

# From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 731[ 1,483 words ]

## Chapter 731 His Legend

A spray of blood burst across the sky as the head tumbled into the sea. Everyone was struck with sheer terror as pillai and symbol of the Gessinger family, Hosser Gessings, instantly reduced to a head

corpse

The High Ebon's body trembled violently. The Primordial Energy throne behind him had long since dissipated, yet to stál bevistave in the air, unable to believe what he was seeing

Homer's Imperial Phase strike the ultimate killing move he had nurtured for 130 years-should have resulted in a world shaking clash. Yet Leander had merely drawn a line with two fingers, completely dismantling the attack Not only that, but in the blink of ari eye, he had taken Homer's head with a single move. What kind of power was this?

Whoosh!

The moment Homer's head was severed, a spirit shot out from the break at his neck, fleeing rapidly into fre distance.

Once a martial practitioner reached the King Phase, they could cultivate their own spirit, let alone Homer, who had already reached the Pre-Imperial Phase. Though Leander had beheaded his physical body, his spirit still attempted to escape, planning to rebuild his body later and make a comeback.

"Trying to run?"

Leander's expression remained indifferent as he reached out through the air. The space around the fleeing spirit instantly sealed shut, trapping Homer within it. Barriers of potent energy closed in from all sides, leaving him no way out.

"Homer, it's over!"

Before Homer's despairing gaze, a black vortex formed in Leander's palm. A terrifying suction force surged forth, dragging Homer's spirit toward it.

"No..." The former imperial guard of the 17th century, the unrivaled swordmaster of his era, roared in shock and fury-but it was useless. He was pulled closer and closer to the vortex in Leander's palm.

Even now, he still couldn't understand what kind of monster he had been facing- how someone could reverse the entire battle in an instant and crush him so completely.

"Once, you helped me. I said I didn't want to kill you this time. But since you insisted on a fight to the death-and even tried to wipe out the people behind me-I have no choice but to kill you!"

Leander's gaze was cold as Homer's spirit was dragged to the very edge of the vortex.

Homer knew there was no escaping now. In the instant before being consumed, his eyes turned sharp as he shouted, "Jeff Ashcroft, I admit defeat in this battle. But this world is far bigger than you imagine. The stronger you become, the more eyes will be on you. One day, you'll face judgment from 'them.' I'll be waiting in hell for that day!"

His voice was filled with venom, but Leander remained unmoved. The force in his palm surged, and the suction intensified, pulling Homer's spirit completely into the vortex.

Whoosh!

The moment Homer's spirit was extinguished, Leander swept out another palm strike. Flames surged outward, reducing Homer's remaining body to ashes.

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## Chapter 731 His Legend

Leander replayed Homer's final words in his mind, a faint thought stirring. Fitting the way Harbor had cooked seemed there were still unknown tunes on Earth beings, who soared above the world, watching and controlling

the shadows.

But he only smiled faintly and dismissed the thought

The path of martial cultivation had no end. There were countless powerful beings in existence. While he wouldn't claim to have seen everything, his experiences had broadened his perspective.

In ancient times, Earth had once given rise to many mighty figures capable of moving mountains and filling seas-existences far beyond what modern martial practitioners could compare to.

Though those powerful figures had long since vanished, with no trace left in history, Leander believed they still existed somewhere

-or that their descendants remained hidden in the world, observing everything from a higher vantage point

Not to mention places like the infamous Western Hellspire, or the "Lesser World" Genevieve had once mentioned-mysterious realms he had yet to explore. Who could say how many beings beyond his comprehension resided within them?

But he carried a fearless heart and paid it no mind. Even if there were countless stronger experts-so what?

At that moment, Leander's Primordial Energy cultivation had already reached the very threshold of the Kreg Phase, while his spiritual strength had stepped into the Origin Breaking Realm. With both combined, his combat power was unmatched- even against a true Imperial Phase expert face-to-face, he was confident he could hold his ground.

And now that he had entered the Origin Breaking Realm, once this battle was over, he would begin forging the True Martial Heavenrend. Once this ultimate killing move was complete, he would truly stand above all beings. At that point, even missiles and heavy artillery would no longer pose a threat to his life.

If he were to encounter that mysterious old man who had appeared at the Ashcroft family again, he was confident he could seize the right moment to severely injure—or even kill him in a single strike.

"Ancestor!"

Off to the side of the dock, Colden collapsed to the ground. The moment Homer had been beheaded before his eyes, it felt as though all the strength had been drained from his body, his very spirit torn away.

Homer had been the true pillar of the Gessinger family. They could have lost anyone, but as long as he stood, the Gessinger family would reign over Highcrest, unstoppable- even if the ten great families joined forces, they would have been nothing more than a

pile of rubble.

But now, this pillar who had stepped into the Imperial Phase had fallen at Leander's hands-beheaded, with even his spirit completely devoured. Colden's faith, built over so many years, shattered in an instant, leaving him dizzy and disoriented:

"Heaven has abandoned us!"

His eyes filled with despair as he sat there in a daze for a long time. No matter how unwilling he was to accept it, he knew the truth -the Gessinger family's fate had run its course. The once-glorious family that had shone for two centuries had now completely exited the stage of history.

"After today, there will be no more Gessinger family in Highcrest!" Leander's indifferent voice condensed into a thin line and rang directly in Colden's ears.

Colden didn't dare hesitate. Ignoring the stunned gazes around him, he gathered the remaining members of the Gessinger family and fled for their lives.

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only a fan

tilted his heart shghtly anddocked toward the High Ebon in the dr Jance

"You're the High Ebon from Taybourne?" Leander asked almy.

After absorbing Homer's spirit earlier, fragments of memory hard flashed through his mind, revealing the men's identity

"Huh, didn't think the world-renowned Iron Sovereign would know me. That's truly an ponor!"

Before this, the High Ebon had only regarded Leander as someone on the same levck someone to be wary of, but not enough to treat with such respect. But after witnessing Leander casually obliterate Homer, who had stepped into the Imperial Phase, with a single motion, he was completely shaken. His wariness had turned into genuine fear.

"Of course, I know you. Over 100 years ago, you tried to seize Highcrest as your cultivation ground, attempting to suppress Astria's fortune for your own benefit-but Homer stopped you!" Leander's gaze turned idy in the next instant, golden light flared within his

eyes.

"Keep your ambitions in check. Highcrest may no longer have Homer or the Gessinger family, but it still has me-Jeff Ashcroft if ever see you set foot in Highcrest again, I will kill you!"

As his words fell, Leander pointed forward through the air.

The High Ebon's face twitched in terror. Black mist surged wildly from his body, forming dozens of dark shields in front of him. But Leander's strike was overwhelmingly powerful. All 36 shields shattered one after another before the force finally struck his chest.

"Pwah!" The High Ebon coughed up blood and turned into a streak of black mist, fleeing in utter panic. Only his shrill, agonized scream lingered in the wind. Leander didn't pursue him. That strike had merely been a warning. From this day on, the High Ebon would fear him as one would fear a god.

Buzz!

The space rippled slightly as Leander took a single step, instantly appearing aboard the cruise ship where Richard and the others

were.

He glanced over everyone, and finally, his gaze settled on Maeve. A warm smile appeared on his face. "We won this time because of you. Your voice snapped me

out of it."

Maeve's heart raced. She could no longer suppress her feelings as she rushed forward and threw herself into Leander's arms. This time, he didn't push her away- he wrapped an arm around her in return.

Rachel stood at the bow, watching the warm scene unfold. There was no jealousy in her eyes-only a deep sense of reflection. "Is this... his legend?"

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 732[ 1,468 words ]

Chapter 732 I'll Protect You for Life

Chapter 732 I'll Protect You for Life

+10 Free Coins

Leander sat quietly within the Woods' manor, gazing up at the night sky. Earlier, at the Wood family banquet, he had been nothing more than an overlooked nobody, ignored by nearly everyone present. But now, he had undoubtedly become the central figure of the entire Wood family.

Whether it was Clovis, Arnold, of Aveline, all of them looked at the young man seated calmly in his chair as if he were a god, their eyes filled with reverence and awe. The earth-shattering battle at Ivyshore Bay had completely overturned their understanding of the world.

Among the Woods, Richard was a martial practitioner. He had often described to them what true power looked like-vast, overwhelming, capable of swallowing the world whole. But they had always taken it as something abstract, almost mythical, never fully believing it.

It wasn't until now, witnessing the shocking clash between Leander and Homer, that they finally understood what a martial practitioner was truly capable of-it was power that could overturn seas and split mountains.

"Leander... you kept so much from us," Billy said as he sat beside him, his face filled with emotion. Before, when he addressed Leander, it had been the easy familiarity between good friends. But now, saying that same name carried a weight far greater than gold, tinged with a quiet sense of awe.

Leander patted Billy's shoulder, offering an apologetic smile. "I came to Highcrest to live quietly for a while. I didn't want my past to get involved here, so I kept things hidden. Sorry about that."

Looking at his calm and gentle smile, Billy couldn't help but wonder if this was even the same man who had just commanded storms and ruled over life and death out at

sea.

"Sovereign Ashcroft!"

Clovis, who had just returned from outside, hurried into the garden. "Colden, head of the Gessinger family, dissolved the Gessinger Association half an hour ago. Their villa is completely empty-it looks like they've all left!"

Leander nodded lightly, while Richard let out a sigh of emotion. "The Gessinger family of Highcrest... 200 years of legacy, and now it's all come to an end."

With the Ancestor of the Gessinger family dead, and Leander having casually killed one of their Transcendent Realm guardians, the family was left with only Colden as their sole remaining expert. With such strength, they had completely lost any right to challenge Leander. If they hadn't fled, their entire bloodline would have been wiped out.

"Old Mr. Wood," Leander said, rubbing his arm slightly, "the Gessinger family has been removed from its position as Highcrest's ruling power. When you move to reorganize Highcrest's structure, if you encounter any resistance, just inform Jeff Enterprises. I've already spoken to them-they'll provide your family with full support."

Richard clasped his hands together and bowed deeply in gratitude. "Thank you, Sovereign Ashcroft, for your great kindness. By now, every major family in Highcrest has heard about the battle at Ivyshore Bay. They all know that my family stands behind you. In all of Highcrest, no one will dare oppose us anymore-otherwise, they'll end up just like the Dufay family... or the Gessinger family!"

Leander nodded faintly, then stood up. His gaze swept briefly over Billy before he turned to Richard with a slight smile. "Old Mr. Wood, may I ask you for a small favor?"

Richard didn't dare refuse and quickly replied, "Please, just say the word. I'll see it done."

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Chapter 732 I'll Protect You for Life

Leander smiled and pointed at Billy. "The next time I come over, I want him to be the one welcoming me."

+10 Free Coins

Richard was momentarily stunned, then nodded without hesitation. "As the guardian of the Wood family, I swear-after my son Clovis, the next head of the Wood family will be Billy!"

With Richard's promise secured, Leander patted Billy on the shoulder once more and began walking toward the exit of the estate.

Leander had known Billy for a month. Though Billy had spent that entire time dragging him through nightlife and indulgent pleasures, Leander had long since seen through him.

Billy was the one truly hiding in plain sight-someone who observed everything, remembered everything, and possessed genuine wisdom, capable of controlling the bigger picture.

It was only because his older brother Arnold stood above him, and because the Wood family had always followed the rule of seniority, that Billy chose to conceal his abilities. With his elder brother in power, he willingly played the part of a carefree playboy, staying out of family affairs. But deep down, he had ambitions of his own. The "favor" Leander had asked of Richard was precisely to give Billy the chance to prove himself.

Billy stood there, stunned. After more than ten seconds, tears welled up in his eyes as he shouted toward Leander's departing figure, "Leander, you've gotta come back next time! When y

you do, I'll still take you to the clubs-models, celebrities, you name it. Just you and me, like always, brothers!"

There was less frivolity in his voice now, and far more sincerity and attachment.

This time, Leander didn't refuse. With his back still turned, he simply nodded. "Sure. Next time I come, I'm picking the most expensive one."

By the time his words faded, he had already disappeared beyond the gates of the estate, leaving everyone behind in a quiet daze.

Outside Wood Manor, a lone figure sat by the roadside, her posture lonely and subdued. The moment she saw Leander step out, she looked up in surprise and hurried toward him.

When she reached his side and saw the calm expression on his face, her own expression stiffened slightly. With a hint of emotion, she said, "Should I call you Leander... or Jeff?"

Leander looked at the stubborn yet strong-willed girl and smiled faintly. "Jeff is just an alias I use for a certain belief. Leander is my real name."

Rachel recalled the scene from earlier-the raging sea, the towering waves, and Leander stirring storms with a single hand-and for a moment, she was lost in thought.

"You're leaving, aren't you?" she asked, gazing at his unmatched features, her expression tinged with sadness.

Leander didn't answer. He only smiled slightly. From that alone, she already understood. Her expression dimmed immediately. "Will I... ever see you again?"

Leander turned, hands behind his back, his gaze gentle. "If we meet again, it'll be fate. But like I said before, you and I don't belong to the same world. It's best not to hold onto any fantasies about me. Billy is a good man-he'll treat you wholeheartedly."

Rachel stood frozen. By the time she came back to herself, Leander had already disappeared from her sight.

A tear slid silently down her cheek. This encounter... had always been one-sided.

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Chapter 732 I'll Protect You for Life

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In the VIP reception room of Jeff Enterprises' Higherest branch, Maeve sat dressed in white, her heart pounding uncontrollably.

Earlier, Leander had gone to Wood Manor, but before leaving, he had specifically told her to wait here he had something important to say. Now, as she waited, her emotions were restless and uneasy.

Just as her thoughts drifted, Leander appeared in the room. With a faint smile, he suddenly reached out and rested his hand gently on her hair. "Today, it was because of you that I was able to come to my senses-and win the fight."

Feeling the warmth of his palm, Maeve instinctively stepped closer, leaning slightly into his embrace. "I just didn't want anything to happen to you..."

Her voice was soft and fragile. Leander patted her shoulder, his tone calm.

"I understand how you feel. I've pushed you away countless times before, but no matter how I tried to avoid you, you kept appearing in my life again and again. So today, I'll be honest with you. I can't give you a title, and I can't give you a defined relationship. But I promise you this—whenever you need me, I'll be there to protect you. If you need me for a lifetime, I'll protect you for life."

Maeve's body trembled as tears streamed down her face. Though the international superstar hadn't received the answer she had longed for, the simple promise was already enough.

In her life, Leander had left behind a mark she would never forget.

That very night, atop the Jeff Enterprises building in Highcrest, a thick beam of lightning shot straight into the sky. Violent currents of air spiraled around, enveloping

the entire rooftop and obscuring everything from outside view.

Then, a worn ancient sword shot into the sky, connecting with the lightning.

Leander stood atop the metal tower, golden light blazing in his eyes.

The time had finally come to forge the True Martial Heavenrend. 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 733[ 1,372 words ]

Chapter 733 The Phenomenon Over Highcrest

Chapter 733 The Phenomenon Over Highcrest

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The meaning of "True Martial" in the True Martial Heavenrend lay in complete mastery of martial arts infusing the weapon with one's understanding of combat and embedding battle intent into the place used

During the forging process, Leander had to use his spirit to draw in the power of heavenly lightning fusing it into the sword. Once accomplished, it could unleash countless bolts of thunder, devastating in power.

With both aspects combined-along with the inherent strength of a flying sword-its combat ability would grow exponentially. This was the ultimate killing technique Leander had comprehended through life-and-death enlightenment.

He stood atop the Jeff Enterprises building in Highcrest. Above the tower, lightning churned, and dark clouds surged, covering half the skyscraper in a veil that no one could see through clearly.

Raising one hand toward the sky, he stood in the silent night-until a bolt of lightning suddenly flashed. glow pulsed at the center of his brow as the ancient, weathered sword embryo shot upward and hovered midair.

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Golden light flickered in Leander's eyes, the unmistakable brilliance of someone who had reached the Origin Breaking Realm.

"Go!"

With a flick of his sleeve, eight items flew out beside him, shooting into the sky. They were the materials required to forge the True Martial Heavenrend-Aetherbloom, Drakebane Ore, Aegis Carapace, Wyrmdew, and others.

Though these materials were rare, he had already gathered them before arriving in Highcrest. He had been waiting for the moment he would break through into the Origin Breaking Realm and begin forging the True Martial Heavenrend.

With the added support of these materials and the nourishment of spiritual energy, the weapon he was forging now would far surpass the one he had once attempted in Ravenridge.

Once completed, it would signify the birth of a peerless weapon of destruction.

The eight materials hovered in the sky, wrapped within swirling clouds, forming what seemed like a miniature forge-using the heavens and earth themselves as the furnace.

In the next moment, two streaks of light shot from Leander's hands. They were two divine weapons he had taken from the personal collections of the King of Red Sun and others he had slain.

As the weapons floated in the sky, Leander's expression sharpened. With a thrust of his palm, brilliant flames surged forth.

"Worldmelt Grasp!"

This was the second time he had used this technique to

battle with Enderman. This time, however, he infused mantle weapons-the last had been during his

with Dragonfire. Two blazing hands formed from

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Chapter 733 The Phenomenon Over Highcrest

the flames clamped down onto the two rare divine weapons.

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Though Dragonfire was one of the most powerful flames on Earth, these weapons had also been forged from celestial black iron, making them extraordinarily durable.

Under the relentless burn of Dragonfire, combined with the dismantling force of Worldmelt Grasp, it took a full three minutes before the weapons began to change. Half an hour later, they had completely melted down into two streams of liquid metal.

With a wave of his hands, Leander guided the molten metal upward, wrapping it around the ancient sword before pouring it into its body.

Buzz!

The sword let out a low hum as black and blue light flowed across its surface.

Crash!

Controlling the fusion of the flying sword with his left hand, Leander unleashed another burst of flame with his right, refining all eight materials and pouring them onto the blade.

The sword's brilliance grew ever more radiant-until, at last, nine-colored light erupted forth, illuminating half the sky.

According to ancient texts, flying swords were divided into nine grades. The one Leander was forging now shone with nine-colored brilliance—already reaching the pinnacle, the ninth grade.

Beyond that lay the divine grade, but that existed only in vague myths and legends. True divine weapons were on an entirely different level, and achieving one was as difficult as reaching the heavens.

Yet Leander paid it no mind. What he needed to do now was complete the final step of forging the True Martial Heavenrend-drawing in the power of heavenly lightning and fusing it into the sword.

As the nine-colored light shimmered, a hint of satisfaction flashed through his eyes. Then, with a flick of his fingers, a burst of force struck the void.

In an instant, countless bolts of lightning shot forth from the depths of space. The power of thunder poured down in torrents, forming several blue-violet beams that struck the nine-colored sword directly.

The essence of the True Martial Heavenrend was to grant the flying sword true lightning power. To achieve this, the force of heavenly lightning had to be fully drawn out and infused into the blade. During this process, Leander's spiritual strength layered over itself, completely enveloping the sword, forging a sword soul within and nurturing a nascent spirit.

Back when he was in the Origin Realm, this would have been impossible. But now, having reached the Origin Breaking Realm, it came as naturally as breathing.

Crackle!

The lightning and the nine-colored light clashed and intertwined, dazzling in equal measure. After another full hour, the two forces finally merged into a single beam, illuminating heaven and earth-

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Chapter 733 The Phenomenon Over Highcrest

transforming into a true ten-colored radiance.

Ten colors.

In ancient records, this was the sign of a divine weapon's birth.

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The ten-colored brilliance lit up the sky above Jeff Enterprises' Highcrest headquarters, turning the night into day. Countless residents looked up in shock, believing they were witnessing some kind of world miracle.

Seeing that the embryonic form of the True Martial Heavenrend had been completed, Leander immediately sat down cross-legged. His entire aura sank into stillness, save for the divine light shining in his eyes. Threads of spiritual power flowed from his spiritual sea, feeding continuously into the sword. Time passed, moment by moment. Yet the phenomenon above the tower continued without pause. While Leander was forging the True Martial Heavenrend, major television stations across Highcrest began competing to report on the strange occurrence atop the Jeff Enterprises building.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you can see, ten different colors of light are currently shining above the Jeff Enterprises Highcrest branch headquarters. This is absolutely the most spectacular sight I've ever witnessed-far more breathtaking than mirages or even hurricanes and tornadoes!"

"This is the most unbelievable phenomenon ever recorded in Highcrest's history. Words simply can't do it justice-you have to see it in person to understand the sheer shock and awe I'm feeling right now!"

"Viewers, if it were possible, I'd climb to the top of the building myself to find out what's happening-but unfortunately, Jeff Enterprises has temporarily sealed off the entire tower due to this phenomenon. Aside from their core executives, no outsiders are allowed inside!"

Countless reporters captured the spectacle, and the news spread rapidly until it became common knowledge.

Some experts speculated it was a new kind of mirage. Others believed it was caused by an atmospheric anomaly refracting sunlight into multiple colors. Still others claimed it was a sign of divine beings descending to the mortal world, urging people to prepare themselves with utmost devotion.

For a time, the entire world was thrown into turmoil.

But while ordinary people speculated endlessly, those standing at the peak of the world-the King Phase experts-could no longer remain still. One after another, they set out for Highcrest.

Others might not understand what such a phenomenon signified, but they did. This was the sign of a supreme treasure about to be born.

At their level, few treasures could still tempt them. But the disturbance in Highcrest was simply too great -even they could not resist being drawn in.

The phenomenon continued for seven full days. During that time, countless Highcrest residents came to

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witness it, while visitors from afar traveled specifically to see this world-shaking sight.

On the streets below the tower, people craned their necks to the sky, marveling endlessly at the spectacle. Many recorded it with their phones, eager to preserve the rare moment.

And far above, beyond the ten-colored glow, eight figures had already gathered in silence.

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Chapter 734 The World Fell

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 734[ 1,245 words ]

Chapter 734 The World Fell Silent at the Birth of the Sword

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Eight figures stood suspended in the air, each radiating an aura stronger than the last, like eight celestial beings overlooking the mortal world. Among them, three were the most powerful, their cultivation nearing the peak of the nine-star King Phase, each carrying an ethereal presence and an unfathomably deep aura.

If the Dragon King or Master Branson had been present, even they would have been astonished at the sight of these three.

Master Caelum, the reclusive King Phase expert from Mount Martial. Marek Volteris, the once-exiled prodigy of the Twinfang Sect. And Cassius, the ancient figure known as the Sky Sovereign. These three stood at the absolute peak of the world, having all made their mark during the War of the King Phase a

century ago.

Aside from them, the remaining five were no less formidable. Each possessed a powerful aura not far behind the trio, clearly all genuine high-level King Phase experts.

With the Arbitration Office having openly torn up the King Phase Accord, these long-hidden figures had emerged one after another. Still, they had no intention of drawing too much attention. But the phenomenon in Highcrest had piqued their interest, drawing them here to uncover its secrets.

The eight exchanged glances, speaking little. It was clear they were all familiar with one another. Their gazes soon converged on the ten-colored radiance, each filled with undisguised greed.

“Everyone,” Master Caelum said, holding his whisk lightly, “we’re all here for the same reason. A treasure of this level belongs to whoever is capable of obtaining it. As for who ultimately claims it, that will depend on

we don’t let a single treasure damage our harmony.” our own abilities. Let’s just hope

Even someone like him, detached from worldly matters, could not ignore the temptation such a treasure offered.

The others nodded in agreement. To obtain such a treasure required not only strength but also fortune. If one of them managed to secure it, the rest would likely abandon the contest. After all, they were all of similar strength—no one wanted to risk mutual destruction over a single item.

“I can sense that within this ten-colored radiance lies extremely violent lightning energy,” Marek said. “Why don’t we wait a bit? Once the lightning weakens, we can move in and claim the treasure.”

Coming from the Twinfang Sect’s House of Exorcists, where lightning arts were their specialty, Marek was particularly sensitive to such power.

“Good point. Let’s wait,” the others agreed.

They were all seasoned experts—even the youngest among them had cultivated for over a century and a half. Patience was not an issue.

After an hour, they all sensed it—the lightning energy within the radiance had begun to weaken.

“Now!”

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## Chapter 734 The World Fell Silent at the Birth of the Sword

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A sharp gleam flashed in all eight pairs of eyes. This was the moment they had been waiting for. Without hesitation, the eight King Phase experts surged forward, each unleashing their movement techniques as they rushed toward the ten-colored glow.

Boom!

But the instant they moved, the radiance trembled slightly. In the next moment, ten massive bolts of lightning shot out, targeting the eight of them.

Shock filled their expressions—none had anticipated such a sudden change.

The lightning was overwhelmingly violent, unlike anything they had ever encountered. Instantly, all eight activated their defenses, condensing Primordial Energy into barriers in front of them, attempting to withstand the attack.

Crack!

Each of them was struck.

Their barriers shattered on impact. Not a single one escaped unscathed. All eight grunted in pain as they were blasted backward, their bodies trembling as their blood churned violently. Where the lightning had struck, their flesh was charred black.

"What terrifying power... what kind of treasure is this?"

Though uncertainty flickered in their hearts, not one of them retreated. If anything, their excitement only grew stronger. The more powerful the treasure was, the more they wanted it.

Just as the eight were about to charge forward again, a calm, indifferent voice suddenly echoed out.

"You think you can lay a hand on something I forged?"

The voice came from within the ten-colored radiance. All eight froze for a moment. Then the glow dissipated, revealing an ancient sword shining with ten-colored brilliance. Before they could even react, the sword suddenly descended and was caught in a slender, pale hand.

They looked down and saw a young man sitting cross-legged atop the building, his gaze sharp as it locked onto them. The other five were stunned, all wondering who this youth could be.

On the rooftop, the young man swept his indifferent gaze across them and lightly raised the ten-colored sword in his hand-it was Leander.

For seven days, he had remained here without moving a single step, without eating

or drinking. He had long sensed the presence of the eight approaching, but he hadn't acted, waiting only for the moment the True Martial Heavenrend was fully complete.

And now, it was flawless-firmly in his

grasp.

This ancient sword was the True Martial Heavenrend itself.

The eight stood rooted in place, their expressions shifting. The treasure that had stirred the heavens and earth....

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Chapter 734 The World Fell Silent at the Birth of the Sword

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had been forged by Leander?!

They had come filled with anticipation, intending to wait for the treasure's birth and then compete for Whoever seized it would gain immense power. But in the end, the object that had created this

ten-colored phenomenon was not an

unclaimed treasure-it was

something forged by Leander

himself.

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"You... made this treasure? Who exactly are you?" Marek asked, unable to hold

back.

It wasn't just him. The others found it utterly unbelievable. A treasure that could trigger such a phenomenon-created by a young man barely twenty years old? Every one of them was now intensely curious about Leander's identity.

"Jeff Ashcroft." Leander remained seated, his expression unchanged as he calmly spoke the name.

"What?!"

All eight reacted at once, drawing in sharp breaths.

They had all heard of Jeff Ashcroft. A martial genius like him already inspired both admiration and envy. But now, he was telling them he wasn't just a prodigy in martial arts-he was also a master craftsman capable of forging divine weapons? Forging a weapon was easy. Forging a peerless weapon was difficult. But forging a supreme weapon that could trigger heavenly phenomena, summon lightning, and illuminate the sky-that was nearly impossible.

Treasures like the Thalassari's

Tidebreaker or Eastsun's revered Black Blade had been painstakingly crafted by master artisans centuries ago each possessing immense power. Yet even those legendary weapons had never caused such a grand phenomenon at the moment of their creation-let alone ten-colored light covering half the sky.

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From this alone, they could tell that the sword in Leander's hand was far more terrifying than both the Black Blade and Tidebreaker.

At that realization, Marek and Master Caelum both inhaled sharply, already feeling the urge to retreat.

But at that moment, Leander slowly rose to his feet, his dark eyes carrying a trace of cold indifference. "You've been gathering here for the past three hours, waiting for the lightning to weaken so you could seize the treasure, haven't you?"

A faint, dangerous smile curved at the corner of his lips. He lifted his right hand, the sword pointing toward the eight of them. "In that case... come and test its power."

On November 30th, 2020-the True Martial Heavenrend was born.

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 735[ 1,103 words ]

Returns

Chapter 735 The Dragon Emperor Returns

+20 Free Coins

Leander stood tall, his gaze sweeping across the eight figures in the sky. His eyes were cold and emotionless, as if he were looking at drifting specks of dust.

Seeing his expression, Master Caelum, Marek, and the others all reacted differently.

They had come thinking an ownerless divine treasure had appeared-only to realize it had already been claimed. Their trip was

doomed to end in vain.

"Haha... Since this supreme treasure was forged by you, it naturally belongs to you. How could we possibly lay a hand on it?"

Master Caelum, Marek, and Cassius were the first to speak. All three were nine-star King Phase masters, their strength rivaling figures like the Supreme Arbiters and the Dragon Emperor. Even after years in seclusion, they were well-informed.

They had long heard about how Leander wiped out six King Phase masters in a single battle at Ravenridge. Now, with that ancient sword in his hand-one that even they could feel the overwhelming pressure from-they had no intention of clashing with him before the great battle among King Phase masters began. No one wanted to suffer injuries at a time like this.

The three of them immediately withdrew.

But the remaining five high-level King Phase masters showed no intention of leaving.

Among them, Caius-master of Tharok's Technique from Taybourne-stepped forward, a flicker of calculation in his eyes as he looked down at Leander,

"Mr. Ashcroft, since this sword was forged by you... would you mind letting us see what it can do?"

Caius' body was like forged steel. Both his Primordial Energy and/physical body had been trained to their peak. His physical strength had reached the absolute limit of what a King Phase master could achieve. Once he activated Tharok's Technique, his combat power surged, rivaling even nine-star King Phase masters.

The other four said nothing, but none of them moved. They hovered in the air, clearly waiting for Caius to test the waters.

Unlike Master Caelum and the others, they had only heard rumors about Leander. Stories of him sweeping six King Phase masters alone sounded exaggerated-after all, they hadn't seen it themselves.

They had traveled thousands of miles to Highcrest, only to leave empty-handed. Naturally, they weren't willing to accept that. At the very least, they wanted to witness the power of that ancient sword.

Leander let out a faint scoff, a hint of disdain curling at his lips as he shook his head.

"To be honest-even if you wanted to see its power, I wouldn't use it on you."

His tone was calm but cutting.

"You're not worth it."

There was no exaggeration in his words.

True Martial Heavenrend could cut down enemies across an entire realm. The stronger he became, the greater the gap he could overcome. With his current spiritual strength at the Origin Breaking Realm, combined with martial power nearing King Phase- even true Imperial Phase masters would be nothing special to him.

## Chapter 735 The Dragon Emperor Returns

These people hadn't even reached the Pre-Imperial Phase. They simply weren't qualified.

A cold smile flickered in Cajus' eyes.

"If you won't show us the sword," he said, voice sharpening, "then let me experience your so-called invincible strength."

A burning desire for battle rose within him.

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When he first made a name for himself, information networks were nowhere near as advanced. Very few people knew him outside of the martial world.

Yet Leander-a rising star-was now known by all. Even powerful organizations like Netherweb and the Arbitration Office treated him as a top priority. It stirred envy in Caius.

If he fought Leander today, even losing after a fierce battle would not damage his reputation. But if he somehow won, it would

make him famous across the world.

The others saw through his plan and silently cursed his cunning-but they couldn't deny they were tempted too.

"Fight me?" Leander chuckled softly, his expression indifferent.

Then he raised a finger and pointed.

"Hmm?"

Caius suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of danger crash down on him. His Primordial Energy surged to its peak, forming a protective barrier around his body. His hardened physique-refined beyond steel through endless tempering-was fully unleashed.

All to block that single strike.

A faint burst of air swept forward.

It touched his protective energy-and shattered it instantly.

The force struck his left chest, sending him flying across the sky like a ragdoll. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he was blasted into the distance.

Silence fell.

The other four, who had been eager just moments ago, froze where they stood. The air turned deathly still. Some even took half a step back, their faces filled with shock.

A King Phase master-someone on their level-had been crushed with a single finger. What kind of power was that?

"It's only been a little over a month since the Ravenridge battle... Has he gotten even stronger?"

Master Caelum and the other two exchanged glances, all shaking their heads in disbelief.

"Drop your pathetic schemes," Leander said coldly. "Try that again, and I'll kill you" Caius let out a miserable cry. He didn't dare linger for even a second, turning into a streak of brown light as he fled into the distance.

14:12 pm

Chapter 735 The Dragon Emperor Returns

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Leander's gaze shifted to the remaining four.

"Well? Anyone else want to try?"

They hurriedly shook their heads, forcing awkward smiles as they backed away. "Sovereign Ashcroft, you must be joking-we were just watching the show!"

"Now that your treasure is complete, we'll take our leave!"

In an instant, all five disappeared.

Master Caelum, Marek, and Cassius cupped their fists respectfully toward Leander before departing in three different directions.

"True Martial Heavenrend... finally complete."

With all eight gone, Leander gently ran his hand along the ten-colored ancient sword, unwilling to let it go.

His combat strength had at least doubled compared to before. If he faced Homer now-even without drawing the sword-a single wave of blade force would be enough to make Homer kneel.

As he lightly wiped the blade, his expression suddenly shifted. His eyes sharpened as he turned around.

Less than thirty feet behind him, a middle-aged man in a purple-gold robe was walking forward with steady steps, carrying an air of quiet authority.

He walked with his hands behind his back, yet the very essence of heaven and earth seemed to part before him, as if welcoming their master-forming an invisible

path.

His face was square and unremarkable, lacking obvious sharpness or grandeur. Yet there was something about him-something unforgettable.

"Long time no see."

He greeted Leander as if meeting an old friend.

Leander narrowed his eyes slightly. He lowered True Martial Heavenrend behind his

back, showing no intention to Sght.

"Dragon Emperor?"

3/3

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## From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 736[ 1,018 words ]

17:27 Wed, Jun 17

Chapter 736 Want to Try?

Chapter 736 Want to Try?

Leander stood with his sword behind his back, chin slightly raised.

80

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Caelius walked through the air step by step until he reached the front of the Jeff Enterprises building, meeting Leander's gaze head-on.

"Long time no see."

He gave a faint smile, but there was little warmth in it-only a heavy, measured calm.

"Yeah. It's been a while."

Leander remained unmoved. "Shouldn't you be busy reorganizing the Martial Alliance? What are you doing here?"

Caelius took another step forward, landing beside him and sitting cross-legged.

"I came to Highcrest to recruit someone. Then I noticed the disturbance and came to check it out." He glanced at Leander. "Didn't expect it was you."

"Recruit someone?"

Leander's eyes flickered. Highcrest was vast—who could be worth Caelius showing up in person?

Caelius looked up at the drifting clouds, his tone growing more serious.

"Since I ran into you, there's something I need to remind you of. What you've been doing lately has already stirred dissatisfaction among some of the elders in the Martial Alliance."

He sighed.

"That battle at Ravenridge—killing six Eastern King Phase masters in one go—you wiped out six future powerhouses for the War of the King Phase.

"The Martial Alliance may be led by me, but there are still many highly respected elders with immense strength. In their eyes, what you did weakened Astria's martial world. It could become a hidden risk in the future conflict between East and West."

"Oh?" Leander's expression didn't change. "So what?"

Caelius' gaze

darkened.

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17:27 Wed, Jun 17

Chapter 736 Want to Try?

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"Because of that, the Western martial world has begun watching you closely. During the month you disappeared, Netherweb, the Arbitration Office, the Blood Clan, the Werewolves, and the Thalassari—almost every top force and race-sent people into Astria searching for you.

"You've officially become a target for everyone."

To him, Leander was like a tiger not yet fully awakened. If he were killed before reaching his peak, it would be an immeasurable loss to Astria-possibly costing them a future Imperial Phase master.

Without waiting for a response, Caelius continued, "I already had someone warn you not to leave the country lightly. You didn't take it seriously. But now things are different-you have to face reality.

"In every major nation, organizations similar to the Martial Alliance have been formed to unify their King Phase masters. They act as guardians of their countries. Besides Astria, the strongest ones belong to the four great powers of today-Agylae, Qasara, Angleland, and Etrax.

"Angleland has the Imperial Eye. Etrax has the Church. Skarovia has the Northern Lights. Agylae has the Vanguard Stronghold.

"Since the last War of the King Phase, King Phase masters rarely appear—not just because there are so few, but because they've been restricted by these organizations.

"And those restraints... have been disrupted by you."

His voice grew heavier.

"The balance of the global martial world started breaking the moment you crushed an army the Sahar Wastes."

Caelius narrowed his eyes, a trace of regret showing.

"After the Arbitration Office publicly tore up the King Phase Accord, the Martial Alliance regrouped. The guardian organizations of every nation awakened again. Old powers like Netherweb and the Arbitration Office are stirring.

"Everyone knows the second War of the King Phase is inevitable. But everyone also knows—now is not the time. So all top forces have been maintaining a fragile balance.

"And your battle at Ravenridge... is pushing that balance toward collapse."

"Oh?" Leander tilted his head slightly. "I don't see your point."

Caelius turned to face him fully.

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17:27 Wed, Jun 17

Chapter 736 Want to Try?

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A terrifying aura burst out, sweeping across the night sky. Its pressure clearly surpassed the limits of a nine-star King Phase master.

Leander's eyes narrowed.

Imperial Phase?

So Caelius had stepped into that realm too.

Unaware of Leander's thoughts, Caelius spoke with firm resolve. "Jeff, the second War of the King Phase can't be avoided. But now is not the right time for it to begin.

"From this moment on, you must stay quiet. Stop stirring trouble. Otherwise, the war will erupt early—and if the Martial Alliance isn't prepared, Astria could suffer greatly.

"These words represent the eight elders of the Martial Alliance... and myself. I hope you think carefully."

It was the first time Caelius had spoken to Leander like this.

Leander fell silent for a few seconds—then suddenly broke into a grin.

"The elders? Yourself? Whether the war starts early has nothing to do with me. I'll

do whatever

I want. You really think you-or the Martial Alliance-can make me change?"

A sharp glint flashed in Caelius' eyes.

"Jeff, you're being short-sighted. You don't just represent yourself you represent part of Astria's strength.

"If you insist on doing things your way... fine. Let's make a bet right here. If you can take my full-power strike without getting hurt, I lose. I'll handle the elders, and no one in the Martial Alliance will try to restrain you again.

"But if you're injured... you lose. And from then on, you join the Martial Alliance and accept its authority."

As his words fell, the essence of heaven and earth above them condensed into the shape of a dragon, faintly sealing off the space around Leander.

Thunder rumbled overhead.

On the rooftop, only the two of them stood-but the pressure in the air was so heavy  
it felt like the building itself might collapse.

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17:27 Wed, Jun 17

Chapter 736 Want to Try?

80

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Under Caelius' gaze, Leander's eyes sharpened. A mocking smile curled across his  
lips.

"Caelius... you think too highly of yourself."

He raised a hand.

A bolt of lightning crashed down from the sky, splitting into countless blue-violet arcs

that spread outward like a cage-instantly sealing off the top of Jeff Enterprises and trapping the  
two of them inside.

The lightning prison pulsed like a living thing, crackling in the air.

Leander's eyes turned from dark to gold, blazing with sharp brilliance.

Under Caelius' startled gaze, Leander spread his fingers-then clenched them into a  
fist.

His voice rang out, low and commanding.

"Taking your full-power strike?" He smirked. "I could beat you if I wanted to. So-want  
to try?"

4/4

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# From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 737[ 954 words ]

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## Chapter 737 The Man He Already Killed

Caelius, a present-day Imperial Phase master-someone who could sweep across the world looked straight at Leander. Above his head, the dragon-shaped essence of heaven and earth doubled in size and pressed downward with crushing force.

What he hadn't expected was that in the blink of an eye, a thunder prison descended from sky. Each blue-violet beam carried a destructive aura, radiating divine might. Even as an Imperial Phase master, he felt a chill run through his heart.

So... this is Jeff's true power?

Before this, Caelius had only brushed past Leander on a high-speed train. Their brief encounter had been nothing more than a fleeting clash of intent.

It hadn't been a real fight. He hadn't gone all out, and although the strength Leander displayed at the time had earned his approval, it hadn't shocked him. He certainly hadn't placed Lear on the same level as himself.

But now, lightning coiled across the sky, sealing off the surrounding space. Above the Jeff Enterprises building, the heavens glowed entirely in blue and violet. Violent thunder energy surged in every direction.

Leander's power had far exceeded his expectations.

Since his rise, Leander had crushed powerful enemies one after another, undefeated and unstoppable. Everything had come too easily.

Caelius had intended to use this chance to temper that arrogance-to show him there was always someone stronger, to make him understand the gap between himself and the true peak of this world.

But now, the power Leander revealed genuinely shocked him.

He couldn't understand it. It had only been a little over a month. How had Leander become this strong?

Leander sat cross-legged once more, his gaze turning utterly cold.

"You're called the Dragon Emperor. Back then, you founded the Martial Alliance and protected Astria. For that, I give you some respect."

His voice was calm, but firm.

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Man He Already Killed

"But understand this—no one in this world can command me. If you want to force me with strength, I don't mind showing you just how far I'll go. If you want to fight, we can settle here at the peak of Highcrest."

Caelius stared into Leander's eyes, his arm trembling slightly.

What he saw there was true fearlessness—unyielding battle intent and absolute confidence in victory.

They remained locked in a standoff for about a minute.

Then, the fighting spirit in Caelius' eyes faded. The dragon-shaped essence above his head dissipated, and the overwhelming pressure of an Imperial Phase master vanished with it.

"I didn't expect you'd been holding back all this time."

He chuckled and shook his head, abandoning his earlier thoughts. If he tried to suppress Leander with force, it would be nothing but a fool's dream. Fighting here could very well end in mutual destruction.

Leander tilted his head slightly. The surrounding lightning prison dispersed.

"I wasn't holding back. I just broke through a week ago."

His tone was casual, as if he were stating something trivial.

"A breakthrough? A week ago?"

Caelius' expression shifted again. Just over a month ago, Leander had fought six King Phase masters at Ravenridge and killed them all. And now, barely more than a month later, he had broken through again?

He let out a breath, the seriousness in his gaze softening slightly.

"Jeff, we're on the same side-Astria. There's no reason for us to fight. What I said earlier was a reminder from the Martial Alliance.

"While the Martial Alliance won't act against you, the guardian organizations of other nations see you as a thorn in their side.

"The moment you step into another country's territory, their guardians can move against you under the charge of threatening national security. And when that happens, it won't be anything like what you've faced before.

"It will be true Imperial Phase masters coming after you-and not just one.

25

dy Killed

"Last time, I had Darian deliver it to you, but you refused. This time, I've come in pers invite you to join the Martial Alliance. You're not going to turn me down again, are yo

He added, "Joining doesn't mean you have to serve the Martial Alliance. It's just a title- that carries enough weight to deter the guardian organizations of major nations. Unles ready to trigger the War of the King Phase, they'll think twice before acting against you

This time, Leander didn't refuse immediately. He held the token, turning it over in his

"A Martial Alliance member?"

He grinned.

"I don't need this-but if it keeps you from bothering me about it again, I'll take it.

"But let me be clear. My actions aren't subject to any control from the Martial Alliance. A Alliance doesn't interfere in anything I do."

Seeing that Leander didn't refuse, a hint of satisfaction flashed in Caelius' eyes as he nodc

"Don't worry. As the leader of the Martial Alliance, I promise no member will interfere i your personal matters. The Alliance won't issue you any orders in any form. All I want is fo you to hold a position within it."

Leander said nothing, though he still found it strange-why was Caelius so determined to him join?

Just as the thought crossed his mind, Caelius suddenly rose.

"That's enough for today. I have something else to attend to. I'm heading to the Gessinger family. There's someone I need to invite in person.

"He's also an Imperial Phase master-someone who can strengthen the Martial Alliance."

"Oh?"

Leander's eyes flickered, his expression turning slightly odd.

"You mean the Ancestor of the Gessinger family—Homer Gessinger?" Caelius nodded seriously.

"Among Astria's nine-star King Phase masters, Homer has the greatest chance of stepping into the Imperial Phase. If I'm not mistaken, he's already touched that threshold. The War of the King Phase is approaching—we need someone like him."

4/5

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 738[ 1,253 words ]

Chapter 738 Leander's Fury

"What?"

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Standing atop the skyscraper, Caelius stated in the direction Leander had

disappeared, unable to recover for a long time.

Just a week ago, a member of the Martial Alliance stationed near Highcrest had indeed sensed the emergence of an Imperial Phase

master.

But due to personal reasons, that member hadn't come to investigate in time. It wasn't until strange phenomena erupted over Highcrest that Caelius himself arrived—and ultimately found Leander.

He had planned to visit the Gessinger family after finishing his discussion with Leander, to personally invite Homer to join the Martial Alliance.

But Leander had just told him-Homer was dead. Killed by his own hand.

Could it be... he's reached the Imperial Phase too?

The thought struck him like lightning.

In the next instant, wind surged beneath his feet. Caelius shot forward like a missile tearing through the sky, chasing in the direction Leander had left.

He crossed over a thousand nautical miles in one breath, constantly trying to track Leander's presence along the way.

But he found nothing.

Not even a trace.

"That guy is so fast..."

After the initial shock, Caelius could only smile bitterly.

He had come this time to recruit two powerful allies for the Martial Alliance) In particular, he had considered Leander a successor- someone he intended to entrust the Alliance to in the future.

But now, Leander had taken the token and vanished without a trace.

And the other candidate-Homer-had been killed by Leander.

In an instant, all his plans collapsed into nothing.

Floating above the sea, Caelius frowned again, unease rising in his heart.

"Jeff..... how much more chaos are you going to stir up before. stop?"

After a long silence, he flicked his sleeve and shot off in another direction.

Leander's battle with Homer in Downtown had only been witnessed firsthand by one King Phase master-High\_bon.

1/4

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Chapter 738 Leander's Fury

+10 Free Coins

Struck down in a single move and filled with resentment, High Ebon had the intention of spreading the news of Homer's death and further boosting Leander's reputation.

As a result, only a handful of people knew the truth.

After that battle, Leander had remained atop the Jeff Enterprises building, focused entirely on refining the True Martial Heavenrend, ignoring everything else.

But during those seven days, the entire elite circle of Highcrest had been reshuffled.

The Dufay family, once ranked first among the Top Ten Families, had fallen completely to the bottom.

Their family head had been killed by Leander. They had relied on the Gessinger family-but with the Gessingers destroyed and scattered, the Dufays knew their time was up.

Other families didn't know the full story, but they sensed weakness. One by one, they began aggressively attacking Dufay-owned businesses.

The Dufay family had no time to respond.

Stellan, the former family head, stepped back into power and made a decisive move-bringing his only remaining grandson, Edward, to Jeff Enterprises to kneel at the entrance.

"Please pass along a message. My grandson Edward and I request an audience with the chairman of Jeff Enterprises. We will kneel here and wait!"

Stellan the honorary director of Dufay Group, the founder of the family, a recipient of Highcrest's Medal of Honor-now knelt like the most devout believer at the company gates, drawing countless stares.

As for Edward, he was once proud, unstoppable, and dominant across Highcrest's elite circles, with only Homer of the Gessinger family able to outmatch him.

Now, even he had no choice but to swallow his pride and kneel on the ground, waiting for a single person inside that building to show mercy and grant them an audience.

He had once believed that even if the Dufays had offended someone they shouldn't have, they had already paid the price with the lives of his father and younger brother.

As long as they didn't cross that line again, and with the combined strength of the Wave Alliance and the d'Brien family, they could still secure their place among the Top Ten Families.

So, the very next night after his father Clarence died, he had called Rodrick. He still remembered it clearly.

"The Dufay family actually offended someone untouchable in Highcrest? Even the Gessinger family couldn't handle it? I'd like to know-who exactly did you offend?" Rodrick's calm tone had given Edward a flicker of hope.

"I don't know who he is exactly. I just heard his last name is Ashcroft. Supposedly a martial arts expert. Oh-and he seems to have close ties with Jeff Enterprises," Edward answered carefully, waiting.

But the moment he finished, Rodrick's voice shot up.

2/4

Chapter 738 Leander's Fury

what did you just say?"

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+10 Free Coin

Before Edward could roast, Rodrick exploded.

"Are you idiots? Of all people, you had to pick him? The person you're talking about

is the chairman of Jeff Enterprises-Leander

"If you offend him, even ten or a hundred Dufay families wouldn't matter. You'd all be nothing but ants!

"Even if the entire Wave Alliance got dragged into this, it would just add a few feathers to his weight-he'd still crush us without a second thought!

"You moron! You pissed off that monster and still expect me to help you? Get lost!

"From today on, all cooperation between the Wave Alliance and the Dufay family is terminated. Don't ever call me again!"

Edward had stood there in a daze.

Just before hanging up, Rodrick added one last thing.

"For old times' sake, I'll give you one piece of advice-take your grandfather and go kneel to beg for forgiveness. Maybe you'll earn a sliver of survival. Otherwise, your entire family will be wiped out."

Rodrick's words echoed endlessly in Edward's ears.

He couldn't comprehend it.

Rodrick-the head of the Wave Alliance, a top-tier heir from Highcliffe, a man of immense power and wealth-afraid of someone

like this?

A cold weight settled in Edward's chest.

If even Rodrick reacted this way, just how terrifying was the person they had offended?

He didn't dare think further.

He immediately reported everything to Stellan.

And so, for seven consecutive days, the grandfather and grandson had come to kneel outside Jeff Enterprises-arriving at sunrise, leaving at sunset, without fail.

Today was the eighth day.

Leander had successfully refined the True Martial Heavenrend. Afterward, he went straight to the private lounge attached to the top-floor executive office and slept.

Now, he had finally woken up.

Mateo, the executive president of Jeff Enterprises' Highcrest branch, stood nearby holding documents. Seeing Leander step out, he smiled respectfully.

"Mr. Ashcroft, you're awake.".

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12:01 am PPPP

Chapter 738 Leander's Fury

10 Free Coins

Mm.

Leander gave a slight nod and stretched lazily.

He glanced out at the bright sunlight, eyes narrowing.

"What's the situation with the Dufay family now?"

"They're on the verge of collapse," Mateo replied. "Stellan has resumed control, but their businesses are under joint attack from several other top families. Their stock is being heavily shorted-it's only a matter of time before it crashes."

Mateo suddenly remembered something. "Oh-right. Stellan and his grandson Edward have been kneeling at our entrance for seven days, asking to see you.

What would you like me to do?"

"They're not qualified to see me."

Leander waved a hand dismissively.

"Tell them this—if they want the Dufay family to survive, there's only one path. They become a subordinate of the Wood family."

"Understood." Mateo nodded.

2

He was about to ask whether Leander wanted something to eat, but Leander had already picked up his phone, which had been off for days.

The moment it powered on, a flood of unread messages appeared.

One of them—from Daphne—made Leander's pupils contract sharply.

In that instant, Mateo felt a chilling aura spread through the room, as if the temperature had dropped to freezing.

Leander was furious.

What could possibly have happened to provoke such rage?

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## **From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 739[ 1,168 words ]**

## Chapter 739 I Want Every Answer

At the very top floor of Jeff Enterprises' headquarters, an invisible pressure descended without warning. Mateo nearly suffocated on the spot.

As the executive president of Jeff Enterprises' Highcrest branch, Mateo wielded immense power. Even the local authorities rarely dared treat him as an equal. Yet now, he felt as if he had been plunged into an icy abyss.

Inside the president's office, the temperature seemed to drop in an instant. A crushing force filled the room. Mateo couldn't help but stare at the handsome young man standing by the blinds, his heart trembling.

Only now did he truly understand just how terrifying the world's youngest billionaire- Leander- really was.

Leander's eyes narrowed slightly as he fixed his gaze on a message from Daphne unable to look away.

"Lydia was taken by a mysterious man. Why aren't you back yet?"

It was just one short message, but it sent a violent shock through his heart.

A sharp sound echoed as the alloy phone in his hand was crushed into pieces.

"Handle everything in Highcrest yourself," Leander said, his voice rolling like thunder from above. "If the Dufay family refuses to cooperate, then in the name of Jeff Enterprises, erase them completely from Highcrest's upper circle!"

Mateo jerked his head up in shock. By the time he looked, Leander was already outside the blinds, transformed into a streak of light shooting straight into the sky.

At Highcliffe University, Daphne coldly rejected yet another new admirer, clearly fed up.

Within Highcliffe's elite circles, her relationship with Leander was no secret. Most people didn't dare get close to her. Still, there were always a few reckless ones willing to try their luck.

"Daphne, I really like you. I painted this for you. Even if you don't feel the same, please accept it! I've never painted anyone before -but for you, this is my first!"

The young man was handsome, with a bright, sunny look. On campus, he was easily the type girls would captivate as a heartthrob. The faint melancholy in his eyes gave him an artistic charm that most girls would find irresistible.

In his hands was a painting-an ink portrait of Daphne, vivid and lifelike, clearly showing real talent.

But Daphne didn't even glance at it. She simply walked past him, her expression cold.

"I already have a boyfriend. Please stop bothering me."

His sincerity didn't move her at all. Still, her rejection only made him more persistent.

"Daphne, even if you have a boyfriend, I won't give up. Love is something you fight for! If not today, then tomorrow. If not tomorrow, then the day after. I'll come find you every day!"

Daphne gave him a brief glance. This time, she didn't even respond just let out a faint, mocking laugh and shook her head.

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Her two roommates, walking beside her, felt a little bad for him and leaned in to whisper. "Daphne, even if you have a boyfriend, it's just a painting. Taking it wouldn't hurt, right?"

+10 Free Comme

"Rhys is one of the top students in the art department. The painting's really good. If you want him to stop bothering you, just accept it and send him away."

But their persuasion changed nothing. Daphne shook her head and continued toward the cafeteria. The boy named Rhys still refused to give up, following her closely and talking nonstop.

"Daphne, I won't give up. From today on, wherever you go, I'll follow "

Before he could finish, a violent gust of wind swept through the area. Grass

clippings and leaves flew everywhere The towering trees lining the path shed their leaves in a frenzy.

A tall, slender figure suddenly appeared before them.

Rhys froze, staring at the newcomer. The young man had appeared out of

nowhere-he hadn't even seen where he came from.

Before he could process it, the usually proud and distant campus queen suddenly broke into a run and threw herself into the man's

arms.

Rhys' eyes widened in disbelief.

He had always known Daphne had a mysterious boyfriend. He'd heard plenty about Leander-about his incredible abilities-but this was the first time he had seen him in

person.

"You're finally back!"

Daphne clung to Leander, her voice soft, like a wife welcoming her husband home.

"Sorry for making you worry."

Leander gently patted her shoulder. His expression shifted in an instant-from warmth to icy cold.

"Dani... what happened to my mom?"

Daphne stiffened slightly and pulled away from his arms, her expression turning serious.

"I heard it from Ethan. Lydia was taken from Ashcroft Residence by a mysterious old man."

She quickly relayed everything Ethan had told her.

"In front of Gareth and Reginald?"

Leander's eyes sharpened. Gareth, though no longer a match for him, was still a Transcendent Realm master. As for Reginald, his strength shown on the Southern Shore had even surpassed Gareth's.

To take Lydia right in front of them, the man had to be at least at the King Phase. "A mysterious old man..."

Almost instantly, Leander thought of the hidden figure at Ashcroft Residence-the one who had forced him back with a single strike.

2/4

Chapter 739 I Want Every Answer

+10 Free Coins

Was it him?"

The answer formed quickly in his mind.

He looked at Daphne, a hint of apology in his eyes,

"Dani, I just got back. I should stay with you... but have to go to Ashcroft Residence right now and find out what really happened. At the very least, I need to know who

he is."

Daphne wasn't like other girls. Of course, she wanted him to stay-but she understood just how important Lydia was to him.

She nodded, her gaze firm.

"I'll be waiting for you to bring Lydia back."

A cold glint flashed deep in Leander's eyes as his fingers slowly curled into a fist.

"I will"

He turned to leave-but Rhys, who had been watching the entire time, suddenly stepped forward.

"So you're Daphne's boyfriend?"

He extended his hand, his tone calm but resolute.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Rhys, a sophomore in the art department. Starting today, I'll be competing with you-fair and square."

Rhys was a prodigy admired by his professors, someone who had always gotten whatever he wanted. Plenty of girls adored him. This was the first time he had ever made such a declaration to another man.

Leander didn't even spare him a glance.

"Get lost."

An invisible gust of force swept sideways. Rhys was lifted straight off his feet and hurled into the air before crashing into the distant artificial lake.

Daphne's two roommates stood frozen, dumbstruck.

By the time they snapped out of it, Leander was already gone.

The two exchanged a glance, both sucking in a sharp breath. Before, they had only heard stories about him.

Now, they had truly witnessed his power.

At Ashcroft Residence in Highcliffe, Gareth stood beneath a lush old locust tree, his expression heavy with grief.

In the next moment, his eyes shifted.

A streak of light descended from the sky, landing right behind him.

"Gareth," Leander said, his voice cold and unwavering, "tell me everything about

what happened to my mom-I want every

3/4

12:01 am

pppp.

Chapter 739 I Want Every Answer

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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 740[ 1,151 words ]**

LP World Apart

Chapter 740 Tearing the World Apart

Leander descended from the sky, landing directly in the courtyard of Ashcroft Residence.

Beneath the old locust tree, Gareth slowly turned around, a trace of surprise crossing his face.

From Leander's eyes alone, he could already feel it-the fury barely held in check, the overwhelming intent to kill.

"You already know about your mother?" Gareth asked quietly.

Leander's expression was cold, his brows heavy with menace.

"How could I not know?"

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+10 Free Coins

He stood with his hands behind his back, his voice sharp as a blade. "What I don't understand is you. You let your own wife get taken right in front of you, and now you're just standing here like nothing happened. How do you live with that?"

Gareth froze, struck speechless.

It was true. His wife had been taken right before his eyes-and all he had done was stand there and watch.

A surge of regret rose in his chest.

Even if he couldn't have defeated that mysterious old man, even if the outcome wouldn't have changed, he should have at least fought for Lydia. He should have shown he was willing to stand against it.

But in the end, he had been completely overwhelmed by the old man's ability to tear open space itself. He hadn't even dared to

move.

"This... is my fault," Gareth said hoarsely. "I'm not a good father... and I don't deserve to be her husband."

Not yet forty, Gareth suddenly looked ten years older. His shoulders slumped as he lowered his head in defeat.

Leander's eyes flickered. When he saw Gareth consumed by guilt, the harsh words on his tongue slowly faded.

Thinking of the mysterious old man's power, he took a deep breath, forcing down the storm raging inside him.

"None of that matters now," he said in a low voice. "I want the truth. Who is he? Why did he take my mother?"

Gareth fell silent for a moment before looking up again. His lips moved, but in the end, he shook his head.

"I don't know exactly who he is. I only know he's from the same family as your mother-there's blood between them. He came to take her back to the Brookhaven

family.

"Your mother... is actually a martial artist too. Not just any-she is among the very strongest. Even King Phase masters would be nothing more than ants to her....."

His gaze softened as he began recounting what had happened twenty years ago. Back then, Gareth had only just stepped into the martial world, not even reaching the Martial Sovereign level. To push himself further, he traveled across the world, honing his strength.

Near the border of Skarovia, he ran into a deadly crisis.

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Chapter 740 Tearing the World Apart

+10 Free Coins

Amercenary squad with martial artists targeted him for assassination. He managed to take down half of them-but he was gravely injured, on the brink of death.

Just as he was about to be killed, a woman appeared.

With a single hand, she crushed dozens of enemies in an instant and saved him.

Afterward, she cared for him while he recovered. But the moment he healed, she left without a word, heading deep into the snowy mountains of Skarovia in search of something.

There, she was struck by a mysterious restriction that temporarily sealed her power. Surrounded by dozens of wolves, she was on the verge of being torn apart.

Gareth, tracking her trail, arrived just in time.

In a life-or-death struggle, he fought off the wolves and saved her.

From that battle, something changed between them. Feelings grew-and eventually, they came together.

That woman was Leander's mother, Lydia.

"Our meeting was pure chance," Gareth said quietly. "Her status was far above mine. She came from an ancient, mysterious family -one that doesn't exist in the ordinary world.

"Her elders had already arranged a marriage for her. But she was already pregnant with you... so she broke off the Jager and chose to marry me instead. That decision enraged her entire family.

"She paid the price herself-sealing her own power for twenty years, just so you could be born safely... and so she could raise you.

"She made an agreement with them. After twenty years, she would return and accept punishment."

Leander stood still, his eyes shifting slightly.

He had never imagined that Gareth and Lydia's past would be like this.

Nor had he ever guessed that the gentle, graceful woman he knew had once been a powerhouse of unimaginable strength.

From Gareth's description, Lydia's power twenty years ago had already surpassed a nine-star King Phase master's—at the very

least, she had reached the Imperial Phase.

A family capable of raising such a prodigy was beyond comprehension.

"Punishment..." Leander murmured, his gaze sharpening. "So that old man took her back to make her answer for it?"

Gareth shook his head.

"She mentioned it before. She didn't go into details, but from what I understood... she had some kind of agreement with her family. This time, she won't be punished. She just has to complete a task for them.

"But no matter what... once she returns, she won't be able to leave again. She'll be confined to that place forever. She won't be allowed to step into the outside world." "That place?" Leander asked, frowning. "You mean..."

2/3

am Pppp

Chapter 740 Tearing the World Apart

Gareth slowly replied, "Lesser World."

Leander's eyes narrowed.

"Lesser World... again."

This wasn't the first time he had heard the name.

+10 Free Coms

From Caelius, he had already learned that the Lesser World existed beyond the ordinary world—a realm filled with beings as powerful as gods. Any one of them stepping into the mortal world could stir up chaos.

Even Genevieve, whom he had met at Sandsong Oasis, came from there.

It was a place shrouded in mystery.

Before, Leander hadn't cared. No matter how powerful it was, it had nothing to do with him.

But now, Lydia had been taken there.

The Lesser World had stepped directly into his path.

"Lesser World..." he muttered, then suddenly asked, "Do you know how to get there?"

Gareth shook his head immediately.

"Outsiders can't enter. The entrance is hidden and heavily guarded. Anyone who wants to pass needs special authorization. For outsiders, it's almost impossible."

How could he not have wanted to go? To find Lydia. To stay by her side.

But the more he learned about the Lesser World, the more hopeless it seemed.

At his current King Phase level, he was considered top-tier in the mortal world-but

in the Lesser World, he would be nothing. Just a drop in the ocean.

He wouldn't even make it past the gatekeepers.

"Not allowed in?" Leander repeated, his voice turning icy.

Deep in his eyes, something feral stirred-cold, ruthless, and terrifying.

"If they won't let me in, then I'll break my way in."

He looked straight at Gareth, a faint golden light flickering in his eyes.

"Tell me where the entrance is. Even if I have to tear the entire Lesser World apart, I'll bring her back."

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