

Dauntless 361

Dauntless God Of War

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“Hey, rascal. How can you cry when you're a powerful figure controlling the underground forces? Can you please get a grip on yourself?”

Harold's amused voice came through Quintus' phone.

“Mr. Campbell, you have no idea how hard I've looked for you. You disappeared for five years! I thought you'd forgotten all about us!” Quintus broke into tears the minute he heard Harold's voice, ignoring his subordinates' shocked gazes.

Standing behind Quintus, the subordinates snapped back to reality when they heard his sobs. The sight of Quintus bursting into tears like a child made them exchange glances. They did not understand what had happened and why he would cry after receiving a call.

Quintus was the man who controlled the world's underground forces. He was usually a ruthless person with few words.

Regardless, Quintus was crying and laughing at the same time. He did not look like he encountered a sad situation.

In the meantime, there were a few onlookers watching the scene in the distance. In fact, more people began to gather around them.

Seeing that, Quintus' subordinates brought him away and formed a circle around him so he could cry in front of the car.

“Hello? Hello? Mr. Campbell, are you still there?”

After crying for some time, Quintus realized there was no response from Harold on the phone. Immediately, the former began to panic.

Meanwhile, Harold, who was on the ship, was truly speechless. He was waiting for Quintus to calm down a little before speaking.

“I'm still here. I'm waiting for you to finish crying before I speak,” Harold teased, causing the man on Hishwick Island to blush.

“All right. I'm on the ship heading to Hishwick Island now. I'll see you the day after tomorrow when I've settled my matters. You should settle all your important matters first, too. Then, we can meet up and

have some drinks,” Harold said into the phone with a smile.

Quintus was Harold's first follower.

When Harold ran away from home back then, he met both Quintus and his sister, who were being hunted by the underground forces. That was when the former rescued the siblings.

In the end, even Harold himself got involved in the mess. Hence, Harold had no choice but to walk down the path of conquering the underground forces.

In just one year, they defeated all the underground forces in the world.

One day, Chanaea was in danger. Harold handed over the responsibility of managing the underground forces to his second in command—Quintus. After that, Harold headed to the battlefield with four powerful subordinates he took in not long ago.

There was a saying that strong and ambitious people would unleash their powers when given an opportunity.

Sure enough, Harold single-handedly fought the eight elite fighters of the coalition army and beheaded them, thus becoming an overnight sensation.

He then defeated the stronger army and led tens of thousands of veterans to defeat the coalition army that had millions of soldiers. Finally, they chased the enemy out of Chanaea. That was how he gained the title of God of War—a title no one could rival against.

Wars cost lives and a lot of money. Harold made the enemy sign The Five-Year Agreement and disappeared without a trace in order to help the country recover its economic status and the citizens' standard of living to how it was before the war.

For the past five years, no one, apart from Logan, knew Harold was hiding in an international metropolis—Dellmoor.

He got someone to erase the information about his past to prevent others from finding out about it.

“Mr. Campbell, I'll do whatever you ask me to.”

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Quintus could not be bothered by the secretary's shocked expression. After giving his orders, he hurriedly entered the Lincoln.

“Take me to the stylist to get my hair done first,” said Quintus to the driver the moment he entered the car.

Welcoming Harold was an incredibly important matter. Hence, Quintus had to look good for it.

His subordinates, too, got into the cars and drove off.

Only the onlookers remained at the scene.

Zaprinton was not far from Hishwick Island. To be more specific, it took an hour to arrive by ship. Moreover, the Chanaean government built a bridge to connect those two locations.

Half an hour later, Harold and Marilyn arrived at the dock.

To Harold's surprise, no one came to pick Marilyn up when they arrived. Thus, he asked in puzzlement, “Why is no one here to pick you up? Did you not inform your family you're coming back today?”

Marilyn's father was Gambling King, Zyaire. His assets were worth more than two hundred billion, which was more impressive than Philip's. Moreover, Zyaire was well-known all over the world. In fact, the Schmidt family was the top family on Hishwick Island.

Their status was second only to Quintus.

“Don't tell me you came back with me just because of my identity as Gambling King's daughter. Tell you what, I have little status at home, and I won't get any assets.”

Marilyn's excitement dissipated the moment she heard Harold's words.

“Huh? Do you think I'm that kind of person?”

Harold was shocked.

“Of course, I know you're not. Come on. I'll explain my family's situation in the car,” said Marilyn with a sweet smile when she saw his shocked expression.

With that, she stretched her hand out and hailed a taxi.

Along the way, Harold learned about her family's situation.

What came as a greater shock was that her father had four wives.

He also had twelve children—three sons and nine daughters.

One could say he had a prosperous family.

Marilyn's mother, Jeslyn, was the second wife. She was not given the status of the first wife because she only bore two daughters. And since she was not as pretty as the third and fourth wives, Marilyn's mother did not get equal status as the other three wives in the Schmidt family.

Soon, both Harold and Marilyn arrived at the Schmidt residence on the mountain of Hishwick Island.

The residence was huge as it took up almost half of the mountain. One could spot a golden rooster statue on the highest point of the mansion from far. Its head was held high, its chest puffed up, and its mouth opened as if it was crowing.

Meanwhile, the guard at the gate noticed Marilyn had returned. Yet, he did not open the main gate.

Instead, he opened the side gate designated for servants to let Marilyn and Harold pass through.

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Just as Marilyn was about to enter through the side gate, Harold suddenly reached out and grabbed her hand.

Biting her lip, Marilyn turned around and said carefully, "Sorry. I never thought my dad's first wife would be so mean. If you don't want to go in through the side gate, I can bring you to town to stay at a hotel. Once I've settled my family's affairs, I'll go to you, and we can leave together."

"What are you thinking? I promised you no one would force you to do something you hated when I arrived at the Jackson residence. If you don't like using the side gate, then we shall enter using the main gate," said Harold plainly.

That was a promise he made to her.

"But they—"

Marilyn wanted to say something, but Harold raised his hand to stop her.

Without wasting his breath, Harold walked straight to the main gate and demanded the guards, who each stood on one side of the entrance, "Open the main gate and let Marilyn in!"

The guards eyed him and commented, "You're crazy." They then turned their heads and ignored him.

They were used to people like Harold.

All of them behave like id*ots. They think people will be afraid of them if they spoke in a demanding tone.

Moreover, the mansion belonged to Zyaire. Having worked there for a long time, the guards ignored people like Harold every time they encountered one.

In the end, the visitors would feel frustrated yet helpless at the same time.

Guarding the entrance every day was just a show to elevate the prestigiousness of Zyaire's mansion.

In truth, no one dared to cause trouble there.

Yet, in the next second, the two guards were stunned by Harold's action.

Right after they turned their heads, a loud sound rang out beside their ears.

By the time they turned around, they realized the heavy Epean-style iron gate was no longer in its original spot. Instead, it was lying on the ground about five meters away.

The loud sound came from the heavy gate landing on the ground.

The two guards gaped at the gate in shock.

This dude booted the gate! And it flew about five meters away! What the hell? Is he even human?

The guards drew a sharp breath as they shifted their gazes from the gate on the ground to Harold.

They even suspected Harold of using explosives instead of kicking the gate down.

After all, it made little sense to them a human had so much strength to kick a heavy gate down.

This is impossible!

Even Marilyn was shocked to the core. She stood frozen on the ground, her mouth and eyes wide open.

She witnessed Harold sending the Epean-style gate that was about five meters wide flying into the air with just one kick.

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The bodyguards' expressions changed drastically when they heard Harold's words.

If they got the same kick, they would surely die, no matter how strong they were.

After hesitating momentarily, the two reluctantly made way for Harold and Marilyn to protect themselves.

“Come on. Let's go in.”

Harold instinctively led Marilyn into the house.

Meanwhile, a sweet sensation spread within Marilyn as Harold grabbed her hand.

In the past, she always questioned the reason for a woman to get married. She believed women did not need a man as long as they were financially independent.

However, her belief was wavering.

If not for the man in front of him, she would have to enter the house through the side gate.

Not only did Harold make her heart flutter, but he also gave her a strong sense of security.

While watching Harold and Marilyn enter the mansion, one of the guards took out a walkie-talkie and switched it to the butler's channel.

“Javion, the dude Marilyn brought back kicked the gate down. What should we do now?” reported the guard to Javion Willis with a frown.

Standing in the mansion's gazebo was a man with a mustache—Javion. He spoke to the guards using the walkie-talkie, “What are you panicking for? I saw everything that happened. Get someone to fix the gate. There's going to be a family banquet at the residence tonight. The other family members will be back soon. It'll leave a bad impression on them if they see it.”

He, too, was shocked after witnessing Harold kicking the gate down.

Nonetheless, he was the Schmidt family's butler. Naturally, he had witnessed all sorts of incidents. He quickly recollected himself and left the gazebo to report to Ruby.

The Schmidt residence was huge. It stretched across fifteen hectares and had many individual mansions built on it.

It was as big as the residence of royalty in the past.

Each one of Zyaire's wives lived in a mansion of their own. Even Zyaire himself had one. There were also houses designated for the housekeepers.

Harold felt as if he had entered an ancient palace the moment he stepped into the residence.

It took Marilyn a twenty-minute walk with Harold before finally arriving at the door of a secluded mansion.

A haggard-looking woman in her fifties was already waiting at the door. One could vaguely see a resemblance of the woman's features on Marilyn's face.

Instantly, Harold knew the woman must be Marilyn's mother and Zyaire's second wife, Jeslyn Lupton.

The moment Marilyn saw the lady, she called out loudly while running forward to hug the latter, "Mom, I'm back!"

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"Marilyn, you must have been bewitched by this man! After you appeared in the headlines, I sent people to look into this young man's information. As it turns out, he's someone living off a woman! He was unable to get three hundred thousand worth of a betrothal gift, so he went after the bridesmaid instead. Once he found out that you're Zyaire Schmidt's daughter, he started targeting you. Now, he has finally won over your foolish heart!"

Marilyn's younger twin sister, Evelyn Schmidt, told Marilyn about the information she received from their father.

A sheepish look appeared on Harold's face after he heard her.

The results of the Schmidt family's investigation were why he was feeling awkward.

What have they even looked into? Everything they found out is just surface-level details. Moreover, the rest are speculations made from these details.

"Evelyn, you've got this wrong. Things aren't the way you think they are," Marilyn quickly corrected upon hearing her sister.

Yet, in her panic, she became at a loss as to where to start explaining.

"Come in here first!"

At the sight of her sister's disbelief, Evelyn quickly towed Marilyn back into the house.

She also dragged along their mother.

"Wait for me here, Harold. I'll be out soon."

Marilyn, who was pushed into the house by her sister, could only turn around and ask Harold to wait for her outside of the house.

She wanted to take the opportunity to explain her relationship with Harold to her mother and sister.

However, Harold ended up waiting for two hours. When Marilyn came back out, she had a gloomy look on her face. She then brought Harold into the house.

Once Marilyn brought Harold into a rather spacious guest room, she forced a smile onto her face and said to him, "Please stay in this room for now. It's been a tiring day, and you should rest first. All of the Schmidts will be at our family banquet later. Will you attend it with me later?"

Her mother and sister never reappeared.

"I'm fine with that," Harold told her.

He saw it as an opportunity to caution Zyaire and the rest of the Schmidts against pressuring Marilyn into doing anything she didn't want to do.

After Marilyn was gone, Harold took a brief nap.

Before he knew it, it was already four in the evening.

As they were transitioning from late fall to early winter, the sun was setting earlier, prompting an earlier dinner time at five. At half past four, it was time for everyone to make their way to Zyaire's mansion.

Marilyn's twin sister and mother only reappeared when they were departing.

In no time, the four of them were in the main room.

By then, four tables had already been set up in the main room.

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"Sure, Mom," Marilyn replied before pulling Harold toward her father's table.

Harold was quiet as he continued to follow closely behind Marilyn.

The two of them soon reached the table Zyaire was at.

When Harold glanced at Zyaire, he realized that, despite Zyaire's righteous appearance, he had the eyes of a merciless man.

Zyaire was hiding it terribly well, but Harold could still notice the ruthlessness right away.

Nevertheless, Harold did not dwell on that upon recalling how Zyaire was the Gambling King.

If Zyaire did not keep aces up his sleeves, Harold doubted he would have gotten the title of Gambling King.

Right then, Marilyn's youngest stepsister, whom she shared a father, Sylvena Schmidt, said to her father, "Dad, Ewan called earlier and said that Quintus is going to be having a welcome party for his chief. He even said that he's going to open the sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel's branch to the public and invite sixty-six prominent figures of Hishwick Island!"

Her husband worked for Quintus, the most powerful man in the underground forces across the world. Hence, he could be considered one of the most talented ones among his peers. Ever since she married him, she became Zyaire's favorite among his daughters.

"Oh? It's my first time hearing that Quintus has someone he sees as a chief. Moreover, I've heard that none of the hotel's branches' sixty-sixth floor has ever been opened to the public, but now, Quintus is opening it up to the public. Who in the world is this man to make Quintus regard him with such importance?"

No one at Zyaire's table stood up to greet Marilyn and Harold. As if they had not seen the duo, they continued to chat away.

Moreover, Zyaire became visibly excited when he heard his daughter's words.

The opening of the sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel to the public for a welcome party was certainly shocking news for the upper-class circle.

After all, Quintus was technically the ruler of the underground forces of the entire world. He was a prideful man who might even look down on a king.

Yet, he was planning to host a welcome party for someone and allow people to visit the sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel.

That was definitely one of the grandest welcomes from Quintus.

"Harold, come. Sit here."

Marilyn realized everyone was ignoring them, but she thought it was because their attention was caught by Sylvena's words.

To avoid making things awkward for Harold, she immediately pulled a chair out for Harold for him to sit.

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Silence.

The entire place was creepily silent.

The previously noisy atmosphere was instantly replaced by a pin-drop silence.

Everyone was staring at Harold and Marilyn. Some of those who were eating even halted in their tracks.

If possible, they would have hung their jaws in surprise.

As a matter of fact, those who had not been paying attention to Harold at all earlier thought they had misheard him.

No one dared to believe that someone had just asked if they could point the middle finger at the Gambling King himself.

Does he know he's courting death?

Zyaire's reputation as Gambling King from his victories in gambling meant that people were always after him in attempts to take revenge on him, but he always managed to avert those crises. In fact, he would sometimes be able to turn the tables and strike back.

For decades, Zyaire firmly held onto the title of Gambling King. He had never been pulled off his pedestal, and that was a clear sign of his capabilities. Not only was he the king of gambling, but he also excelled in many other areas.

Yet, a young man was now asking if he could give him the middle finger.

It was provocation that Zyaire would not forgive.

Zyaire snapped his head upward as he shot the younger man a glare that a lesser man would cower from.

At the same time, the temperature in the room dropped.

Zyaire lived up to his title as the Gambling King.

Even famous figures in the corporate world would flinch at that glare, let alone a young man like Harold.

Hence, Zyaire thought that Harold would bow his head and apologize after a second or two, like what others usually would do.

To his surprise, Harold remained unfazed despite being the recipient of Zyaire's brutal glare.

Even after twenty seconds had passed, he maintained eye contact with Zyaire, showing no signs of relenting.

Sitting next to Zyaire was Zyaire's first wife, Ruby Watts. Once she came back to her senses, instead of saying anything to Harold and Marilyn, she jabbed a finger at Jeslyn, who had quietly gone to the servant's table, and snapped, "Jeslyn Lupton, do you see how your daughter is behaving? Her life is in shambles, and not only is she destroying our family's reputation, but she's even trying to bring an unmanageable man like him home to enrage Zyaire! Are you trying to send Zyaire to an early grave so that you can get your share of the inheritance?"

Marilyn's mother, Jeslyn, turned pale from fright.

"I'm not! Marilyn, what are you waiting for? Apologize to your father!" Jeslyn cried out, urging Marilyn and Harold to quickly apologize to Zyaire.

"Dad, we're sorry. Harold didn't mean it. Harold, come with me."

At that point, Marilyn had come back to her senses as well, and she quickly lowered her head to apologize to her father.

Even though she was thrilled to hear what Harold had to say to her father, those words were also worsening the situation for her, her mother, and her sister.

After the apology, Marilyn then shot Harold a grim glare before towing him away.

Her fear was rooted in the possibility of the man doing something bewildering again.

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"Ah!"

Sylvena was alarmed by the look on Harold's face. She took two steps back in panic and nearly fell.

In response, she shrieked.

"How dare you?"

As soon as they became aware of Harold trying to cause a scene at the Schmidt residence, the three Schmidt sons rose to their feet. Simultaneously, the chief and deputy chief of security from the fourth table walked over to Zyaire and positioned themselves behind him, fixing their fierce gazes on Harold.

If Harold were to make any more moves, the five of them would restrain him immediately.

Their ferocious expressions spooked Marilyn, and she quickly dragged Harold away again.

When Harold heard nothing else from Sylvena, he decided he was not in a rush to give the Schmidt family a warning. After all, not all of the Schmidts were there yet.

Soon, he arrived at the fourth table and sat with the servants.

“Please, the two of you. It's one thing to be so badly behaved out there, but please have some self-discipline at home. I can't believe a kept man like you is claiming that you can contribute ten billion to the family. I don't know if you're ashamed or not, but I definitely am!”

Evelyn promptly shot Harold and Marilyn looks of displeasure when the duo sat down.

Simultaneously, Jeslyn gave them a warning look.

Right then, the chief and the deputy chief returned to the fourth table. With a look of contempt trained on Harold and Marilyn, the deputy chief muttered under his breath, “That's right. Both of you have no sense of shame. Even I, a security guard, feel embarrassed to be sitting next to you.”

Marilyn paled even more.

It was one thing to be taunted by her sister—she could dismiss the taunts as criticism—but even the servants had grown bold enough to taunt her as well.

Almost instantly, Harold whipped his head to give an icy glance at the tall deputy chief.

Beads of sweat quickly formed on the deputy chief's forehead when he realized Harold was staring at him like a furious beast about to pounce.

His heart raced, and he lowered his head, too scared to utter another word.

Just then, a man in a suit came in. When he sensed the strange tension in the air, he curiously asked, “What's going on? Why are you so quiet?”

That man was the youngest son-in-law of the Schmidt family and Sylvena's husband, Ewan Stones.

His appearance broke the silence.

“It's nothing. Someone who has been leading a life of easy virtue brought home an ignorant boy. Come here, Ewan. This is the seat Dad has reserved for you. Right, Dad?”

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The reason Harold spoke up to embarrass Ewan once again was that he heard Marilyn's murmur. “Didn't he say he only joined Quintus' underground group three years ago?”

Since she didn't have the courage to challenge Ewan openly, Harold took it upon himself to do so.

However, his words immediately drew the attention of everyone inside the room.

Why does this guy have such low emotional intelligence?

All of them knew that Ewan was showing off, but he had every right to do so.

Even though Ewan had only joined the underground forces for two or three years, he was able to work alongside Quintus, whereas many others who had pursued Quintus for years didn't have the same opportunity.

And in just a short amount of time, Ewan had become one of Quintus' favorite subordinates. Once the opportunity arose, Ewan would definitely be promoted into a leader and handle more responsibilities independently.

The public was well aware of Quintus' personnel management practices. He would arrange for underlings with great potential to work closely with him to observe and bond with them for a certain period before assigning them important tasks.

This was why everyone was envious of Ewan. Even the Gambling King, Zyaire, valued him the most among his many sons-in-law.

Ewan regarded Harold with a vicious look and asked, “Who are you?”

Ewan could only disguise his self-consciousness with a murderous stare after being exposed as a poser.

Taking in Ewan's malicious gaze, the crowd turned to look at Harold mockingly as they knew Ewan wouldn't behave like Zyaire, refraining from confronting Harold due to the constraints of his status.

Ewan was a ruthless and vengeful person, so everyone reckoned he would teach Harold a lesson.

Staring into Ewan's malevolent eyes, Harold asked calmly, “I'm Harold Campbell, and I'm the Mr.

Campbell you mentioned earlier. I heard you only recently followed Quintus two years ago. May I know which year you had a drink with me?"

Moreover, he even sounded extremely casual when mentioning Quintus.

However, the crowd burst into laughter after he finished his sentence.

"Pfft!"

"Hahaha!"

"I can't believe a kept man like him claims himself to be the legendary Mr. Campbell. If that's the case, perhaps I'm Mr. Campbell's father! Hahaha!"

"I'm Mr. Campbell's grandfather, then!"

"How dare this b*stard impersonate Mr. Campbell. If Mr. Campbell or Quintus hear this, I'm afraid it'll be detrimental to the Schmidt family. I suggest we do away with this shameless couple as a warning to others not to make the same mistake."

"Marilyn, where did you find a man like him? I can't believe you want to be with someone like him. Even if we don't punish you today, I sincerely hope you don't go around telling others you're a member of the Schmidt family."

"I wonder how their mother taught her and her sister, allowing them to turn out like this. Alas!"

Everyone began sneering at Harold.

Even Marilyn, Evelyn, and their mother were being jeered at.

Sensing others dragging her and her mother into the mess, Evelyn glowered at Harold and Marilyn, barking, "Marilyn, can you please control your man? He's embarrassing all of us. Mom and I wish to preserve our dignity even if you don't."

She was too ashamed even to lift her head as their other relatives bombarded her with scornful remarks.

Evelyn wanted to get up and leave but was afraid of getting scolded by her father.

Most importantly, if she left just like that, the other members of the family, consisting of his father's first, third, and fourth wives, would seize that opportunity to criticize her for being impolite and put her mother in a tight spot. In the end, it would be her poor mother who suffered.

The only thing she could do now was to hope that her sister and her would-be brother-in-law would stop causing a scene.

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The crowd erupted into thunderous applause.

“You're so magnanimous, Ewan. Bravo!”

“There's a reason Quintus selected Ewan to stay by his side and nurture Ewan even though he's so young!”

Everyone cheered.

They were deeply impressed by how Ewan repaid Harold's ill will with kindness.

“Well done, Ewan. Even though you're all his seniors in the family, you should learn more from him. Sit here and have a drink with me, Ewan.”

Even the Gambling King, Zyaire, grinned and complimented Ewan.

On the other hand, Harold was turned into a negative example by members of the Schmidt family before he even officially became Zyaire's son-in-law.

Of course, he never intended to marry Marilyn. He merely accompanied her back to warn her family members never to interfere in any decisions she made in the future.

Ewan was overjoyed to see Zyaire, his father-in-law, inviting him to share a drink.

After all, the Schmidt family was the second most influential faction on Hishwick Island. With the Schmidt family's support, Ewan was confident he would be more valued by Quintus.

Sylvena smiled from ear to ear when she saw her father praising her husband. Then, she shot a derisive look at Marilyn.

Marilyn, Evelyn, and their mother were infuriated. Still, there was nothing they could do.

After finishing a glass of wine with Ewan, Zyaire invited his son-in-law to sit.

“Ewan, can you help your relatives get a few more invitations from your boss, Quintus? It would be good for them to get some exposure, too,” Zyaire asked casually.

The Schmidt family's company's share price plummeted during their hostile exchange with the Jackson

family.

Since the Jackson family's announcement, the Schmidt family's market capitalization had shrunk by over a hundred million.

And that was just the beginning of their predicament.

If no good news about their family were published within a short period, the Schmidt family's company's share price would certainly continue dropping.

Every other family only received an invitation for one guest, respectively, to attend the celebration hosted by Quintus to welcome his boss' return.

If multiple members of the Schmidt family were to get invited, the public might assume their family was closely related to Quintus or his boss.

By then, the turn of events could not only cease their stock price from falling but also possibly increase it significantly.

“Uh...”

Ewan was a little troubled after hearing his father-in-law's words.

After all, Quintus had already arranged everything for the sixty-six distinguished guests, and the number of attendees perfectly matched Paradise Hotel's sixty-six floors. Therefore, it was simply impossible to make changes.

Besides, Ewan knew he wasn't capable of convincing Quintus to make any amendments to the existing arrangement.

Still, he couldn't directly reject Zyaire as that would make him appear insincere and incompetent.

Noticing the hesitant look in Ewan's eyes, Zyaire asked with a grimace, “What's the matter? Am I making things difficult for you, Ewan?”