

## **Dauntless 371**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 371**

Ewan was puzzled when he saw Quintus' pretty secretary at the Schmidt residence.

After making a phone call outside, he happened to encounter Quintus' secretary just as the latter was about to leave.

The secretary nodded at Ewan politely before hurrying away.

In the meantime, Zyaire was stunned when he counted the invitation cards they had received and realized there were thirty-three of them.

Apart from Zyaire, Ewan, too, wore an unsightly expression when he saw them.

He had made so many phone calls to no avail. In the end, he had come in to see that Quintus' secretary had directly brought a stack of invitations over.

What the h\*ck is happening?

“Dad, these invitations—” Ewan wanted to ask Zyaire how did he get the invitation cards. However, he was interrupted by an excited Zyaire before he could finish his sentence.

“Ewan, I can't believe you managed to get us over thirty invitation cards! Initially, I'd thought to ask for only two. It seems like Quintus really favors you. You're truly worthy of being my son-in-law!”

Zyaire had spotted Ewan greeting Quintus' secretary earlier. He and the others immediately deduced that the invitation cards had been thanks to Ewan's efforts.

Ewan was dumbfounded by Zyaire's words.

“Yeah! Ewan, you're amazing to have obtained so many invitations for us! The whole family will be able to attend the party the day after tomorrow. We'll be able to see what the legendary sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel looks like and meet the mysterious Mr. Campbell. I'd like to see if he's as extraordinary as they say to be able to influence the underground circles so much. Oh, I admire him so!”

With a starstruck expression, Sylvena tugged at Ewan's hand as she prattled excitedly.

Everyone else crowded around them and gave him admiring looks.

It made Ewan feel even more confused.

Are the invitation cards not from someone else here?

Ewan pondered over the matter, and soon, he managed to gather his thoughts.

He was overwhelmed by the admiring gazes of the relatives and decided to relish in the attention he was given.

Since no one else was stepping forward to claim credit for the invitation cards, the notion of claiming it for himself only grew stronger in Ewan's heart.

They were the ones who assumed that it was me. I don't have to admit or deny it.

After deciding on his course of action, Ewan plastered a somewhat embarrassed smile on his face.

To Zyaire and the others, his expression made it seem like he was flustered at being praised so profusely.

"All right, you guys. Stop gawking at him. Look at how embarrassed he is!" Aiyana, Zyaire's fourth wife and Sylvena's mother, chided the people surrounding them. Although she reprimanded their actions, she could not quite keep the smug smile off her face.

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"There's a reason I'm refusing to give you guys any. Just look at the sort of son-in-law you have from the second household. What if you speak nonsense when we're at Paradise Hotel? Not only will you embarrass yourselves, but you will also shame everyone from the Schmidt family. For the sake of the Schmidt family's reputation, I'm refusing to let you attend. Jeslyn, I'm sure you can understand why I did this," Sylvena replied seriously after hearing Evelyn's words.

She directed her words to Marilyn's and Evelyn's mother, Jeslyn.

When everyone heard Sylvena's words, they recalled Harold's shocking behavior from earlier and agreed with her reasoning. Thus, they decided to support her.

'Yeah! You can't give them the invitation cards! What if he messes around and shames the Schmidt family in front of all the affluent people at Paradise Hotel?'

"I agree. We cannot give them the invitations. I recommend you distribute the invitation cards to our staff members who have outstanding performance. This way, we can show off how well-to-do the Schmidt family is. Even the staff gets to mingle with the famous people of Hishwick Island."

"That's a good idea. With that, the Schmidt family's reputation will definitely soar!"

The members of the Schmidt family began to discuss the six remaining invitation cards.

They would rather the invitations go to the staff members of their household than to Marilyn and the others.

Marilyn, Evelyn, and Jeslyn were furious upon listening to their words.

Evelyn, in particular, was especially incensed. She immediately turned to Zyaire angrily.

“What Sylvena said makes sense. The second household will not attend the event.”

Despite Evelyn's displeased gaze, not only did Zyaire not help her, but he threw his support behind Sylvena's suggestion instead.

Upon uttering those words, he even turned to glance at Harold casually.

Smiling excitedly after hearing Zyaire's reply, Sylvena shot Marilyn and Evelyn provoking looks.

Marilyn's, Evelyn's, and Jeslyn's faces immediately darkened.

The two sisters dared not go against their father's declaration.

Even their mother dared not utter a single word in retort.

“Marilyn, it's just an invitation card. If you really wish to attend, I can request Quintus personally escort us in at the entrance. Let's go home,” Harold said after casting a cold look at everyone else.

Without another word, he dragged Marilyn with him and left.

Jeslyn and Evelyn, too, could no longer bear to stay at the family dinner.

Not only did Zyaire express that the standing of the people from the second household was below that of the staff, but they were also ineligible for the invitation cards while mere staff did.

That meant that their places in the household were lower than that of the staff.

The people present began to ridicule Harold after hearing his words.

“Does the punk think that Quintus will show up to personally escort them? I'll give him ninety-nine points for his delusion. If I give him full points, it may go to his head.”

“Perhaps he's not fully awake yet. He's probably daydreaming.”

Faced with their relatives' harsh comments, Marilyn's and Evelyn's faces reddened in embarrassment, and they quickly fled the scene.

The incident only made Evelyn's resentment toward Harold grow stronger.

She had become the laughingstock and the subject of the family's ridicule ever since Marilyn brought him home.

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After reading the text conversation between Harold and Quintus, Marilyn's disbelief was finally assuaged, and she went to look for Evelyn.

The next day, Harold decided to sleep in.

Over at Dellmoor, Isabella was currently reading news of Harold wreaking havoc at the Jackson family's wedding. She only breathed a sigh of relief when she learned that the Jackson family and the Schmidt family had canceled the arranged marriage.

The man who should have belonged to her was currently with her best friend.

However, this was due to her own machinations. Even if she felt horrible about it, she had no choice but to endure it.

Despite that, the incident made Isabella feel irritable, and she was unable to focus on her work.

When noon rolled around, and Isabella was still unable to focus, she decided to abandon the work on hand for the time being and take a walk to clear her head instead.

Just as she exited the residential area, she found Philip waiting for her downstairs.

"Ms. Turner, long time no see!"

When Philip spotted Isabella, he did not address the latter as "Mrs. Campbell" but "Ms. Turner" instead.

"Mr. Larson, were you waiting for me?" Puzzled, Isabella stared at Philip.

"Yes. I came here to see you, Ms. Turner. I would like for you to persuade Mr. Campbell to return home to see his grandfather. Old Mr. Campbell misses him dreadfully."

Philip got straight to the point and immediately told Isabella the reason he came to see her.

"Persuade Harold to return home and see his grandfather?"

Isabella grew even more baffled upon hearing that.

Wasn't Philip supposed to be the richest man in Dellmoor? Why is he talking about Old Mr. Campbell and Harold?

"Let me introduce myself. I am the person in charge of the most prestigious family in northern Dellmoor. Your ex-husband, Harold Campbell, is the third son of the Campbell family. Due to some family circumstances, Mr. Campbell came to Dellmoor, and the family has been searching for him the entire time. However, he expresses no interest in family affairs and refuses to return home and see his grandfather." Philip hurriedly tried to explain the situation when he saw Isabella's doubtful expression.

So, Harold was actually an exiled son of a prestigious family. No wonder he changed so much in such a short period of time!

After hearing Philip's explanation, realization dawned on Isabella. She had misunderstood Harold the entire time.

But why did he lie to me about being the God of War when he comes from a well-do family? Although being the son of a wealthy family isn't as prestigious as being the God of War, it isn't shabby at all! Why did he do such a thing? Was it because I had once told him how I admired the God of War?

"That fool!" Isabella muttered as she smacked her own forehead in exasperation.

"Ms. Turner, are you all right?"

Isabella had spaced out after listening to his words. Not long after that, she suddenly smacked her own forehead. Her actions bewildered Philip considerably.

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The three men were the top criminals from Jinrich.

Ever since Harold took control and regulated the underground forces' power five years ago, there were many businesses that could no longer be carried out.

Things like selling drugs, weapons, and prostitution were no longer allowed.

The businesses of the criminals of Jinrich immediately hit rock bottom, and some of them were even forced to reconsider their careers.

The criminals of Jinrich could only turn to kidnapping rivals, extorting wealthy businessmen, and so on to maintain their livelihood.

When they had to carry out a task, they even had to handle it personally. It was truly a tragic sight.

“Cobra, we received information that the Schmidt family received over thirty invitation cards from Quintus and that even their lowly staff were allowed to attend the party Quintus is holding. It appears that Zyaire and Quintus have a good relationship. If we kidnap him, would we perhaps incur Quintus' wrath?” In an accented voice, one of the men asked as he passed the binoculars to Cobra.

“That's even better. We would be able to bait Quintus to Jinrich and use the opportunity to off him. He's kept a heavy hand on the underground forces everywhere for the past few years. All our customers were done in by him, and he doesn't even have any intention to sell drugs. If it weren't for him, we would not be in the current situation right now, reduced to kidnapping for ransom!”

“Yeah! If it weren't for that jerk Quintus, we would not be suffering right now! So what if we piss him off? It's not like he can take over Jinrich because this is our turf. A dragon could never hope to suppress the local snakes!”

The mere mention of Quintus immediately made them all gnash their teeth angrily.

“All right, let's proceed according to the plan. First, we'll kidnap the old man Zyaire and wrangle up some start-up capital. When the time comes, the God of War will take care of Quintus. The underground circles will then revert back to how it was five years ago, and our business will flourish!”

Still holding onto the binoculars, Cobra detailed the plan and distributed the tasks to the others.

A day went by just like that.

On the third day, Quintus prepared to celebrate the return of the mysterious Mr. Campbell. He even allowed the use of the sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel, which had never been allowed to the public prior to this. News of the party spread to all the upper-class circle of Hishwick Island.

Countless affluent people received invitations to the party, and those who did not receive any plotted ways to get their hands on one.

There were even people who were willing to offer one million for one of Quintus' invitation cards.

News of Mr. Campbell being the mastermind behind sweeping up the underground forces years ago and Quintus was said to be his underling who was managing things in his absence had spread far and wide.

Everyone was curious about the Mr. Campbell and wished to see what the mysterious man looked like in person.

They were also curious about the never been seen before the sixty-sixth floor of Paradise Hotel.

Although the price was high, there were many who were willing to shell out that amount in order to obtain an invitation card.

Despite that, none of Quintus' underlings dared make a rash move, for the invitation cards were priceless.

Claiming to be feeling unwell and thus unable to attend the party, one of the big shots in Hishwick Island decided to auction his invitation card.

In just half a day, the price of the invitation card rocketed to twenty million!

Finally, it was sold for twenty-five million and became the most expensive invitation card to be sold in history.

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Initially, Marilyn and Evelyn thought even if Harold could not bring them in, they could still sneak in by following closely behind the others. After all, every invitation has a plus-one, and the Schmidt family has over thirty invitations! We should not have a problem following another three people in. If our relatives were to stop us from doing so, the subordinates would not dare to reject us.

That was why Marilyn and Evelyn dared to show up there in the first place.

However, they did not expect Sylvena to deliberately go in last and call them out after she had her invitation card checked.

“The three of you, please show us your invitation cards!” Upon hearing Sylvena's words, the staff immediately reached out their hands to stop Marilyn and Evelyn from entering.

“We do not have invitation cards, but my boyfriend knows Mr. Langdon!” Marilyn spoke softly because she was not sure if Harold's words could be trusted.

“Well, plenty of people know Mr. Langdon, no? Almost everyone on Hishwick Island knows him! The question is whether Mr. Langdon knows you guys,” the staff mocked flatly. At the same time, the staff had disdainful looks on their faces.

Sylvena, who was cleared to enter, could not help but laugh when she heard what the staff said. “Haha! You said Mr. Langdon would fetch you at the entrance, no? Where is he? Millions of people know Mr. Langdon, but he does not know you! Have fun waiting for Mr. Langdon to welcome you guys. I'm going in now. Bye!”

With that, Sylvena entered Paradise Hotel gleefully.

“You... Marilyn, you said he knows Quintus, right?” Evelyn was seeing red upon hearing Sylvena's words, and she ended up venting her anger on Marilyn.

“I...” Marilyn turned toward Harold to shoot him an awkward glance.

“Calm down. I will give Quintus a call!”

With that, Harold whipped out his phone and called Quintus' private number.

The staff checking the guests' invitation cards looked down on Harold. Did he just call Mr. Langdon by his first name? It is as if they really know each other!

At that moment, Quintus was suffering from diarrhea, so he was in the restroom. What did I have for breakfast? Did I eat something bad? Why is this happening? My legs are getting numb!

Quintus left his phone in the office, so he did not know Harold was calling him.

Meanwhile, Harold's expression quickly turned grim because Quintus was not answering his phone.

“Marilyn, this fellow fooled you once again! He is a liar!” Seeing that no one was answering Harold's call, Evelyn was infuriated. Harold was merely talking big that day!

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“Ha! Quintus' private number? You sound even more ridiculous now!” Evelyn was not convinced.

“Ha! Quintus' private number? You sound even more ridiculous now!” Evelyn was not convinced.

“Why don't you believe me? Fine! I will prove it!” Seeing that neither Marilyn nor Evelyn believed him, Harold had no choice but to go to the extremes. I need to do something drastic. There are people around, and it is getting embarrassing.

Harold could actually enter the hotel with his rose gold card, but he had already told Marilyn he would get Quintus to welcome them. Hence, he was determined to make that happen.

As soon as he finished his sentence, he took a couple of steps backward and shouted for Quintus.

“Quintus! Get your \*ss down here!”

Harold was so loud that he sounded like he was shouting through a microphone.

Marilyn, Evelyn, and the staff were stunned by Harold's action.



At the same time, the people in the area were shooting Harold strange looks.

By the time Marilyn and Evelyn had regained their senses, they immediately went pale.

Utter embarrassment washed over them, prompting them to wish for the ground to swallow them up.

“Marilyn, you can mess around with him all you want! I am leaving!” Evelyn turned around and walked off because she could not endure the odd looks the passersby were giving her, and she was afraid that Harold would further embarrass her. I do not want to attend Mr. Campbell's welcoming banquet anymore, nor do I even want to know what is on the sixty-sixth floor!

“Evelyn... Hey...” Marilyn wanted to stop her sister, but Harold was still rooted to the spot, leaving her in a difficult position.

Less than two minutes later, Marilyn managed to hail a taxi to get them out of there. “Harold, it is time to go. We do not have to get in anymore, and I do not blame you for it. Please stop fooling around. You are embarrassing me!”

With that, Marilyn wanted to pull Harold away to save him from the embarrassment.

“Brat, this is Paradise Hotel. This is not a place you can come and fool around as you wish. How dare you shout Mr. Langdon's name? Are you sick of living?” The staff snapped back to their senses, stopped checking the other guests' invitation cards, and surrounded Harold. How dare he shout Mr. Langdon's name out loud? That is so disrespectful. We ought to teach this brat a lesson. Otherwise, everyone is going to start coming here and doing the same thing he did. That would be humiliating for Mr. Langdon.

“I am terribly sorry, guys! He did not do it on purpose. I apologize on his behalf!” Marilyn panicked when she saw the staff had Harold surrounded. I know how strong Harold is. Heck, he kicked the gate of the Schmidt residence down and sent the Jackson family's bodyguards flying with a kick. However, this is Paradise Hotel. No matter how strong he is, he cannot possibly go against the people associated with Paradise Hotel. What he said earlier had already offended the influential man of the underground forces, Quintus.

The staffs were not satisfied with Marilyn's apology, and they roared, “Hmph! Do you think an apology will suffice? What do you take Mr. Langdon for?”

With that, they went up to Harold and held his collar.

Harold did not bother stopping them or resisting because he saw Quintus running out of the hotel.

Quintus, who had just rushed out of Paradise Hotel, saw the staff grabbing Harold by the collar. His knees had already gone weak due to diarrhea he had been suffering from since the morning. When he saw what the staff were doing, his face went pale, and he instantly shouted at the top of his lungs, “Stop! Have you guys grown nerves of steel overnight?”

The staff heard Quintus' voice and immediately turned around in fear.

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Harold saw how Quintus was about to hug him emotionally, so he quickly held up his hands to stop Quintus.

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“What is the matter with you? Why can you not walk straight? Did you not answer my call just now because you were messing around with that actress?” Harold asked in a displeased tone.

The passersby jumped in alarm when they heard the tone Harold talked to Quintus in. That is the most powerful man in underground circles around the world!

However, they soon realized what was going on after hearing Quintus' response.

Quintus shivered, and he almost pooped his pants when he saw Harold's unhappy expression. “I am innocent, Mr. Campbell! I knew you were coming today, and I would not have slacked off no matter what! It is just that something I ate this morning is causing me to have food poisoning. I have been stuck in the restroom since the morning, and my knees have even gone weak!” Quintus quickly explained himself.

“Pfft!”

Marilyn, who was behind Harold, could not hold back her laughter when she heard what Quintus said.

Marilyn was on cloud nine at that moment, and her gloomy feelings from before had completely dissipated. It turns out that Harold was telling the truth. He really knows Quintus. Based on how scared Quintus is of Harold, it is safe to assume that Harold was the man who defeated the underground forces back then. Isabella and I have misunderstood Harold all this while. However, since Harold is already such an influential man, why did he need to lie to Isabella and tell her he was God of War? Although he is not as incredible as God of War, he is still one of the most powerful men in the world! Could it be that he knew Isabella had always been secretly in love with the legendary God of War?

Marilyn's gaze turned complicated the moment Isabella popped up in her mind.

Meanwhile, Quintus, who was used to being respected wherever he went, was not happy when he heard someone laughing at him. Therefore, he instinctively glared at Marilyn, and she was startled.

As soon as Quintus did that, he was frightened. Wait! This girl came with Mr. Campbell, no? She could be Mr. Campbell's girl!

With that in mind, his face became as pale as a sheet. "I am so sorry, Ma'am. I did not do that on purpose. Please be magnanimous and do not take my action to heart!" Quintus apologized.

Marilyn was startled once again. He is a powerful man in underground circles, and he is apologizing to me! Is this really happening? I am merely an actress!

Marilyn was flattered beyond words. Nevertheless, she knew Harold was the only reason Quintus treated her respectfully.

Even so, she was delighted with Harold's status in society.

Simultaneously, she was glad about the way Quintus addressed her.

The staff and influential people on Hishwick Island at the scene were flabbergasted by Quintus' behavior because he was incredibly humble. He is the man who controls the world's underground forces. Why is he acting so humble? This is unbelievable!

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Quintus only dared to leave upon getting Harold's permission. This time around, he brought his phone along to the restroom. This will save me from getting into trouble.

Quintus only dared to leave upon getting Harold's permission. This time around, he brought his phone along to the restroom. This will save me from getting into trouble.

A while after getting into the toilet, he called the person in charge on the sixty-sixth floor and told him to welcome Harold in.

Only one staff member was left checking everyone's invitation card at the entrance, so Harold decided to go to the sixty-sixth floor with Marilyn on their own.

Meanwhile, no one knew where Evelyn had gone to.

Marilyn tried calling her on the phone, but the call was disconnected before it had even gone through.

Little did Harold and Marilyn know that Evelyn was in grave danger.

When Evelyn was leaving, she hailed a taxi by the side of the road.

Upon getting into the car, she told the driver to drive her back to the mansion with a gold rooster statue. Since she was in a rage, she failed to realize that the driver had brought her to a secluded area instead.

By the time she realized it, it was too late.

All of the sudden, the driver attacked her and knocked the back of her neck to knock her out.

After she passed out, the man dragged her toward a port, and there were already people there waiting for them.

“Boss, I did not manage to catch Zyaire, but I caught a beautiful girl,” the driver said to his superior after dragging Evelyn onto a ship.

Those men were the criminals from Jinrich who were observing the Schmidt residence on the mountain the day before.

When they saw Marilyn calling Evelyn on the phone, they immediately switched the phone off.

“Not bad! If Zyaire does not want to pay up, we can use this girl to blackmail him! It seems like Lady Luck is on our side! You guys should continue according to our initial plan!” the superior exclaimed.

“Yes, Boss!”

With that, the driver left the port and returned to the vicinity of Paradise Hotel to keep watch.

Marilyn thought Evelyn refused to answer her phone because she was still angry. Hence, Marilyn decided to let Evelyn be and went up to the sixty-sixth floor while holding Harold's arm.

By then, there were around eighty people present on the sixty-sixth floor, and around half of those people were from the Schmidt family.

The members of the Schmidt family grew curious when they saw Marilyn and Harold exiting the elevator while linking arms. How did they get in?

“H-How did you guys get here?” Sylvena asked in disbelief.

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Before Marilyn could explain the situation, the manager uttered, “Mrs. Stones, the employees of Paradise Hotel are all very responsible. Since these two individuals could get into the hotel and arrive on the sixty-sixth floor, our staff members had already given them clearance. Besides, Paradise Hotel prioritizes the consumers. In the event that these two individuals had sneaked in without invitation cards, we would punish the employee who had been careless with their job.”

To Marilyn's surprise, the manager did not even bother asking Harold and her to show their invitation cards.

“But—” Sylvena wanted to make a case, but the manager interrupted her speech.

“I think everyone here is a member of Paradise Hotel, and I bet everyone here is eager to find out what is on the sixty-sixth floor. After all, we have never opened it to the public. Now, let us find out what is inside!”

With that, the manager ignored Sylvena, walked up to a futuristic door, scanned his corneas on the monitor, and opened the door.

Sylvena was utterly embarrassed when the manager ignored her. She felt even more upset when she saw the smug look on Marilyn's face.

However, she could do nothing about it other than complain to her husband, Ewan. She was asking him to get Harold and Marilyn kicked out.

At that time, no one was interested in what she was trying to do. Instead, everyone was looking forward to finding out what exactly was on the sixty-sixth floor.

When they saw the futuristic door, they were all expecting to see a room filled with high-tech gadgets.

After the futuristic door was opened, however, everyone was stunned by the scene before their eyes.

There was another door inside.

Moreover, there was a world of difference between the door before their eyes and the futuristic door.

The door they were looking at was an old wooden door that looked like one of the doors of those dilapidated houses in the slums.

Compared to the technologically advanced door, this wooden door looked as though it had been there for ages.

“What?”

Everyone at the scene was looking at the manager in bafflement.

Meanwhile, Harold was just as taken aback as the others. However, he did not look confused. Instead, he was tearing up. I know that door!

Memories from when he ran away from home and made a living for himself came rushing back at once.

That door belonged to the house he, Quintus, and Quintus' sister had rented in the slums back then.

Upon seeing that door, Harold could not help imagining what was hidden behind it.

“Calm down, everyone. I will open the door soon.” The manager looked at the puzzled crowd, took out another old-fashioned key, and prepared to open the old wooden door.

Right when the manager was about to open the door, Harold suddenly said, “Let me do it!”

The manager turned toward Harold and hesitated.

While the manager was still hesitating, Harold took the key off the manager's grip.

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None of them were expecting the sixty-sixth floor, which was never open to the public, to be an old house.

Naturally, they were very disappointed with that discovery.

“That's right. The sixty-sixth floor is indeed an old house. I know you all are very disappointed, but this old house is actually Mr. Langdon's most prized possession. It contains the memories that he shared with Mr. Campbell before they achieved success. Mr. Campbell used to stay here with Mr. Langdon and his sister,” the manager explained when he saw the disappointed looks on their faces.

The crowd felt a little better after they realized the value of the old house.

The manager then brought them on a tour inside the two-bedroom house before opening the back door.

Everyone gasped in shock when they saw a bright light pouring into the house.

They then followed the manager through the doorway and arrived at what seemed like the grand lobby on the first floor.

Upon closer inspection, however, they realized that something was not quite right about the place.

Although its design was similar to that of the lobby on the first floor, it was a little smaller and had slight differences in the decor.

For example, the walls were decorated with lots of famous, world-class paintings and unique artifacts

that were one-of-a-kind.

The crowd then shifted their gaze back toward the manager as he explained the meaning behind the sixty-sixth floor.

“The sixty-sixth floor was designed to consist of three parts—past, present, and future. The two-bedroom house we just saw represents Mr. Langdon and Mr. Campbell's past. It was the house that Mr. Campbell, Mr. Langdon, and his sister used to live in. This area that we're currently in represents the things they own in the present. Mr. Langdon will be hosting a banquet to welcome Mr. Campbell's return in the next section, which represents their future. Feel free to have a look around this exhibit and think about your past experiences as well as your current achievements.”

Apart from the juniors from the Schmidt family and a few of their lucky servants, the people present at the exhibit were all big shots from Hishwick Island.

Since they all started out with nothing and worked really hard to achieve their wealth and status in society, their feelings of disappointment were immediately gone as they reminisced about their past.

They were not as successful as Harold and Quintus, nor did they suffer as much as the two.

Even so, witnessing that exhibit about the past and the present really touched their hearts and reminded them of their roots.

Even the subordinates from the Schmidt family were moved by what they saw.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Langdon had it rougher than all of us back then, and yet, they were able to reach such incredible heights in life all by themselves. Seeing their success sure fills our hearts with hope!

Naturally, the juniors of the Schmidt family were the least moved by the exhibit as they had all been born with a silver spoon in their mouths.