

Dauntless 160

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 160

Soon after, Harold returned from afar, holding blocks of cement brick in one hand.

“As expected of a security guard! He's so strong. He could lift those two blocks of cement bricks like they were nothing at all,” said someone.

“That's not all! Don't you all notice this brat was born to be a servant? We only asked him to get Mr. Kowalski one cement brick, but he's so observant that he even brought another one for Linda!”

Those classmates of Harold watched him as he fetched two blocks of cement bricks, dropping all sorts of comments as if they were enjoying a circus performance.

“You're all wrong! This brat's not even qualified as a servant. The class rep doesn't have anything to sit on, so he should've fetched three blocks. A servant should at least have that kind of awareness. He still lacks the training to be called a qualified servant,” Leroy purposefully said to the others when Harold was nearing them.

“You're right, Mr. Kowalski. He couldn't even measure up to a servant. How could he ever carry out your orders? If you were to assign tasks to him and he made a blunder, wouldn't that be embarrassing?”

As Linda saw those people buttering up her boyfriend, Leroy, her bright smile reached her eyes.

Listening to that, Leroy also wore a smug look.

However, their smiles stayed on their faces for only a few seconds before their faces froze at the scene.

That would make sense, as Harold didn't stop in his tracks when he finally arrived in front of them with the bricks.

Instead, he gave everyone the cold shoulder before carrying the bricks with him to the second-last barbecue pit.

As Harold put down the bricks, he waved his hand at Margarett as he shouted, “Over here, Margarett! Let's grill our food here. I haven't had lunch yet, you know. I'm famished!”

Upon hearing his words, Leroy became so mad that he almost vomited blood, so to speak.

Monkey, in turn, fumed as he dashed toward Harold. Putting on an angry face, he pointed at the latter's nose and scolded, “Hey, Harold! We told you to get Mr. Kowalski a block of cement brick, so why did you get yourself one and sit on it instead? How could you be so selfish?”

“Huh? Did you tell me to get him one just now? What's wrong with him? Are his hands crippled? Don't tell me his legs are broken, so he couldn't walk?”

In the face of Monkey's furious remarks, Harold feigned a shocking look as he raised those questions.

Pfft!

Margarette burst into laughter as she walked up to Harold. She was amused by his words and his baffled visage.

“What nonsense are you saying? Mr. Kowalski's perfectly healthy, okay?” Monkey blurted out instinctively.