

Dauntless 157

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 157

A man suddenly darted over from a short distance away and snatched the drumstick away from Harold.

He even shot Harold with a grudgeful look.

Leroy Kowalski, the person he was talking about, was none other than Harold's deskmate back then.

Back then, Harold was misunderstood by his classmates because he helped Leroy pass a note to Linda Zalkin, the prettiest girl in their class.

Both Harold and Leroy had a close relationship.

“Monkey, what are you doing? Leroy hasn't arrived yet. Just give this drumstick to Mr. Moneybags first while you grill another one for Leroy. Harold was very nice to all of you during high school. I remember you guys were always short of money to eat after returning from the Internet cafe, and he was always the one who treated you guys to a meal,” said the lady furiously, pointing at the man after seeing him snatch Harold's drumstick away.

In the past, Harold often provided his classmates with financial support.

Throughout his three years in high school, almost everyone in the class had borrowed money from him.

He didn't even ask those who were struggling financially to pay him back.

Now that the Campbell family had fallen apart, their attitude toward Harold infuriated the ladies.

“Mr. Moneybags? Why are you guys still calling him that? Yes, he did indeed treat us to meals back then, but we had also put quite a lot of effort into running errands for him. Furthermore, his family has gone broke a long time ago, and he is only a lowly hotel security guard now. So, please stop calling him Mr. Moneybags! On the other hand, I heard that Leroy is doing quite well in Dellmoor and is now a manager of a big company. I'm going to ask for his help in arranging some decent positions for me. Thus, this drumstick is definitely not for a random person like this guy.” As he spoke, the man known as Monkey looked at Harold in disdain.

Harold, however, only smiled at his words.

Then, he reached for a raw chicken wing and intended to grill it himself.

Nah, I better do it myself!

Once he picked up the chicken wing, another classmate hurried over and snatched it away. "Hey! You can't use this pit! Our gathering today is grouped by income. Those using this pit have a monthly income of more than six thousand. A lowly security guard like you shall go over to the penultimate pit over there. That's the place for those like you."

Baffled, Harold tried to explain, "I'm not a security guard. Quinton must have misunderstood at the entrance of Golden Sands Hotel that day."

"Come on. If you're not a security guard, then why are you wearing this security guard uniform? Does that even mean anything?"

That classmate did not believe Harold's explanation and shot him a look of contempt.

Only then did Harold realize that he was wearing the same military uniform he had borrowed from the security guard at Paradise Hotel that day.

Since he hadn't been out these days, he only changed into two sets of clothes alternately.

It just so happened that I changed into this set of clothing today. No wonder all of them believed that I am a security guard.