

## **Dauntless 341**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 341**

Many of the guests came out to see the bride.

When it was finally time for the ceremony to begin, a strong gust of the autumn wind blew Marilyn's veil aside, revealing her face underneath.

"Huh? What's going on?"

"Oh my god! Why is the bride's face all swollen?"

"She looks as if she was beaten up!"

The crowd gasped in shock when they saw the swelling on the left side of Marilyn's face.

All of them were filled with disbelief, as it was inconceivable that hidden underneath the bride's veil was a swollen face.

Biting her lip, Marilyn lowered her head with an aggrieved expression.

The elderly woman holding the umbrella—the matchmaker—was also stunned. When she heard the crowd's comments, she quickly flipped the veil back down to cover Marilyn's face.

"You know, Mr. Jackson might look decent on the outside, but he's actually sadistic on the inside. He is known to play masochistic games with girls, such as tying them up and whipping them!"

"That's right. He has slept with countless women. In fact, I heard that he is so experienced that he can tell if a girl is a virgin with a single glance. His predictions are also extremely accurate."

All of a sudden, a group of youths began to gossip among themselves, and they weren't the only ones doing so.

One had to be of a certain social status to be invited to the Jackson family's wedding.

Therefore, while some of the rumors were hearsay, others were true accounts from those who had gone out with Bobby before and knew what his tastes were.

"Shush! Not so loud. Let's just keep this to ourselves. Otherwise, we'll end up foiling Mr. Jackson's plan if the bride and everyone else hear us. He'll definitely teach you a lesson for that."

Those who were afraid of getting into trouble changed the subject at once.

Right at that moment, Harold arrived in Zaprington in Paradise Hotel's helicopter.

“Wow! Look, isn't that Paradise Hotel's helicopter?”

When the guests looked up at the sound of the whirring rotors, many of them screamed when they recognized the logo of Paradise Hotel.

The helicopter model wasn't one that was foreign to them. In fact, some of them even owned one.

That said, the fact that it belonged to Paradise Hotel made it a lot more special.

Can it be carrying a member of Paradise Hotel's senior management?

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Sticking to the traditions, Bobby had a corsage pinned on his chest as he led Marilyn into the hall.

Right in front of them sat a couple.

They were none other than Franklin and his wife, Stephanie.

Even though Franklin was only in his sixties, he looked as if he was in his eighties.

Not only did his body appear frail, but his eyes were also sunken and had a listless look in them.

It was evident from the pallor on his face that his days were numbered.

As for Stephanie, she had a distinguished air to her and looked younger than her age despite being in her fifties.

Sitting side by side, both of them looked like two extremes of the same spectrum.

However, Franklin suddenly seemed reinvigorated at the sight of Bobby entering with his bride, his face flushing.

“Now that it's time for the ceremony to begin, we'll let the bride and groom say a prayer,” the master of ceremonies cried out.

While Bobby prayed in silence, Marilyn lifted her veil slightly to scan the surroundings.

The anxious look in her eyes couldn't be any more evident.

Did he not make it in time, or are we destined not to be together?

Anxiety began to fill Marilyn's mind.

Given how conservative the Jackson family was, her life would be done for once the ceremony was completed.

"Why is the bride pulling her veil aside?"

"Is she looking for someone?"

Marilyn's gesture triggered another round of whispering among the guests.

Bobby was infuriated upon noticing what Marilyn was doing, for he knew that she was waiting for that Harold person.

Cognizant that it wasn't the time or place to let his temper flare, Bobby quickly covered her face again with the veil.

"Are you waiting for Harold to come? Let me warn you. If he dares to show his face here, I'll definitely break his legs. As for you, you had better behave if you don't want to suffer for the rest of your life!" Bobby threatened softly.

After signaling to the matchmaker, Bobby grabbed Marilyn's head to force it down in prayer.

In spite of that, Marilyn defiantly kept her head up when she didn't see any sign of Harold.

Stunned by the sight before him, Franklin began to cough incessantly.

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The latter's eyes were spitting fire just like a raging beast.

Frozen by Harold's piercing gaze, Bobby stuttered, "You... Who are you? How dare you stick your nose into my business?"

His words caused Marilyn's heart to skip a beat as she quickly lifted her veil once more.

"Harold, I knew you would come!" she mumbled in delight.

The sight of the long-awaited Harold brought tears to Marilyn's eyes.

In contrast to her smile, Harold scowled when he saw the condition of her face.

The swelling on her cheek was still there, together with the handprint left by the slap.

It was evident that someone had struck her.

“Who hit you?” Harold asked in a voice that brimmed with guilt.

Because of him, Marilyn had to not only marry a fat man against her will but also end up being beaten.

Her previously perfect-looking face had been reduced to one that resembled an ugly pig.

It's my fault for allowing harm to come to her and for her to be humiliated.

At the sound of Harold's words, a warm and fuzzy feeling swelled inside Marilyn.

She could tell from his guilty expression how much he cared for her.

Just as she glanced in Bobby's direction and wanted to point him out, she suddenly fell into a terrible dilemma.

The Jackson family is one of the ten most powerful families in Chanaea, whereas Harold is nothing but a poor b\*stard. Although he has outdone himself time and again, it was all down to Benson's influence. Now that Isabella and he are divorced, there is no way Benson would back him anymore. Thus, he has reverted to what he previously was—a man who has nothing. Even if Benson helps him, it won't make a difference, for the gulf between the two families is just too wide. I'm afraid it would be difficult for Harold to survive this.

Marilyn's considerations caused her to grow anxious.

Harold turned to Bobby and asked in an indifferent tone, “Did you slap her?”

Instead of a man asking him a question, all Bobby saw was a ferocious beast who would devour him at any time.

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Sensing Bobby's anger, Marilyn persuaded Harold to leave out of concern for his safety.

Unfortunately, both their words fell on deaf ears as Harold gave Bobby a death stare.

“Since you refuse to tell me which hand it was, I'll break both of them so that you won't be able to hurt anyone else!”

Harold spoke in a calm tone, as if it was a trivial matter.

“Hahaha...”

“How dare this kid threaten to break Mr. Jackson's hand at the Jackson residence? Is he a lunatic who has escaped from a mental institution?”

Harold's declaration triggered hearty laughter from Bobby and sounded like a bad joke to the rest of the guests.

All of them looked at Harold as if he was mad.

The Jackson family's shipping business ruled the seas. Not only were they extremely wealthy, but they also commanded a heavily-armed private army that struck fear into the hearts of pirates.

The force was made up of retired special forces from all over the world.

Therefore, everyone thought that Harold was a fool for threatening to break Bobby's hands.

Given that powerful families would never tolerate any insult, the Jackson family had good reason to feed Harold to the sharks for his threat alone.

However, while everyone was laughing at Harold for overestimating himself, an agonized scream suddenly rang out.

“Argh! My hand!”

The bone-chilling cry seemed to come from between Harold and Bobby, causing everyone to think that Harold was the one in pain.

Since Bobby was twice the size of Harold and possessed a history of brutality, it wouldn't be a surprise that he was teaching the troublemaker a lesson.

However, when everyone took a closer look, their eyes almost popped out of their sockets because the one screaming in pain was actually Bobby.

A gentle twist of Bobby's wrist by Harold was enough to unleash a harrowing cry from the former.

Bobby subsequently dropped to his knees when Harold increased the pressure he applied.

Soon, the loud cracking sounds of Bobby's fracturing hand sent a chill down everyone's spine.

The great shipping magnate, Franklin, and his wife, Stephanie, were utterly shocked to see their son's hand being broken.

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When those bodyguards stood together, they looked even scarier. If an ordinary man were to face them, that man would think he was staring death in the face.

After taking a glance at the bodyguards, Marilyn looked at Harold with a crestfallen expression. "Harold, you shouldn't have come! You shouldn't have crossed the Jackson family!"

Harold wasn't bothered by those bodyguards. Instead, he looked at Marilyn guiltily and said, "No. They shouldn't have forced you to do anything, and they shouldn't have hit you!"

With that, Harold shoved Bobby aside and whipped out his phone to make a call.

After Harold let go of Bobby, Bobby endured the pain in his arm and shouted through gritted teeth, "You fool! Not only did you ruin my wedding, but you've also used violence against me! No matter who you're calling, no one can save you! Guards! Break all of this fool's limbs! I want to make his life a living hell!"

Right then, Franklin received a call on his personal phone.

The housekeeper immediately passed the phone to Franklin.

Franklin's expression changed drastically when he saw the phone number of the incoming call. He then answered the phone excitedly.

"Old Mr. Jackson, do you still remember my voice?" Harold asked through the phone while staring at Franklin.

"M-Mr. Campbell?" Franklin gazed at Harold in utter disbelief. This voice! It's the same voice as the man who injured my son!

"That's right. It's me!" Harold hung up the phone after knowing that Franklin had recognized him.

The crowd was stupefied by the interaction and conversation between Harold and Franklin.

Not only did the bodyguards halt in their tracks, but Bobby was also stunned by what Harold did. What? Does this fool know Dad? Did he just call Dad on the phone? That can't be right! If they knew each other, Dad would've recognized him earlier on. Why did he wait until this moment?

While everyone in the crowd was looking back and forth between Harold and Franklin, the latter was freaking out from where he sat.

Who would've known that this young man would be the man in a mask that came to look for us back then? He's the man that turned us into business tycoons! He's the God of War, Mr. Campbell! Franklin was panicking because his son, Bobby, had gotten into a conflict with Harold.

Stephanie, who was next to Franklin, noticed the look on Franklin's face. Hence, she asked, "Hubby, do you know that man?"

However, Franklin's condition deteriorated because he was too agitated. There and then, he spewed a mouthful of fresh blood and fainted.

"What's the matter with you, Hubby? Call the doctor! Quick!" Stephanie turned pale from fear when she saw her husband vomiting blood.

Bobby endured the pain and rushed toward his father.

At the same time, the family doctor of the Jackson family, who was in the crowd, instantly went up to attend to Franklin.

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With that, she reached out her hand to grab the hairpin in her hair, planning on pressing it against her own throat to threaten the Jackson family.

As soon as she pulled the hairpin off her hair, however, Harold already had her wrist in his hand.

"The Jackson family is nothing. You don't have to threaten them with your life. Have you forgotten about the fact that I was once a soldier as well?" Harold took the hairpin away from Marilyn.

Marilyn was worried because she thought Harold was underestimating his opponents. "Could you stop being so arrogant? Do you know who these bodyguards are? They're all retired special forces members from all over the world. Besides, they often fight against pirates. Each of them can take on ten to a hundred enemies on their own—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the bodyguards had already started attacking Harold.

Two of the bodyguards wanted to grab Harold's shoulders from behind and pull him away.

However, Harold abruptly turned around the moment they touched his shoulders. He then slashed the bodyguards' wrists with the hairpin.

“Ouch!”

“Ah!”

The two bodyguards screamed in pain and retreated while holding their wrists. Once they were a safe distance away, they stared at Harold in fear.

Harold was simply too fast. Before the bodyguards knew it, Harold had already crippled their hands.

The other bodyguards were also taken aback.

Unlike the other onlookers, the bodyguards could tell how strong Harold was.

The bodyguards were all retired special forces and would constantly engage in battles with pirates.

Needless to say, they were all elite fighters, so that was why they could tell how strong Harold was from that one move of his. When we fight against ordinary people, our opponents will retreat in fear the moment we step forward. Yet, this young man before our eyes isn't afraid of us at all. Instead, he's even capable of killing us!

Indeed, if Harold had slashed the bodyguards' throats instead of their wrists, they would've died on the spot.

Knowing that was the case, the bodyguards couldn't help but proceed warily.

The guests, on the other hand, thought Harold was just lucky. They assumed the bodyguards were simply caught off guard, and that was how Harold managed to harm them.

Marilyn thought so, too.

“Come at me all together at once! Don't waste my time.” Harold swept a glance at the other bodyguards.

At that moment, Harold felt as though he was fighting against a bunch of kids. No matter how many of them there are, they can't defeat me.

The bodyguards gasped when they heard that.

However, the guests still thought Harold was overestimating himself.

“This fellow is acting brazenly after pulling off one move! I bet he has never taken a beating before. Let's see how he's going to beg for mercy later!”



“He's courting death!”

“Go on! Kill him! Let's see if he'll still dare to act haughtily.”

The guests were criticizing Harold, and they were all expecting him to be taught a lesson.

A few troublemakers at the scene were even cheering the bodyguards on. They couldn't wait to see Harold getting beaten up.

Yet, the bodyguards ignored all the guests. With grim expressions, they then called out a few other of their companions, who were secretly maintaining order among the crowd.

The guests were dumbfounded when they saw what the Jackson family's bodyguards did. Aren't the Jackson family's bodyguards supposed to be able to take on ten to a hundred enemies each? Why are they so scared after getting ambushed once? Do they really need to gang up on one man?

“Let's get him!” shouted the leader of the bodyguards.

Seven to eight unharmed bodyguards rushed toward Harold.

“Watch out, Harold!”

Marilyn shouted at Harold when she saw those fierce-looking bodyguards approaching.

In response, Harold flashed a smile at her, telling her to not worry.

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The guests at the scene quickly retreated when they saw a few plainclothes police officers armed with pistols.

After all, they were all scared of getting hit by stray bullets.

Meanwhile, Bobby, who was standing not far behind Harold, was receiving treatment from the family doctor and smirking at Harold. No matter how strong of a fighter that fool is, he's still vulnerable to bullets!

Although those plainclothes police officers weren't as capable as the Jackson family's bodyguards, they were armed with guns.

Harold couldn't possibly fight against those armed officers. If he were to do that, he would get shot.

To everyone's surprise, Harold was still as cool as a cucumber.

In fact, Harold ignored the officers who were pointing their guns at him and turned to look at the upright-looking police chief, Joe Zinke.

"Are you sure you want to apprehend me?" Harold asked Joe.

"That's my responsibility! Come with us!" Joe said righteously after sweeping a glance at the bodyguards Harold had injured.

Harold realized Joe was an honorable person, so he decided to cooperate with the police force.

Naturally, the wedding between Bobby and Marilyn had to be canceled. Not only was Franklin in a daze, but Bobby's arm was also broken and had to be treated urgently.

Marilyn, on the other hand, was locked up by the Jackson family after that.

After instructing his men to bring Harold back to the police station, Joe ordered the police captain, Wyatt Wagner, to interrogate Harold. After that, Joe also told his subordinates to get Harold's personal information.

"Sir, that man is Harold Campbell. He's working for an advertising company in Dellmoor," a police officer reported and gave Harold's personal information to Joe.

Joe scanned through the information and frowned.

"Why do we only have five years' worth of information? What about the years prior to that?" Joe lifted his gaze toward the officer.

"Sir, we couldn't find any information on him. It's as if this man appeared out of nowhere five years ago. We don't know anything about him from the time before that," the officer replied.

"What? Is he not in our system?" Joe asked in disbelief.

"He's not!"

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After the police officers brought Harold back to the police station, Bobby arrived and stormed into the interrogation room before they could interrogate Harold.

Everyone knew Bobby was an influential man in the upper-class social circle of Zaprington.

Moreover, Bobby was injured, so Wyatt and the others didn't dare to stop him using force.

As long as Bobby didn't do anything rash, the officers were willing to turn a blind eye to it.

Bobby knew about that, so he chased the officers out of the interrogation room.

Right when Wyatt was about to enter the interrogation room to bring Bobby out, Joe stopped Wyatt and said, "That's unnecessary. Perhaps we should let Mr. Jackson take that fellow down a peg or two."

Wyatt and the other officers were stunned by Joe's words and were all looking at him in bafflement.

Joe didn't bother explaining himself. Instead, he did the same thing Wyatt did before by walking toward the door and looking through the glass panel.

Upon witnessing the episode at the Jackson residence, Joe knew Harold was a prideful man. If I were to go in and interrogate Harold, he would surely keep his mouth shut. However, if I let Bobby teach Harold a lesson, Harold might end up revealing his identity. That would save me all the trouble. Even if Harold doesn't end up revealing his identity, getting him agitated will be beneficial for our interrogation.

Right before Joe could take a glance at what was happening inside the interrogation room, Bobby suddenly took off his jacket, covered the glass panel with it, and locked the door from the inside.

"That fellow is crossing the line! We let him in for his father's sake. However, he's pushing his luck. I'm going to knock the door down!" Wyatt fumed after he saw what Bobby did.

Joe kept mum and stopped his subordinates from knocking the door down.

In the interrogation room, Harold was sitting on a chair made of alloy.

His hands and feet were handcuffed to the chair, and there was a metal bar across his chest to prevent him from standing up.

Any ordinary person would be panicking if they were in Harold's position.

Obviously, Harold wasn't an ordinary person, so he was perfectly calm.

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"Hey, stop your nonsense! It's embarrassing to have your pants taken off by a man!"

Disgust filled Harold at the thought of Bobby trying to take his pants off.

He was speechless when he finally understood why Bobby insisted on covering the glass on the door.

“Scared? Too late! I'll be honest. I like seeing the fear in your eyes. I'm the most excited whenever I do this procedure for others. It's even more exhilarating than whipping or dripping candles on those women!”

Catching Harold's dread, Bobby wasn't in a rush to castrate him.

Instead, he wanted to deal a blow to Harold's mentality first.

The terror in his victims' eyes and their fruitless struggle gave him a sense of excitement, and it had been a long while since he felt that.

“You've castrated many men before?”

Harold's anxious expression was suddenly replaced with a grim look at Bobby's comment.

“Not many, about a dozen. All of them were the same as you! All of you dared to steal the women I had eyes on! No, wait. In some of those cases, I was the one doing the stealing. Those men were quite pitiful indeed!”

Bobby huffed a breath at the sharp scalpel as he spoke. Pity even filled his eyes as he sighed.

One might assume he was merciful based on his expression and gesture.

“Thus, you don't have to worry about being alone. When I'm done with you, I'll introduce you to each and every one of them,” Bobby continued.

Harold fell silent at Bobby's offer.

Perhaps it was more accurate to say he was considering whether to make Bobby disappear from this world.

He never expected such a twisted man could exist.

Bobby had ruined about a dozen men just because of his jealousy.

Harold could've sympathized with Bobby's twisted mindset if the latter was a woman who had her heart broken by a man.

However, that b\*stard was a man. Not only did Bobby steal others' women, but he was also even cruel enough to castrate the men. He was a nutjob!

Harold was glad he came to rescue Marilyn. Otherwise, who knew what horrible torture she would've

suffered under this psycho?

Bobby thought Harold was terrified out of his wits since he was silent.

The corners of Bobby's fleshy lips curled into a grin before he burst into maniacal laughter. Thinking he had done a number on Harold's mentality, he decided to start on the main event.

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Bobby was more shocked at Harold breaking through his restraints than when Harold defeated the Jackson family's top bodyguards in one move.

Like the rest of the guests, he thought Harold had bribed the bodyguards beforehand.

However, at that moment, he knew his assumption was completely wrong and very far from the truth.

The chair Harold was sitting in was made of an alloy, while his shackles were made from steel.

Yet those two metals were extremely sturdy to a commoner. Even a cow couldn't break those metals. However, in the face of Harold's strength, it was like they were cotton candy.

The tough metals broke with a light yank.

Harold was no longer a human but a monster in Bobby's eyes.

Instead of answering Bobby's questions, Harold slowly stepped closer to him.

"Don't come near me! I can give you money! However much you want! Please don't come near me! I'm begging you!"

Bobby trembled against the wall as he gazed at the approaching Harold with fear.

The fearsome power Harold unleashed struck Bobby with terror. Bobby didn't even have the guts to stand up against him.

For every step that Harold took, Bobby's fear intensified.

He could feel his heart clenching tightly, to the point he wondered if he was having a heart attack.

His breathing turned short and ragged from the fear rushing through his veins. Harold wasn't even before him, yet he already felt like he was close to suffocating.

“Help! He wants to kill me!”

When Harold reached him, Bobby threw his scalpel at Harold with all his might in an attempt to slow the man down before racing to the door for dear life.

However, the scalpel didn't affect Harold's pace in the slightest.

Instead, Harold managed to catch the scalpel easily with his hand.

Before Bobby could reach the door, Harold had already blocked his path.

“I thought you like castrating men? Let me help you with that today,” Harold commented lightly.

“No! Please don't! Help! Someone help me!”

Bobby's knees buckled, and he stumbled to the ground as he shouted for help.

The pungent stench of urine wafted toward Harold. He frowned at the unpleasant smell.

At that moment, Joe and the others waiting outside heard Bobby's calls for help.

“Sh\*t! Harold is about to lay his hands on Bobby! Get into the room! Hurry up and crash through the door!” Joe immediately ordered. His expression turned grim at the desperate screams.

Even though Wyatt and the others were curious why Bobby was calling for help instead of the restrained Harold, they didn't have time to ponder the issue and instantly rammed into the door.