

Dauntless 411

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 411

While Harold and Evelyn were still concerned about escaping the Poisonous Forest, Cobra got his hand bandaged by the doctor at the Goldknife residence.

Then, Cobra and Venustus transported Viper's body back to their territory.

"Cobra, what should we do now that Viper is dead?" Venustus asked Cobra with a saddened expression.

"What do you mean? All we need to do now is exact revenge on his behalf!" Cobra replied gloomily.

A sense of wariness flashed across Venustus' eyes when she mentioned Harold. "But Mr. Campbell is not an easy person to defeat. He could even move freely on our territory. How are we supposed to take revenge this way?"

After all, he was the most arduous nemesis she had to face until now. The person that Venustus targeted during normal circumstances would get finished by her without a chance to escape. That was the confidence she had as a capable sniper.

Initially, Harold tried to purposely make Venustus leave with all his might, so she thought that he was afraid of the sniper rifle in her hand.

But then, she was shocked when Venustus saw how easily Harold left the Goldknife residence before her eyes while she held the sniper rifle.

The confidence she had built after so many years of battle results shattered at that moment.

Venustus had no idea that a person as great as Harold existed in the world and that his capabilities were more outstanding than what she came to know.

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In Venustus' eyes, Harold might have already risen above the limit of what the average being could do.

Cobra gripped his unwounded hand tightly, saying crazily as if he was speaking to himself and Venustus at the same time. “Hmph! There will always be someone more skilled than him, for he hasn't reached the untouchable status!”

“Cobra, does that mean we will join Harold, the God of War, now?” Venustus replied, dumbfounded after she realized what Cobra meant.

Half a month ago, Harold, the God of War, who was fundraising around the world to establish a veteran association, suddenly sent someone over to Jinrich to invite The Three Serpents to join him.

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Harold also took the chance to take a short break.

Dawn arrived after they got around three hours of sleep.

The moment the sun pierced through the sky, Harold opened his eyes while Evelyn woke up because she was starving.

The first thing that Evelyn did after she awakened was to caress her stomach, grumbling. “I'm so hungry and thirsty!”

Harold peered at her. Hmm, she is right. My lips are cracked from dehydration.

"Everything here, from the animals to the plants, is constantly shrouded by the poisonous gas here, so there's no way they are consumable. Does your ankle still hurt? If it doesn't, we can leave this place after the sky turns bright," Harold told Evelyn after glimpsing her face.

"Let me see whether I can walk or not." Evelyn supported herself with the tree root as she stood up.

"Ahh!" The moment she took a tentative step, Evelyn screamed, falling to the ground due to the pain in her leg.

"Let me take a look." Harold walked over, lifting Evelyn's skirt and taking off her heels.

Then Harold noticed Evelyn's fair ankle had become reddened and swollen. He gently rubbed the affected part, soothing the horrible ache that Evelyn was feeling.

Harold twisted Evelyn's ankle forcefully at that moment. A snapping sound was heard as if a bone had been rearranged.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Evelyn shouted, trying to retract her foot instinctively. She glared at Harold as the pain overwhelmed her.

On the other hand, Harold ignored the infuriated look on Evelyn's face as he said casually, "Try standing up again."

"You did that to my... Wait... my ankle doesn't hurt that much anymore!" Initially, Evelyn wanted to screw Harold upside down. But then, she realized her ankle didn't hurt as much as before when she retracted her foot.

That said, Evelyn got up, trying to take a step or two. Even though her foot had a slight sting, it didn't hurt like before, and she could walk on her own now. Evelyn turned her head toward Harold, exclaiming excitedly, "This is amazing! How did you do this?"

"You shouldn't be barefoot in a place like this. You better get your shoes on your feet. We are leaving." Harold threw Evelyn's high heels over to her.

"Forget it if you don't want to tell me. Why are you so aloof anyway?" Evelyn retorted with dissatisfaction after hearing Harold's words. However, she, too, knew how dangerous it was to walk around without her shoes on in such a cryptic area, so Evelyn quickly put her shoes on.

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Upon seeing that his subordinates had surrounded Harold and Evelyn, the fotty immediately commanded, "Capture them alive if possible!"

In response, the armed men stepped even closer to them.

"How insolent!" Harold sneered when he saw his opponents were prepared to capture him. Instead of attacking them immediately, he squatted down and gestured for Evelyn to climb to his back.

It was easier for him to battle against his adversaries while carrying her because if he placed her at the side, they might threaten her life should he fail to pay attention, even for a moment.

"Can you really beat them all up while carrying me?" She hesitated when she saw the masked men's movements.

"Shut up and climb on my back if you don't want to die." Harold then pulled her to his back.

"Ah!" exclaimed Evelyn as he held her on his back with one hand.

His other hand was holding the dagger that had its tip blown off.

The fatty felt insulted by Harold's impudent moves and immediately opened fire at the latter's leg to cripple the latter.

He was confident in his shooting skill because he directly replicated it from Xonder.

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However, what happened next shocked him because he witnessed Harold dodging the shot in a specific way.

In response, he exclaimed while his pupils constricted, "You're... the God of War?"

He was familiar with that move because he had watched every video of Harold on the battlefield before his debut.

The reason Harold was invincible on the battlefield, aside from possessing powerful martial arts and the ability to rally soldiers, was that his movements were more agile and quicker than fictional martial artists.

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The fatty's subordinates understood that if they couldn't kill Harold, there was no chance they could escape alive. Additionally, if they did succeed, they would receive one hundred million as a reward.

Hence, they roared and started shooting Harold.

Meanwhile, the fatty backed away and sent a message to his superior about Harold's identity. He also contacted the helicopter and snipers for assistance with his satellite phone. There's no way we can beat him. Our best option is to summon the helicopter here to extract us.

"How insolent! Die!" Harold was furious when he saw his adversaries launching their coordinated assault on him.

After he took out three enemies in the same direction, he tossed the corpses of the other combatants to knock them out.

He wiped out the entire squadron except for the fatty in less than two minutes.

When Harold saw the fatty was sending messages to someone, he flung the dagger in his hand toward the latter with great force.

The dagger punched through the fatty's body and was nailed to a big tree in the distance.

Even until his dying breath, the fatty couldn't believe he was taken out like that.

Harold was astonished when he removed the fatty's mask because the latter resembled Xander. The fatty's subordinates understood that if they couldn't kill Harold, there was no chance they could escape alive. Additionally, if they did succeed, they would receive one hundred million as a reward.

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However, after a brief contemplation, he dismissed the idea that his opponent was Xander. Logan told me about him. He said the fake God of War has his own fake subordinates! I didn't expect Jinrich's people to be involved with that fake God of War.

Speedily, he picked up the satellite phone to check if the fatty's messages had been sent.

Unfortunately, the message that revealed his identity as the God of War had been delivered to someone.

Enraged, Harold crushed the phone into pieces. Now the fake God of War will know my identity! While I'm not afraid of him, I'm worried my foster parents, Isabella, and the others may be in danger!

When his train of thought ended there, he put on the gas mask he snatched from an enemy's corpse,

put Evelyn down, and removed two sets of protective gear from the fallen opponents.

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Zyore woke up at five in the morning. Before the sun even rose, he escaped Jinrich by following the path arranged by the informants.

The helicopter Quintus sent to pick him up had already been waiting outside Jinrich.

Therefore, before the sun emerged from the horizon, Zyore successfully returned to Hishwick Island.

The Schmidt family members were excited to welcome his return.

The only two people who weren't cheering in joy were Morilyn and Jeslyn because Evelyn hadn't returned yet.

"Where's Evelyn, Dad? Why didn't she return with you?" questioned Morilyn with worry.

"She hasn't returned yet?" Zyore's expression turned grim upon hearing his daughter's question. I thought Harold had rescued Evelyn when I saw how excited everyone was welcoming me back. Before I boarded the helicopter, his informant told me I should leave as soon as I could because she was safe with him. Was that a lie?

Instead of answering his question, Morilyn shook her head.

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with him. Was that a lie?

Instead of answering his question, Marilyn shook her head.

Similarly, Jeslyn stared at Zyaire with worry.

Upon seeing that response, he immediately left the Schmidt residence and headed to Paradise Hotel.

Marilyn followed him as the smiles on the other Schmidt family members faded.

By the time Zyaire and his daughter arrived at Paradise Hotel, it was already morning.

Thankfully, Quintus had been guarding Paradise Hotel since last night, waiting for Harold's orders.

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A few minutes later, Quintus put his phone down with a grimace.

"What did the informant say?" Marilyn's heart lurched when she saw his expression. I got a horrible feeling about this.

"According to the informant, after Mr. Campbell rescued Ms. Evelyn last night, he killed one of The Three Serpents and severely wounded another before disappearing. Additionally, based on the information the informant obtained, they speculated that Mr. Campbell and Ms. Evelyn had very likely entered The Poisonous Forest," informed Quintus.

"Is The Poisonous Forest dangerous?" She became even more distressed upon hearing that.

"Don't worry. It's just The Poisonous Forest. Mr. Campbell will be fine. We'll just need to wait and see." Despite his calm statement, he was skeptical of his own words. Mr. Campbell would've been fine if he was alone, but I don't know how well he'd fare with Evelyn dragging him down.

Zyaire, Quintus, and Marilyn waited for two days but still didn't receive any news regarding Harold or Evelyn's whereabouts.

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Two days later, Marilyn visited Quintus again. "How about you send people to The Poisonous Forest to rescue them, Mr. Langdon?"

During those two days, she researched The Poisonous Forest and learned that the one in Jinrich differed from the usual.

Due to the climate there, the vegetation in the forest was extremely luxuriant. Furthermore, there were gigantic trees hundreds and even thousands of years old everywhere, which led to a lack of sunlight in that area.

As such, the forest was like a maze, and whoever entered it would have a difficult time leaving, especially because there were also beasts mutated by the poison prowling within.

For example, a person might die from getting stung by a mosquito there.

Even if one successfully avoided any confrontations with the beasts, inhaling the poison gas would still be enough to kill them.

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Just as Quintus was about to launch an assault on Jinrich after gathering the elites from Paradise Hotel around the globe in a day, the person in charge of the intelligence department delivered a report to him promptly. "Not good, Mr. Longdon! After you summoned most elites to Jinrich, a powerful, unknown faction started seizing our overseas forces!"

Quintus was also baffled after reading through the report. I can't believe it! Five Paradise Hotel's branches have already been taken over by them, even though those branches are located in the most advanced places in the world! Based on the information I've read, I bet they've been planning this for a long while. They were no doubt waiting for an opportunity like this to attack! In fact, I suspect they're the ones behind Gombing King's kidnapping! The tactics this unknown faction is deploying are comparable to Mr. Campbell's in the past.

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"What do we do now, Mr. Langdon?"

After a brief contemplation, Quintus ordered, "Don't panic. Sending our men back won't improve the situation, so tell them to scour every centimeter of Jinrich! I want Mr. Campbell found, dead or alive!" The only person who can stop that faction is Mr. Campbell, so we must prioritize finding him!

"Yes, Mr. Langdon!" The commander-in-chief, who had been waiting impatiently at the side, excitedly began the operation upon receiving his order.

Three days later, two major incidents occurred that shook the underworld.

Firstly, the most powerful man in the underground forces of the entire world, Quintus, seized Jinrich in just a day, successfully captured Goldknife alive, and eliminated the formidable Cobra.

Unfortunately, Venustus escaped.

Secondly, during Quintus' assault on Jinrich, the mysterious faction ambushed his overseas forces.

In a few short days, he was dethroned as the sole king of the global underworld. While he was still in control of most of the underworld, he couldn't sway the entirety of it to his will anymore.

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Chapter 418

Soon, the thirteenth of October arrived in Dellmoor, as did the fake God of War.

The fake God of War was sitting on a luxurious couch in a fancy suite inside Grondeur Hotel and watching the news about Jinrich on the television.

Standing next to him was a young man who appeared exactly like Logon.

"Have you investigated the matter, Logon?" asked the fake God of War after the news ended.

“Your Majesty, I—” Before he could finish his sentence, the fake God of War interrupted him.

The latter reprimanded, “How many times have I told you all that our current identities are the God of War group members? No matter where we are, you must refer to me as the God of War. Meanwhile, you need to remember that you're Logan. We must think of ourselves as the God of War group members to prevent any exposure. Do you understand?”

“Yes, God of War!” Fake Logan lowered his head in shame.

Satisfied by fake Logan's response, the fake God of War nodded with satisfaction. “Now, tell me what you found.”

“After we received the message 'Xonder' sent us before he died, we investigated the validity of his intel and confirmed that the person in charge of the underworld was Mr. Campbell, the God of War. Based on that information, we found someone called Harold Campbell in Dellmoor. We can only trace his history back to five years ago. There is no information on him older than that. I suspect someone intentionally wiped it away. Everything matches the message 'Carolyn' sent before she went missing. Thus, we can guarantee without a shadow of a doubt that Harold Campbell of Galaxy Medio is the God of War!”

Soon, the thirteenth of October arrived in Dellmoor, as did the fake God of War.

The fake God of War was sitting on a luxurious couch in a fancy suite inside Grandeur Hotel and watching the news about Jinrich on the television.

Standing next to him was a young man who appeared exactly like Logan.

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back to five years ago. There is no information on him older than that. I suspect someone intentionally wiped it away. Everything matches the message 'Carolyn' sent before she went missing. Thus, we can guarantee without a shadow of a doubt that Harold Campbell of Galaxy Media is the God of War!"

An enlightened expression was set on the fake God of War's countenance. "Interesting. So, God of War was hiding in Dellmoor as an insignificant man. No wonder we couldn't find him for so many years. Do you think he died after jumping off the cliff?"

In the past, they thought Harold was recuperating in a quiet, secluded location after signing The Five-Year Agreement.

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"Based on what I found, I can confirm that information is true," answered fake Logan honestly.

The fake God of War thought about it for a moment before saying, "Considering he is the God of War, I suppose we can't view his matters from the perspective of an ordinary person. Continue!"

"After Harold married Isabella, they went to the Larson residence to call off her marriage..." Fake Logan continued the story, telling his superior about Harold's journey in Zaprington and return to the Schmidt residence with Marilyn.

Unearthing all that information wasn't challenging because it was available to the public.

On their own, all those information wouldn't be confirmation that Harold was the God of War.

However, after comparing the news to what the fake Carolyn and Xander told them, they were certain Harold was the God of War.

"He's most definitely still alive after jumping off that cliff in The Poisonous Forest. So, it's very likely he's currently hiding in the dark, watching our every move. Since he cares so much about Brittany and Isabella, I want you to use them to force him out!" requested the fake God of War after sipping his red wine.

"Understood!" Without delay, fake Logan left to execute his superior's plan.

"God of War! Five years ago, you ruined my family's big event. Do you think you'll be fine if you just hide somewhere? How naive! You will pay the price for your actions one day!" the fake God of War muttered to himself before emptying his wine glass.

Dellmoor was bustling with activity for the next two days because many people had come to the city to meet the legendary God of War.

On the day after tomorrow, the fifteenth of October, the fake God of War would officially arrive at Dellmoor for his global tour to raise funds for The Veteran's Foundation as his last stop.

Many people thought he was the real God of War, the fabled hero, so they went to Dellmoor to catch a glimpse of him.

A week before the final stop, every single hotel in Dellmoor was fully occupied, including Paradise Hotel, an establishment only opened to people with membership.

Many locals even rented their empty houses to visitors for a short period.

It was an event comparable to the Olympics.

Of course, locals like Isabella had been paying close attention to the arrival of the God of War, too.

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It was because the official account for the God of War's tour was the one that sent Isabella that message.

The message told her the tour needed more stuff, so they needed to hire beautiful, generous, and confident female volunteers under thirty.

Not only that, but Dellmoor locals would also be prioritized.

She was stunned after reading it. Oh my gosh! I can't believe it! The heavens are clearly giving me a chance to meet the God of War up close! I'm so happy! I'm confident, and I'm definitely pretty enough to fit the criteria!

To ensure it wasn't a scam, she checked the official website for the God of War's tour. After confirming it wasn't fake, she immediately put on light makeup and went to the volunteer registration.

When she arrived, the surveillance camera focused on her, sending footage to the fake God of War's phone.

"I can't believe someone as beautiful as that exists in the world," he muttered as his eyes widened at Isabella. "Well, since the heavens have brought you before me, I won't hesitate to exploit this opportunity! Not only will I be able to force the real God of War out, but I'll also be able to obtain a beautiful goddess!"

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The edges of his lips curved upward with excitement when a thought entered his mind. I recall Logan mentioning that Isabella is still in the dark about Harold's true identity, and she's apparently a big fan of the God of War. I can't help but feel like the heavens intentionally brought her to me. Only someone like her deserves to become a member of my royal family!

Isabella was swiftly chosen to be a volunteer after she registered. After that, she was given basic training for a day.

It was tiring, and her feet were screaming in pain after she walked around in high heels for the whole day, but when she thought about how she could meet the God of War up close tomorrow, she believed it was worth it.