

Dauntless 129

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 129

"In that case, I'll go to the bank and withdraw some money now!"

Harold grabbed the envelope, stood up, and was about to leave the table when there was a commotion in the yard outside.

Someone among the guests asked, "What is happening out there?"

Feeling curious, the guests of the two tables left their seats and headed outside.

They saw a muscular man with a tiger tattoo on his chest barging inside with his men.

Recognizing the muscular man, everyone in the living room exclaimed, "Isn't that the thug, Thiago Crosby? What is he doing here?"

Is he here to congratulate Glen? We've never heard that the Zeller family has any connection with the thug!

Everyone turned to look at Glen and noticed that his expression was grim.

Before they had the chance to ask what was going on, Thiago had already brought his men inside.

"Hey, Mr. Zeller! It's lively at your house today. It looks like I arrive at the right time!" said Thiago.

Not only was Thiago tall and muscular, but he was unexpectedly loud.

He seemed like a human speaker.

Walking toward everyone, Glen stared at Thiago and asked, "Thiago, what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Zeller, why ask when you already know the answer? I explained it very clearly last time. You'd better surrender that land because I can't say what will happen tomorrow," Thiago sneered.

"How dare you, Thiago! We're living in a society of law and order. Bring it on if you have what it takes to hurt the Zellers!" Glen spat.

"Pfft! Mr. Zeller, it seems that you've forgotten what happened to your sworn brother, who fell into a coma. What will the law do to me?" Thiago said mockingly.

The men behind him burst out laughing. "Hahaha!"

They were utterly arrogant.

Glen's face flushed red because Thiago's words infuriated him.

He clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

Louis had fallen into a coma after being beaten up by Thiago and his men, yet Glen could not do anything to Thiago. That was the most frustrating matter for Glen all these years.