

## Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 3

### Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 3

- Calvin landed on the ground in a heap and coughed up blood. Lucian didn't let up. His fists continued to rain down on the beaten man.
- One...
- Two...
- Three...
- The beaten Calvin was frantically crying for mercy but Lucian was a beast gone rogue. He didn't stop no matter how he begged. It took knocking Calvin unconscious for him to stop.
- "Freya... Minnie..."
- His fists were covered in blood as he glanced over at the mother-daughter duo, panting.
- He shuddered at the sight of the hatred in the girl's eyes. He felt remorseful but didn't know what to do.
- "Let's go, Minnie."
- Freya said to her daughter. She didn't want to take another look at Lucian.
- "Okay." Minnie nodded and used all her strength to help her back up into her wheelchair.
- He didn't hesitate to rush up to Freya to help. The indifferent face covered in mud made his heart ache. The tears would not stop.
- "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"
- "I'm so sorry, Fay. You and Minnie had suffered all these years..."
- He took out a packet of tissues from his pocket.
- "Here. Let me help you."
- He gently wiped down her face. He never could've imagined that the one proud president of the Harrison Group would end up this way, paralyzed and wheelchair-bound and barely looking alive.
- Freya remained impassive as she allowed him to wipe her face. There was not a single shred of emotion on her face.
- It was a look only a woman who had given up would have.

- “Hands off my Mom.”
- Minnie pushed him away.
- Lucian fell back into the same pool of mud. His eyes were rimmed red as he watched his daughter. He picked up a gift that he had bought for her and said with a shaky voice, “Come here, sweetheart. Daddy will clean you up too. You have dirt on your face...”
- “You are not my father.”
- Her eyes were calm despite the resentment burning in them. She began to speak as if she were an adult.
- “If you are my father, where were you when my mother had a car accident, suffered a brain hemorrhage, and was on the operating table for three days and three nights?”
- “If you are my father, where were you when my mother was abandoned by her family and left to fend for herself in the streets with nothing to our names?”
- “If you are my father, where were you when Mom was bullied and berated for being a cripple?”
- “If you are my father, where were you when Mom suffered a high fever with no money for treatment and I was left begging on my knees at the hospital with no one to turn to?”
- “I can take care of Mom just fine. You’re just getting in the way!”
- Minnie’s every word were knives that ruthlessly stabbed themselves into his heart. The pain suffocated him. He had so much he wanted to tell her. He wanted to tell her how he’d been gone defending the country all these years and had no idea that they would fall to such hardship.
- He knew any explanation would be futile. The hatred in her eyes told her everything he had to know. To Minnie, he was an irresponsible father and a dispensable person. She saw him as her enemy.
- This was his first time meeting his daughter but it turned out to be a meeting between foes. It was a painful thing to experience as a father. He’d rather face a thousand mercenaries coming for his throat.
- He had no idea what to do with a daughter that hated him to his core.
- Guilt flooded his senses as tears rolled down his cheeks.
- “Stop it, Minnie!”

- The silently sobbing Freya gently shook her head at her daughter. “I was the one who picked him. No one else is to blame.”
- “Let’s go, Mom. I’ll be the one to protect you. We don’t need anyone else.”
- Minnie skillfully packed up the jewelry and shoved them into the cloth bag behind the wheelchair and left with Freya. She was merely seven but the way she wheeled the chair indicated that she had strength far greater than those her age.
- Lucian screwed his eyes shut as the two departed. Tears continued to fall. He had never cried no matter how tired he was and how much suffering he went through back in the military and yet, he was crying in the face of his wife and daughter who hated him.
- I’m so sorry, Freya... Minnie...
- “I’m back now. Neither you nor your Mom will suffer again, Minnie.”
- Lucian immediately thought of something. He took out a card from his coat pocket, and said, “This is the money I earned as a soldier. It can buy you a lot of clothes, snacks, and even a house. I’ll take care of both of you. Please allow me to do that.”
- There was a quiver in his voice.
- He had no idea how to make up for the hurt he had caused them besides handing them his bank card.
- Minnie only grew angrier. She slapped it away. “Keep it to your own! We don’t need your stinking money. Better a poor mom than a rich dad like you. I’ll never forgive you no matter how rich you are. I’ll buy Mom a house and more clothes. We don’t need you...”
- “Let’s go, Mom.”
- The girl wheeled the chair forward and took large strides away.
- The tears did not stop as he knelt in the mud to stare at the card that Minnie had so vehemently rejected. Would she ever forgive her heartless father?
- “Argh!”
- He broke down under everyone’s watchful eyes.
- Yes, he was now the renowned Infernal War God in charge of millions of soldiers and wielded considerable power on all levels of society but what did it matter if he was unable to gain the forgiveness of both the woman he loved and his daughter?

- What did it matter even if I have all this?
- “I’m back, Faye, Minnie. No one will ever lay a finger on you again. I swear I’ll do everything in my power to make up for what I’ve done. I’ll give you everything you want no matter what. The world will be your oyster,” he declared with eyes full of guilt.