

Dauntless 301

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 301

Eren was rooted to his spot with clenched fists as he muttered under his breath, a dark look crossing his face.

After all those years of training, he was sick of hearing others calling him a loser.

It was time for him to end that.

With that thought in mind, he lowered his fists and hailed a cab back to the Xenos residence.

For those beautiful eyes, I won't mind becoming a live-in son-in-law for a few days.

While Harold was getting a divorce from Isabella, and while Brittany was getting married to Eren, Marilyn had gone to Walund for a holiday.

She had always heard from others that the island of Walund had beautiful sights and that a person could still enjoy sunbathing even in the winter there.

Marilyn had been busy with her career for the past few years, and she never had the time to visit Walund.

Naturally, she wanted to go sunbathing by the beach the moment she got there.

When she arrived, she noticed the women were in sexy bikinis that accentuated their figures.

Marilyn then glanced at her conservative bikini that concealed most of her skin. In a way, she stood out against the others.

Although most of her skin had been covered up, her curves were still visible.

Many women could not help but cast envious looks when they saw her, let alone the perverts who were at the beach to ogle at bikini-wearing women.

Nevertheless, Marilyn, who had been a famous figure for years, was used to the stares of others, so their gazes did not bother her.

She then walked over to one of the recliners under the umbrella and gracefully lay down on it to relax.

Not far from Marilyn were two young men—one thin and one portly—in shorts, watching Marilyn's every move.

Those two young men stood out at the beach as well.

After shoving a mouthful of snacks into his mouth, the fat young man muttered to the skinny man, “Ronnie, that girl looks familiar. Where have I seen her before?”

Upon hearing the fat man's words, the skinny man quickly said, “Sir, my, don't you remember? She's the star Marilyn Schmidt, the granddaughter of the Chanaean King of Gambling. She was even in the headlines because of a scandal a few days ago. Say, this woman's attractive. If someone hadn't slept with her already, I'm sure you'd have come up with ways to marry her!”

The fat man bit his feminine and sexy lips and said to the skinny man, “Oh, it is her. But my experience tells me that she's definitely a virgin with the way she walks. There must be a mistake with the scandal. Call my mother and tell her to stop matchmaking me with others. I want Marilyn Schmidt. Tell my mother to talk to the Chanaean King of Gambling about this. I'm going to go and talk to my future wife first.”

He then stood up and started making his way toward Marilyn.

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Once Harold noticed that, his gloomy feelings about the divorce instantly dissipated.

“Are you jealous?” Harold teased.

He had mostly had Isabella figured out.

“Who's jealous? You've already done that with Marilyn! You have to take responsibility for her regardless of whether it was intentional or whether you've been set up by someone else. I won't forgive you if anything happens to Marilyn!” Isabella warned as she glared at Harold.

“Is that your reason for getting a divorce from me?” Harold asked.

“No... That's none of your business!”

Isabella panicked again, for Harold had read her mind.

“I'm going to discuss this with Marilyn again. She can have any compensation she wants.”

With that, Harold took out his phone to call Marilyn to clarify things with her.

“Get lost, Harold Campbell!”

Marilyn abruptly snatched Harold's phone and hurled it before shoving Harold out of the door. She then threw out all of his things and slammed the door shut.

“Bella, open up for now! I have other things to tell you!” Harold cried out as he smacked the door with a grim look.

Nonetheless, Isabella stubbornly remained silent as she leaned her back against the door. A complicated look crossed her face.

When Harold realized Isabella was not going to open the door, he had no choice but to pack his things and leave the house.

Just as he opened the front door, Benson and Pauline returned. As it turned out, they had gone grocery shopping.

When Isabella's parents saw their son-in-law with a suitcase, their hearts lurched, and they paled. In a worried tone, they asked, “Harold, what are you doing?”

When they saw their daughter coming home earlier, they thought that Harold and Isabella had made up. Hence, they went out to shop for groceries, planning to have a nice dinner as a celebration.

However, it seemed like that was not what was going on.

“I...”

Harold was stumped. He did not know whether or not he should tell them the truth.

“Did Bella get a divorce from you? She must have lost her mind! I'm going to teach her a lesson!”

Benson immediately figured out what was going on, and he instantly tried to rush into Isabella's room to reprimand her.

Harold was afraid that Isabella's parents would give Isabella a scolding when he saw Benson's angry expression, so he quickly lied, “Dad, Mom, you've misunderstood this. I'm only going out on a business trip for a while. I'm about to miss my flight, so I'm going to leave now. Please don't jump to conclusions, okay?”

Fearing that his lie would be exposed, he promptly left before they could say anything else.

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Thus, Matthew became a prouder individual. Anyone who wanted to meet him would have to make an appointment first.

“Allow me to do the introductions. I'm Ricky Tanner, the person in charge of Freya Group's Dellmoor branch. This young man over here is the second son of the Sinclair family, Eren Sinclair.”

Before the bespectacled elderly man could finish his sentence, Matthew leaped to his feet.

Although the name Ricky Tanner was not as well-known as Philip, Craig, and the others in Dellmoor, he was still a rather famous individual in upper-class society.

Most importantly, he was representing the hegemon of the south, the Sinclair family.

Even though Galaxy Media had been developing at a rapid rate recently, they were still not in the same league as the Sinclair family.

“Oh my, it is such an honor to have you here, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Tanner. Please take a seat. I'll brew some coffee right away.”

Matthew was swift to invite them to take a seat.

He thought that Freya Group was there for a business talk, and that made him even more impressed by Harold.

Not only had Harold gotten all of Larson Corporation's advertising deals, but he even managed to catch the attention of Freya Group.

Even though many big companies expressed their desire to work with them, they were nothing compared to a business giant like Freya Group.

Eren could barely wait for another second; he desperately wished that he could teach Harold a lesson right away. Thus, he stopped Matthew from heading out by uttering, “Mr. White, we can forgo the coffee. We're here for serious matters.”

For the past two days, he had been in a living hell in the Xenos family as a live-in son-in-law.

Not only did he have to sleep on the floor and could not touch his wife, but he also had to scrub the feet of his mother-in-law and his wife every day.

Brittany's little brother was worse. It was one thing for her brother to give him his smelly socks to wash every day, but another for her brother to stop him from eating with the rest of them.

After giving Eren his serving, Brittany's brother would demand that he eat in a corner instead.

It was as if he was the family dog.

It felt like a century before his training period was finally over. Sick of the maltreatment, Eren immediately contacted the Sinclair family's person in charge in Dellmoor.

He wanted Brittany and her family to know how capable he was and to force Harold to kneel before Brittany and apologize.

The first step of his plan was to head to the company Harold was working in and get his employer to fire him.

"Sirs, you could have just asked your men to liaise with us if you would like to work with Galaxy Media. There's no need to trouble you to come here personally!" Matthew told them politely after they stopped him from going out of the room.

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Matthew stuttered when he voiced his question.

"That's right—Harold Campbell in your project management department. You have to fire him today and find a way to deduct his entire salary. This isn't hard for you, right, Mr. White?" Ricky said to Matthew, who was still reeling in from the shock.

"My apologies, Mr. Sinclair. Although I'm just someone ordinary, I'm someone who knows how to be grateful to another. Harold has done much for our company, so I'm afraid this isn't a request I can accept," Matthew rejected without hesitation.

What nonsense is this? Harold's the reason our company is getting so much business! Without Harold, Galaxy Media wouldn't have developed to this size. Moreover, Harold's no simple man. Even Dellmoor's Big Three seem like his lackeys.

Matthew did not know whether or not Harold had backing as powerful as the Sinclair family, but even if his backing were not as powerful, the difference between the powers would likely be minute.

Furthermore, the Sinclair family had never benefitted him in any way.

Hence, it was impossible for Matthew to cross Harold just because of Eren's demands.

"You—"

When Eren heard Matthew rejecting him without a hint of hesitation, he furiously leaped to his feet.

“You'd better think this through, Mr. White! This young man before you is Mr. Eren Sinclair of the Sinclair family!” Ricky threatened.

“So what? Are you going to stick your nose into my business?” Matthew retorted despite the anxiety he was feeling.

“Matthew White, know your limits. It'll be a piece of cake for Sinclair Group to crush you and your company with their influence in Chanaea. Is it worth it to ruin your future for an employee?” Ricky continued with his threats.

“You...”

This time, it was Matthew's turn to be furious.

At the same time, he was feeling more nervous; for sure enough, Ricky was right.

The Sinclair family could easily render his company bankrupt with just a lift of their finger.

However, that was provided if Harold did not do anything about it. If Harold were to intervene, no one could say for sure who would emerge as the victor.

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Since you refuse to fire Harold, I'll make sure the entire Galaxy Media meets its doom with him!

“Yes, Mr. Eren. I'll get to it right away!” Ricky agreed.

He quickly left to get to work.

“Just you wait, Matthew!” Eren muttered under his breath as his fists balled up.

Right then, his phone rang with a phone call from his mother-in-law.

“You useless piece of cr*p! Didn't I ask you to get me a bottle of ketchup? It has been ages. Where the heck are you? If you don't reach home in five minutes, you won't get to eat dinner tonight!” Mandy's shrill voice rang out once the call was connected.

Eren was so traumatized that he felt as though his heart was about to burst out of his chest.

However, he quickly recalled that his training had come to an end. He had also regained his identity as

the scion of the Sinclair family, who had been provided tens of billions to start a business.

With that, confidence filled Eren's heart.

"It's just a bottle of ketchup! Stop yelling at me, you crazy b*tch. I'll deliver a truckload worth of ketchup to you later!" Eren yelled at her before ending the call quickly.

"How dare he talk back to me?" Back home, Mandy was shocked to hear him talk back to her like that.

She held her phone dumbly in the kitchen.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Brittany asked curiously when she saw her mother standing in the kitchen, seemingly in a daze.

"That useless Eren just yelled at me through the phone!" Mandy told her in surprise.

"What? How dare he yell at you? I'll definitely teach him a lesson when he gets back!" Brittany vowed furiously.

Ten minutes later, Eren strolled back to the Xenos residence.

"Eren, how dare you yell at my mom? Where is the ketchup?" Brittany asked icily when she noticed him coming back without anything in his hands.

"The ketchup will arrive soon. Please stop calling me useless, as I'm not a good-for-nothing or a loser!" Eren snapped.

It had been several days since he married into the Xenos family, but this was his first time putting his foot down in front of Brittany and her family.

"I can't believe you have the nerve to talk back to me. You were willing to be a live-in son-in-law! How is that not useless?" Brittany snapped in frustration.

Eren is nothing compared to Harold. I don't understand. They are both kept men, but why is Eren worse than him?

"I'm not useless, and you'll find out the reason soon enough," Eren replied.

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I told him to buy a bottle of ketchup, but he ended up buying a truckload of ketchup! What a waste! To make matters worse, he is attempting to show off by delivering it to our unit using a crane.

Brittany's mouth hung wide as she gazed at Eren in shock.

"That man wearing a traditional outfit downstairs is the person in charge of Freya Group's branch in Dellmoor. His name is Ricky Tanner!" Eren pointed at an elderly man downstairs who was instructing the crane to deliver a bottle of family-size ketchup to them.

"What? He's the person in charge of Freya Group's branch in Dellmoor? Then who are you for him to do that?" Brittany's eyes widened in shock.

She had never heard of Ricky before, as she was an ordinary citizen.

He wasn't as famous as Dellmoor's Big Three and rarely appeared on the news.

However, Brittany had often heard about Freya Group.

Freya Group was hailed as a leader in the international market and was one of the most renowned companies in Chanaea, ranking among the top three enterprises in the country.

Eren announced his identity smugly, "Listen carefully. I, Eren Sinclair, am the second son of the Sinclair family, which is the most powerful family in the south. I left home to train for five years, and today marks the end of my training. Please stop calling me useless, or I will..."

He trailed off, not forgetting to cast Mandy and Brittany a lecherous look.

After all, both ladies were gorgeous and seductive.

"W-What are you planning to do?" Brittany asked nervously. She was taken aback after learning his identity, and his lecherous look gave her the creeps.

"Don't worry. I won't hurt you since I want you to invite me to join you in bed willingly. Within three days, Harold will come to you and grovel at your feet to apologize," Eren replied.

Pleased at Brittany's fearful look, he placed his hand on her chin and began to stroke it in a way that was undeniably flirtatious.

He then turned and strode to the couch.

Mandy finally snapped out of her dazed state.

"Brittany, was I hearing things? Did Eren just claim to be the second son of the powerful Sinclair family from the south?" she asked incredulously.

Before Brittany could reply, she gave herself a forceful pinch.

“Ow, it hurts! This isn't a dream,” Mandy exclaimed.

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Mandy's reaction was the opposite of Brittany's.

After confirming her live-in son-in-law hailed from a prestigious family, she got so excited that her entire body started trembling.

“Brittany, we're going to be rich! You're going to be part of the wealthy Sinclair family, which means you're going from living in poverty to living a life of luxury!” Mandy grabbed Brittany's arms and shook her in excitement as if she could barely contain her joy.

Eren's ego was boosted when he noticed their exhilaration.

A while later, he grew impatient and snapped, “I'm hungry. What are you still doing out here?”

Hearing that, Mandy was about to chide him for being useless.

She had just parted her lips when Brittany quickly covered her mouth and replied, “We'll go cook now!”

She then dragged her mother toward the kitchen.

Cold sweat beaded on Mandy's forehead when she realized what she had nearly done. She flashed an ingratiating smile and added, “Yes, my dear Eren. Watch some television while I finish preparing dinner for us. It won't take long!”

Eren was pleased with the change in their attitudes, but he feigned displeasure and hollered, “Hurry up! If I suffer from an upset stomach due to hunger, can you take responsibility for it?”

He then watched television as he waited for dinner to be served.

Inside the kitchen, the ladies had yet to become acclimated to the sudden shift in Eren's demeanor.

Brittany strode back into the living room.

“Eren, you might be part of the Sinclair family, but I'll still look down on you if you cannot force Harold to come here and kneel in apology,” she declared, biting her sexy lip.

Her eyes were already gorgeous enough. Eren nearly lost his self-control when he caught sight of her biting her lip in a sensual manner. He wanted nothing more than to pounce on her and ravage her on the couch.

However, he forced himself to tamp down his desire as it would be less interesting if he were to force himself on her.

It will only take a few days to solve the matter, anyway.

“Don't worry. If Harold doesn't show up in three days to offer you an apology, I swear I'll never touch you in this lifetime!” Eren vowed confidently.

“Okay. I'll await your good news, then.”

Brittany's heart raced with anticipation as she heard Eren promise that Harold would kneel before her and ask for her forgiveness.

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He wasn't even surprised at all.

After pondering for a moment, he replied, “Got it.”

He then whipped out his phone to text Harold for help.

When Matthew texted Harold, the latter was busy at work and didn't have his phone with him.

Matthew waited for a long time but didn't receive Harold's reply, so his anxiety began to rise steadily.

Is Mr. Campbell afraid of the Sinclair family, too? All the businesses, apart from Larson Corporation, have decided to discontinue their partnerships with our company. If Larson Corporation follows suit, then the entire company that I have worked hard to establish will be destroyed entirely.

The more Matthew thought about it, the more fearful he got. He quickly ran out of his office and went to the project management department to talk to Harold in person.

As he was acting strangely, the other higher-ups of the company followed behind him curiously.

When they arrived at the project management department, Matthew did something that shocked them senseless.

He halted in his tracks in front of an employee of the project management department.

“Mr. Campbell, please save my company! I have worked so hard to create and build this business from the ground up, and I do not want to see all my efforts go to waste,” he pleaded, gripping Harold's hand desperately.

Seeing that, everyone in the project management department, including Harold himself, was baffled.

“What is going on? Did Mr. White just ask for Harold's help to save his company? Am I seeing things?”

“Yeah! It seems that he respects Harold a lot. Does Harold have a secret identity that he kept hidden from everyone?”

The employees in the project management department could not resist murmuring among themselves after they regained their composure.

The only ones who were unfazed were Wrenna, who had just walked out of her office, and Christie, who had been standing beside Harold the entire time.

“Mr. White, what are you doing?” Harold asked, for Matthew's actions had perplexed him to no end.

As Harold seemed confused, Matthew inquired, “Didn't you read my text, Mr. Campbell?”

In response, Harold shook his head.

An anxious Matthew began recounting the story.

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On the other hand, some of them thought Matthew was a worthy boss because he would cross a corporate giant like Freya Group for his employees' sake.

That gave those at the bottom of the hierarchy an infinite sense of belonging and security.

In fact, some had even secretly made a decision to work for Matthew for the rest of their lives if the company could weather the storm.

After Harold got the gist of the situation, he whipped out his phone before Matthew's eyes and saw that he had indeed missed out on a WhatsApp text Matthew had sent him earlier. He then uttered firmly, “I see. Don't worry. It's merely Freya Group. Trust me when I tell you that your company won't go belly up! As a matter of fact, you might even make some money out of this!”

Matthew breathed a sigh of relief when he found out that Harold had missed the text simply because he was too busy.

“So... What should I do now?” Matthew asked in a concerned tone.

“Prepare the documents and sue those companies for breaching the contracts. I bet you're going to earn quite a bit of money from the compensation. If Mr. Eren gets out of line, I'm going to get Jacques Sinclair to come to Dellmoor and apologize to you!” Harold replied after giving it some thought. It's about time I take the Sinclair family down a peg. Otherwise, these rich heirs are going to destroy Freya Group. Not only is Freya Group the Sinclair family's business, but it's also a leading company in Chanaea that I have high hopes for.

Matthew was trembling all over when he heard what Harold said. Jacques is Freya Group's founder and the head of the Sinclair family! Not only is he Eren's father, but he's also one of the ten most influential people in Chanaea. Did Mr. Campbell really say he's going to get that powerful man to apologize to me? Mr. Campbell can't be that domineering, right? Obviously, I don't doubt his words. He has never lied to me before, and he doesn't have a reason to lie to me now!

With that in mind, Matthew recomposed himself and instructed Steven, who was standing right behind him, “Mr. Quinn, tell the legal department to prepare the documents to get those companies that have breached their contracts to pay liquidated damages and compensation for defaming us. We must be stern and let them know we're not a company they can mess with!”

“Mr. White, a-are you okay?” Steven asked in disbelief because he couldn't believe his ears.

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Quite a number of supervisors handed their resignation letters to Matthew after they went back to their offices.

Matthew didn't force them to stay. Instead, he used it as a way of seeing through his employees. Now, I know who are the ones fighting with me and who are the superficial ones.

After Matthew and the executives left, all the employees in the project management department stared at Harold.

In actual fact, they had been staring at him ever since Matthew arrived in the project management department.

“Harold, w-who are you exactly?”

Those who were on good terms with Harold immediately approached him to find out what was going on.

“All right. Since I've already been exposed, I guess I should drop the act now. I'm actually the legendary

God of War!” Harold announced in a deep voice.

“You? God of War? You must be pulling my leg! Who are you kidding?”

The colleague next to Harold was stunned momentarily before he spoke, and he attempted to smack the back of Harold's head.

In response, Harold dodged it by simply tilting his head.

“Exactly! Do you think you can call yourself anything you want? In that case, I'm the president of the country!”

“Haha!”

Harold's colleagues thought he was joking with them, and they started ridiculing him.

After all, what Harold said sounded absurd.

Harold, the God of War, was the most renowned person in the human race and a hero.

How could a man of that status be working in an office like an ordinary human being?

Besides, Harold had been in the company for over half a decade. When he first joined the company, he was working as a signboard installer. He was only transferred to the office when Brittany stepped in.

While everyone was making fun of Harold, Christie fell into deep thought.

“Fine. I'll be honest. Actually, Leroy of the Larson Corporation is an ex-classmate of mine. That's all.” Harold knew those colleagues of his were going to react the same way as Isabella. I knew they wouldn't believe that I was the God of War. Well, I guess I have to give them an answer that they can accept.

“That's more like it, Harold. No wonder you could always get things done whenever you went to Larson Corporation. Mr. White is being nice to you because you have strong connections.”

Those colleagues of his finally believed Harold after he gave them the second answer.