

Dauntless 351

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 351

After Joe took Harold away and Marilyn was locked up, the Jacksons immediately moved the delirious Franklin back to his room to put him on an IV drip.

Among the many guests, other than chairmen or CEOs of multiple big corporations and the mayor of Zaprington, other guests left after the Jackson family announced that the wedding would be postponed.

They did not stay because they cared about Franklin's health. Instead, they stayed to safeguard their personal interests.

Franklin's passing would implicate them all, especially the bosses involved in overseas trade and Zaprington's mayor.

The Jackson family was the single biggest taxpaying magnate in Zaprington, and it was the backbone to drive Zaprington's GDP as well.

Franklin's passing could lead to the destabilization of the shipping magnate family's power distribution and, in turn, cause a massive impact on Zaprington's GDP.

Not only that, but it could also set off a series of domino effects, resulting in a catastrophic financial disaster.

After three whole hours, the family doctor of the Jackson family finally came out of Franklin's room.

"Doctor, how is Old Mr. Jackson doing?"

Everyone swarmed the doctor and asked anxiously.

The Jackson family's shipping business was basically unrivaled in the domestic market in terms of sheer size. Hence, only a complex network of intertwined interests remained.

Franklin's passing would not bode well for all the big shots in Zaprington.

"I will suggest that you guys prepare for the worst. I estimate that he has three days left at most. It is also possible that he might not survive tonight." The family doctor sighed.

His words made the big shots present turn pale in shock, including Franklin's wife, Stephanie.

The woman felt her legs turning to jelly as she staggered a few steps back.

"This is all that b*stard and Marilyn's fault! If anything happens to Franklin, I will have the Schmidt family and the b*stard pay for this!" Stephanie cried.

Right then, a security guard rushed over to Stephanie's side.

"Old Mrs. Jackson, an old man named Mr. Thompson is here to treat Old Mr. Jackson," the security guard reported enthusiastically.

"An old man named Thompson is here to treat Franklin?" Stephanie asked with furrowed brows.

Due to Franklin's poor health, the Jacksons always had family doctors around; some were world-renowned experts in their respective fields.

Hence, she had never called for outside doctors. Furthermore, she had not asked for a Dr. Thompson to treat her husband.

The other big shots present were confounded as well.

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Samuel did not care for small talk and asked to be brought to Franklin right away.

However, everyone was flabbergasted by his words.

They were curious to know who the Mr. Campbell that Samuel mentioned was referring to, for the man had the means to order Samuel around.

While Samuel was undeniably an exceptional doctor, he was also known for his peculiar personality. He was not easily swayed or influenced and would only do something if he wanted to do it.

It was rumored that even the richest man in the whole world had to draw lots when he wanted Samuel to treat him.

Hence, hearing Samuel say someone could order him to treat a patient was astonishing.

It changed everyone's view of the famed miracle doctor.

However, Samuel had no time to explain everything to them, nor did he wish to.

He went into Franklin's room with the family doctor leading the way.

The others could only wait outside the room.

A myriad of medical equipment filled Franklin's room, making it seem like a mini hospital.

"Remove all the tubing on Old Mr. Jackson," Samuel said to the nurse after checking Franklin's pulse.

Then, he took out his silver needles and sanitized them using an alcohol burner.

The two nurses in the room had never seen Samuel and widened their eyes incredulously at the family doctor.

"Hurry up and do as Dr. Thompson said!" the family doctor urged the ignorant nurses in exasperation.

He had heard all about Samuel's extraordinary medical skills. As long as the patient was still breathing, he would have a way to save the patient.

Today, he finally had the chance to witness Samuel at work. Hence, he was looking forward to it more than anyone else present.

The family doctor then swiftly moved to remove all intubation and equipment attached to Franklin.

The nurses present were shell-shocked to hear that the old man was none other than the famed miracle doctor, Dr. Samuel Thompson, and hurriedly did as instructed.

When Samuel was done sanitizing his silver needles, they had finished removing the intubations as well.

Then, he proceeded to perform acupuncture on Franklin.

Stephanie and the big shots waiting outside the door paced back and forth anxiously.

However, they didn't have to wait as long this time. After about an hour, the room door was opened from the inside.

The originally delirious Franklin walked out of the room with two nurses' supporting him.

Gone was the pale and gauntly look. Franklin looked ruddy and vibrant then.

Everyone was dumbfounded by the sight before them.

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"Franklin, what's happening to you again? Don't scare me!"

The crowd was astonished when they saw Franklin collapsing again.

Then, they helped him get back to his bed to rest.

Samuel took his pulse again.

“Dr. Thompson, what's wrong with Franklin? Is he going to be fine?” Stephanie anxiously asked while following Samuel.

All the other big shots stared at Samuel as well.

“Old Mr. Jackson is fine. He merely passed out because of rage-induced hypertension. He'll be fine after I help him regulate his blood pressure. However, we'll need to slowly condition his body with medication for some time before he can regain his past vigor as his internal organs were previously weakened.”

Everyone let out a sigh of relief after hearing Samuel's calm response.

Franklin gradually regained consciousness after he underwent another acupuncture session with Samuel.

Subsequently, Samuel prescribed some medications for Stephanie to purchase and prepare for Franklin's consumption.

“Old Mr. Jackson, who is that Mr. Campbell? Why did he frighten you to such an extent?” Sebastian Lambert, the mayor, asked curiously after noticing Franklin's condition had stabilized.

After listening to Franklin's words earlier, they finally realized the Mr. Campbell mentioned by Samuel was the young man who was brought away by Joe.

Nevertheless, they were baffled by how Franklin, a shipping magnate, and Samuel regarded the insignificant young man with such respect.

After all, they were the leading people in their respective fields of expertise.

Normally, prominent figures like them had their pride, so they would never yield to others, much less venerate others.

Most of the time, they were the ones being revered by others.

“Five years ago, he was—”

“Ahem! Old Mr. Jackson, we are not allowed to divulge Mr. Campbell's identity without his permission.”

Just when Franklin was about to expose Harold's identity to others in his excitement and flaunt his relationship with the latter, Samuel piped up in a reminder, prompting the agitated Franklin to catch himself. Mr. Campbell disappeared for so many years and has always been reluctant to show himself in public. He even wore a mask on the battlefield in the past. I reckon he must be unwilling to let others know his real identity. If I uncover his identity just like that and ruin any plan he may have, I'm sure Mr. Campbell won't forgive me.

At that thought, Franklin broke out in a cold sweat and gazed at Samuel gratefully.

Samuel's words and Franklin's gesture further piqued everyone's curiosity.

Their inquisitiveness burned.

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"Drive to the police station immediately!" Sebastian panicked. According to Chief Zinke's just and unswerving character, he might just resort to violence if Mr. Campbell doesn't disclose his identity. Mr. Campbell slaughtered his enemies effortlessly on the battlefield in the past. If Chief Zinke really assaulted him, I suppose the police chief should be dead by now.

His anxiety intensified as Joe was not picking up the calls.

Meanwhile, Joe was comforting Bobby in the waiting room.

"Chief Zinke, that person is a terrorist! I want you to hurry up and execute him. Otherwise, I'll show you the consequences!"

Bobby, who had changed his pants, bellowed threateningly at Joe and the other officers consoling him in the waiting room.

Joe wore a grimace, but there was nothing he could do. Although this guy is useless, his father is a powerful figure. Besides, he may possibly inherit the formidable Jackson family, so I have no choice but to accommodate him.

"Mr. Jackson, we are still investigating this matter. If he's really a terrorist, we'll never let him off!" Joe steeled himself and said.

"What else is there to investigate? Didn't you see how he was about to kill me earlier? If you don't execute him now, I'll make sure you lose your job by tomorrow. Do you believe that?"

Sensing Joe's perfunctory response, Bobby gritted his teeth and threatened him.

“You—”

Joe was enraged by Bobby's remark.

However, at that moment, a subordinate rushed into the waiting room.

“Chief Zinke, Mr. Lambert is here, and he wants to meet with you at once!”

Joe had no choice but to leave the waiting room in dejection after listening to his subordinate's words.

Upon returning to the office, Joe saw Sebastian waiting impatiently.

“Why didn't you answer my calls? I even dialed your office and personal numbers! Are you trying to make me worried sick?” Sebastian uttered in displeasure when he saw Joe.

“I'm sorry, Mr. Lambert. I left my phone in the office and didn't bring it along with me.”

He felt utterly depressed, getting scolded by his superior upon stepping into the office after being threatened by Bobby in the waiting room a few minutes ago.

“Cut that nonsense. Where is that young man you brought here from the Jackson residence?” Sebastian hurriedly asked.

“He's in the high-security detention room. What's the matter?” A hint of uneasiness crept into Joe's heart when he noticed Sebastian's anxious demeanor.

“What? You're keeping him in the high-security detention room? We're doomed! Come with me to release him at once!”

Sebastian's heart sank after he heard Joe's answer. He slumped into the chair as a crestfallen expression spread across his face.

However, less than ten seconds later, he sprang up from the chair and dashed outward.

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Soon, the two men arrived at the high-security detention center. Upon seeing Wyatt and his team conducting the interrogation and Harold sitting quietly with his eyes closed, they heaved a sigh of relief.

“Sirs, this kid is as stubborn as a mule. We've tried everything we can, yet he still refuses to speak,” Wyatt said bitterly as he turned to Sebastian and Joe. “Should we use harsher methods on him instead?”

By then, the foreheads of the two men were visibly beaded with sweat.

"It's rather hot and stuffy here. Why don't the two of you rest outside and wait for our interrogation results?" Wyatt added, utterly puzzled as to why his superiors were sweating profusely.

"No need," Sebastian replied with feigned calmness. "You guys can head out first. Leave this to us."

A worried expression instantly marred the police captain's face. "What... Mr. Lambert, not only is this kid out of his mind, but he's also highly dangerous. It wouldn't be safe for you to stay!"

"Just get out if I tell you to. Why are you asking so many questions?" Sebastian snapped.

He was annoyed at how Wyatt was still babbling on and on, but since he couldn't reveal Harold's identity, his only option was to chase the police captain out and have Joe turn off the surveillance cameras.

"Mr. Campbell, our subordinates don't know your identity, so I hope you won't hold a grudge against them. Shall we head to Joe's office for a cup of coffee?" Sebastian said politely.

Naturally, Harold couldn't hide his surprise. "You know who I am?"

"Yes. After all, the only person who has the power to command Dr. Thompson and strike fear in Old Mr. Jackson is the God of War!" Sebastian replied with absolute certainty.

Oh, I'm sure of it. This young man is, without a doubt, the legendary God of War!

Harold, on the other hand, furrowed his brows.

Gosh. I can't believe some people have guessed my identity so easily. Thank goodness this isn't Dellmoor. Otherwise, my cover will have been blown before I can even investigate the fake God of War.

With that, Harold decided to deny his own identity. "You've got the wrong guy. The God of War is currently busy abroad!"

"W-What..." Sebastian stuttered as he reeled in shock.

Could that be possible? But if this young man isn't the God of War, who on earth is he? Why do Franklin Jackson and Dr. Thompson treat him with such respect? Then again, does it matter if he isn't the God of War? He has two big shots at his beck and call, which is enough proof that he's no ordinary individual!

"It doesn't matter even if you aren't the God of War, Mr. Campbell. Why don't we continue our chat over coffee in Joe's office?" Sebastian suggested, albeit with a tinge of embarrassment.

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Meanwhile, in Franklin's room at the Jackson residence, the man set his phone down before turning to his wife with a grim expression.

"Stephanie, where's that blasted son of ours?"

"Bobby..." Stephanie muttered, suddenly realizing that her son was nowhere to be seen. "Oh, dear. I have no idea where he ran off to. I'll go find him now!"

"Forget it. That rascal has landed our family in hot water! Follow me to the police station to collect him!"

Before Stephanie could say anything, Franklin had put on a coat and stormed out of the house.

Upon seeing the Jacksons leave in such a hurry, the crowd waiting in the living room decided to follow them out of curiosity.

The group arrived at the police station, and it wasn't long before the Jacksons found their son in the waiting room.

Despite being shocked at his father's recovery and sudden appearance, Bobby quickly recomposed himself and smiled. "Dad, you've recovered? Great! Not only did that b*stard, Harold Campbell, try to steal my wife, but he even attempted to kill me. Get the police chief to sentence him to death!"

Yes! Now that Dad's here, he can pressure Chief Zinke to do my bidding!

Franklin, however, was terrified by Bobby's audacious request. He couldn't believe how ignorant and arrogant his son was to want to kill Harold. "You idiot! What right do you have to call Mr. Campbell by his name?" he fumed as he slapped Bobby hard.

Stunned, Bobby widened his eyes and held his reddened cheek. "Dad, you... How could you hit me? I don't want to live anymore!"

"That's because I'm trying to hit some sense into your head! Do you know your actions will lead to the destruction of our family's century-old legacy? You'd better be honest with me. What have you done to Mr. Campbell?" Franklin scolded, furious that his son was still unrepentant.

The next second, he grabbed a stool and threatened to hit Bobby with it.

"What are you doing, Franklin?" Stephanie exclaimed as she hastily pulled her husband back. "It was Harold Campbell who stirred up trouble at our house first. What's wrong with Bobby teaching him a lesson? Has the illness fried your brain?"

Upset that his wife was just as ignorant as his son, Franklin stared solemnly at the two of them. “You guys are so painfully clueless! Harold Campbell is no ordinary individual! So what if our family is one of the most prestigious families, and the rest of the world sees us as shipping magnates? We're nothing in Mr. Campbell's eyes! All it takes is one word from him to destroy us. Furthermore, we wouldn't have achieved this much if it weren't for his support...”

For a moment, there was pin-drop silence in the station as everyone drew a collective breath.

One thing was for sure—Franklin's words had left his family and the crowd completely dumbfounded.

Everyone knew that the Jacksons' shipping company was the largest in the world and incredibly powerful.

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When Franklin and Bobby arrived at the door to the high-security detention room, they found a group of people had already gathered there.

The group consisted of more than a dozen men and women, and when they saw Bobby walking in, they all involuntarily took a step back to get away from him.

There was a mix of fury and fear in their eyes as they watched Bobby.

Bobby was not disturbed by those hostile glares. Instead, he returned an antagonistic stare, causing them to cower and look away timidly.

Franklin paid no attention to the tension between those people and Bobby. He headed straight to Sebastian and Joe, who had been waiting for him.

The two men wasted no time on small talk. They immediately opened the door and ushered Franklin into the room.

The rest followed behind.

As before, Harold was resting on the chair with his eyes closed, seemingly oblivious to the arrival of his visitors.

“Mr. Campbell, I've brought my son, Bobby, to apologize to you in person. He did not realize who you were when he met you. We're really sorry for his disrespectful behavior during his previous encounter with you.” Franklin went up to Harold and respectfully offered his apology.

Next, he walked back to Bobby, kicked him behind his knees, and demanded, “Get on your knees and

apologize!”

Bobby was caught off-guard by Franklin's action and stumbled forward, falling onto his knees to kneel right in front of Harold.

He immediately wanted to stand up but failed, as Franklin had placed his hands firmly on his shoulders, forcing him to stay down.

Franklin's humble attitude and actions shocked those who were not in the know.

After all, he was a wealthy and well-known shipping magnate, one of the top ultra-rich people in Chanaea.

Most people had only seen others in awe of Franklin, never him showing any humbleness toward anyone. No one would have expected him to force his son into submission in front of a young man like Harold.

Even the kingpins who were aware of Harold's special status were taken aback by the sight of a deferential Franklin.

Upon hearing Franklin's voice, Harold lazily opened his eyes and asked, “Are those people here already?”

His question was not directed at anyone, but Joe quickly stepped up and replied, “They are all here, except for two who are currently abroad and could not be present, Mr. Campbell.”

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“What's your take on this?” One of the “women” turned to the rest of the group and asked.

“Don't fall for this! It could be a bluff orchestrated by the Jacksons. If we reveal that we bear grudges against them, they will finish us off!” A more cautious victim could be heard whispering to the few around him.

His worry wasn't unfounded as Bobby was a pervert. After he castrated them, he had the audacity to introduce them to his other victims.

In order to make a livelihood, a few of them had gone abroad for full sex change surgeries to acquire a legally recognized female identity.

“But the Jacksons don't look like they're play-acting...” another man whispered.

The group softly discussed among themselves, but none of them had the courage to speak up against Bobby.

“Don't you want to see him pay for his crimes?” Harold asked those victims again.

“We do want him to pay for his crimes. If we want him to get a taste of his own medicine and lose his manhood, can you grant us our wish?” A brave young man threw caution to the wind and stepped forward to ask Harold.

Harold did not give him an answer. Instead, he turned to look at the Jacksons.

“Between the Jackson family's empire and your son, what would you choose?” Harold coldly asked Franklin.

Harold had gone over this issue in his mind and had given up on the Jackson family. He planned to groom someone else to replace them. Although Samuel managed to bring Franklin back from the brink of death, Franklin's health was compromised, and he didn't have much longer to live. If Bobby were to take over the empire, he would likely end up being manipulated and controlled by others.

Harold was not being ruthless, but Chanaea had to maintain a lead in the shipping industry. For the good of the country, he could not afford to let the Jackson family's empire fall into Bobby's hands.

Unlike Eren, he felt Bobby was beyond hope.

Eren was giving his best to fight for his inheritance. He was willing to go through with the necessary training and had the determination to succeed.

On the other hand, Bobby had a twisted personality.

“Mr. Campbell, I...” Franklin could feel his palms sweating as he was deeply torn. It was agonizing to have to choose between keeping his son safe or keeping his empire intact.

“Let me decide for you then. How about you keep your son and let go of your empire, allowing it to be replaced?” Harold casually proposed.

He spoke as if it would be effortless to groom someone else to replace Franklin and take on the huge empire controlled by the Jackson family.

Most of those present thought Harold was merely talking big, and only Franklin knew he truly had the ability to do that. Franklin had no doubt Harold's words were powerful enough to dictate the development of the world's shipping industry.

Harold could easily bring down the Jackson family and groom someone else to take their place.

The same had happened five years ago when he decided to let Franklin rise and replace the previous shipping magnate.

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Franklin was left with no alternative but to do that.

When he heard about Bobby attempting to castrate Harold, he realized his son was doomed.

Franklin grew more certain of his suspicion when he saw Harold had gathered all the people Bobby had tortured in the past outside the room door. Mr. Campbell's true intention in summoning these people here is to reinforce his reason to punish my son. Helping them to seek justice is just a courtesy act. Bobby is the only heir to the Jackson family. If Mr. Campbell does this, no one will carry on the Jackson family's lineage. To ensure the continuation of the Jackson family, I have no choice but to endure the punishment in Bobby's stead since I'm already of advanced age.

"The Jackson family will compensate everyone who Bobby harmed five million each. I hope all of you can let Bobby off the hook, and I promise he will turn over a new leaf!" Franklin told the dozen people previously tormented by Bobby while enduring the agony.

The crowd fell silent.

They finally ascertained Franklin and Bobby weren't putting up an act.

"The Jacksons have received the punishment they deserved. Are you willing to forgive them now?" Harold asked the victims. If we drag this on any longer, Franklin, who had just recovered slightly, will die of excessive blood loss.

"Since Old Mr. Jackson has been punished, there won't be any point in killing them. If they are willing to compensate me for my loss, I won't pursue this matter further."

The bravest person among the victims contemplated briefly before choosing to forgive Franklin and Bobby for the sake of the five million.

If he had chosen otherwise, he might not be able to get that money, and the matter would have been forgotten and unresolved. He would suffer a larger loss if that were the case.

The others pondered for a few moments and nodded in agreement.

With that, the matter was finally sorted out.

"Call the ambulance and send Franklin to the hospital."

Only then did Harold give the order to send Franklin, who was on the verge of passing out, to the hospital.

Meanwhile, instead of repenting, Bobby, whose face was covered in tears, glared at Harold menacingly.

Nevertheless, Harold was unfazed. After all, there were too many people who hated his guts in the world.

"Everyone, aside from all of those present here, I do not wish anyone else to be informed of this matter today. As for the Jackson family's wedding cancellation, I trust you to figure out an excuse to address that issue. The only thing to bear in mind is to avoid exposing my identity," Harold uttered to Franklin, Sebastian, and the others when the ambulance arrived.

Although Harold didn't do much, everyone could tell he had a formidable background, judging by how Franklin and Samuel treated him.

Hearing Harold's speech, everyone fearfully guaranteed never to let slip today's incident to anyone else.

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"Fine. That's our only option. To achieve a more realistic effect, I think you should verbally reprimand Zyaire," Sebastian suggested before leaving the hospital.

Meanwhile, Harold and Marilyn were on a ship back to Hishwick Island.

"Harold, be honest with me. How did you convince the Jackson family to let you go?" Marilyn asked Harold curiously on the deck.

"It's very simple. After I was brought away, that fatty trod on my heels and attempted to harm me. Instead, I taught him a lesson and learned about the horrible things he did in the past. To cover up his wrongdoings, the Jackson family had no other choice but to let you and me off. Otherwise, the Jackson family's heir would have to be imprisoned if I disclosed his misdeeds," he explained with a partial truth.

"Thank you. If you hadn't reached in time, I would've had to spend the rest of my life with a psycho like him."

Marilyn's face turned pale after she listened to Harold describing the things Bobby had committed.

"Rest assured. I'm here for you. No one, including your family members, will dare to force you to do anything you don't like now that I'm accompanying you home," he said to her firmly.

That was the form of compensation he was offering her, which was to let her gain absolute freedom.

Since he had settled the matters on the Jackson family's end, the only task left was to deal with the issues with Marilyn's family.

At that moment, he was following her back to Hishwick Island to resolve that matter.

However, Harold's speech caused Marilyn to harbor the misconception that he was going to take responsibility for her and was returning with her to come clean to her parents.

Hence, after hearing his confession-like remark, Marilyn blushed and felt butterflies in her stomach.

To her, that romantic relationship had started too abruptly, and things were happening entirely beyond her control.

She even thought of heeding Isabella's suggestion to elope abroad with Harold if her family members were reluctant to accept him.

"Okay," she responded shyly before scurrying away as she was still clueless about how to be around Harold due to his sudden advent.

Staring at Marilyn's leaving figure from behind, Harold took out his phone and dialed a number he had never contacted since he joined the army. Since I cannot expose my identity as the God of War, I shall use another identity to force the Schmidt family to yield.

At the same time, at the entrance of Royal One Club, the most luxurious club at Hishwick Island, a young man dressed in a golden shirt and emitting a domineering aura swaggered out of the building.

He was the current person in charge of the underground forces of the entire world, Quintus Langdon.

He secured the position five years ago, and the seat had been his ever since.

"Mr. Langdon, there's a phone call for you."