

Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 13

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- Minnie's curiosity was piqued, but her cold gaze toward Lucian remained unyielding. She responded, "I'll make any promise you ask, but forgiveness is not one of them."
- In that defining moment at the hospital entrance, Minnie, on her knees and begging for her mother's medical treatment, made a silent oath. She swore to herself that she would never forgive that heartless man. It seemed that the seeds of hatred, sown long ago, had now blossomed into an imposing tree within Minnie's heart, casting a dark shadow over any possibility of reconciliation.
- Upon hearing that, Lucian's heart throbbed with pain, like sharp needles pricking at his emotions. But he gathered his resolve and motioned towards the nearby KFC, asking, "If I manage to find an investor for Mommy's business, would you consider using the money from selling bottles to treat Daddy to a KFC chicken drumstick and a cup of Coke?"
- "You want to indulge in childish food?" Minnie's face contorted with a hint of disdain as she questioned.
- "All I want is to relish a meal you bought for me," Lucian grinned, gently patting his stomach.
- Minnie nodded slightly and replied, "Alright, if you can find an investor for Mommy, I'll treat you to two chicken thighs and an upsized glass of Coke, just like the one my classmate's mother bought."
- "Okay, then let's go home and eat. Grandma has already cooked."
- Lucian wanted to help Minnie carry the plastic bag, but Minnie insisted on not giving it to Lucian and said, "I can carry it myself. I don't need your help. It's my thing, so I'll carry it myself."
- Ultimately, Lucian's efforts to win over Minnie fell short, leaving him no choice but to tenderly bear the burden of her bag from the rear as they walked home together for dinner.
- After dinner that night, Lucian returned home to his mother, Lilian Seymour, and presented her with two thousand dollars. He lied to her, claiming that he had

found a job. Despite it being a simple and low-paying job, Lilian's worries were momentarily eased. To her, as long as Lucian had secured employment, it signified a step towards stability and a brighter future.

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- Early the next morning, Lucian rushed back to the city and prepared a lavish breakfast for the four of them: oatmeal porridge and pancakes. His culinary skills proved to be quite impressive, leaving them all pleasantly surprised, particularly Annie. She couldn't help but notice that Lucian's cooking prowess surpassed her own.
- "Hey, were you a mess sergeant at the barracks?" Annie asked with a mouthful of pancake, savoring the flavors that lingered on her taste buds.
- "Aunt Annie, how do you know?"
- "Given your capabilities, it would seem that your highest potential is that of a mere mess sergeant."
- "Aunt Annie, don't underestimate mess sergeants. Nowadays, many special forces, War Kings, and even War Gods have sought my guidance in the kitchen. I've taught them the art of the stove and even treated them to drinks in secret. We have a great bond, and they affectionately call me 'Squad Leader Gray.' Without my culinary skills, they would all go hungry," Lucian said with a hint of pride in his voice.
- Hearing Lucian's boasting, the group of people rolled their eyes and continued to eat, choosing to ignore his exaggerated claims.
- If Lucian indeed had a strong rapport with the War Gods and War Kings, one might wonder why he chose to retire instead of leveraging those connections to secure a comfortable and carefree life in the military. He could have easily sought their assistance and enjoyed the privileges and benefits that come with their support, including favorable treatment from Vandergrift. Returning to the city and living as a vagrant seemed like a less desirable option in comparison.
- After the meal, Minnie headed off to school, and Lucian took Freya to the investors' meeting.
- The investment meeting this time was low-key, held in an unassuming venue. Project holders could rent tables and showcase their proposals, inviting investors

to take a closer look. If the investors found a project appealing, they would initiate discussions with the project holders.

- Most of the investors present were individuals who had surplus funds and lacked significant investment acumen. Typically, these investors were not endowed with substantial influence. Conversely, the project holders mainly consisted of small-scale entrepreneurs with proposals ranging from opening new restaurants to mobile phone stores and fruit stands. This left Freya and Lucian feeling out of place. The mismatch of ambitions and resources made them feel like giants surrounded by dwarfs.
- Freya and Lucian were suddenly bestowed with the title of 'conmen' by a multitude of people, branding them as liars.
- Nevertheless, an elderly man, donning baggy shorts and flip-flops, clutching a set of keys, made his way towards Freya. As he cast a quick glance at the project proposal, a glimmer of excitement sparked in his eyes. Looking up at Freya, he inquired, "Miss, do you have plans to redevelop Monsalt City Village?"
- "Fay, did you notice the keys in the old man's hand? He must be a renowned landlord in Sioux, possibly owning multiple buildings. We should talk to him," Lucian whispered to Freya, nudging her gently with his elbow.
- Being a local, Freya was well aware of the influence held by the old landlords. Ten years prior, during the redevelopment of several urban villages, many long-time residents had transformed their fortunes through these demolition projects. It was commonplace for individuals to own dozens of properties and even entire blocks of buildings. Considering the current housing prices, selling just a few properties would provide enough funds to initiate their demolition project.
- "Sir, that's correct. We represent Skyline Realty, and this project is a joint venture between us and Infernal Ground. However, we are currently short of a portion of the initial funds. We require approximately ten million dollars. Would you be interested?" Freya explained, her eyes filled with sincere earnestness.
- "The Infernal Group is indeed a reputable company," the landlord nodded eagerly and exclaimed, "In fact, my village's redevelopment was also handled by the Infernal Group. It's a reliable state-owned enterprise. Just give me a moment. I will reach out to some of my friends and invite them to review your proposal. They are wealthier than I am."

- Wealthier than you?! He is saying that his friends are richer than him even though he is already holding several sets of keys in his hand.
- Freya and Lucian shared a knowing look, recognizing that they had crossed paths with a genuine, affluent elder.
- After half an hour, in response to the landlord's call, five or six casually dressed elderly men arrived at the investors' meeting venue. As soon as they learned that the Infernal Group led the demolition project, their interest was instantly piqued. They eagerly approached Freya, seeking additional information.
- "Miss Freya, if I may ask, is it truly possible for us to profit from this endeavor?" Another landlord gazed at Freya with earnestness, seeking reassurance.
- Suddenly, a collective gaze from the group of elderly landlords fixated upon Freya. It appeared that their decision hinged on her affirmation, ready to sell their properties for investment at her nod. However, before Freya could give her response, a derisive comment pierced the air from a nearby location.
- "You'll end up making nothing but peanuts. Those two are nothing more than con artists."
- The sound of rustling caught the attention of many, and in an instant, a multitude of heads swiveled toward the entrance.
- It was Tom Gray.
- As Lucian caught sight of the person, his brows furrowed tightly, recognizing Tom's presence. He knew all too well that Tom's intentions were far from benevolent; he had undoubtedly arrived with the sole purpose of causing trouble.
- Hehe! I have yet to visit the Gray residence, but you managed to show up first. You must be harboring some kind of death wish!
- Dressed in a suit, Tom strode into the investors' meeting venue, accompanied by a group of men. He approached Freya and Lucian, turning toward the assembly of elderly gentlemen, and declared, "Gentlemen, I implore you not to invest your money with these two fraudsters."
- "Hey, young man, how can you claim he's a fraudster?" the landlord retorted with a tone of disbelief, unwilling to accept the accusation.
- "Sir, do you know who I am?"
- With an air of superiority, Tom positioned himself with his hands behind his back, a smug expression on his face. He declared, "Allow me to introduce myself. I am

Tom Gray, the young master of the Gray family and the current president of the Gray Group. Why would I deceive you? The man you see before you is the second young master of the Gray family, but he has been cast out and disowned. And as for the woman, she is the eldest daughter of the Harrison family, also disowned by her own kin. I urge all of you to consider this: Can these two individuals, who have been expelled from their own families, truly secure a project from the prestigious Infernal Group?"

- "But on the project proposal," the landlord continued, "there is the contract and official stamp of the Infernal Group." He pointed out, challenging Tom's assertions.
- "That's because this shameless expelled son used the Gray family's name to liaise with the Infernal Group," Tom replied with a smile, "None of our Gray family members had any knowledge of it. In order to protect the reputation of the Gray family, I've come here to put an end to it."