

Dauntless 211

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 211

Inwardly, the secretary cursed the perverted man.

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Meanwhile, Philip hastily picked up the phone on his desk and called his son, Daniel, after hearing his secretary's reply.

Right then, Daniel was having a roll in the hay with the beautiful receptionist in his office.

"The phone is ringing, Mr. Daniel," the receptionist, who was being put through the wringer by the man, quickly remarked upon hearing the ringing of the phone on the desk.

Without even sparing the phone a glance, Daniel reached out and unplugged the phone cord.

Then, he continued thrusting away.

That had Philip so livid that he almost burst a blood vessel.

"How dare he hang up on me? He's simply asking for it!"

At once, he shot to his feet and stormed out of his office to settle the score with his son.

The instant he pushed open Daniel's office door, the scene within had his blood pressure shooting through the roof.

"Ahh! Mr. Daniel, Mr. Larson is here!"

Stricken, the receptionist shrieked and hastily got dressed.

Daniel, on the other hand, looked at his father in slight embarrassment.

"Why did you come over, Dad? You could've just called me if there was anything you needed!" Daniel muttered in mortification.

Subsequently, he swiftly straightened himself up.

"Look at the phone on your desk yourself! All you know is to fool around! Do you know that disaster is upon us, you idiot?" Philip snapped.

"I don't get what you're saying, Dad!"

Daniel was wholly bewildered by his father's words.

I only messed around for a bit with the receptionist in my office, and it's even my family's company. How did I bring disaster upon us?

"Mr. Campbell phoned me a while ago, asking you to contact him. Have you offended him?" Philip demanded.

"No. It's been more than half a month since I last saw him. How could I have offended him?"

Daniel became all the more confused.

"Mr. Daniel, I took Mr. Campbell to the conference room just now, so he's currently waiting for you to meet him there," the receptionist, who had straightened her clothes, stammered timidly behind him.

"What? Mr. Campbell is already in the conference room? Why the f*ck didn't you tell me that earlier? Do you want to destroy the Larson family? D*mn it!"

As soon as Daniel heard her, his expression changed entirely. Slapping her across the face, he tore into her furiously.

"I... wanted to tell you, but you pounced on me the moment I came in without even giving me the opportunity to report it to you. How could I have told you about it?"

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However, his silence had them misunderstanding that he had no retort because they saw through his trick.

"You assaulted someone without reason earlier, Harold. If you don't want us to sue you, drop to your knees and apologize to Monkey!"

Hoping that Monkey and the others would be even more loyal to him, Leroy ordered Harold to apologize to Monkey on his knees.

"Who dares to have Mr. Campbell kneel?"

Before Harold could even respond, Daniel's enraged voice rang out from the conference room door.

He ran faster than his father, so he reached the conference room first.

“Why are you here, Mr. Daniel?”

Leroy and the others immediately snapped their heads back and gaped at Daniel.

Nonetheless, Daniel ignored them completely. In fact, he shoved them away roughly. Biting the bullet, he hurried toward Harold instead.

“This man is very violent, Mr. Daniel. I've already called security, so don't go near him.”

Leroy swiftly stopped Daniel upon noticing that the latter wanted to approach Harold.

Slap!

Just as his words rang out, Daniel backhanded him across the face.

In a flash, the room plunged into pin-drop silence.

Monkey and the others glanced at each other before cutting their gazes at Leroy in bafflement.

Didn't he say that Mr. Larson regards him highly? Why did the man slap him the second he came in?

On the heels of that, something far more unexpected transpired.

After slapping Leroy, Daniel promptly trotted over to Harold.

“Sorry I'm late, Mr. Campbell. I hope these b*stards didn't do anything to offend you. My father is right behind me. He also came along to greet you!” he gushed with an ingratiating smile in front of the man.

His remark stunned Leroy, Monkey, and the others once more.

Not only is he acting like a lackey, speaking humbly with a toadying smile in front of Harold, but he's also saying that even Philip Larson—our Chairman, the wealthiest man in Dellmoor, and the patriarch of the most prominent family in the city—is rushing over as well. On top of that, the man is only coming to greet Harold! What on earth is going on here?

“What do you think?” Harold queried mildly, dipping his head and sweeping his gaze over the documents scattered on the ground.

“Oh... Crap!”

Daniel glanced at the documents scattered on the ground before stealing a peek at the chagrined expression on the man's face.

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Chapter 213

"We no longer want the job, Leroy! Also, we'll be leaving first!"

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At the turn of events, the other two classmates who came from Norham to Dellmoor with Monkey to obtain a job through Leroy knew that things had gone awry and quickly left.

"How could you!"

Monkey pointed at their backs in fury, but he didn't know what to say, for he himself wanted to take off then.

Even the wealthiest man in Dellmoor, with assets amounting to over a hundred billion, is terrified of Harold like a slave. Not only did we mock him just now, but we even made things difficult for him during the class reunion back then. Wouldn't I just be staying to head to my death if I don't make a run for it?

At that thought, he steeled his resolve and whirled around to make himself scarce.

As for the promised high pay of tens of thousands a month, I've got no choice but to give it up.

"Stop right there!"

Harold was completely unconcerned when the other two classmates beat a hasty retreat earlier.

But when Monkey wanted to do the same, he stopped the man from doing so.

At his bark, Monkey stiffened and froze on the spot. Mustering his courage, he slowly turned around.

"How may I be of assistance, Mr. Campbell?" Monkey inquired flatteringly, forcing a smile as he pivoted.

"Pick up the documents on the floor and hand them to Mr. Kowalski to check whether the proposal passes muster."

Harold didn't make things difficult for him, merely asking him to pick up the documents on the floor.

"Huh?"

Sheer surprise flooded Monkey at being asked to do such a simple task that he went motionless.

“You were the one who threw those documents on the floor. Shouldn't I be asking you to pick them up?” Harold questioned, his eyes fixated on the man.

“No... I mean, yes! I'll pick them up right away!”

Hearing him loud and clear this time, Monkey hurriedly crouched and picked up the documents scattered on the ground before handing them to Leroy.

At that very moment, Leroy wore a dark and gloomy expression.

He felt so aggravated that he was on the verge of blowing up.

Initially, I thought I could show off in front of Harold after having climbed to the position of supervisor at such a massive company as Larson Corporation. Unexpectedly, even my boss has to act all servile like a servant before him. Therefore, I'm no more than a joke in his eyes!

Although he knew he probably wouldn't be able to keep his job, he didn't want to give up before the final moment.

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Chapter 214

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“Was this your doing?”

The instant he saw the last page that had been trampled beyond recognition, he swung his gaze at Leroy and Monkey even as he tossed that question out in a sharp voice.

Complemented by the fact that he heard Leroy ordering Harold to drop to his knees and apologize when he entered the room, he was certain it must have been the doing of Leroy and the others.

“This... had nothing to do with us!”

Glimpsing the look in Daniel's eyes, Leroy inwardly swore.

He shook his head, instinctively taking two steps back.

Monkey reacted in a similar fashion.

At their reactions, Daniel was all the more convinced of his conjecture.

“Get down on your knees and put your hands out!” he barked at Leroy and Monkey.

When it came to the man, the two of them hadn't the guts to balk.

They could only drop on the ground docilely and stretch their hands out.

After they had done so, Daniel stomped on the backs of their hands without hesitation, using a single leg on each of them respectively.

“Ahh!”

“Ahh! Please spare me, Mr. Daniel!”

Leroy and Monkey let out bone-chilling wails of agony when their hands were trampled on.

They sounded so horrific that goosebumps would rise all over anyone who heard them.

Monkey was even dense to the point that he still couldn't fathom why Daniel was treading on them.

Alas, Daniel hadn't the slightest sympathy toward their cries of pain.

If Mr. Campbell's wrath doesn't abate, I can never forgive these two morons!

Instead of removing his leg, that mere thought had him crushing their hands even harder as though he was squashing an ant.

“Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Campbell! Then, get lost! Larson Corporation can't afford to employ such high and mighty people like you two!”

When Leroy heard that, his expression turned even grimmer.

Ultimately, my greatest worry has still come to pass.

“Mr. Daniel, Mr. Larson, please give me another chance. I'll never repeat the same mistake again,” he pleaded, hugging Daniel's leg with his other hand as he endured the agonizing pain radiating off his injured hand.

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Chapter 215

Leroy hung his head as he spoke. For the sake of swaying Harold with their past acquaintance, he didn't address the latter as Mr. Campbell as the Larsons did. Instead, he used the address they used during their schooldays.

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“Oh well!”

The address of “Mr. Harold” reminded Harold of the memories back when they were studying. He inexorably sighed.

He got to his feet to leave the conference room, but when he reached the door, he halted in his tracks.

“I'll let it slide this time. As for the contents on the last page of the document, I'll fax it over when I arrive back at the office. But I hope you understand one thing—your superior will always be your superior! Don't look down on anyone!”

After saying that, he left Larson Corporation.

At his words, everyone in the conference room breathed a sigh of relief, regardless of whether it was the Larsons, Leroy, or Monkey.

When Harold stepped out of Larson Corporation's entrance, he saw that Jose was still waiting outside the building.

The moment Jose spotted Harold coming out, he stalked up to him with a dark expression on his face.

Grabbing the man's collar, he demanded, “What's your relationship with Autumn, kid? And where is she?”

Harold looked at him as though he was an idiot. Reaching out, he lightly clasped the latter's wrist. Jose's face went pale from the pain, and he swiftly dropped his hold on Harold's collar.

Thereafter, Harold strolled away.

“I don't care what your relationship with her is, kid. If I see you pestering her again next time, I'll make you regret ever being born!”

He could still hear Jose's furious bellow behind him even after he had gone a distance away.

At the same time, rows of high-end Mercedes-Benz were parked at the entrance of Bellridge Prison in the neighboring state, amounting to more than a hundred cars.

Bodyguards in black suits stood on either side of each car.

The gates of Bellridge Prison slowly opened, and a middle-aged man with an imposing aura walked out in prison uniform.

“Welcome back, Don!”

Led by a young man, the bodyguards in black bowed and greeted him in unison.

“Why are you all welcoming me? And how many times have I told you to address me as Boss instead of Don? Can't you understand simple language?”

Not only did the middle-aged man in prison uniform unhappy after hearing the bodyguards' remark, but he even reproached them with fury etched across his features.

At an utter loss, the bodyguards in black looked at each other.

“Welcome back, Boss!”

Thereafter, Harold strolled away.

“I don't care what your relationship with her is, kid. If I see you pestering her again next time, I'll make you regret ever being born!”

“Welcome back, Boss!”

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Chapter 216

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“Come into my office for a moment, Harold!”

When Harold was getting ready to get off work, he was summoned by his beautiful yet apathetic supervisor to her office.

“Are you free tonight?” Wrenna queried, looking up at him with a hopeful look in her eyes no sooner had he stepped into her office.

“Tell me what it is first, and I'll decide whether I'm free.”

Harold's answer had Wrenna frowning with displeasure written all over her face.

“Char has been discharged from the hospital, but she has been asking for you these few days. She's even been refusing food. So, I'd like to invite you over to my house for dinner tonight and have you talk to her!”

Ultimately, she still relented for the sake of her daughter.

“Sure! It so happens that I've been planning to visit her!”

The two of them had little interaction as they both felt that their values were different, resulting in few topics in common.

If it weren't because of Charlotte, they wouldn't even be talking about anything unrelated to work.

After work, Wrenna specially waited for Harold in the parking lot.

“Let's go! We'll first go to the supermarket to buy some food Char likes.”

Having said that, she got into her luxurious Bentley. Harold wanted to go and retrieve his Mercedes-Benz, but she called out to him.

“Where are you going? Hurry up and get in the car! Leave your scooter here. I'll drive you back at night after Char has gone to bed.”

Her words stunned Harold for a moment. Glancing at his Mercedes-Benz, he noticed a scooter parked beside it.

Well, it looks like she misunderstood.

Nonetheless, he didn't bother explaining but slipped into her car since driving in the crowded city was a torment, especially during the evening rush hour.

It was already seven o'clock by the time they arrived at Wrenna's house.

“Daddy!”

No sooner had Harold and Wrenna alighted from the car than Charlotte, who stood by the window upstairs, spotted them and squealed loudly.

Her voice was resonant and carried great excitement.

When Wrenna heard that, her nose stung.

Meanwhile, a smile bloomed on Harold's face.

In no time, the two of them arrived in front of the house door. But the instant Wrenna laid eyes on the person who opened the door for them, her expression abruptly went chilly.

It wasn't the housekeeper, Francesca Fawkes, who opened the door for them. Instead, it was a young man who bore some resemblance to Wrenna and had a deep scar on his forehead.

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Chapter 217

That turn of events had the young man at the side wholly floored.
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"What's going on here, Wrenna?"

Before Harold could comfort Charlotte, the young man had already started interrogating Wrenna.

"That's none of your business! Why are you asking so many questions? Get out of here!"

While saying that, Wrenna pushed the young man out the door.

"Let me tell you this, Wrenna. Adam has been released. He asked me to come over and bring you and Char back. How dare you find yourself another man out there? Are you intent on destroying us all?" the scarred young man snarled with fury etched across his features while glowering at Harold and Wrenna.

As soon as Wrenna heard that, her expression changed. "I don't need you poking your nose into my affairs. Hurry up and scram!"

She immediately shoved him out of the house and slammed the door shut.

"Why did you kick Uncle Justin out, Mommy?"

Poking her head out of Harold's arms, Charlotte put that question forth as she gazed at her mother with puzzlement written all over her face.

"Don't ask so many questions when you're just a kid. It's your daddy's first time home, so give him a tour of our house. I'm going to help Mdm. Fawkes with the cooking!"

After saying that, Wrenna went into the kitchen with the groceries in hand.

"Sure thing! Quick, come with me, Daddy! I've got loads of dolls! I've even got Super Wings!"

At the mention of giving her “daddy” a tour, Charlotte promptly forgot all about her uncle. She first dragged Harold to the room she shared with her mother.

Harold was also incredibly patient. In no time, laughter drifted out of Charlotte's room.

When Wrenna heard that as she carried the food out of the kitchen, her expression turned conflicted.

“Come out and eat!”

Only after she had hollered aloud did the two come out of the room happily.

To Harold's surprise, the usually cold and indifferent Wrenna allowed the housekeeper, Francesca, to sit and dine with them.

This doesn't quite fit her cold-blooded personality!

Because of the return of her “daddy,” Charlotte relished the food greatly, eating an entire bowl of pasta.

At the sight of her daughter eating so heartily, Wrenna finally had a smile on her face.

After dinner, Charlotte continued clinging to her “daddy,” Harold.

“Char, your daddy is exhausted from working all day, so he can't play with you for too long. Quick, go brush your teeth before going to bed!”

Seeing that it was already nine o'clock at night and the two of them had spent more than an hour together, Wrenna urged her daughter to go to sleep.

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Chapter 218

It wasn't until ten o'clock at night that Charlotte finally fell asleep.

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Wrenna and Harold awkwardly got out of bed and left the room stealthily.

Without Charlotte chattering away, neither of them knew what to say, and they grew increasingly awkward.

“You...”

“Uh...”

As they stood at the door, they exchanged a look and spoke at the exact same time.

Then, they stopped in concert.

Both their faces flushed bright red.

“Ladies first. You go first!”

In the end, it was still Harold who broke the silence.

“If you're not in a hurry to go home, have a few drinks with me!” Wrenna proposed while looking all conflicted.

Glimpsing her complex expression that day which had been a toss-up between joyful and sorrowful, Harold nodded after a moment's contemplation.

There's no one at home anyway, so I'd be all alone even if I were to go home early.

Since Francesca had already gone to bed, Wrenna personally went to the kitchen and fried a bowl of peanuts.

Whoa! What a formidable woman!

When Wrenna came out with the liquor, Harold was all the more convinced of his evaluation of her.

After all, she didn't bring out red wine, as he had expected. Instead, she brought out two bottles of whiskey.

On top of that, she didn't take any glass out.

“Are you planning to drink it straight from the bottle?” Harold asked in curiosity.

“Are you saying that you haven't got the guts?”

Wrenna's reply was exceedingly simple. A mere counterquestion left him without a retort.

“I've never been afraid when it comes to drinking! Bring it on!”

Harold reached out and took a bottle of whiskey from her.

“Here's a toast to you, Harold. Thank you for saving my daughter, Char.”

With a plate of peanuts and two bottles of whiskey, the two of them started drinking at Wrenna's house.

To Harold's utter surprise, Wrenna remained unaffected even after drinking a few gulps of whiskey.

That aside, the way she was drinking straight from the bottle was really too astounding that goosebumps rose all over him.

"Are you at odds with your family?"

After they had both drank quite a bit, they started conversing more.

Recalling the scene earlier, Harold couldn't help asking that question.

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Chapter 219

Nevertheless, Wrenna seemingly didn't change her indulgent way of drinking despite choking once. Nevertheless, Wrenna seemingly didn't change her indulgent way of drinking despite choking once.

As before, she continued drinking straight from the bottle with Harold.

In no time, half the bottle of top-notch vodka in their hands were gone.

Even Harold's gaze had begun losing focus.

While he gazed at Wrenna in front of him, his mind suddenly short-circuited, and he mistook Wrenna for Isabella.

Wrenna was in an even worse condition. After having drunk half a bottle of top-notch vodka, she was burning up badly.

She lifted her hands and yanked at her clothes.

Soon, she had taken off her blazer, revealing the white blouse within.

Having had a child, her figure had an added allure an innocent maiden lacked.

Thus, it was incredibly tempting to many men, especially when she had such an independent personality.

"Bella, what do I need to do before you believe that I'm the God of War?"

With glassy eyes, Harold walked over and grabbed Wrenna's hand. His gaze was tender, but his movements were rough as he put that question forth.

“Buzz off! I'm not Bella! I'm Wrenna. You've got the wrong person! It feels so hot!” Wrenna huffed indignantly, shaking his hand off.

It was as though she was dissatisfied with all the men in the world.

Right after saying that, she felt so feverish that she even stripped her blouse off.

Then, she dashed right into the bathroom.

Harold had also drunk a lot, so he likewise felt sick. He sprinted into the bathroom as well.

Subsequently, the tipsy duo made their way back to the couch in the living room while supporting each other.

Unknowingly, sparks started flying between them as they remained in the same space alone. Limbs entangling, they tumbled onto the couch.

The next day, Wrenna awakened to them both sleeping soundly while hugging each other under the same blanket.

At a single glance, she could tell that the blanket belonged to Francesca.

“Ahh! You're such a b*stard, Harold Campbell!”

She lifted the quilt and glanced down at herself, only to shriek abruptly.

Smacking Harold—who was still deep in slumber—across the face, she stormed back to her room with the blanket wrapped around her.

Harold was jolted awake by her slap and scream.

Before he could figure out what had happened, Wrenna was already gone from the living room.

He shook his head before he felt a chill sweeping across his body. As soon as he looked down at himself, his expression changed drastically.

Unbeknownst to him, an even more shocking revelation was yet to come.

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Chapter 220

“Why are you still spacing out? It's already nine o'clock. Hurry up and wash up before going to work!”

“Why are you still spacing out? It's already nine o'clock. Hurry up and wash up before going to work!”

Tossing a bag of toiletries on the table, Wrenna went to wash up herself.

Harold stared at her indifferent expression.

If it weren't for the fact that she's walking in an unnatural manner and the scarlet stain on the couch, I'd have thought that we merely drank last night and nothing ever happened between us.

Only when she had exited the bathroom did he take his turn in there to wash up.

When he came back out, he instinctively turned and stole a peek at the couch.

All of a sudden, he noticed a hole in the couch.

At the same time, the vivid evidence was gone.

He knew that it must have been Wrenna who cut out the stained area while he was washing up.

But then, he wasn't sure whether she threw it or hid it after doing so.

Feeling guilty, he didn't dare ask her about it either.

Although Francesca had already prepared breakfast, neither of them had time to eat.

After Wrenna had instructed Francesca to wake Charlotte and help her get dressed, the two of them left for work in a hurry.

In the car, both of them remained silent without saying a single word.

Mainly, they both felt awkward, not quite sure where they should start.

"I'm sorry! I'll take responsibility for it!"

Ultimately, it was still Harold who broke the silence and uttered that statement through gritted teeth.

When he had said that, mixed emotions brewed within him.

If it weren't her first time, I wouldn't feel so conflicted. But the conspicuous red stain on the couch was blatant proof that it was her first time. Taking responsibility is a man's most basic ethic. Yet, I really don't want to give Isabella up.

Upon hearing his promise, Wrenna took a deep breath. An imperceptible look of gratification showed on her face.

At the very least, I lost my virginity to a man with a sense of responsibility, so it isn't all that bad!

"I don't need you to do that. We're both adults, and some things are inevitable in life. It was no big deal, so let's just pretend that nothing ever happened," she replied calmly while driving, not even bothering to turn to him.

She was so nonchalant that it was as though she was speaking of something that had nothing to do with her.

"But..."

Harold wanted to say something else, but they soon arrived at the office.

"No buts. We're here, so you can get out of the car."

"I'm sorry! I'll take responsibility for it!"