

Dauntless 181

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 181

She would get envious whenever her classmates shared the moments of their visits to their grannies' houses.

She thought she didn't have a granny as the others did.

Growing up, she only realized what was going on from the idle gossip she had heard from the people around her.

And now, she could visit her granny's house as well.

"Can you take a picture for me? I want to share it on Instagram! I want to let the whole world know I can go to my granny's house now!"

At that moment, she let go of herself and acted like a little child, jumping and shouting excitedly on the street.

She completely ignored the astonished stares from the pedestrians on the street.

As Harold looked at Isabella's childish behavior, he wished she could keep her childlike innocence like this forever.

However, he knew that this was impossible. When they returned to Dellmoor, they would have to face her uncles, Bradley and Brandon, and their family members' schemes head-on.

"Don't worry. I will never let anyone hurt you again," muttered Harold as he trailed behind Isabella.

Soon, Isabella arrived in front of a claw machine.

"Do you want that doll?" Harold asked calmly from behind.

"I want one, but I fail to get one each time," Isabella answered.

Suddenly, her expression turned sullen. She had never won a prize when she played with the claw machine with Marilyn.

"I have an idea!"

Harold was like the big black wolf, luring Isabella into his trap.

“Really? What is it? Tell me!” Isabella asked eagerly. She thought Harold knew a secret trick to win at the claw machine.

“Easy. We team up and create a real one!” Harold said, grinning playfully.

Isabella was puzzled by his answer.

“How do we team up—God, you punk! I’m gonna kill you!”

Before she could further query how to create one, she froze, realizing that Harold had made a racy joke. After returning to her senses, she was so angry she felt that Harold deserved a good kick.

“Ahem, what I was trying to say is that we should team up and win a doll. You’re the one with your mind in the gutter, not me. You wait here. I’ll go get the tokens!”

When Harold saw that Isabella’s face was clouded over, he escaped.

“Pfft!”

Watching as Harold ran away, Isabella couldn’t maintain her angry face any longer and let out a muffled giggle.

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Even though she and Harold had already slept in the same bed, they were very reserved, at least when they were sober.

This was the first time Isabella had been hugged by a man in this way, so she was extremely nervous.

However, the strange thing was, when faced with a suggestive action from Harold like this, she was surprised she did not feel repulsed.

On the contrary, she felt self-conscious, and her heart raced.

When Harold noticed Isabella’s unusual behavior, his lips quirked up. Then, he rested his head on Isabella’s shoulder and whispered in her ear, “Observe! This is how you win a prize!”

Harold’s every little action made Isabella’s heart skip a beat in anticipation.

Before she knew it, she had won a doll under Harold’s guidance.

She watched in disbelief as the doll fell out of the claw machine. Turning abruptly to look at Harold behind her, she asked in excitement, "Did I really win this?"

This was the first time she had won something from the claw machine.

She was too excited to notice their positions were too suggestive.

"What do you think? Being taught by a teacher like me isn't that bad. Now, how are you going to thank me?"

Harold's heart skipped a beat too when he saw the beautiful face in front of him.

Isabella breathed in the man's masculine scent, and only then did she notice that their poses were sexually provocative.

Instantly, her cheeks and neck reddened out of embarrassment.

Pretending to be calm, she said, "Hmph! Let go of me! I want to try it on my own."

Contrary to her actions, she was panicking inside. She was afraid Harold would fail to control himself and take away her first kiss.

This type of scene was easily found in movies, TV series, and even novels.

Hence, most people would know what to do in his situation.

She did not know when she had started to wish that the God of War would take away her first kiss.

In fact, Harold had wanted to catch Isabella off guard and kiss her like this, but he decided against it in the end.

He released her and stood by her side, watching her play.

"Wow! I got another doll! Is today my lucky day?"

Alas, what she didn't know was that the claw machine owner had recalibrated the claw machine from his computer at the checkout. Hence, Isabella could win a doll with every game token she put in. She was so happy that she kept shouting and jumping in joy.

Not before long, she had won over thirty dolls.

This made Isabella, who had never won a single toy from the claw machine before this, run toward Harold excitedly and give him a big, wet kiss on his face.

This time, it was Harold who was stunned by her sudden action.

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Isabella lacked the courage to be alone with Harold.

She and her parents decided to extend their stay at her granny's house for another week to accompany her grandparents.

Harold, on the other hand, headed back to Dellmoor for work. He vowed to teach Bradley and his son a lesson before Isabella returned.

At a transit hub in Dellmoor, Harold gave Craig a call. He asked solemnly, "Craig, how's the preparation going with what I instructed you to do?"

"Everything is ready, Mr. Campbell! All that's left is your order to proceed!" Craig's excited voice sounded through the phone.

"Very well! Bring the man over to the Turner residence right now. Since they have the audacity to make their move, they must pay the price for it!" As soon as Harold finished speaking, he hung up the phone. He then hailed a cab and made his way toward the Turner residence.

Later that night, at ten o'clock, Bradley's and Brandon's families were having dinner with Edward in the Turner residence dining room.

The Chanaeans always had the habit of talking about work at the dinner table. During the meal, Bradley put forth a proposition to Edward in a probing manner. "Dad, Isabella hasn't contacted us for more than two weeks, and we have no idea how she is right now. We shouldn't allow the position of deputy CEO to remain unoccupied. I believe we should find a temporary replacement for Isabella's position."

Edward placed the utensils in his hands down on his plate and stared at his eldest son. He kept his composure as he asked, "Do you have a good candidate?"

"It is my opinion that we should give the youths their chance. This position is most suitable for Harman and Harvey to hone their capabilities. I believe it's best to choose one of the two of them. What do you think, Brandon?" Bradley asked, turning toward Brandon.

Bradley had laid out his plans perfectly by dragging Brandon's son, Harman, into the equation.

He had set it up such that it would be up to Edward to make the decision. Should that happen, Brandon could not possibly intervene.

Furthermore, Bradley was convinced that his son, Harvey, was much more capable than Brandon's son, Harman. He had no doubt that Edward would ultimately pick Harvey.

"I think Bradley's decision sounds good!" Brandon was fully aware that the proposition was but one of Bradley's tricks. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to go along with it despite the dissatisfaction in his heart.

Back when Bradley was the CEO, Brandon was in charge of the finance department, while Benson's daughter, Isabella, was the deputy CEO.

The three families had been keeping each other in check.

However, the circumstances had taken a turn for the worse. Should Harvey obtain the position of deputy CEO, most of Turner Corporation would be in the hands of Bradley's family.

The thought of that alarmed Brandon.

Edward shot a glance at the two brothers. Then, as expected, he announced, "If you brothers have no other opinions, then I declare that Harvey should take on the temporary role of deputy CEO!" With that, he set down his utensils and got ready to leave the dining room.

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"I-It's the warehouse that was just rebuilt!" The supervisor's answer gave the Turners a shock. They stared at the supervisor wide-eyed, their mouths agape.

Brandon's family, who did not know the truth, were especially startled. They could not fathom the reason why that warehouse would catch fire twice in a single month.

"Who's the one responsible? The warehouse has just been restored! How could the lot of you be so careless?" Bradley reprimanded the supervisor, his face contorted with anger.

Bradley was even oozing with murderous intent.

The supervisor was scolded to the point he bowed his head down, not daring to utter a single word.

Just then, Harold's voice resounded from outside the living room. He drawled, "Stop yelling at him. I was the one who had someone set the warehouse on fire!"

Then Harold strolled into the lounge from outside.

His words instantaneously infuriated the Turners. Every one of them glared at Harold. Bradley promptly stepped forward to interrogate him. "Harold, you b*stard! What did you just say? Why would you burn

our warehouse?”

Back when Bradley and his conspirators had attempted to murder Isabella by burning the warehouse, they had already suffered major losses. To make matters worse, their plan had failed, and they had sacrificed the raw materials in the warehouse for naught.

Then, so soon after the warehouse was rebuilt and the raw materials were recollected, it was all burned down again by Harold.

Summing up both instances, the losses were worth at least a million.

Harold's lips arched upward. Then, taking his own time, he answered, “I'm just taking a leaf out of your book. What's there to be angry about?”

“Y-Y-You! What nonsense are you spouting?” Bradley and Harvey lost their composure. Their expressions buckled when they heard Harold's words.

Harold's expression darkened abruptly. He then exposed what Bradley and Harvey had done to Isabella. “Didn't I make myself clear? I'm saying that the two of you plotted to murder Isabella. All that for the sake of getting Turner Corporation under your control. You tricked her into the factory warehouse, then set fire to the place. Am I right?”

The moment the words left Harold's mouth, those who were unaware of the scheme were shocked. They turned their heads in Bradley's and Harvey's direction, gaping at them in horror.

That was especially true with Brandon. His gaze was exceedingly sharp as if he could see through Bradley at any time.

When Bradley noticed that everyone else was looking at him, he instantly retaliated against Harold, “You're so full of shit! Where's the evidence? How dare you spew such allegations without any proof? Believe me when I say that I'll sue you for defamation! I'll make sure you end up in prison!”

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Bradley and Harvey were in fear now. Harvey wanted to escape from the back door.

However, Craig caught up with him after a while.

“Mr. McGowan!” The Turners exclaimed when they saw Craig.

Bradley collapsed to the ground.

Edward, who was standing beside, sighed.

Harold looked at Edward and said coldly, "You seem to know a lot about this, Old Mr. Turner!"

"I only guessed it toward the end, but it was too late. It already happened!" Edward did not deny it. He looked despondent as he spoke.

Harold nodded and did not bother to respond to him anymore.

Craig had people restrain Bradley and Harvey. He approached Harold and asked him respectfully, "What should we do with these two, Mr. Campbell?"

At the sight of Craig's attitude and behavior, the Turners finally realized that Harold was not some trash who had been chased out.

In fact, he was a person even the Underground King of Dellmoor would pay respect to.

"Bring them to the factory and throw them into the warehouse. Let them have a taste of being grilled alive," Harold instructed.

He was a warrior who protected the country. It was not his usual way to make a move on unarmed commoners.

However, he had his boundaries. Regardless of one's identity, one should pay the price for crossing the line.

"No, please. It was my fault. Please don't kill me. I'm really sorry. I won't do it again. I'm begging you..."

Bradley and Harvey were terrified upon hearing Harold's command. Bradley wanted to crawl toward Harold to beg for mercy. However, he was dragged away by Craig.

On the other hand, Harvey was so terrified he wet himself and passed out.

Meanwhile, there was no telling what Brandon was thinking.

Bradley's wife ran to Edward and asked for help.

"Dad, Bradley, and Harvey are your son and grandson. Please get Harold to stop. Otherwise, they're going to lose their lives!" Bradley's wife begged as she kneeled before Edward.

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Edward helplessly took a few steps back once Harold left, tears running down his face, and Bradley's wife collapsed to the ground.

Soon, Harold and the rest arrived at the Turner family's factory located on the outskirts.

The sky was already dark, but the factory was lit up by a burning fire. The smoke rose into the air, covering the stars.

It was just like that night when Isabella was trapped inside.

The workers had gathered around the factory, wanting to see what was happening.

The only different thing was that there was no one inside the burning warehouse. There were merely some fabrics.

The firemen had yet to arrive.

Harold got down from the car, holding Bradley and Harvey on each side as he led them into the fire.

"Ah! What is he doing?"

"I don't know! I think he's bringing the two men into the fire. Is he crazy?"

"I know him. He's that mysterious man who rescued the deputy CEO!"

The workers gasped in shock when they saw Harold's actions.

Most of them thought that Harold was out of his mind.

Harvey woke up halfway. He lost the ability to think when he saw Harold's actions and shouted at his father in fear, "Save me, Dad! I don't want to die..."

"Help! I don't want to die. Please spare us. I'm begging you. I can give you anything you want!" Bradley and Harvey begged for mercy as they struggled hard.

However, when they saw that Harold was unbothered, their hearts sank.

Furthermore, Harold's hands were like huge clamps.

No matter how hard they struggled, they could not escape from his grasp.

They could only watch as Harold bring them into the sea of fire.

As the God of War, Harold walked into the fire as though it was a piece of cake.

With just a few movements, they disappeared out of everyone's sight.

What made the father and son more terrified was that Harold was also walking into the fire with them.

He's a devil! He's even willing to give up his life just to seek revenge on them!

Harvey passed out again.

However, he was soon awakened by the heat.

Bradley did not faint, but he was so scared that he was mentally unstable.

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After finishing their sentence, the duo rushed forward, bent on dragging Harold down with them into the flames.

However, they had overestimated their abilities.

Before they could get any closer, Harold had already struck them preemptively, causing them to be kicked back.

The duo almost plummeted into the ever-spreading fierce flames that were engulfing everything in their path, causing both of them to shiver in trepidation.

They quickly leaped back into the safety zone in the center.

At this moment, the surface of the ground was already scorching from the intense grilling as a result of the waves of heat. The moment the duo landed on the ground, their skin was immediately scarred.

In an instant, the duo jolted and sprang upward in shock, howling and screaming in pain.

“Argh, Dad, what should we do now? I don't want to die!”

Harvey started bawling again.

Even as a grown man, while helplessly watching the fierce flames close in murderously on him and his son, a defenseless Bradley could only hang on to his son and weep.

“Do you now know how helpless and vulnerable Bella was?” Harold asked the father-son duo while

staring menacingly at them, his cold gaze fierce and piercing.

“Yes, yes!”

The father-son duo nodded their heads vigorously in an attempt to show their regret and repentance.

It was only now that Bradley realized how stupid both he and his son were. Isabella's behaviors and reactions these days had been suggesting that she had strong backing from a powerful, authoritative individual.

Yet he and his son still had the audacity to conceive thoughts of wanting to seize the company impulsively in a moment of greed.

Now, it was finally time for them to face their retribution!

It had only been no longer than fifty minutes, and both of them already could not withstand the torture, becoming light-headed and having difficulties breathing.

It was only right before the both of them actually fainted did Harold grab the duo, one person in each hand, and dragged them violently away from the fiery flames.

“Settle them. Find a good lawyer and ensure that they spend the remaining of their years behind bars.”

After pulling the father-son duo to safety, Harold instructed Craig, who was waiting outside, to see to his request.

Killing this father-son duo would only stain his hands. Locking them behind bars for as long as they lived would be even more torturous than death.

After giving out the instructions to deal with the father-son duo, Harold flagged a taxi and left the factory in the suburbs.

Having been busy, a hungry Harold realized that he had not eaten for an entire day.

However, the time was already past nine at night. Most stalls had already ceased operations for the day.

Only the stalls selling barbecued dishes, pumpkin soup, and those selling late-night supper dishes were packed with diners.

When passing by a stall called “Whitney's Place” that was located near his office, Harold decided to purchase some soup and bring it back home to drink.

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From then onward, no one would dare to wreak havoc in her place anymore.

“You know nothing, Whitney. Men actually prefer plump women. The fleshy touch feels so good. It's even better if they're divorcees, as they already know a variety of positions. It saves our time in teaching them.”

Previously, whenever Harold visited Whitney's eating house, Whitney would talk dirty jokes with him before Brittany arrived.

Harold had gotten used to such a way of interaction. He reached out to pinch Whitney's fleshy cheeks as he finished his words.

“You b*stard, that's eighty in total,” Whitney said with a smile as her cheeks turned red.

Then, she entered the kitchen with the order.

Whitney's eating house had a good business. It was only nine o'clock when the store was filled to the brim.

Seeing that, Harold could only find a chair near the cashier counter to sit down and wait.

It was then he noticed that opposite him sat a beautiful, mature lady.

She had slightly curly hair and long, slender legs. She was wearing office attire with a short skirt.

Her attractive, slender legs were wrapped in nude-colored stockings. She radiated the charm of a mature lady.

Harold couldn't help but steal another glance at the lady's slender legs.

The beautiful lady looked at the man in front of her, who was staring at her legs.

She naturally took him as a rogue in her heart. Not to mention she had heard him flirt with Whitney earlier.

The disgust on her face was apparent as she shot him a stern glare.

Noticing the lady's hate-filled eyes, Harold felt a little embarrassed and shifted his gaze to the other side.

Just then, a pen suddenly fell from the cashier counter behind the beautiful lady.

It rolled all the way and stopped next to her legs.

Harold quickly couched down and reached out to pick it up.

"You pervert, get away from me!" the beautiful lady sitting opposite Harold bellowed when she saw him crouching down.

She thought the man wanted to peep under her skirt and instinctively kicked him away.

Sensing danger, Harold reached out at lightning speed and grabbed the lady's leg.

As he raised his head, his gaze fell right underneath her skirt.

However, he could see nothing because the lady was wearing a pair of safety pants.

Although the beautiful lady, whose leg was grabbed by Harold, knew he could see nothing, her body was feverish because of their rather shameful position.

Not to mention his gaze didn't leave underneath her skirt for a second.

"Pervert! Let go of me now, or I'll call the police!" the lady yelled furiously.

Only then did Harold realize that she had misunderstood him and quickly loosened his grip.

Perhaps the impact was too strong when the lady withdrew her leg and she was wearing high heels.

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She had no idea if the person had intentionally squeezed her hard twice.

Slap!

After regaining her composure, the beautiful lady opened her eyes and gave Harold a forceful slap as she glared at him. She gritted her teeth before yelling, "Pervert! Take your filthy hands off me!"

What's wrong with this woman? I just saved her, and yet she repaid me with a slap!

Harold glanced at where his hands were grabbing after hearing her words. Only then did he realize what was going on.

He couldn't believe he was mistaken as a pervert who had taken the opportunity to take advantage of her.

"I'm sorry. It was all too fast. I didn't mean it."

As he spoke, Harold withdrew his hands.

However, the beautiful lady was still dizzy because of the twirl earlier. She lost her balance when Harold withdrew his hands.

“Watch out!”

Harold had no choice but to pull her back into his embrace.

It was then he suddenly felt the body of the beauty in his arms stiffen, and she was red from her face to her neck.

He looked down and realized his hands had crossed the line again.

“W-Will you believe me if I say I still didn't mean it this time?”

Harold was drowned in shame.

“Harold, what are you guys doing?”

Whitney walked out of the kitchen with a container in her hand.

The beautiful lady immediately leaped out of Harold's embrace and held the cashier counter to steady herself.

“Nothing. This beauty nearly fell, and I reached out to steady her,” Harold replied.

“I see. Your pumpkin soup is ready, young lady.”

Whitney passed the container in her hand to the beautiful lady.

“Hmph! Don't let me see you again, or I'm going to make you pay!”

After taking the container, the beautiful lady glared at Harold and left Whitney's Place.

Harold watched her exit Whitney's Place and leave in a Bentley.

He didn't think much about it and left as usual once his soup was ready.

It had been many days since Harold had been to work. He did not even apply for any leave before that. When he arrived at the office the next day, he found all his colleagues shooting him a strange look.

“Why are you all looking at me like this? Is there something on my face?”

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At this moment, a voice that rendered him helpless sounded behind him before he could turn on the computer.

“Who knocked on my door just now?” asked Wrenna Turner as she looked at the members of her department.

Everyone in the project management department shifted their attention to Harold.

“Hey, she's calling you. Hurry up and admit it. Don't drag us into your mess.”

The colleague next to Harold swiftly tugged at his clothes.

Left with no choice, he turned around to face Wrenna.

“It's you?”

Wrenna was shocked to see Harold.

Little did she expect that the problematic employee, who had been absent from work for ten days, yet his dismissal application had been rejected three times on the grounds that the company was currently understaffed, would be the pervert from the night before.

“Hey, pretty, we meet again. How do you do?” Harold said with a smile, waving his hand.

Hearing that, all of his colleagues in the project management department looked at him in shock.

Gosh, how bold of him! How dare he flirt with the new cold-hearted supervisor?

Since her arrival, the cold and aloof Wrenna had requested everyone in the department to work overtime daily. She had even disapproved of their leave application if they failed to provide any particular reasons.

As for those absent from work, she would deduct their incentives.

Because of that, several employees felt frustrated and resigned in less than half a month.

“Hmph! So it's you, you pervert. Come to my office now!”

With a huff, Wrenna turned and headed back to her office.

Everyone looked at Harold, utterly shocked.

What happened? From what the cold-blooded supervisor said, this kid offended her, huh? Gosh! He's so brave!

Having that thought in mind, the crowd began admiring Harold.

Although the delicate rose was beautiful, it was full of thorns.

An ordinary person would not dare to pick it up.

Under his colleagues' admiring gaze, Harold had no other choice but to smile bitterly.

Reluctantly, he got up and walked toward the supervisor's office again.

"Ms. Turner, you were looking for me?" asked Harold after he knocked on the door and entered the office.

It was then he realized that although the beautiful supervisor before him was still wearing office attire, she had changed into long pants today instead of a short skirt. He wondered if it was related to the previous incident where he had accidentally harassed her.