

Dauntless 191

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“No, I won't do that. Our workload is already heavy. We will get burnout if we work overtime.” Harold shook his head and objected when he heard what Wrenna said.

“Get out of here if you can't stand it. There are a lot of people who can. The company didn't spend all that money hiring you so you can come here and relax. There are so many things going on in the company right now. How can we finish everything without working overtime?” Wrenna spoke coldly as a leader.

“If that's the case, you can just recruit more people.” Harold still did not agree to work overtime.

“You... Now, I'm the leader! You have to listen to what I said. Get out and do your work!”

Wrenna failed to argue with Harold, so she could only use her leadership to suppress him.

“Okay.”

Since the supervisor was chasing him away, Harold said nothing else and turned to leave her office.

However, instead of returning to work, he walked directly to Matthew's office and pushed the door open.

“Why did you enter without... Mr. Campbell, you're finally back!”

Matthew, who was busy with work, thought that someone else had come in without knocking on the door and was about to reprimand the person.

However, when he looked up and saw that it was Harold, he immediately jumped up from his chair in shock and went to pour coffee for Harold.

“Mr. White, your company is developing fine, but your success has made you a terrible person.”

Sitting on Matthew's chair, Harold took a sip of coffee and said flatly.

“M-Mr. Campbell, I don't understand what you mean. Did I do something wrong? You can tell me and I swear I'll do something about it.”

The bearded Matthew was so frightened upon hearing what Harold said that even his legs turned into

jelly.

“Your company is getting more and more orders and you're making a big money, but the company exploits the employees even more than before by making them work overtime. You've made so much money. Why don't you recruit more people? I've said what I wanted to say. You should see what you can do about it.”

After saying that, Harold put down the cup and left the office.

“Mr. Quinn, come to my office now!”

Matthew broke out in a cold sweat. Right after Harold left, he quickly grabbed the phone and called Steven.

Half an hour later, after hearing what Matthew had to say, Steven promised, “Mr. White, I'll come up with a plan today for you to check and implement it tomorrow at the latest!”

Then, Steven returned to his office in a cold sweat.

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It was soon time to get off work.

Matthew's notice about forbidding working overtime in the future was still not out by then, but the ruthless supervisor's order of working overtime was issued first.

Everyone was forced to work overtime until nine o'clock after dinner.

However, Harold had a dinner date with Margarete at Spice Restaurant at six o'clock. Hence, he did not care about Wrenna's order at all.

He left right away when it was time to get off work.

The notice about forbiddance of working overtime will be posted latest by tomorrow, anyway. Unless Matthew wants to close down his company.

Spice Restaurant was one of the famous restaurants in Dellmoor. It was the first choice for white collars when they go for gatherings or dinner dates, as the food in the restaurant was moderately priced.

Previously, Harold had been there several times, so he was quite familiar with the way to the restaurant.

He arrived on time at six o'clock in the afternoon.

However, Margarett arrived earlier than he did and had been waiting there for a long time.

When Harold saw Margarett, he was shocked.

The freckles on her face had completely disappeared. With a stylish hairstyle and fashionable clothes, she transformed from a young woman to a young girl.

“Whoa! Are you Margarett? You said you have a surprise for me. Are you my surprise?” Harold asked, awestruck.

Margarett chuckled and said in excitement, “Of course not! Do you remember I said that I'll introduce you to a rich woman if your formula works? Now that your formula is effective, I'll fulfill my promise today and introduce a beautiful rich woman who drives a Bentley to you.” She was quite satisfied with Harold's reaction.

In order to celebrate her best friend's recovery, Marilyn planned to have a meal at Spice Restaurant when she was free. It had been a while since she had spicy foods, and she wanted to satisfy her cravings.

She dressed up and got ready at six o'clock before driving to the most famous Spice Restaurant on Pillere Street with her assistant.

“Hmm? Isn't that Bella's contracted hubby?”

Marilyn, who had just arrived at Spice Restaurant, suddenly saw a familiar figure that she had a strong impression of. It was Harold.

After ordering her assistant to find a parking spot, she quietly followed Harold into Spice Restaurant and went to the second floor.

What surprised her more was that Harold was having a secret date with a fashionable beauty.

“How outrageous! As expected, all men are b*stards!” Marilyn cursed when she saw Harold meeting up with the pretty Margarett. Moreover, they were interacting intimately, as though they had known each other for some time.

Isabella video called her last night and told her that Harold went back to Dellmoor for work.

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Margarette spoke as if she understood the male species very well.

Once she was done speaking, she pulled Harold to sit in a corner booth.

Right at that moment, Harold felt someone looking at him and turned his head to look behind him.

He only saw a silhouette slipping behind the staircase.

However, when he slowly walked over, the figure had already disappeared from the stairway.

After failing to find anything, he went back to Margarette's side.

“What's wrong?” she asked curiously.

“Nothing. I thought I saw an acquaintance, but it turns out I mistook someone else for him,” he replied while glancing down on the ground floor through the second floor's glass window, trying to find anyone suspicious.

Just as he was about to tell Margarette he was married, a Bentley came driving into the restaurant's parking lot and entered his view.

With his sharp vision, he could recognize the person inside the car. It was indeed the newly appointed female supervisor, Wrenna.

“Margarette, about the rich lady who drove a Bentley you were talking about. Is that her?” Harold pointed toward Wrenna, who was parking the car, from where he sat on the second floor.

“Yes, that's her! She's here!” Margarette shouted in excitement once she recognized the license plate on the Bentley.

Harold's face fell when he heard Margarette's answer. “I just remembered there's a new supervisor at my company who's very strict. She wants us to work overtime every day, so let's take a raincheck for this. I need to go back to the company.”

After confirming that Wrenna was the woman Margarette spoke of, Harold immediately wanted to escape.

Wrenna was the type of woman he could not afford to offend.

“Stop right there! When did you become such a pessimist and a coward? All you have to do is to meet a woman! I'm warning you. Sit down right now, or I'll find other ways to repay you.” Seeing that Harold wanted to escape, Margarette assumed that he felt inferior upon seeing a rich woman.

She immediately grabbed him and forced him to sit back down in the booth.

Their tug of war lasted for some time. Meanwhile, Wrenna had parked her car and walked into the restaurant.

If Harold chose to walk out at that moment, he would surely bump into Wrenna at the stairs.

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Only after Wrenna stepped into the booth did she see Harold with his head down.

Why does this outfit look familiar?

While staring at the man, Wrenna was confused.

“Hey, the rich lady you're waiting for is here. Lift your head!” Margarett shouted at Harold as she felt a little annoyed. What is this guy doing? Is he too nervous? Don't tell me he's going to give up at the last minute! I've told Wrenna so much about him!

However, Harold continued lowering his head.

Infuriated, Margarett walked over and pulled him to his feet, but he still kept his head low.

“Is he sick or something? Is he by any chance impotent?” Wrenna questioned with a dubious expression.

“Who said so? Do you want to give it a try?” Enraged upon being called impotent by a woman, Harold lifted his head abruptly to glare at Wrenna.

“W-Why are you here-” The moment Harold lifted his head, Wrenna was so shocked she could not form a coherent sentence.

Judging from their expression and conversation, Margarett looked at them both and asked confusedly, “Wrenna, you know him?”

“She's that new, cold-hearted supervisor in my company!”

“Yes. He's the one I mentioned earlier. The troublesome employee!”

Harold and Wrenna spoke in unison.

After they finished talking, they were stunned because they happened to speak at the same time.

“Ah! So you two knew each other already. Great! Then I don't have to introduce you to each other.” Margarette thought things would go sour when she spotted the hatred in their eyes when they looked at each other.

However, upon seeing the chemistry between them when they spoke simultaneously, she was relieved.

“No, not great at all. Margarette, I'm already married!” Harold immediately informed her of his marriage so she would stop matchmaking him with others.

“Earlier, you said you needed to go back and work overtime. Now you say you're married. The excuses you come up with are terrible. Where's your marriage certificate then? Show me!” lectured Margarette, pouting and pretending to be upset.

“I even heard you tell Whitney last night that you just broke up last month, and now you're saying you're married. Who are you kidding here? Sit down. Let's talk.” Upon hearing him claim that he was married, Wrenna put on an expression that was full of contempt.

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This beautiful superior of his not only wanted to be his sugar mommy, but she was also married and had children.

But she has such an alluring figure. No matter how I look at her, she doesn't look like she has given birth before.

“Margarette, you didn't tell him the predicament I was in?” Wrenna questioned, turning around to face Margarette as she saw Harold's shocked expression.

“I haven't had the opportunity to tell him about it before you came. It's not too late to tell him now,” said Margarette awkwardly. Then, she turned to look at Harold.

Harold was puzzled as he looked at the duo.

“I'll explain Wrenna's situation to you right now. Wrenna isn't married yet, but she got pregnant by accident and gave birth to her five-year-old daughter, Charlotte. During a doctor's appointment last month, Charlotte was diagnosed with a terminal illness and had only three months left to live. Her biggest wish was to see her father. However, due to some reason, Wrenna sent her dad to jail five years ago. Wrenna had been telling Charlotte that her dad had joined the army and was one of the ten heroes that protected our country. Thus, Wrenna wanted to find someone who had served in the army to pretend to be Charlotte's father and allow her to spend her last three months happily. Since you had told me previously that you served in the army before, I'd thought of introducing Wrenna to you. Don't worry, Wrenna's very generous. If you agree to help her, she would never mistreat you,” Margarette

slowly explained Wrenna's predicament to Harold.

Sadness shrouded Wrenna's face when Margarett was telling Harold the whole story.

Harold fell silent.

It turns out that this pretty supervisor that everyone claimed to be cold-hearted has such a tragic life. Not only did she get pregnant by accident, but her child is also diagnosed with a terminal illness. Perhaps her strong and aloof persona is just a cover for the pain and sorrow she feels on the inside.

After much thought, Harold returned the bank card to Wrenna.

"What do you mean? Are you not willing to help with such a small favor?" Wrenna asked coldly as her face darkened after seeing Harold return the bank card to her.

Margarett, who was sitting aside, was in disbelief too.

In her heart, she knew that Harold was not a cold-hearted person. Otherwise, he would've ignored her during the class gathering because of the freckles that were all over her face.

However, he refused to help Wrenna.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I can pretend to be Charlotte's father but I can't accept the money!" Harold said earnestly.

"No, you must accept the money and sign the agreement. I hate owing people a favor. It's better if this is a win-win situation for both of us. Or else, I would have to find someone else," said Wrenna. She was a woman of principles, and she would only allow Harold to act as her child's father once he accepted the money.

"But... Fine. I'll accept the money for now."

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As they passed by Whitney's Place, Wrenna stopped the car.

"Give me a moment. My daughter loves drinking pumpkin soup from this stall. I'm going to buy some for her." After Wrenna said that, she got out of the car.

However, she did not drive Harold and Margarett to the hospital right after buying the pumpkin soup. Instead, she brought them back to the high-end residential area near Midaronto River where she lived.

Just as Harold was confused as to why Wrenna had brought them to her house, the latter brought out a

military uniform and a badge from the room.

“This outfit was my brother's. He had sacrificed himself on the battlefield, and his comrade handed it to us. Put this on to meet Charlotte,” said Wrenna sadly.

Harold remained calm when he looked at the military uniform. However, when he saw the badge, a gleam flashed past his eyes.

He recognized the badge as it was endowed by the intelligence department of Eagle Special Operations Unit that used to work under him.

Members from the Eagle Special Operations Unit were special to Harold, as they were made up of people that had fought alongside him in the underground back then.

They felt obliged to lend a hand when their country was in danger. Thus, they followed Harold and became soldiers.

All of the soldiers, including The Four, had fought alongside Harold ever since they were in the underground circles.

Harold had led all his comrades to the battlefield, but not all of them survived the war.

It was then that he realized Wrenna was the younger sister of one of his comrades that fought alongside him during the war.

Thus, he could not turn a blind eye to the situation that Wrenna and Charlotte were in.

Harold saluted solemnly at the military uniform and badge before putting them on.

By the time the trio got to the hospital, it was already seven.

They went straight to the hospital's VIP ward.

When they arrived, the nurse practitioner that Wrenna had hired was feeding five-year-old Charlotte dinner.

“I don't want to eat. I want Mommy! I want Mommy!”

They heard the cries of a little girl from within the ward.

When they entered the ward, Harold saw a little girl with delicate facial features sitting on the hospital bed.

Her face was pale and she did not look as energetic as other kids her age.

Charlotte was throwing a tantrum and refused to eat her food. She kept asking for her mother.

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“You haven't fully recovered yet, Char. You don't need to attend school tomorrow. So why do you still want to go to kindergarten tomorrow?” Harold questioned gently and softly, as it was his first time being someone's “father.”

“The kids at the kindergarten laughed at me because I don't have a daddy. I want to show them that I, too, have a daddy just like them!” replied Charlotte aggrievedly.

Upon hearing her words, the three adults' hearts ached. Wrenna was the first to break down. She turned away and covered her mouth to suppress her sobs.

Harold, too, felt a lump in his throat.

“No, you can't go to kindergarten like this, as you haven't recovered yet. Have your dinner first. When you're all better, your daddy would go to kindergarten with you. Otherwise, the teachers won't let him in,” explained Margarette, who was standing behind Harold.

“Really, Daddy? When I'm all better, you will go to kindergarten with me, right?” Charlotte questioned anxiously.

“Yes, your teacher is right. As long as you be a good girl and eat your food, you'll recover soon enough. By then, I'll take you everywhere you want to go,” said Harold as he patted Charlotte's head.

“Let's make a pinky promise!” After pondering, Charlotte still seemed uneasy as she stretched out her pale little finger.

Harold instantly stretched out his hand and hooked his finger with hers.

“I want to eat. I want to get jabbed so that I can recover. Then, Daddy and I can go to kindergarten together,” said Charlotte to the nurse after she and Harold made a pinky promise.

Wrenna immediately took out the pumpkin soup that she bought from Whitney's Place.

“I want Daddy to feed me!” Charlotte said in a mellow voice while pointing at Harold.

Wrenna felt that since she had already paid Harold, it was only natural for Harold to properly play his role as Charlotte's father. So, she passed him the pumpkin soup right away and let him feed Charlotte.

It was a heartwarming scene in the ward as Harold fed Charlotte.

“Wrenna, my son's home alone. I have to go home to take care of him,” said Margarette. She was reminded of her own son when she looked at the “father-and-daughter” duo. Then, she bid them goodbye.

“Daddy, don't go, okay? Could you stay here tonight to keep me company?” asked Charlotte as she grabbed onto Harold's hand and refused to let him leave after she had finished her meal.

“All right. I won't leave tonight. I'll just stay here and keep you company, okay?” Harold agreed instantly. Since Isabella hadn't returned to Dellmoor yet, Harold would be alone at home anyway.

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However, Harold abruptly stopped when he reached the part where he retired due to the Five-Year Agreement.

Wrenna, who was interested, instantly asked about what happened next.

“I haven't thought about it yet. I'd tell you once I've thought about it,” said Harold as he shrugged.

“Okay. Why don't you head back and rest first? You still have work tomorrow,” said Wrenna with slight disappointment.

“I'm worried that Char would cry if she doesn't see me when she wakes up. I'll stay here and keep her company tonight. In the meantime, I would like to apply for two days' leave,” said Harold after much thought.

He planned to summon Samuel over the next day. As such, he needed to take the day off so he could go and fetch him.

Harold had thought that Wrenna would not hesitate to agree since he wanted to take a leave for the sake of her daughter.

However, things did not turn out like how he expected them to. Wrenna rejected Harold's request without much pondering.

“No, I would not approve the leave application. Recently, there had been too much work at the company, and we don't have enough manpower. Please don't cause me any trouble,” Wrenna said firmly.

Harold's lips twitched after hearing what she had said.

No wonder my colleagues call her a cold-hearted supervisor. Knowing that her daughter did not have much time left, she herself still refused to take leaves to spend time with her daughter. Moreover, she even objected to others taking a leave to accompany her daughter. She's indeed cold-hearted and ruthless!

“Fine. I'm going to ask Mr. Quinn for permission instead!” Harold said, wearing the same indifferent expression as Wrenna. He would not submit obediently.

After finishing his sentence, he sent Steven a WhatsApp message.

Without asking questions, Steven approved of his leave.

“Look. Mr. Quinn had already approved of my leave,” said Harold, showing Wrenna his phone.

“You... What is your relationship with Mr. Quinn?” Wrenna was livid that Harold had asked for a leave from someone ranked higher than her.

Apparently, Harold did not respect her as his supervisor.

She wanted to yell at him out of rage, but they were still in the hospital. Thus, she could only suppress her anger.

After she had calmed down, she realized that Harold seemed to have a close relationship with the higher-ups of the company.

Even though he was absent from work for more than ten days without a proper reason, the company did not fire him. He had just returned to work one day ago, yet the leave he applied for had been approved by the manager without hesitation. The manager didn't even ask about the reason he applied for a leave.

If it weren't for the fact that Harold looked nothing like the boss, I would have suspected that he was the boss' illegitimate child.

“What do you think?” Harold asked mysteriously. Afterward, he went out to make a call.

Looking at Harold's silhouette as he left the room, Wrenna stomped her foot in annoyance like a little girl.

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The temperature difference between day and night was significant during fall.

Harold dashed out of the hospital to buy a blanket and rushed back to cover Wrenna with it.

The distress on Wrenna's face eased a lot the moment she was tucked up.

Once Harold was done covering Wrenna with the blanket, he slumped into the chair near the wall and fell into his slumber.

Being a light sleeper, Wrenna woke up early in the next morning. Looking at the blanket on her body, she was surprised, for she didn't recall bringing a blanket to the hospital.

As she scanned the surroundings, her gaze eventually landed on Harold. At that moment, she caught on to what had happened.

A nice, warm feeling rose within her heart. Ever since the unpleasant incident six years ago, Wrenna had nothing but disgust toward men. To her surprise, that feeling of hers was beginning to dissipate little by little right at that juncture.

She lifted the blanket and covered it on Harold's body instead. Then, she went back home to wash up and headed to work.

Of course, with Harold's capability, he would know that Wrenna was the one who had covered him with the blanket.

As soon as Wrenna left, Harold got up and departed from the hospital as well, fearing that he might not be able to leave when Charlotte woke up.

After breakfast, he made his way to the pharmacy. Following Samuel's advice, he bought some medicine and a set of silver needles. He also requested the pharmacist to prepare the medicine in advance.

It was already past nine in the morning when he finished all this.

In a flash, Harold bolted back to the hospital, for he was afraid that Charlotte would cry a river if she didn't see him when she opened her eyes.

As expected, before even reaching the ward, Harold could already hear Charlotte's sobbing coming from the ward by the corridor.

Besides, he could also hear the voice of the nurse practitioner comforting the little girl.

"Char, what's the matter? Who made you cry?" Harold hurried over to the bedside.

Upon seeing Harold return, Charlotte quickly pounced into his embrace. "Daddy, I thought you were gone again... I was so scared..." said the little girl intermittently.

She then cried her lungs out all of a sudden.

Harold was fumbling frantically, for he had never looked after a child before.

The nurse practitioner helped to console the little girl, and the latter finally stopped crying.

“You can head out first. I'll look after her, so she'll be fine.”

Since Charlotte had stopped weeping, Harold dismissed the nurse practitioner and locked the door to the ward.

He was getting ready to showcase his skills.

“Finish your breakfast and go take a nap, Char. Then, we can go home when you wake up, okay?” asked Harold.

“Okay!”

Charlotte nodded fervently as she took her breakfast obediently.

After that, she drank a mouthful of the medicine bought by Harold from the pharmacy.

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However, nothing was impossible for Samuel, the genius doctor.

The objective of acupuncture was to stimulate the activity of the meridians. By complementing it with medication, one would recover in about a week.

As it was Harold's first time performing acupuncture, he was extremely careful.

Meanwhile, that nurse practitioner was waiting outside the ward. Since it was time to administer the IV drip for Charlotte, she wanted to enter the ward.

Nevertheless, as she tried to open the door, she found out that it had been locked by Harold.

She peeped through the glass, only to find that Harold was treating the little girl with acupuncture. The nurse practitioner was startled to the core.

“Hey, what are you doing? Stop right there! The hospital won't be responsible if anything happens to the patient.”

Panic-stricken, the nurse practitioner was shouting outside the ward the whole time. Still, Harold gave her the cold shoulder and continued to focus on the acupuncture procedure.

Moreover, for safety reasons, he even video called Samuel so that he could have the latter's support throughout the process.

Whenever the steps, acupoints, or the time was not on point, Samuel would correct Harold immediately.

Seeing the man completely ignoring her, that nurse practitioner hastily ran off to get the hospital director and the security guards.

In the meantime, Wrenna was back at her office. As usual, she immersed herself entirely in her work.

Yet, just when she was preparing to get off work, the hospital director gave her a call.

As she answered the call, her usual tranquil expression turned grim.

How could that Harold simply do whatever he wants to? I'll never let him off if anything happens to my daughter!

Wrenna gnashed her teeth as she hurriedly stopped whatever she was doing. At that point in time, she couldn't care less about whether it was time to get off work. She departed from her office right away and made a beeline for the hospital.

When she arrived at the hospital, she hadn't even reached the ward, but she could already see a crowd gathering outside the ward. Not only were there doctors and nurses, but there were also a group of security guards.

"Excuse me..."

Her heart skipped a beat at the scene as she swiftly squeezed through the crowd.

The second she witnessed the mess in her daughter's ward, she was stunned. Her whole body shuddered in fury.

That was because Wrenna also saw a crowd inside the ward, including the hospital director, deputy director, attending physician, and several security guards.

They were not standing, but rather, they had all collapsed on the floor, wailing in pain.

Harold stood right next to the bed, and he was fully absorbed in watching Charlotte. As for Charlotte, she was lying in bed motionlessly. On her body were plentiful silver needles.

No one else out there had dared to step into the ward.

“What the heck are you doing? Harold Campbell!”