

## **Dauntless 22**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 22**

"I-Is that man truly Craig himself? Or am I blind?"

"You're not wrong. Who else could it be but him with that shiny bald head?"

It was six o'clock in the evening and the peak hour for dinner.

Outside Paradise Hotel, there was a long queue of individuals awaiting verification of their membership cards.

Then and there, everyone was shell-shocked as if they had seen a ghost. They stared in disbelief at the scene unfolding before their eyes.

It's Craig! One of the three biggest figures in Dellmoor! He's also one of the people in charge of Paradise Hotel.

Not even Philip, the richest man in Dellmoor, and Moneybags Smith dared to put on airs before Craig, let alone the average person.

Craig was a powerful figure who was capable of controlling everything and having anyone at his beck and call in Dellmoor. Yet, at that moment, someone as powerful as him was somehow kneeling before an unknown young man and was even slapping himself repeatedly while asking for forgiveness.

The sight of that completely toppled the understanding of the wealthy individuals present. What in the world is happening? Who is this young man in front of us? What immense power does he hold that could frighten Craig into kneeling down before him? No wonder he dares to call Craig by his name.

Despite everything, the person most shocked by the development was the woman standing next to Harold, Isabella.

She was already prepared to run away with her mother a few moments ago.

However, Craig's behavior after he rushed out of the hotel left her completely dumbfounded.

She was convinced that the bald man before her was undoubtedly Craig.

Back when Turner Corporation was bidding for a project under Craig, Isabella once had the privilege to see him up close.

Even though it was only for a short minute or two, Craig's shiny bald head was exceptionally

conspicuous and had left a deep impression in Isabella's mind.

Isabella's thoughts began to race. Perhaps Harold wasn't lying? Is he truly the person in the legends? The undefeated God of War who laid waste to thousands of armies and who shocked the world? But other than him sharing the same name "Harold" with the rumored God of War, his thoughts and mannerisms are entirely different from what's mentioned in the legends!

Isabella began to recall the rumors. Legend has it that Harold, the God of War, had a limitless amount of money and influence. He was swift and decisive with his actions and never showed mercy to his enemies!

She then examined the "Harold" before her eyes with scrutiny. This Harold is a womanizer! He's a romantic airhead who is always flirting with women, and he couldn't even fork out three hundred thousand as a betrothal gift. The worst part is that he even tricked my dad into giving him money!

Isabella had no doubt that her worldview would collapse if the man before her was indeed the God of War. However, if he isn't the God of War, what's the explanation for this turn of events? How could he, with a single phone call, get Craig running out here just to kneel and apologize?

Isabella pondered for a moment. In all of Dellmoor, there should be no one apart from the mysterious Mr. Quigley who could possess such influence. Could it be that he's the mysterious Mr. Quigley himself? No, that doesn't sound right. Craig called him Mr. Campbell just now instead of Mr. Quigley.

The moment Isabella thought about Logan, a revelation crossed her mind. However, once she tried to delve into it further, she couldn't quite comprehend that thought.

Meanwhile, Craig was still kneeling on the floor. He had no thoughts to spare for the public who were shooting him curious glances. In that instant, he was consumed with fear.

A few minutes prior, Craig was listening to a report from his subordinate in a conference room when he abruptly received a call from Logan.

"Craig, you must have grown a pair of balls. My boss, Mr. Campbell, has visited Paradise Hotel. How dare your lapdogs stop him from entering the hotel! Do you still want to keep your position, or not? If not, then I'll have someone take over your spot immediately. There are many out there who have their eyes on your position."

Even though the conversation was being held via phone, Craig could still sense the murderous intent emitting from Logan.

It was only then that Craig became aware that there was another prominent figure behind Logan.

The discovery terrified Craig as Logan was akin to a god-like presence in his heart.

Five years ago, Craig was but a meager hooligan on the streets. It was only thanks to Logan's endorsement that Craig climbed to the prized position of the Underground King of Dellmoor and became the person in charge of Paradise Hotel.

With a single statement from Logan, everything Craig possessed could disappear into thin air.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that there was someone above the god-like Logan and that it was Harold. How formidable this Mr. Campbell must be to preside above Mr. Quigley!

At that moment, Craig no longer wished for much. He no longer cared about keeping his position as the person in charge of Paradise Hotel.

Neither did he hope to remain as the Underground King of Dellmoor.

His only wish was for Harold to spare his life.

Craig slapped himself several times in succession, but he still heard nothing from Harold. He became disheartened, and his body began to tremble.

"Mr. Campbell, please forgive me. I'm fully aware of my mistakes! I'll get rid of the manager and these security guards later on! I will never let them appear before you, ever again!" Noting that his self-inflicted slaps were ineffective, Craig switched his tactics. He started to bow down with his head almost touching the floor.

His large head knocked heavily on the solid high-end marble floor, giving off countless pounding sounds. It did not take long before his forehead began to bleed, and blood flowed down his face.