbed the power of Heavenly Thunder to form its core foundation. However, a sword blank was inherently incomplete and required a full body reconstruction to reach perfection.

The dark metal floating before him had been taken from the mouth of an active volcano. Even while submerged in molten lava, it had remained completely unchanged. Its hardness was beyond anything he had ever encountered. He had collected it long before the True Martial Heavenrend was conceived, knowing it would one day serve this purpose.

"Begin."

A surge of Dragonfire erupted from his palm, wrapping around the black metal. The extreme heat distorted the surrounding air. Ordinary materials would have melted and vaporized within moments under such flames. Yet the black metal resisted for a full two minutes without any visible change.

"Interesting."

A faint smile appeared on his lips. His energy intensified, and the Dragonfire shifted into a deeper crimson as the temperature rose further.

After another minute, the metal finally turned red and began to liquefy.

"Go."

With a flick of his finger, he sent the broken sword into the molten metal. The liquid metal flowed over the sword from top to bottom. Cracks, gaps, and missing sections were gradually filled and healed. The sword lengthened as it reformed, extending to the tip.

A complete longsword slowly took shape within the blazing fire ancient, elegant, and carrying an imperial aura.

Leander's eyes sharpened. He clenched his hand, and a powerful force surged outward, drawing water from the nearby pool into the air like a waterfall. It crashed down onto the molten sword.

Sizzle!

Steam erupted into the sky. The red-hot sword instantly turned dark once more.

He reached out and grasped the finished sword. A bolt of lightning shot upward into the sky, scattering electric arcs across the night as if heaven itself had reversed.

2/3

1:54 pm Pppp.

Chapter 690 Reforging the Sword Spirit

+20 Free Coins

Genevieve's eyes trembled as she looked on. The sword measured exactly three feet and three inches, neither more nor less. It bore no ornate carvings or decoration, appearing simple and unadorned. Yet it radiated a bone-deep chill. Even from a great distance, she could feel its terrifying cold intent. "What a terrifying sword. Its presence alone is comparable to the Five Divine Weapons."

Her voice lowered in awe as her curiosity toward Leander deepened further. Leander simply stared at the sword in silence, his expression calm and unreadable.

The first two steps-Thunder Infusion and Reforging the Sword Body-had been effortless for him. The true challenge of the True Martial Heavenrend lay in the final step-Reforging the Sword Spirit.

3/3

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**From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding
Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 691[
1,064 words]**

Chapter 691 Vanish Without a Trace

Chapter 691 Vanish Without a Trace

+20 Free Coins

The True Martial Heavenrend used heavenly lightning as its core and celestial metal as its body, but one final and crucial step remained the sword spirit.

For a sword to possess life, it must first have a soul. To unleash the sword's true power, Leander had to use his own spiritual strength to forge a sword spirit. Only then would man and sword become one, mind and intent aligned. With a single thought, the sword could travel thousands of miles and strike down enemies across the heavens.

Leander's spiritual strength had already reached the Origin Realm. Once one entered this realm, divine arts formed naturally. His eyes gleamed as his spiritual strength spread outward in fine ripples, enveloping the sword.

Clang, clang!

His spiritual strength transformed into countless needle-like strands that repeatedly struck the sword. This was known as Mind Tempering. Only through continuous refinement could a sword spirit be condensed and its spirit awakened.

Clear ringing filled the air like a flowing melody. He focused completely, pouring all his mind into the process.

Once, ten times, a hundred times... one million times.

Within an hour, his spiritual strength struck the sword one million times. Only then did the sword release a joyful hum. A thin streak of light emerged from its core—the newborn form of the sword spirit.

"Good."

Leander's gaze sharpened as his spiritual strength intensified. The light sphere expanded and enveloped the newborn soul. His spiritual strength became like a womb, while the streak of light was a seed beginning to take form within it.

This process would take seven to ten days. During this time, he had to remain in absolute focus. Once the sword spirit matured, the True Martial Heavenrend would be complete.

Genevieve watched from a distance without approaching. She understood that any interference would ruin the refinement process.

The moment she sensed the light sphere, she detected fluctuations in spiritual energy.

"He cultivates both martial arts and spiritual strength?"

Shock filled her eyes. Leander's martial strength alone had already surpassed that of most prodigies in the Lesser World. Now, he was also displaying powerful spiritual strength. Both paths complemented each other, making his true strength impossible to

measure.

She had believed she understood at least part of him, but now realized she had only seen the surface.

"Martial cultivation, spiritual strength, and artifact forging as well?"

Her heartbeat quickened. Among all the geniuses she had ever encountered,

Leander was undoubtedly the most versatile and terrifying.

A faint, unfamiliar feeling stirred in her chest as she watched him, and her pulse quickened without her realizing it.

Leander remained fully focused, blending into the night as he carefully nurtured the newborn sword spirit. Ten minutes passed

1/3

1:55 pm P PPP.

Chapter 691 Vanish Without a Trace

before his expression suddenly tightened.

A soft sound echoed from within the light sphere.

Crack.

+20 Free Coins

A fracture appeared at the center of the newborn sword spirit. The crack spread rapidly until it split completely in two.

He frowned deeply. He pushed his spiritual strength to its limit, trying to force the two halves back together. No matter how hard he tried, the crack remained stable and visible. The moment his control weakened, the sword spirit would collapse entirely, wasting everything.

"How is this happening?"

Confusion surfaced in his mind. The first two steps had gone smoothly. Only this final step had failed.

Realizing force was useless, he withdrew his spiritual strength. The fractured light immediately dimmed and scattered.

After a brief pause, he tried again, reconstructing the sword spirit through Mind Tempering.

This time, it lasted half an hour before the same outcome occurred. The sword spirit split apart again and could not be repaired.

He repeated the process multiple times until dawn. After more than ten attempts, the result never changed. Each sword spirit lasted no more than an hour before breaking apart.

"I understand now."

He withdrew his spiritual strength completely. He had found the cause.

The sword spirit required continuous and perfectly balanced spiritual strength. It could not be too strong or too weak. Absolute precision had to be maintained throughout the entire process.

Although his spiritual strength had reached the Origin Realm, his control had not reached that level of fine precision. This was why the sword spirit kept collapsing. At his current limit, he could only maintain stable output for about three hours. That was far from enough compared to the time required for full maturation.

"I made it sound too simple."

He lightly stroked the dark sword and shook his head.

"To successfully condense the sword spirit, my spiritual strength is still insufficient.

At this rate, I must break through another level to complete the True Martial Heavenrend."

Beyond the Origin Realm lay the Origin Breaking Realm. In other words, his spiritual strength needed to reach that level to succeed.

He was already at the peak of the Origin Realm, only one step away. However, that final step required an opportunity. Without it, even a year or more of cultivation would not be enough.

He exhaled slowly, stored the black sword in his spatial ring, and stood up.

"Come here. I have something to tell you."

His voice turned serious as he called out to Genevieve.

2/3

1:55 pm P PPP.

Chapter 691 Vanish Without a Trace

Genevieve nodded and stepped forward, appearing instantly before him.

+20 Free Coins

"Do me a favor-pass a message to the Highcliffe Ashcrofts. Tell them I will be gone for a while. During this period, no matter what happens, they are not to act rashly. Everything must wait until I return. As for us, put it aside for now. Whatever happens in the future, I will face it."

His tone was calm but firm. Genevieve froze slightly. Although they had not known each other long, he had never spoken to her in

such a serious manner.

She had intended to refuse, but after meeting his gaze, she unconsciously nodded. Leander took out his phone, sent a message to Daphne, then crushed the device in his hand.

After defeating six hundred-year King Phase masters alone, his name had shaken the entire international martial world. The Arbitration Office, Netherweb, the Blood Clan, and the Shadow Wolf Clan all began secretly mobilizing to track him down. Yet no one expected that the man who had shaken the world would suddenly vanish without a trace.

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.