

Unrivaled Warrior by Ashley Grey Chapter 4

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- Back at a suburban cemetery in Sioux.
- Lucian returned to his father's tombstone in despair and fell to his knees. "I'm a horrible person, Dad. I've hurt Fay and Minnie. They hate me. Your granddaughter Minnie sees me as an enemy."
- "Don't worry. I'll do everything in my power to make it up to them. No one will ever torment them again."
- "As I promised before I joined the army, I'll see to it that your killers pay a heavy price for what they've done. Expect some company on the other side. I know how much you like Sioux Peak. I'll give you a proper funeral next month. I bought off Sioux Peak to move your grave to the summit."
- "I've dug a hundred pits at the foot of the mountain too. I'll make sure every single person who participated in your demise will be buried six feet under."
- "I'll make sure you have all the slaves you need in the afterlife."
- "Hey Mr. War God, I've prepared the bride price you wanted. Everything is now in Sioux. When will we be picking up your wife from the Harrison family? Hahaha."
- Liam Martinez, Lucian's proud assistant, asked in excitement.
- "Not for a while."
- Lucian got up and shook his head.
- The smile on Liam's face stiffened. He shot Lucian a confused look. "Why not, Mr. War God? We've been preparing for this for such a long time. We aren't just going to put it all to waste, right?"
- "I said, we are not doing this for a while. Do you understand me?"
- Lucian glared at his assistant.
- Liam feared Lucian. With how angry his superior was, he could only nod. "I...I got it. I just don't understand why we aren't going. Did something happen?"
- Lucian sighed and told him everything that had happened with Freya and Minnie.
- Liam looked surprised by what was revealed to him. It was unexpected to see Lucian's life had undergone such a big change. He even had a seven-year-old daughter.

- “So... what do you plan to do now, Mr. War God?” Liam asked weakly.
- “I can’t propose for now. With how they act around me, Freya would still say no even if I asked for her hand. I’ll spend the rest of my life making up for my mistakes. I’ll also see to it that Freya’s condition is treated,” he said.
- Liam nodded. There wasn’t much he could say. He had never been in love before but knew that a relationship was doomed the moment a woman who gave her all to love gave up. A marriage proposal now would only fall through.
- Marriage would only harm Freya further.
- “By the way, don’t reveal my identity. Not a word about me being a war god. I promised the old chief before I retired that I am not to divulge the news that the Infernal War God has left the northern border. That would spell trouble for Vandergrift as a whole.”
- “Enemy nations haven’t made a move because they still think you’re holding the northern border. I’ll make sure this doesn’t get leaked.”
- “There’s one more thing, My Lord. After you retired, the old chief passed down the largest state-owned enterprise in Sioux, the Infernal Group to you. You are the shadow chairman of the Infernal Group. The group currently has several large-scale projects being tendered. Many families including the Grays and the Harrisons are involved. Would you like to screen them yourself?”
- “You think I care about participating in a bidding war?”
- Lucian shot a glare at Liam and said, displeased, “They can handle themselves. I’m heading home to have dinner with my mother. Don’t come to me if nothing important happens. Also, stop calling me Mr. War God. Lucian is fine.”
- ...
- Lucian left home at two that afternoon after lunch with his mother. He wanted to keep his identity as the War God a secret and referred to himself as a retired foot soldier which resulted in Lilian insisting he find himself a job.
- He made his way to Freya and Minnie’s home which was located in a convoluted urban village instead.
- “What are you doing here?”
- Minnie was washing clothes out in the yard beneath a faucet when Lucian showed up with bags of nutritional products in hand. Her expression turned grim.
- “Washing clothes, Minnie?”

- He got down to her eye level and asked with a smile.
- “Oh, I’m not... Are you blind?”
- She didn’t pay him any more attention and went back to doing the laundry. Her every movement was skilled and comparable to that of an adult. Lucian felt a lump form in his throat at the sight. A seven-year-old should’ve been dotted on her parents and yet she carried the weight of the world on her fragile shoulders.
- She had to take care of her paralyzed mother and work to earn money. It was heartbreaking to think about.
- “Look, I brought you and Mom some stuff...”
- Minnie shot him a look of extreme disgust before he could finish. “Stop being nice to me and Mom. We don’t need it. All I want to know is when you and Mom are getting a divorce.”
- “I’m sorry, Minnie. Can you forgive me just this once? I swear I’ll take care of you and your mother.”
- He was pleading. He didn’t know what to say to his daughter who hated him down to his core.
- “No.” She was firm in her determination. She stood up and pushed him away. “Leave. Get out. I’ll never forgive a heartless man like you. Mom gave everything up for you and you repaid her by playing the disappearing act for years. I can take care of Mom just fine. What else do I need you for? Leave! Do you hear me?!”
- The knife embedded in his heart was driven further in by his daughter’s resolution. He wanted to explain but all words died on his tongue the moment her angry eyes turned to him. Explanations were futile.
- “Let him in, Minnie. I have something to say to him.”
- Freya’s voice could be heard from within the home.
- Minnie looked conflicted. It was only after a moment of silence that she answered, “Okay, Mom.”
- She then turned to Lucian with a look of disgust. “Mom has something to say to you. Don’t try to torment her or you’ll have something coming. Leave before I’m done with the laundry.”
- He sighed as the girl went back to her washing. He went inside with his gifts in hand.

- He was stunned to see their living conditions. It was a room barely ten square feet. Only a bed and a desk could be placed. The wallpaper was peeling. The space was also incredibly humid.
- “Fay, I...I don’t know what to say.”
- He felt even worse when faced with the wheelchair-bound Freya. Her cold, indifferent eyes made him realize just how much harm he’d caused her.
- “Sit.”
- Freya acted so calmly but Lucian was more than aware that it was the look of someone who had given up.
- “Why are you here? Do you see me for a fool? Did you want to see what has become of the foolish woman who gave you everything? Are you happy now? Want to lord it over me so badly?”