

Dauntless 401

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 401

After making his way inside, he opted to forgo the pursuit of Goldknife and The Three Serpents and put his full efforts toward saving Evelyn instead.

His plan was to save Evelyn first and bring her somewhere safe before returning to the Goldknife residence to teach them a lesson.

He was far too smart to provide an opportunity for the villains to take Evelyn as a hostage to force him to do as they wished.

The Goldknife estate was expansive, with much of its acreage devoted to the golf course, swimming pool, soccer field, and other recreational facilities. The three-floor main building in which Goldknife resided and kept Evelyn locked up was around ten thousand square feet huge. Thus, it was easy for Harold to find Evelyn.

Inside the mansion, he avoided the surveillance cameras and soon found Evelyn locked in a room guarded by two female bodyguards.

Without hesitation, Harold knocked out the bodyguards and opened the door to drag them both in.

Inside the room, he turned around to discover Evelyn being tied up in a very tempting manner. She was busy trying to untie herself.

She dared not make a sound when Harold came in— his mask had concealed his features.

Instead, she stopped struggling and inched backward in fear.

Her face was streaked with dried tears and her left cheek was flushed a deep red, a clear indication that someone had slapped her.

Seeing her condition, Harold couldn't help but be reminded of the time when Bobby had so callously slapped Marilyn.

Rage seared through him as he thought about the possibility of getting her to slap Goldknife and The Three Serpents until their cheeks turned swollen.

"Don't be scared. I'm here to save you!" Harold's voice softened as Marilyn seemed terrified.

He didn't want her to yell and alert the others.

That would be pure trouble.

"I'll untie you now, so please try to remain as quiet as possible. If you don't, you'll alert the rest, and we won't be able to leave," he warned as he slowly made his way to her.

Harold was confident that he could escape with Evelyn safely even if Goldknife and the rest discovered them, but he wanted to avoid trouble if possible.

Sha darad not maka a sound whan Harold cama in— his mask had concaaled his faaturas.

Instaad, sha stoppad struggling and inchad backward in faar.

Har faca was straakad with driad taars and har laft chaak was flushad a daap rad, a claar indication that somaona had slappad har.

Saaing har condition, Harold couldn't halp but ba ramindad of tha tima whan Bobby had so callously slappad Marilyn.

Raga saarad through him as ha thought about tha possibility of gatting har to slap Goldknifa and Tha Thraa Sarpants until thair chaaks turnad swollan.

"Don't ba scarad. I'm hara to sava you!" Harold's voica softanad as Marilyn saamad tarrifiad.

Ha didn't want har to yall and alart tha othars.

That would ba pura troubla.

"I'll untia you now, so plaasa try to ramain as quiat as possibla. If you don't, you'll alart tha rast, and wa won't ba abla to laava," ha warnad as ha slowly mada his way to har.

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Outside, he brought Evelyn to the spot where his informant prepared for him and placed her there.

Evelyn was no longer in their hands, so it was time for Harold to teach Goldknife and The Three Serpents a lesson.

I think I can get rid of them before Evelyn wakes up.

Meanwhile, Venustus had arrived at the wooden hut, only to discover that she had been lured into a trap set by Harold. The latter had saved Zyaire and killed her beloved apprentices.

The gruesome sight caused her to gasp in horror.

Her heart was filled to the brim with remorse, regret, and uneasiness.

Mr. Campbell is a terrifying presence. I can't believe he killed my men easily and saved Gambling King when everyone was guarding this place!

She couldn't help but wonder if Harold had a team instead of coming to Jinrich alone.

Otherwise, he couldn't have accomplished everything without arousing suspicion.

Taking a deep breath, she called Cobra and Viper to remind them to increase security on Zyaire's daughter.

After conversing with Venustus briefly, Viper hung up and announced grimly, "Cobra, Venustus just called to inform us that the two snipers left at the wooden hut have been killed!"

"What? Both snipers died? What about Gambling King?" Cobra asked incredulously.

That was totally unexpected.

"Gambling King has been saved. Venustus reminded us to keep watch on his daughter. If Mr. Campbell managed to rescue her, then we would be placed in a very unfavorable situation," Viper explained fearfully when he saw how furious Cobra looked.

Goldknife quickly instructed Zorro, "Go find out if Evelyn is still here. If she is, escort her here so that we can use her as leverage against Mr. Campbell who has yet to arrive."

"General Goldknife, bad news. Ms. Schmidt is missing!" Zorro soon returned, looking flustered as he reported the news to Goldknife.

Hearing that, Goldknife and two of The Three Serpents gasped in shock.

How did Mr. Campbell manage to save Gambling King without anyone becoming aware of his actions and then proceeded to enter the heavily guarded Goldknife residence in an attempt to rescue his daughter as well?

"What? Both snipers died? What about Gambling King?" Cobra asked incredulously.

That was totally unexpected.

"Gambling King has been saved. Venustus reminded us to keep watch on his daughter. If Mr. Campbell

managad to rascua har, than wa would ba placad in a vary unfavorabla situation,” Vipar explainad faarfully whan ha saw how furious Cobra lookad.

Goldknifa quickly instructad Zorro, “Go find out if Evalyn is still hara. If sha is, ascort har hara so that wa can usa har as lavaraga against Mr. Campbell who has yat to arriva.”

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Hearing that, every single person had an instantaneous reaction of fear and dread, their faces blanching a pale white. With no time to spare, they all rushed out from the gazebo to see the mysterious figure standing on top of it.

“Mr. Campbell!” Goldknife gasped, recognizing Harold immediately.

Perched atop the gazebo, a man with arms folded menacingly watched the people gathering below him. An intimidating mask of walnut wood covered his face, giving him an air of mystery and danger.

None of them knew when he arrived.

“Since you know that I’m Mr. Campbell, how would you like to die today?” Harold asked calmly as he stared down at them.

He sounded so calm that it felt like he was talking about something ordinary.

Goldknife, Cobra, and the rest widened their eyes in surprise.

The group felt an intense sense of unease when Harold was around, even though he was simply standing at the top of the gazebo. Despite his unassuming presence, it was as if he was exerting a powerful force upon them, making the atmosphere heavy and oppressive.

As the pressure grew increasingly overwhelming, Goldknife pointed his weapon at Harold and hollered, “Ha! There’s no telling who will come out victorious here. Open fire!”

He had made meticulous arrangements for his bodyguards to take up strategic positions around the gazebo in order to surprise Harold with an ambush.

Following his order, silence ensued. The gunfire didn’t happen as expected.

“Zorro, what is going on? Where are the men that I told you to station? Why didn’t they open fire?” Goldknife demanded angrily when he discovered no one was taking action.

“I-I’ll go and find out what’s going on.”

Confused, Zorro left hastily to find out what had happened.

A while later, he came back with a look of uneasiness on his face.

"G-General Goldknife, our men have all been knocked out!" he reported in a trembling voice.

"What? They have been knocked out?" Goldknife was astounded.

His expression changed to one of astonishment and disbelief as he stared at Zorro, completely taken aback by what he had just heard.

Mr. Campbell appears to possess the capacity to evade detection and eliminate my bodyguards with ease. Is he in fact a real person or something else entirely?

A cold shiver went down the spines of Goldknife, Cobra, and the others.

They finally knew how Harold was able to defeat and unify the underground forces all around the world in just one year.

He wasn't a human, for he was the devil incarnate!

His rival would be intimidated by the strength of his silent attacks, so much so that they would be incapable of taking action before ultimately submitting to defeat.

"I'm going to kill you!" Goldknife declared as he charged toward Harold with his gold knife.

However, his target wasn't Harold as his knife wasn't that long.

Instead, he used his gold knife to chop the pillar several times until it eventually split in two.

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Chapter 404

"Ow! I must cripple you!"

Viper was in a state of intense distress, and his sanity was quickly slipping away from him. His other fist flew wildly and struck Harold squarely on the top of his head.

Harold, who had been grasping Viper's broken arm, released his grip and instead grabbed Viper's other fist in his own hands.

He was about to do the same thing to break the other arm when Goldknife let out a menacing roar and swung his gold knife at him.

Goldknife might no longer be young, but he was a skilled swordsman.

Despite Goldknife's menacing attack, Harold remained undeterred. He swiftly pulled Viper to his front, using the man as a shield to protect himself from any potential harm.

"No!" Viper screamed in horror, but it was already too late.

Goldknife couldn't retract his weapon in time, resulting in Viper's arm being chopped off.

Cobra was still finding a chance to fire a shot when he saw the horrifying scene. "Viper!" he hollered in trepidation.

Without hesitation, he raised his gun to shoot Harold.

Harold, perceiving Cobra's intention to shoot him, hastily grabbed Viper, who had just suffered the loss of an arm, and positioned him in front as a shield, just as he had done in a similar situation before.

Naturally, Cobra's shot landed squarely in Viper's chest.

"C-Cobra, how could you..." Viper collapsed to the ground before he could finish his sentence.

"Viper!" Cobra yelled in anguish as he stared at his gun in disbelief.

Did I just kill my comrade who had fought alongside me for so many years?

"I must kill you!" he vowed as he pointed his gun at Harold yet again.

Goldknife had managed to shake off the horror of mistakenly cutting off Viper's arm. Then, he fearlessly launched a fierce attack on Harold, disregarding the fact that Cobra's gun could hit him.

Despite their frenzied assaults, Harold was not the slightest bit disturbed. When the first shot was fired by Cobra, he managed to dodge it skillfully, and in a flash, unsheathed a razor-sharp dagger.

When he leaped away, he tossed the dagger to Cobra without anyone realizing it.

However, his target wasn't Cobra, but the gun Cobra was holding.

Cobra had his finger on the trigger, ready to unleash the second shot, when he suddenly noticed that a dagger had been plunged into the barrel of his gun.

Alas, he had already pulled the trigger.

Taken by surprise, he instinctively wanted to discard the gun, however, the gun had already made a loud and reverberating boom as it backfired.

His palm was blown apart, too.

"Ow! My hand!"

Cobra had suffered the same fate as Viper as he had lost his hand due to his own actions.

When the gun backfired, the dagger launched backward, and Harold was able to deftly snatch it out of the air with ease.

The dagger was chipped from the explosion, but it was still good enough for him to defeat Goldknife.

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When Evelyn regained consciousness, not only was it pitch-black around her, but it was also eerily quiet. The only sounds audible were the croaks of a few frogs.

The only light in the entire space was the moonlight outside that streamed in through the window.

Worse still, the moonlight was fairly dim that night.

Thanks to the faint moonlight, she made out that she was lying on a bed in a small hut.

At first, she instinctively thought that she had been captured and brought back to the hut once more.

Such terror assailed her that she promptly shot upright on the bed.

Only then did she realize that she was no longer bound with ropes.

At the same time, the series of events that transpired previously popped up in her mind.

She remembered that a man wearing a walnut wood mask saved her and took her away from the old lecher's luxurious mansion.

However, she simply could not fathom why the man knocked her out when he intended to save her.

Nonetheless, she knew it was not the time to ponder about that right then. The smartest thing to do now is to leave this place as soon as possible!

At that thought, she stealthily crept over to the door with the illumination from the moonlight. Opening it a crack, she studied the situation outside.

It was not until she laid eyes on the surroundings outside that she made sense of the croaks of frogs all around.

As it turned out, the space she currently occupied was a small hut built by a pond.

Logically speaking, it was probably constructed by a fish farmer so that he could keep guard by the pond at night.

After ascertaining that it was all silent outside without a single soul present, Evelyn quickly opened the door and stepped out cautiously.

The instant she exited the hut, the first thought that came to mind was to figure out a way to rescue her father.

Although he had been terrible to them lately, he was still her father. Blood was thicker than water, so she could not bring herself to see him die out there.

Having come up with an idea, she immediately headed in the direction where there was a source of light.

Unfortunately, no sooner had she reached a bamboo forest than she heard a few men conducting a thorough search of the area with high-powered torchlights.

From their conversation, it would appear that the person they were searching for was none other than her.

"D*mn it! Gambling King escaped before his family wired the money over! If even that chick gets away, our trip to Hishwick Island this time would've been in vain!"

"Keep your eyes peeled, and don't ignore anything suspicious, guys! She couldn't possibly have gone far. If we catch her again, not only will we be handsomely rewarded by General Goldknife, but we can also have Gambling King transfer us a sum of money!"

And so, the conversation went on.

Just as Evelyn was about to turn around and flee, she gleaned a thrilling piece of news from the men's conversation—her father had seemingly been rescued.

As she rejoiced over her father's escape, the men looked to be headed in her direction.

A wave of fear swamped her. Whirling around, she sprinted away in panic.

After ascertaining that it was all silent outside without a single soul present, Evelyn quickly opened the door and stepped out cautiously.

The instant she exited the hut, the first thought that came to mind was to figure out a way to rescue her father.

Although she had been terrified to leave the house, she was still her father. Blood was thicker than water, so she could not bring herself to see him die out there.

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Unfortunately, no sooner had she reached a bamboo forest than she heard a few men conducting a thorough search of the area with high-powered torchlights.

From their conversation, it would appear that the person they were searching for was none other than her.

"Damn it! Gambling King escaped before his family could find him! If even that chick gets away, our trip to Hishwick Island this time would've been in vain!"

"Keep your eyes peeled, and don't ignore anything suspicious, guys! She couldn't possibly have gone far. If we catch her again, not only will we be handsomely rewarded by General Goldknife, but we can also have Gambling King transfer us a sum of money!"

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Chapter 406

When Evelyn almost fell into utter despair, the man holding the high-powered torchlight made a shushing gesture at her.

“She has probably taken off in the direction of the bamboo forest. Let's give chase!” the man shouted at his companions after motioning for her to keep quiet.

Then, the group of men started searching all along the path toward the bamboo forest.

Evelyn breathed a long sigh of relief. While she was puzzled over the man's reason for helping her out, she knew that it was not the time to mull over that matter at a time like this.

When they had gone a distance away, she swiftly struggled back to her feet. She started fleeing after making out a direction where there was no one.

As long as no one discovers me, I can think of a way to leave this place when dawn breaks.

Meanwhile, Harold decided to let Goldknife and Cobra off the hook for the time being since Venustus and her two apprentices had returned to the Goldknife residence. That aside, he was worried that Evelyn would regain consciousness early.

However, by the time he arrived at the hut by the pond after evading Venustus' detection, Evelyn had already left.

At once, he contacted his informant. Upon learning that she appeared near the bamboo forest, he instantly made his way over, using the reconnaissance skills he learned back in the military to track her whereabouts relentlessly.

Half an hour later, he came to a stop. His eyes were fixed on a wooden signboard by the road ahead, a grim expression on his face.

On it were the words The Poisonous Forest.

If he were to continue ahead, it would be Jinrich's poisonous forest.

Because of Jinrich's geographical location, its climate was relatively hot all year round. In some primeval forests, poisonous miasma was generated over time from dead plants and animal carcasses left out for years on end.

The primeval forest a kilometer ahead was one of them, filled with miasma.

With the passing of time, the miasma would grow increasingly dense. Even if one went in with a gas mask, there was still a risk of being bitten by various venomous bugs and insects.

Despite being God of War, Harold was likewise intimidated by such a natural poisonous forest when he

had not taken any protective measures.

But then, he was absolutely certain that Evelyn had already entered The Poisonous Forest, based on his reconnaissance skills.

Recalling his promise to Marilyn previously, he no longer hesitated. He put on the mask and strode right in.

At that precise moment, Evelyn tripped again after running for a long time in one go and fell onto the ground on her bottom.

Only then did she notice that she had gotten someplace unknown. It was eerily quiet around her, with no other audible sounds besides the rustling leaves as the wind blew past.

All of it gave off a sinister and creepy feeling.

Such terror flooded her that she shivered violently once more. Crouching under a gigantic tree alone, she sobbed silently in fear.

As time ticked by, she started feeling light-headed.

However, she reckoned that it was because she had sprinted for too long at a time and did not pay it any mind.

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Chapter 407

"What... are you doing?" Evelyn questioned in bewilderment when she saw the man in the walnut wood mask handing her such a revolting piece of cloth.

"Are you feeling somewhat dizzy right now?"

In the face of Harold's question, Evelyn reflexively nodded.

"That's because you've already inhaled some miasma. Hurry up and use this cloth to cover your mouth and nose to prevent breathing in even more of it," Harold ordered in a tone that brooked no argument.

"Are you kidding? You want me to cover my mouth and nose with such a disgusting thing? It's simply too repulsive!" Evelyn growled with fury etched across her features upon hearing that, pointing at the piece of cloth in the man's hand.

I'd rather get poisoned and die than use something so nauseating to cover my mouth!

"I'm not kidding. If you don't hurry up and cover your nose and mouth, you'll die from poisoning before we leave this damn place!"

Hearing said that, Harold forcibly tied it to her face without waiting for her response.

"How dare... Ugh! You bastard... Ugh!"

Evelyn never expected the masked man to slap the cloth onto her face without her agreement.

Just as she was about to tear into him, she could not help retching when the foul stench soiled her nostrils.

Since the cloth was all filthy from her vomit, she was all the more opposed to covering her mouth and nose with it.

"What... are you doing?" Evelyn questioned in bewilderment when she saw the man in the walnut wood mask handing her such a revolting piece of cloth.

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Having said that, Harold forcibly tied it to her face without waiting for her response.

“How dare... Ugh! You b*stard... Ugh!”

Evelyn never expected the masked man to slap the cloth onto her face without her agreement.

Just as she was about to tear into him, she could not help retching when the foul stench assailed her nostrils.

Since the cloth was all filthy from her vomit, she was all the more opposed to covering her mouth and nose with it.

After throwing up twice in a row, she felt much better.

At the sight of her intense reaction, exasperation deluged Harold.

Back on the battlefield, we had even gone as far as eating live rats to survive, much less covering our mouths with a cloth soaked in pee!

Left with no other choice, he could only settle for the next best thing. He tore off another strip of his shirt for her to cover her nose.

“Here, it's better to use this dry piece of cloth instead of taking no prevention measures at all!”

When Evelyn had almost finished vomiting, she was again handed a piece of dry cloth.

Despite recalling the sickening piece of cloth just now the moment she saw it, she still took it and used it to cover her mouth to survive.

"Let's go!"

After saying that, Harold headed back the way he came.

Having taken a few steps, he noticed she was not following behind him. He glanced back over his shoulder, only to see she was still crouching where they were earlier.

"Do you want to die here?" he asked in a chagrined voice.

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Chapter 408

"What's wrong?"

Holting in his tracks, Harold tossed that question out in an exasperated voice.

"Nothing. It's just that a mosquito bit me, and it was rather painful!" Evelyn replied in a slightly embarrassed tone on his back.

"What? You've been bitten by a mosquito? Where?"

Unexpectedly, Harold sounded frantic after hearing that.

"It was just a mosquito bite. While a bite from the mosquito here is more painful than those outside, you don't need to make a fuss out of it," Evelyn countered in surprise, finding the masked man's reaction too much of an exaggeration.

"You might not know this, but The Poisonous Forest is enveloped in miasma all year round. As such, the animals and plants that can survive in such a place have biologically mutated. Once you're bitten, you would've been poisoned. Worse still, the toxins enter the bloodstream directly and will rapidly spread to your entire body. It's fatal if not treated immediately!" Harold hostilely explained when he saw that she merely brushed him off.

"Then... what should I do now? I don't want to die here. I'm only in my twenties, with a long life ahead of me. I don't want to die here..." Evelyn, who initially paid his words no mind, screeched in panic as she sensed the spot where she had been bitten growing increasingly itchy after he had said that.

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“You might not know this, but The Poisonous Forest is enveloped in miasma all year round. As such, the animals and plants that can survive in such a place have basically mutated. Once you're bitten, you would've been poisoned. Worse still, the toxins enter the bloodstream directly and will rapidly spread to your entire body. It's fatal if not treated immediately!” Harold hastily explained when he saw that she merely brushed him off.

“Then... what should I do now? I don't want to die here. I'm only in my twenties, with a long life ahead of me. I don't want to die here...” Evelyn, who initially paid his words no mind, screeched in panic as she sensed the spot where she had been bitten growing increasingly itchy after he had said that.

“Where have you been bitten? Hurry up and suck the poisonous blood out with your mouth. Otherwise, it'll be bad if it spreads to your entire body!” Harold suggested after a brief contemplation upon seeing that she was getting anxious.

“But... I can't do it!”

At his proposition, Evelyn's expression fell further, and she almost burst into tears again.

“What do you mean by that? Is it on your back?”

Harold did not quite understand her meaning.

“No. It's... somewhere below my neck,” Evelyn answered in mortification.

Only then did Harold understand what she meant by not being able to do it.

“I'll help you... then.”

While saying that, Harold swung his gaze at her. When he saw the spot she was scratching, he abruptly grew discomfited.

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Seeing Harold's actions, Evelyn subconsciously put up a struggle.

However, facing Harold, her resistance was bound to be in vain.

In addition, he was trying to save her, so she gave up after struggling for a while.

Harold found the spot where the mosquito had bitten her and sucked out the toxin using his mouth, repeating the action a few times.

She shuddered as he sucked out the mouthfuls of blood because he was hurting her a little for using too much force.

The tingling sensation that was both painful and itchy was driving her crazy.

However, after he removed a few mouthfuls of blood from her body, the initial feeling of wanting to scratch her skin off slowly disappeared, and her body gradually calmed down.

Embarrassment churned within her, and her body heated up as she noticed his movements.

Sensing the peculiar changes in her body, she muttered shyly, "I'm fine now, so you don't have to suck anymore."

Only after hearing that did Harold stop.

Then, he took off his tattered shirt, which he had torn to produce two pieces of cloth, and wrapped it around Evelyn to prevent her from getting bitten by those venomous mosquitoes again since her evening gown was considered to be relatively revealing in that kind of place.
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"Hey, what will you do if you get bitten after giving me your shirt?" she asked in an undertone through gritted teeth, a hint of concern lacing her voice.

"I have very thick skin, so the mosquitoes won't be able to bite me," he replied, then squatted down again.

Evelyn stared intently at Harold's blurry back before climbing onto his back again. After that, the two continued to find their way out.

This time, as she lay on his back, a slightly different feeling crept into her heart.

Previously, she instinctively treated that masked man with caution even though he didn't do anything to harm her.

However, after that incident, she finally let her guard down.

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 410

Noticing Harold stopping, Evelyn thought he misunderstood her criticizing him, so she hurriedly explained, "What's with you? I'm not talking about you. I'm referring to my sister's kept man. Not only does he depend on a woman for a living, but he's also full of deceitful boasts. I'll never understand how my sister became attracted to him and even trusted him so much."

She would grit her teeth in exasperation whenever she mentioned Harold.

Hearing that, Harold had the urge to set Evelyn down, turn around, and take off his mask to show her he was the "kept man" who had been risking his life to enter the dreadful forest to save her.

Nonetheless, he figured she wouldn't be able to recognize him in the pitch-black surroundings even if he removed his mask.

Besides, they were in The Poisonous Forest, so the mask was quite helpful as it could effectively shield

him from those mosquitoes and other insects.

After pondering for a moment, Harold decided not to dwell on that matter as he fathomed exiting that place as soon as possible took precedence.

With that thought in mind, he continued his journey while carrying Evelyn on his back.

Evelyn found the forest ominous and frightening as it was dark and eerily quiet, so she deliberately initiated conversations with Harold to distract herself.

However, the topics she could come up with were all related to berating Harold.

After listening to her rebuking him for some time, Harold began having the false perception that it was indeed he who caused her to land in that perilous situation.

Not bothering to entertain her, he hurried toward the exit.

Harold abruptly came to a halt after a long time as he sensed he should've walked for almost half an hour.

Judging by the time he took when entering the forest, half an hour should've been sufficient to reach the exit.

After all, Evelyn didn't wander deep into The Poisonous Forest, and he merely used around twenty minutes to locate her earlier.

Not to mention, he even had to divert his attention to track her down at that time.

Since they were now moving at a faster pace, Harold figured they should've arrived outside the forest by now.

However, the environment around them remained unilluminated. Not even the moonlight could filter in through the dense canopy. Hence, he was very certain they were still inside The Poisonous Forest.

To make things worse, the miasma in the surroundings seemed to have thickened.

"I think we're lost," Harold uttered solemnly.

"Lost? What should we do now?" Evelyn was astounded after hearing his remark. This is not an ordinary forest. This is The Poisonous Forest. If we don't leave soon, we'll be poisoned to death by the miasma even if we don't get attacked by some wild beasts or unknown creatures. A prolonged stay in The Poisonous Forest can only result in inevitable death.