

Dauntless 381

Dauntless God Of War

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After taking a moment to steady herself, Marilyn turned around and shot the subordinate a furious glare. "Hey! What are you doing?"

After taking a moment to steady herself, Marilyn turned around and shot the subordinate a furious glare. "Hey! What are you doing?"

The subordinate went pale when he saw that the painting was ruined.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to do that!" he apologized profusely with his head held low.

"I can't believe you just ruined one of Mr. Langdon's paintings, Marilyn! From what I've heard, Mr. Langdon would never collect any artifact that costs less than ten million, and the ones displayed here are all world-class, one-of-a-kind artifacts. You're done for this time!" Sylvena gloated while staring at the ruined painting on the floor.

Naturally, the commotion quickly drew the attention of the crowd around them.

"Isn't that The Last Meal by the famous artist Lazaro D'Amato? They say it's one of his iconic works of art! Nobody knows its whereabouts after a mysterious individual acquired it for three hundred million at an auction three years ago. Who would've known it'd end up here at this exhibit on the sixty-sixth floor? It's a truly remarkable painting, and yet, you guys destroyed it!" someone in the crowd exclaimed in shock after recognizing the painting and realizing its value.

The rest of the crowd gasped in shock and stared wide-eyed at Marilyn, who still had the sword in her hand.

That painting is worth three hundred million, and Marilyn had just ruined it completely!

Marilyn, too, went pale when she heard the person's words and saw the crowd glaring daggers at her.

"This isn't my fault! I only knocked the painting over because he bumped into me earlier!" Marilyn explained in a trembling voice while pointing at the subordinate, who was as white as a sheet at that point.

The subordinate took a few steps back in fear and panic when he realized the seriousness of the situation.

I only make a little over four thousand a month, and this painting was worth three hundred million three years ago. There's no telling how much the price has gone up by now! I could never pay that off even if I

worked the rest of my life! No, I can't just let her pin this all on me! I have to do something!

Afraid of being held accountable for what happened, the look in the subordinate's eyes grew vicious as he pointed at Marilyn and protested, "She's lying! She accidentally destroyed the painting while swinging that sword around, but she's trying to pin the blame on me to avoid taking responsibility for her actions!"

Because Marilyn's mother was Zyaire's second wife, they were not respected in the Schmidt family at all. In fact, their statuses were lower than that of the subordinates, so it was unlikely that anyone would take Marilyn's side.

Sure enough, nobody seemed to believe Marilyn at all.

Not wanting to let such a golden opportunity slide, Sylvena was quick to chime in and back the subordinate up.

"Yeah! I saw it too! She ruined the painting while she was playing with that sword earlier! Hey, Marilyn! Could you not try to blame someone else for your own wrongdoing? Just how shameless can you get?"

Since no one was paying them any attention earlier, they didn't see what really happened. That, combined with Marilyn's lowly status in the Schmidt family, led to the crowd believing Sylvena and the subordinate instead.

Sylvena and Marilyn are sisters, so Sylvena would have no reason to help a subordinate instead of her own family member. Therefore, Sylvena must be choosing to side with the truth instead of her sister!

"I knew they shouldn't be allowed here! I don't know how they managed to get in, but the recent scandal has already caused our stocks to plummet! It hasn't even been a few days, and she has caused us trouble again! I can't believe we need to pay hundreds of millions' worth of compensation! She's such a good-for-nothing! I'm ashamed to have her as part of the family!"

"Yeah! I don't even know why people like her exist! We should've all voted to have her exiled or something!"

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Hearing that calmed Marilyn down somewhat. "Oh, you're right! How could I have forgotten about your identity? Still, this painting is worth three hundred million! Aren't you mad that it's ruined?" she asked with a guilty look on her face.

"Relax! As much as it may have cost, it is still just a painting! You could even wreck a couple more if you feel like it!" Harold reassured her in a nonchalant tone.

The people in the crowd had disdainful looks on their faces when they heard that.

Does this guy's shamelessness know no bounds? How could he make a painting that's worth three hundred million sound like it's nothing? He doesn't even look like he can afford to pay for it!

"But this painting belongs to Mr. Langdon... I'm worried that he might get upset! I don't want this to affect the friendship between you two!" Marilyn said worriedly.

In order to calm her down, Harold turned around and grabbed two more paintings from the wall.

Unsure of what he wanted to do with the paintings, Marilyn asked in confusion, "What are you doing?"

Everyone else at the scene, too, was curious as to what his next move would be.

They got their answer a few seconds later when Harold tore up the two paintings before their very eyes.

Just like that, he had proven his point through his actions.

The crowd that was murmuring among themselves a moment ago went completely silent as they stared wide-eyed at Harold in shock and disbelief.

The only sounds that filled the area were that of the paintings being torn and the crowd swallowing nervously as they watched on.

What the f*ck is wrong with him? This is Mr. Langdon's private collection! The things he collects are all worth over ten million, and the paintings that he displays on the sixty-sixth floor are definitely a lot more expensive! The Last Meal was worth three hundred million, but that price was from three years ago. It must be worth around five or six hundred million by now! After all, it's one of those things that are high in value but low in demand. The fact that the two paintings in his hands were placed on the same floor suggests that they are probably worth hundreds of millions. Usually, people are extremely careful when handling such paintings, but this guy just casually tore them apart as though they were nothing! Just how insolent can he get?

"You..."

Marilyn was so shocked by Harold's actions that she fell speechless.

Ewan and the manager squeezed their way through the crowd after noticing the commotion, only to go pale when they saw the three torn paintings on the floor.

"W-What's going on here?" they asked while pointing at Harold and Marilyn.

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Although he had already witnessed Harold mouthing off two days ago, Ewan didn't think he would go that far.

I'm the one with the upper hand here, so I should be the one delivering the cool lines! How dare he steal my role?

"That's too bad, then. You see, I love speaking to people while pointing guns at them. What are you going to do about it, huh? Oh, that's right! You can't do anything!"

Harold was about to say something when a cold voice rang out from behind the crowd. "Those who dared pull a gun on Harold like that have all died!"

Huh? Who could possibly be bold enough to say that at a time like this?

The crowd turned around curiously, only to gasp in shock when they saw who it was.

It was a young, handsome man with an exhausted look on his face.

That man was none other than Quintus, the leader of all underground forces in the world.

Ewan and the manager shuddered just from hearing his voice. They didn't even need to turn around to know who it was.

As Quintus slowly made his way over, Ewan jabbed a finger at Harold and said, "You came right on time, Mr. Langdon! This insolent punk had the audacity to tear up your precious paintings! I was just about to teach him a lesson!"

To his surprise, Quintus ignored him and moved the barrel of the gun away from Harold's head.

Right as everyone thought Quintus was about to kill Harold himself, Quintus turned around and pressed the gun against Ewan's forehead.

"W-What are you doing, Mr. Langdon? It was him who destroyed your paintings, not me!"

Ewan was so scared that his legs went weak, and his body was trembling all over.

Quintus was infamous in the criminal underworld for his terrifying brutality. That was how he managed

to rule over all the underground organizations without anyone betraying him.

Instead of answering his question, Quintus simply lowered the gun and shot Ewan in the thigh.

“Ahhhh!” Ewan screamed at the top of his lungs in pain and agony.

Some of the women in the crowd shrieked in panic, “Murder! Murder!”

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Terrified by Harold's icy-cold gaze, the man dropped his gun and knelt before him the same way Quintus did.

He was so scared that he even forgot to apologize and beg for forgiveness.

Marilyn breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the gun was no longer pointed at her head.

She then stood behind Harold and stared nervously at Quintus and the others.

Harold gave her a reassuring pat on the hand to calm her down before turning to face Quintus, who was still on his knees.

Quintus, Ewan, and even the big shots of Hishwick Island all held their breaths as they anxiously waited for Harold to make his move.

Right when they thought Harold would help him up, he shocked everyone by saying, “You're right. You should be punished for not keeping your subordinates under control. For your punishment, I want you to end yourself.”

What? Did Harold just tell Quintus to kill himself? He may have dominated the underground forces all over the world back then, but he had already handed them over to Quintus about five to six years ago! Would Quintus really listen to him now that he has the entire world's underground forces at his fingertips? Isn't he afraid of Quintus turning against him? What is this guy thinking?

The crowd believed that Harold's insolent behavior would ultimately lead to his own demise.

Even Marilyn tugged at the hem of his shirt with a worried look in her eyes.

After all, Quintus still had the gun in his hand, so he still posed a threat to them.

However, Harold simply turned around and flashed her a reassuring look in response.

The look on Quintus' face turned incredibly gloomy after hearing what Harold said.

That led the crowd to believe that he would turn on Harold out of sheer desperation to save himself. When one's life gets threatened, it would only make sense to discard one's honor in order to stay alive.

However, Quintus surprised everyone by pointing the gun at his head instead.

What? Is he seriously going to shoot himself in the head simply because Harold told him to?

As much as he didn't want to die, Quintus didn't dare go against Harold's orders either.

First of all, Harold was the one who provided him with everything that he currently owned. In other words, his success in life would not have been possible without Harold.

Second of all, he was all too familiar with Harold's capabilities, so he knew full well that resistance would be futile anyway. Harold was able to move faster than a bullet, so Quintus wouldn't even have time to pull the trigger if he tried to shoot Harold.

Third of all, he was the only person at the scene who knew about Harold's alternative identity as the world-renowned God of War.

That title alone was more than enough to discourage him from resisting at all.

“You were the one who gave me this life, Mr. Campbell. If you wish to take it back, then it is all yours for the taking. Please look after my sister when I'm gone. If there is a next life, I would gladly be your subordinate once again!” Quintus said before pulling the trigger in front of everyone.

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Everyone gasped in shock and disbelief when they saw the smoke coming from the bullet in Harold's hand.

Did he seriously just catch that bullet in that split second? This is something straight out of a movie! It's no wonder Quintus wouldn't dare resist when ordered to kill himself! He wouldn't even stand a chance against Harold!

That was when Ewan fully understood why Quintus had shot him in the leg earlier.

Had Quintus not done so, Ewan would probably have been dead long ago.

He flashed Quintus a grateful look, but Quintus was not in the mood to deal with him.

He knew all too well how ridiculously powerful Harold was, so he wasn't surprised in the slightest when Harold caught the bullet.

You could have ten guns pointed at Mr. Campbell's head, and you still wouldn't be able to graze him! That was something I learned six years ago!

"Come on; get up. How much do these paintings cost?" Harold asked as he let go of the bullet, allowing it to hit the ground with a loud clink.

Quintus was about to stand up, but he dropped to his knees again when he heard that. "Please don't make such jokes, Mr. Campbell!"

Harold was the one who established Paradise Hotel.

As Quintus was just managing it for him, his position was only one rank higher than Logan, Carolyn, Xander, and Bronson.

Even then, the four of them were a lot more powerful than him outside of Paradise Hotel.

"I'm not joking. I want you to calculate the cost of these paintings and have those two pay for them," Harold said while pointing at Sylvena and the subordinate from the Schmidt family.

Hearing that scared them so much that they nearly peed themselves on the spot.

"I-I-It was Marilyn who destroyed the paintings, Mr. Campbell! Why are we the ones being punished?" Sylvena protested instinctively.

"You shoved that subordinate of yours into Marilyn, which caused her to accidentally destroy The Last Meal. Did you really think I didn't see that?" Harold replied coldly.

Sylvena took a few steps back in fear when she heard that.

"E-Even if that really is the case, I should only be held accountable for destroying The Last Meal! You were the one who tore the other two paintings up! We all saw it!" she argued while pointing at the paintings that Harold tore to pieces.

We all witnessed him tearing those paintings up! He can't possibly deny that fact in front of everyone!

"Yes, you're right. I was the one who tore those two paintings to pieces, but I only resorted to such

extreme measures to calm Marilyn down because you tried to frame her. Therefore, you are the one who caused all of this, so it only makes sense to have you take responsibility for it,” Harold explained.

Sylvena was livid with anger and frustration.

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“Family? You had Marilyn, Evelyn, and their mother dine with the subordinates at the banquet the day before yesterday. Did you think of them as family when you invited the subordinates but not them?” Harold retorted while glaring coldly at Zyaire.

Zyaire's face turned red with embarrassment and awkwardness when he heard that.

“I...”

He had wanted to defend himself, but the words were stuck in his throat.

Everything Harold mentioned was true, so there was nothing Zyaire could say in retaliation.

Marilyn's other relatives in the Schmidt family, too, had guilty looks on their faces.

Harold then turned around and asked Quintus, “Hey, Quintus! Are you done calculating the cost of the paintings yet?”

That was when Quintus finally realized Harold was avenging Marilyn, Evelyn, and Jeslyn.

“Yes, Mr. Campbell. Lazaro's The Last Meal was worth three hundred million when I acquired it three years ago, but someone has been offering me one billion for it over the past two years, so let's set the price at one billion. As for the other two paintings, they cost one hundred and one hundred and thirty million and a little over fifty million, respectively. Their prices should have doubled up by now, so I'll consider three hundred million for those two. That gives us a grand total of one billion three hundred and sixty million!”

Quintus deliberately marked up the prices in order to help Harold out.

“Gambling King, since you're Marilyn's father, I'll go easy on you and give you a discount. You only need to pay one billion and three hundred million,” Harold said nonchalantly.

Zyaire nearly exploded with anger when he heard that.

Those three paintings are only worth five hundred million at most, but this b*stard raised the price up to one billion and three hundred million! Our company has suffered huge losses throughout the past few days after our stocks crashed, and now, we need to fork out over a billion... Our stocks are bound to drop even more if word gets out about this!

Everyone at the scene was shocked by Harold's demands and the prices of the paintings, but they didn't dare say a word because it was Quintus' collection.

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"Mr. Campbell, do you have any more instructions?" Zyaire reluctantly turned around, his face a mix of frustration and embarrassment. His question was posed to Harold in front of the many influential figures of Hishwick Island.

It had been decades since he'd been treated in such a manner. No one had ever dared to treat him disrespectfully since he acquired his position as the Gambling King.

Never before had he experienced such humiliation in front of a crowd.

However, Harold's status was unquestionable, and despite the anger that bubbled within him, Zyaire couldn't reveal it.

"I wouldn't dream of giving orders. Everyone here is among the elites of Hishwick Island. Right here and now, I want to make it crystal clear that Marilyn Schmidt is under my protection. Should you dare to harm or force her into any undesirable situations, think long and hard about whether you can withstand the storm of my fury! This warning applies to the Schmidt family as well!" Harold looked straight at Zyaire at the end.

His words were humble initially but soon swelled with authority and an unmistakable air of menace.

He was issuing a warning to the entire Hishwick Island high society.

In Hishwick Island, such bold declarations were rare, even for someone as powerful as Quintus.

Yet, Harold was undaunted. In his eyes, even if all the leaders of Hishwick Island banded together, they would amount to nothing.

Perhaps Harold was the only one in the world who dared to make such a daring statement before such a big group of influential figures.

Standing by his side, Marilyn trembled.

He had promised her that no one would ever force her to do anything she didn't want to do again.

At first, she had thought his words were sweet nothings.

Little did she know that he would make good on his promise at this very moment.

His assertive words were sweeter to her than any romantic gesture.

He was a man of action.

With his bold declaration, all her previous restraints and worries dissipated.

She could finally be her true self, embracing what she loved and rejecting what she didn't.

The crowd was initially puzzled by Harold's statement.

However, everything clicked once they recalled the recent events between the Schmidt and Jackson families.

Harold's words were clearly aimed at the Schmidt family.

He was warning his future in-laws!

This revelation left everyone exchanging glances, finding Harold to be quite an interesting character.

As for the members of the Schmidt family, their faces turned ashen upon hearing Harold's words.

It was apparent that he was chastising them for arranging Marilyn's marriage to the Jackson family and for their past mistreatment of Marilyn and her mother.

"Understood, Mr. Campbell. If you have no further instructions, I shall take my leave." After speaking, Zyaire turned around with a grim expression and left.

Although the other members of the Schmidt family would have liked to see the mysterious 66th-floor attraction, they were too humiliated to stay.

Their arrival had been pompous, with even their servants receiving invitations from Quintus - a privilege adored by many.

Their departure was quite the opposite, each wearing a look of utter defeat.

They wished they could hide their faces and crawl into the nearest crevice.

Compared to their arrival, it was a stark contrast indeed.

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“Who are you?” Zyaire sternly questioned the burly men surrounding him.

The events that unfolded at Paradise Hotel had left him so disoriented that he didn't even realize he'd been kidnapped.

Under normal circumstances, these men wouldn't have had a chance to succeed.

“You'll find out who we are once you get out,” the burly man replied smugly.

“And what if I refuse?” Zyaire countered, clearly unimpressed by his captors.

Zyaire had held his position for decades.

Many had attempted to kill or kidnap him over the years, but none had succeeded.

His formidable abilities were well known.

The burly men seemed aware of Zyaire's prowess as they didn't react angrily. Instead, one of them handed him a cell phone.

As Zyaire curiously took the device, his eyes narrowed at the sight of the photo displayed on the screen, and he glared at his captors.

“What have you done to my daughter?” Zyaire asked furiously.

The photo showed his daughter, Evelyn, bound and restrained.

“She's your daughter, Gambling King. We wouldn't dare to harm her. But if you don't cooperate, we can't guarantee her safety,” the burly man said with a smug grin.

Hearing this, Zyaire felt defeated and had no choice but to comply.

He had always adored his twin daughters, Marilyn and Evelyn.

They were beautiful and lovely, and he had always doted on them.

He had even allowed Marilyn to venture out independently, developing her career.

However, recently, Marilyn's actions had brought shame upon the family. Zyaire began to wonder if he had been too lenient with his daughters.

As a result, he intended to punish Marilyn and isolate her from the rest of the family to teach her a lesson.

He never expected things to turn out like this.

Now, with his daughter Evelyn kidnapped, he could only compromise for her safety.

He soon found himself bound and taken to a dock, then forced onto a somewhat dilapidated yacht

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After Zyaire left, Marilyn was the only representative of the Schmidt family left.

After personally showing Harold and the others around the “Present Theme” space, which was filled with various famous paintings and antiques, Quintus asked the lobby manager to bring the key to open the last “Future” space.

Everyone thought that the future-themed space would be full of technological wonders.

When Quintus opened the mysterious space, they all looked at each other again, their confusion reaching an all-time high.

That was because the last future-themed space was an empty, large space.

Besides the air, there was really nothing inside.

Everyone looked at Quintus in confusion.

“Are you all wondering why there is nothing here? Let's ask Mr. Campbell to clear up the confusion for everyone!”

Quintus tactfully handed the opportunity to explain to Harold.

“Actually, it's quite simple. Since it's the future, we don't know what it will be like. It's like this now, with nothing inside, allowing us to use our imagination to create. The future is mysterious, unknown, and full of infinite possibilities. It shouldn't be constrained by the now...”

After Harold's introduction, everyone finally understood.

At that moment, everyone's perception of Harold changed completely.

Before, they thought Harold was just a combative person who only knew how to fight and kill.

But after listening to his explanation about the future, they realized that he not only had the capabilities, but he was also optimistic about the future.

Each of the three themed spaces exceeded everyone's expectations.

Just when everyone thought that their tour of the sixty-sixth floor was over, Quintus clapped his hands.

The manager handed him a remote control.

As everyone watched in puzzlement, he pressed the remote control lightly.

Suddenly, many things emerged from the floor of the initially empty future-themed space.

The empty future-themed space instantly metamorphosed into a high-end, technologically advanced banquet hall in less than two minutes.

Various robots were busy arranging fine wines, snacks, and fruits.

Music, stages, and everything else were all in place.

There were no waiters throughout the process, only robots serving them.

It felt as if they had entered the future world, and they were stunned by the scene before them.

“Ladies and gentlemen, although we don't know what the future will be like, we can still predict the general direction. The future will definitely be a society full of advanced technology. So, let's experience it now. This is the welcome party I'm hosting for Mr. Campbell. I hope Mr. Campbell and Ms. Schmidt will like it,” Quintus said modestly.

“What do you think? Do you like it?” Harold turned to Marilyn and asked.

Marilyn was stunned before she excitedly nodded her head.

After that, it was time for them to party.

The welcome party lasted until the afternoon.

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Quintus also looked very serious.

Four years ago, he established Hishwick Island as his base and moved the headquarters of Paradise Hotel to Hishwick Island.

Everyone knew that Hishwick Island was Quintus' territory, but someone dared to kidnap Zyaire on his turf.

It was a blatant act of disrespect!

Although Quintus was angry, he felt helpless when he found out that The Three Serpents from Jinrich had done it.

After all, Jinrich was a lawless area.

Besides that, the underground syndicates there were still protected by some armed forces of the local small countries.

His men had no way to enter.

This had been a concern for him over the years.

When Harold left the underworld and joined the military, that was the only place he had yet to take over among the other global forces.

After Harold handed over the underground syndicates to him, Quintus tried several times to conquer the area.

Unfortunately, he suffered severe casualties each time due to the protection of local armed forces.

He eventually gave up on conquering Jinrich.

The local armed forces controlled that lawless area to make money while also cultivating a group of extremely dangerous criminals.

Back at the Schmidt residence, Harold looked at the Schmidt family members after hanging up the phone.

"Harold, what did Mr. Langdon say? Did they find my dad and sister?" Marilyn stepped forward, holding Harold's hand with a worried expression.

"They were kidnapped by The Three Serpents from Jinrich!" Harold didn't hide the truth from the Schmidt family and spoke calmly.

“What! My dad and sister fell into the hands of The Three Serpents?”

The Schmidts were shocked when they heard Harold's words.

As descendants of wealthy families, they had heard a lot about the affairs of the underworld.

They had also heard about Quintus' failed attempts to neutralize Jinrich.

From that, it could be seen how arrogant and powerful the criminals in Jinrich were.

“Harold, please save my dad and my sister, please!” Marilyn, who was at a loss, begged Harold.

The other members of the Schmidt family also shot him pleading looks.

After witnessing Harold's bullet-catching feat earlier, they knew how powerful he was.

Now, only Harold could possibly save Zyaire.

“Don't worry. Leave this matter to me. All of you can go back to sleep now, and I will set off for Jinrich as soon as it's daylight tomorrow.” Harold left and went back to his room to sleep.

The Schmidt family members looked at each other in shock.

Not long after Harold went to bed in his room, his bedroom door was gently opened from the outside.

“Harold, are you asleep?” Marilyn's somewhat shy voice came from the pitch-black doorway.

Although Harold didn't turn his head, he couldn't help but furrow his eyebrows.