

Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 28

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Chapter 28 A Bunch of Loyal Dogs

What...

The news made Lucian flare up in anger at once. He did not tell Freya about this, but only told Frank and Annic that he had some things to take care of. After telling them to watch over Freya for a while, he left.

Quickly enough, Lucian reached the restaurant where his mother Lillian was working at.

The restaurant was not very big, with just two stories. It mostly served specialty dishes, located around. Sioux and pretty far from town.

Just as he had entered, Lucian saw Lillian sitting on a bench with her face swollen and bruised. Her clothes were slightly stained as well. There was a young lady looking at Lillian with a pitying expression as she cleaned Lillian's wounds.

Lucian flared up in anger at once at the sight. The rage radiating off him practically made the temperature drop.

The onlookers subconsciously backed off a little, caught off guard by Lucian's terrifying aura.

"Mom, what happened?"

Lucian squatted in front of Lillian, asking worriedly.

Lillian hesitated for a few seconds, before shaking her head. "I'm fine, Lucian! Don't worry about me, get back to work."

She was saying she was fine with her face all swollen and bruised.

Lucian's panic grew, and he grabbed Lilian's arms. "What really happened, Mom? Please tell me, quick."

Lilian wanted to tell Lucian what happened to her, but decided otherwise upon considering how powerful who she was dealing with was. This guy was extremely powerful, to the point where even the owner of the restaurant treated him like his own grandson.

Lucian had just retired from the army, and hardly had any power. She did not want her son to be too worried for her.

The girl next to them could not stand it, saw Lilian hesitate again and again and ended up telling everything to Lucian.

Lucian was practically boiling with anger after listening to this.

How dare these Jords!

How dare a mere third tier family mess with his mother.

What happened was really quite simple. Lilian was working at one of the restaurants in the Jords' territory who happened to visit the restaurant for dinner that day. Lilian had just accidentally bumped into her which had resulted in her getting beaten up.

They had even forced Lilian to apologize after, threatening her safety in Sioux if she did not do as told

"It's fine, Lucian. Forget it. I'll handle this myself."

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Lucian was not going to have his own mother suffer such injustice. He grabbed Lilian's hands sternly.

"I'll handle this, Mom. I'll be back in no time."

Lucian then left the restaurant, and headed straight to the Jord household..

Sioux, the Jord household.

As a third tier family, it was the Jord's honor to be able to carry out tasks for the coveted Gray family. Once the Grays had made it big, the Jord's would definitely rise up in the ranks as well.

Spencer Jord, the head of the Jord family, had been mightily pleased after finding out that his son had hired people to beat up Lucian's mother. He had reported to the Gray family at once, and was immediately paid a million dollars as well as promised to be helped out once they entered the market.

"Ha ha, the Jord's are going to make it real soon."

Spencer laughed out loudly, looking at his family. "Nicely done, Gordon. I'll get you that sports car you wanted tomorrow. Work a little harder, and we'll be able to have everything we want once we get to ride on the Gray family's coattails."

Gordon Jord was the person behind Lilian getting beaten up. He was all smiles upon getting praised by his father.

"I heard that guy Lucian's retired from the army and he's back. He even went to the Gray family head's birthday, the nerve of him."

Gordon sneered coldly. "Beating his mother up is just teaching him a small lesson. If he messes with the Grays again, he'll be toast. How dare a nobody like him mess with the Grays. He's really got a death wish."

"Ha..." Spencer scoffed. "Lucian's nothing more than a harmless little jester. The Grays now have the Infernal War God backing them up, what harm is someone like Lucian going to do to them? The Grays are busy entering the market, they've got no time for him! He'll be well and truly done for once the Grays have entered the market. All we need to do is work hard for the Grays, and we'll be fine."

"Ho ho ho ho..."

Just then, a murderous voice rang through the door. "What a group of loyal little dogs you are."

Everyone turned to see Lucian at the door.

Lucian's expression was dark and cold, radiating a murderous energy that made the Jords' chest thud in fear as if something ominous was about to happen.

"What are you doing, Lucian?"

Stanley obviously knew who Lucian was. He got to his feet, looking Lucian up and down. "What are you doing at the Jords?"

Everyone stared at Lucian as well, their gazes full of nothing but disdain. They hardly thought anything this abandoned son, and were certain that he would just be here to end up at their mercy.

"You wanted an apology from my mother, didn't you?"

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"Oh, he's here to apologize!"

Spencer laughed even louder. He had been right- Lucian was all bark and no bite. He would show up to apologize for sure.

"Well, what do you have for us to apologize with?"

"I was just eating, but your mother harassed me. That's humiliating to me, you know..."

Gordon fixed Lucian with an icy smile. I'm the oldest son of the Jord family, and I was disgusted to be harassed by a lowly nobody. How about this? Your mother touched me with her left hand, so you can chop your left hand off to make it up to us for her."

Lucian was quiet as usual, staring Gordon down and speaking lightly. "I'm pretty pleased with your proposition, but one hand's not really enough. How about a few more pairs of them? One hand from each member of you Jords, and I'll let it slide. Or else, the Jords are going down today."

"Ha ha ha ha ha,"

The Jords burst out laughing at Lucian's words, as if they had just heard a huge joke.

Spencer was laughing particularly hard, to the point where he was nearly in tears. He stared at Lucian with a feral smile. "You're killing me, man, taking my family down and everything. I'm telling you, the Jords will run Sioux the second the Grays enter the market. You, on the other hand, will be nothing more than an ant I can crush with a flick of my fingers. Got it?"

"You've got some nerve, Spencer Jord! If you're going to run Sioux, what am I going to do, then?"

Just then, Prince Ezekiel's enraged roar rang from outside.