

Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 11

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- The astonishing revelation left everyone dumbfounded. The Harrison family's old residence fell into an absolute hush, where even the slightest pin drop could be heard. All eyes were locked on Jack, their voices trapped in disbelief. Dax, in particular, stood frozen, unable to utter a single word for the longest of time.
- Startled by those words, Annie, who had been crying on the ground, quickly sat up. Her eyes were filled with confusion as she questioned herself, "What did he just say?"
- As she mulled over the situation, her mind raced with thoughts. "Jack wants to sign a contract with Freya? So, his visit to our house, bringing gifts, wasn't about the Harrison family after all, but for my daughter?"
- "Mr. Asher, you must be joking, right?"
- Dax's panic escalated, and he blurted out, "You clearly agreed to award the project to us, the Harrison family. Why are you reneging on your words now? Moreover, with so many witnesses present, it wouldn't be appropriate to backtrack, would it?"
- "I never said I would award the project to the Harrison family. I specifically mentioned that it would go to Ms. Freya."
- Jack maintained his posture, hands clasped behind his back, as he pressed on, "Considering the public expulsion of Ms. Freya from your family, there is no longer any reason for me to proceed with a contract. You have one minute to return it to me immediately. Otherwise, do not hold me responsible for showing you disrespect."
- They were left utterly stupefied, and their faces contorted into grotesque masks of disbelief. The previously exuberant Harrison family now wore an unsightly veneer, with Dax at the forefront. He had meticulously organized a lavish banquet to showcase his triumph in securing the project for the third-tier families. He had also cast out Freya from the family in front of everyone during the event.

- The irony of their humiliation dawned on them—they had brought this upon themselves by securing the project. By banishing Freya from the family, they effectively discarded the project altogether.
- Why? How did it end up like this?
- Dax’s anger boiled over as he shouted, “Mr. Asher, have you made a mistake? How can someone like Freya, with her disability, be capable of handling this project? You must have made a mistake. I urge you to reconsider carefully. Is this project truly meant for the Harrison family?”
- “The chairman himself has given this directive. Are you prepared to go against the chairman of the Infernal Group?”
- Jack’s voice dripped with sarcasm as he retorted, “Isn’t it thanks to Ms. Freya’s years of hard work that your esteemed Harrison family even managed to become one of The Three Great Families? But now that she’s disabled, you’ve conveniently expelled her from the family. I’m afraid the Infernal Group has no interest in collaborating with such a family. The chairman holds a high regard for Ms. Freya’s abilities, regardless of her physical condition. As long as the chairman believes in her, that’s all that matters.”
- “Mr. Asher...”
- “Enough with this nonsense. Bring me the contract right now, or your Harrison family will soon regret it when the Infernal Group takes action against you.”
- These words caused Dax to tremble, knowing that the Infernal Group, a powerful state-owned enterprise with the backing of King Vandergrift, considered the Harrison family as insignificant ants, easily crushed.
- With a pained look on his face, he motioned for Freya and hurriedly fetched the contract from the living room, handing it over to Jack. The unexpected turn of events had caught him off guard.
- “Ms. Freya, would you like to sign the contract now?” Jack stood before Freya, holding the contract, and asked with a smile.
- Originally, Freya had intended to turn this project over to the Harrison family, but their recent attitude had left her disheartened. With a heavy nod, she replied, “Mr. Asher, I will sign the contract right now.”
- “Okay,” Jack responded promptly, extending the contract to Freya.

- However, faced with Freya's physical limitations, Lucian stepped forward to assist her in this challenging situation. He firmly held her hand, lending her strength, and proceeded to sign Freya's name on the contract.
- "It's done."
- After reviewing the contract, Jack applauded lightly and addressed Freya, "Ms. Freya, the chairman holds great confidence in your abilities, and he hopes you will successfully oversee this demolition project. The Infernal Group will not be involved in the subsequent phases. The responsibility now rests solely on your shoulders."
- Subsequently, the Infernal Group sent lavish congratulatory gifts of significant value, which stirred up envy among the Harrison family members.
- After obtaining the contract, Freya turned to her parents and said, "Mom, Dad, it's best to not interrupt the Harrison family's celebratory banquet. We need to go back and discuss the early stages of the demolition project."
- "Ah, okay. Let's go."
- Frank and Annie acknowledged with a firm nod, quickly gathering the presents and leaving alongside Lucian and Freya.
- In that instant, it seemed like a dream to them. They had just been ousted from the Harrison family, and now they had miraculously landed such a massive project. They both pinched their arms, inhaling sharply as they felt the pain. This was no mere reverie. The Infernal Group had indeed bestowed upon them a substantial opportunity.
- "Grandpa, should we continue with the banquet?" Nadine asked crestfallenly, her hand still pressed to her cheek.
- "What is there left to continue?" Dax's voice thundered like a raging wild lion. "They're all worthless trash! That project was stolen right under our noses by that little b*tch, Freya. There's no point in carrying on. Disband this gathering right away. Hurry up, I don't want to lay eyes on..."
- "Gush..." The intensity of Dax's rage became too much for his body to handle, resulting in him coughing up a mouthful of blood. With his eyes rolling back, he promptly lost consciousness.
- "Grandpa has fainted! Someone call 911 immediately!"
- Instantly, chaos erupted throughout the entire Harrison family's old residence.

- Witnessing the disarray, the guests swiftly made their exit one by one. Not forgetting the congratulatory gifts they had brought, they had no intention of leaving them behind; given the Harrison family's current situation, they were not foolish enough to give away their gifts without reason.
- ...
- In the midst of Sioux, there lay a village, and within a rental house, Freya was seated in a wheelchair, gazing at the contract in a state of bewilderment. It was difficult for her to fathom the reality before her. She had once resolved to embrace death, but now, with a monumental project unexpectedly bestowed upon her, a glimmer of hope for survival ignited within her.
- A business prodigy at heart, she harbored an ardent desire to showcase her prowess in the corporate world. However, following her paralysis, she found herself abandoned by the business community. Now, an opportunity had presented itself, offering her a path to reclaim what was lost. Eager to reignite her entrepreneurial spirit, she resolved to give it a shot.
- "Hey Fay, why the long face? This is great news," Frank and Annie approached Freya, expressing their confusion about her sadness.
- "Dad, Mom, do you believe I have what it takes to accomplish this and succeed?" Freya's eyes revealed a hint of uncertainty as she voiced her question.
- "Of course! My daughter is capable of great things," Annie praised with conviction, holding Freya close. She comforted, "Fay, don't worry. Your dad, Minnie, and I will always be here, standing as your biggest champions."
- "And me! Let's not forget about me!" Lucian enthusiastically raised his arms and chimed in with a smile. "I can be there for Fay at all times too."
- "Tsk. There isn't much you can contribute, aside from pushing the wheelchair. It's still my daughter who will handle the project," Annie remarked, casting a disapproving glance at Lucian, showing no regard for his opinion.
- "I know, I understand. I'm content with simply pushing the wheelchair. I'll take good care of Freya. You can trust me, Uncle Frank and Aunt Annie," Lucian affirmed as he held a cucumber in his hand, took a determined bite, and nodded.
- A sudden realization struck Frank, prompting him to grab the contract and direct his inquiry to Freya. "Fey, this contract was initially in the hands of the Harrison family. How did it end up back with you? What happened?"

- Upon hearing the question, Freya swiftly turned her gaze towards Lucian, who was engrossed in eating his cucumber. “It was Lucian...”