

## **Dauntless 431**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 431**

The butler thought Laszlo had gone mad for having the audacity to demand an audience with Philip in such a rude manner. His face darkened considerably, and he warned with displeasure, "Mr. Fields, please mind your manners!"

"Is there a problem with my attitude? Let me be clear with you. I've come to the Larson residence today on behalf of the God of War. Hurry and summon Philip right away!" Laszlo did not take kindly to the butler's warning and grew even more condescending.

"What? You're here on behalf of the God of War?" Laszlo's words took the butler by surprise.

No wonder Laszlo, who was typically lowly and submissive, was so haughty today. He must have joined forces with the God of War, using his newfound influence to his advantage.

"That's right. Now, summon Philip before I lose my patience. Is the Larson family defying the God of War's will?" Upon seeing the shock on the butler's face, Laszlo could no longer hide his smug expression.

Panicking, the butler was about to go and fetch Philip when the latter's voice rang out. "There's no need to summon me. I'm already here!"

Philip strode into his living room, exuding a powerful, imposing aura.

"Mr. Larson, Mr. Fields said..." The butler tried to speak, but Philip quickly cut him off.

"There's no need to say anything. I heard everything from outside. You can leave now." Philip dismissed the butler.

"Mr. Larson, I won't mince words since you've heard everything. The God of War has spoken. Harold must reveal himself within a month, or those close to him will meet their end!" That was the first time Laszlo was able to hold his head up high in front of Philip. He issued his warning with confidence.

That was the most assertive moment in his life.

Philip didn't take Laszlo's harsh tone seriously but instead responded with a mocking question, "Is that so? And what if I told you that your so-called God of War is a fraud?"

"What? Did you just say the God of War is an imposter? Philip, how dare you spout such nonsense! The God of War is an extraordinary figure. Who would dare to impersonate him and cause chaos worldwide? Are you senile, or do you think everyone else is a fool? Tell Harold to apologize to the God of War immediately, or bear the consequences!" Laszlo thought he had misheard Philip and looked at the latter

as if he was looking at an idiot.

"I've said my piece. Believe it or not, it's up to you. Now, leave!"

Philip wanted to help Laszlo on account of their long-standing relationship. However, the latter didn't appreciate his kindness and even ridiculed him.

Shaking his head, Philip couldn't be bothered to entertain him and sent him away without further ado.

"Hmph! I'll give you one more month to strut around. We'll see how arrogant you are then!" Laszlo snorted and left the Larson residence.

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To maintain the stability of Paradise Hotel, Quintus covered up the news of Harold's plane crash, not allowing any information to leak out.

Even Evelyn, who woke up from her coma, was not informed.

He also lied to the Schmidt family, saying that Harold had some matters to deal with and left Jinrich.

Quintus even left Evelyn alone at the hospital for fear that the latter would ask him about Harold upon waking up. As such, Evelyn would have to leave the hospital alone when she was discharged.

After leaving the hospital, Evelyn thought of how the bandits addressed the masked man in The Poisonous Forest and the news of the fake God of War holding an event in Dellmoor.

She thought Harold had left her in the hospital and rushed to Dellmoor.

After the events at Jinrich and The Poisonous Forest, Harold was all that she could think of.

Evelyn didn't go home after leaving the hospital but instead went straight to Dellmoor to find Harold, who had saved her life.

In the meantime, Harold, who had fallen into a coma and was washed away by the turbulent waters of the Myenath River, had been rescued. However, for some reason, he was still in a coma and was thrown under Xenhall Sky Bridge connected to Chanaea.

"What should we do with this person? If we send him to the hospital, they won't treat him for free!"

A few disabled beggars who lived under the bridge found an unconscious young man in their den. He was unconscious, and his clothes were badly tattered.

They thought Harold was also a beggar like them. The young beggars, who had no idea what to do, asked the older beggars anxiously.

After a brief moment of ponderation, one of the old beggars said, "Well... I heard there's a clinic called Luna Clinic at Jipsdale. Although the owner is a widow, she's a nice person. Why don't we take him there?"

The others couldn't think of a better solution, so they nodded in agreement. Together, they carried Harold to Luna Clinic at Jipsdale.

Luna Leiden was a woman in her early thirties and a charming widow. She was initially a physician at Dellmoor Hospital. After her husband's accidental death, she resigned and returned to Xenhall to run her own clinic.

On the seventeenth at noon, after prescribing two days' worth of medicine for an old man with a fever, Luna personally escorted him out of the clinic.

Right after the old man left, several beggars suddenly showed up at her clinic while carrying an unconscious young man.

Luna's mature face showed a surprised expression as she asked the beggars, "What happened to him?"

However, the beggars feared Luna would ask them to pay, so they said nothing, left Harold on the floor, and walked away unhesitantly.

Luna was baffled.

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Harold gradually opened his eyes and awoke the following day.

Gazing around blearily, he found himself lying on what appeared to be a bed in a clinic with a drip in his arm.

The sight of the room around him made him feel puzzled.

He did not know how he ended up here or what had transpired.

Looking up, Harold noticed that the bags of saline solution were empty, so he reached out to yank the needle from his arm.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

A beautiful doctor entered the room just as Harold was about to yank the needle off. She was wearing a white coat and carrying a fresh bag of saline solution.

Upon noticing Harold's action, she quickly stepped forward to stop him.

"What happened to me?" Harold asked the doctor, Luna, in a daze.

"I was going to ask you the same thing," Luna asked exasperatedly as she administered Harold a fresh bag of IV drip. "Several beggars left you here before running away. What is your name, and how did you get so badly injured?"

"I... I don't remember my name. I don't even know how I got hurt."

Harold was about to tell her his name, but when he opened his mouth, he suddenly realized he could not remember it.

"Don't joke about losing your memory. Your medical bill costs more than a thousand, and there's not a single penny on you. Who am I going to bill this to if you turn out to be amnesiac?"

Luna's expression was solemn as she was under the impression that Harold was playing a prank on her.

"I'm not joking with you, Doctor. I can't remember a thing!" Harold replied with the same solemn expression, knocking his head several times as he did so.

Her expression turned grim when she realized Harold was dead serious.

If he did lose his memory, not only will I have to treat him, I might also have to find him a place to live.

"Think harder. What is your name? Where do you live? Who do you live with? Do you remember their phone numbers?" Luna asked Harold in a slight panic.

"Let me think."

Harold was even more anxious than Luna. He furrowed his brows and began thinking hard.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard he racked his brains, he could not recall a thing.

Frustrated, Harold shouted to vent his annoyance.

"Don't shout! There's no need to force yourself if you can't recall a thing right now. We have plenty of time. There's no rush."

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Luna was equally confused by Harold's words.

“Pfft!”

“This fellow must be crazy.”

After a few moments of silence, the patients were amused and laughed.

“What's so funny? I'm telling the truth! The one on TV is a phony. I am the real God of War!”

Harold tried to explain himself when he saw their mocking expressions. They clearly didn't believe his words.

The young man, who Luna was attending to, asked teasingly, “Do you also provide psychiatric treatment here, Dr. Leiden?”

“Pay him no mind. He suffered a concussion and is not quite right in the head,” Luna whispered to the patients.

Harold scowled upon hearing that.

“Do you not believe me too, Dr. Leiden?” he asked through gritted teeth while standing behind Luna.

“Mister, the God of War is the national hero of Chanaea. Impersonating him could get you in a lot of trouble,” Luna chastised Harold, annoyed at his delusional words.

“I'm telling the truth. The God of War in Dellmoor is an imposter. I am the real God of War!”

Panicking at the doctor's disbelief despite his efforts to explain himself, Harold raised his voice at Luna as if trying to convince her through the volume of his voice.

Seeing how persistent Harold was, Luna said solemnly, “Enough. Since you claim to be the God of War, then answer me this: what is your real name? Where are you from?”

“Erm...”

The question stumped Harold.

He could not even recall his name, let alone anything else.

The only thing he was certain about was his identity as the God of War.

“You can't even answer that, can you? Go lie down. I'll give you a full body examination when I'm finished here.”

Without another word, Luna disregarded Harold, who was wearing an awkward expression, and resumed her work.

The other patients, too, looked sympathetically at Harold.

All of them thought he was insane.

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The leader of the burly men was in his fifties and wore a suit that gave him the air of a successful entrepreneur.

“There's no use talking to this woman, Mr. Condle. Let's just thrash this place, and maybe then she'll give us a satisfactory explanation.”

The ones behind him wore similar expressions of righteous indignation.

At the sound of the famous name, the young man who had come in for a consultation exclaimed in a hushed voice, “Isn't he Bill Condle, the former principal of Xenhall Vocation School? I heard his lewd behavior toward female staff and students had not only gotten him fired but also caused his father, a professor in Jussipi Law School, to resign in disgrace!”

The others also recognized the man after hearing the youngster's words.

Due to the scandal he had caused two years prior, he quickly became famous in Xenhall, which was not a large city.

The man was Bill Condle, formerly the dean of Xenhall High School.

Two years ago, he was exposed for abusing his position to harass many female teachers and students. His unscrupulous act was then exposed by the media.

Not only was he fired, but his teaching permit was also revoked. Worst still, his actions had implicated his father in Jussipi.

However, a year later, the media claimed he had been framed.

Even now, many remained unsure if he was framed or if he did commit those despicable acts.

Later on, he founded a vocational school specializing in the education of excavator operators and chefs.

The men flanking him were teachers in his vocational school.

Upon her young patient's reminder, Luna recognized him.

She also recalled an exchange with him several days ago during an event with the city's elites, where he had made unwanted advances by fondling her inappropriately.

What a surprise to see him here at the clinic. It looks like he's up to no good.

“Then why are you standing around talking so much? Tear this place apart!”

Upon hearing his men's words, Bill immediately ordered them to start breaking the things in the clinic.

Seeing that the newcomers meant business, the patients who came for treatment were so frightened that they ran out of the clinic to take cover.

Bill and his subordinates smirked at the sight of the patients scuttling away in fear.

“How dare you!” Luna shouted at Bill instinctively.

She was deathly pale with fright at the prospect of her establishment being thrashed before she even got to the bottom of things.

The men paused in their act of vandalism.

Shooting Luna a vicious glare, he approached while leering at her before whispering a quiet threat, “Why are you making such a racket, b\*tch? I might consider leaving your clinic intact if you spend the night with us. If you please us, I'll let this slide. Or else...”

Having already set his sights on the beautiful widow for a long time, he hadn't been able to find an opportunity to do anything about it.

As his father's fever had not abated after getting treatment at her clinic, he had found the perfect excuse.

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I can't concentrate on figuring out my name with this racket going on.

Harold's icy tone sent shivers down the spines of Bill and his men.

“This has nothing to do with you, kid. Mind your own business if you know what's best for you, or we'll

deal with you as well.”

Though Bill sensed there was more to Harold than met the eye, he knew from the latter's hospital gown that he was merely a patient of the clinic. To maintain his reputation before his subordinates, he mustered the courage to threaten Harold.

“You guys are disturbing my rest. I'll give you ten seconds to get out of here, or you'll bear the consequences,” said Harold frostily.

“Hah! This kid must have something wrong with his head. There are so many of us here, yet he's threatening us! You must have seen one too many action movies. We are going to cripple you and make you bedridden for the rest of your life.”

Bill's men quickly recovered from their initial shock and found Harold's threat amusing as they clearly outnumbered him.

As they spoke, they closed in on Harold, their eyes fixated on him with menacing intent.

“Hey! What are you doing? He's just a patient here. Come at me if you have a bone to pick. Don't harm him!”

Luna became anxious when she sensed that Bill's men were about to gang up on her patient. Spreading her arms wide, she stood resolutely before him as the men closed in.

She looked like a hen protecting her chicks.

Then, she turned to Harold and said anxiously, “What are you doing out here? This doesn't concern you! Return to the ward and shut the door, or you might get hurt!”

As Luna spoke, she pushed Harold with her back.

Her gesture touched him.

Despite having just met him and knowing he was penniless, she not only treated him but also stood before him protectively like an elder sister defending her younger sibling.

At that moment, Harold felt an impulse to protect this doctor and defend the clinic.

“Stand aside. You didn't believe that I am the God of War, did you? I'll prove it to you!”

After Harold made up his mind to defend this doctor he barely knew, he shoved her aside.

Then, he turned to face the burly troublemakers.



“Your ten seconds are up. Since you are determined to get your a\*s kicked, I shall grant your wish,” Harold said coolly as he glowered at the men before him.

“Are you trying to impress this woman, kid? You're going to pay for that. Break his legs!” Bill jeered at Harold, then gestured his men forward to deal with the latter.

Upon receiving the order, the subordinates swarmed forward. The next second, however, Bill was stunned.

His burly subordinates, who were accustomed to operating heavy machinery, were flung backward before they could even approach Harold.

With a single kick, Harold sent the men larger than him flying backward.

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“Don't kick me! I'll leave.”

Having learned his lesson, Bill acquiesced hastily when Harold raised his foot and turned to run outside.

The crowd gathered at the entrance was flabbergasted by the sight of Bill's behavior.

Even Luna was amazed.

It was difficult for her to believe that the arrogant man earlier was the same person as the coward she had just witnessed.

Within the short span of three seconds, Bill had completely transformed.

This guy is a bully who preys on the weak and fears the strong.

“Don't ever harass her again, or I'll kick your ass!” Harold said coldly to Bill's leaving figure.

The subordinates who were sent flying by Harold's kick earlier helped each other to their feet.

One by one, they scrambled out of Luna Clinic's in Bill's wake.

“Just you wait! I won't let you off the hook if anything happens to my father!”

Bill issued a menacing threat to Harold and Luna after he exited the clinic and found that Harold did not give chase.

The patients enjoying the show could not help laughing at his cowardly behavior.

“Don't get too cocky!”

Seeing that Bill actually had the audacity to threaten him, Harold dashed forward, attempting to beat the former up.

Turning pale, Bill leaped into his car and sped off.

“Wait for us, Mr. Condle!”

Since their leader had fled, Bill's men quickly hopped onto their own vehicles and followed suit.

The patients gathered at the entrance erupted into applause after witnessing how Harold effortlessly resolved the crisis.

With looks of admiration, they gave him thumbs-up of approval.

“Do you believe I'm the God of War now, Doctor?” Harold asked, looking pleased with himself as he turned to look at Luna.

Luna was initially about to thank Harold, but his words made her swallow hers. Instead, she rolled her eyes at him and chided in a huff, “What's there to believe? Don't start thinking of yourself as the God of War just because you can fight. The God of War wouldn't even flinch when faced with a large army. If you're really him, prove to me that you'll be similarly unfazed when facing a large army.”

“There isn't an army here for me to prove myself!”

Harold didn't know how else he could convince the woman.

“Stop calling yourself the God of War if you can't prove it. Since you can't remember your name and want to be the God of War so badly, I'll call you Harold. As for the title of the God of War, we'll see if you can prove yourself worthy of it.”

As Luna spoke, she pressed Harold down on the couch, gave him a glucose drip, and then turned her attention to her other patients.

Harold had no choice but to continue the endeavor of recalling his name.

Soon after, the other patients departed with their prescriptions.

After finishing up with work, Luna felt sorry for Harold when she saw how he was still trying hard to remember what was his name.

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However, Luna seemed to avoid his gaze.

“Yes, this is the patient I was telling you about. He lost his memory and couldn't remember his name, so I call him Harold. Could you take him for a full body check-up, Mr. Tawle?”

Luna made the introductions.

“Oh, just drop the formalities. You were once the director of a large hospital in Dellmoor and are much more capable than I am. Just call me Johnny, will you? Your patient is in good hands,” Johnny said, feigning displeasure at how Luna addressed him.

Luna became embarrassed.

“Bad news, Mr. Tawle. The patient in ward eighteen is burning up again. Please hurry over!”

As Luna stood in uncomfortable silence, a nurse's voice sounded over his walkie-talkie.

Johnny's expression turned grim at the nurse's words.

“What's wrong?” Luna asked, puzzled, upon noticing the change in Johnny's expression.

“An elderly man was sent here this morning, and his high fever isn't going down. We managed to bring his temperature down just now, but it's spiked again. Since you're an expert in internal medicine, would you mind coming with me to take a look? Afterward, I'll make sure your patient receives a thorough check-up. How does that sound?”

” Johnny explained, looking troubled. Upon recalling Luna's tenure as the director of internal medicine in Dellmoor, he quickly requested her help.

“The patient's life is at stake. Grab me a coat.”

Luna agreed to help without demur. After donning the coat Johnny brought, she followed him to attend to the feverish elderly patient.

As Harold wasn't familiar with the place, he followed them.

On their way over, Johnny briefed Luna in detail on the elderly man's situation.

Soon, the trio arrived at ward eighteen.

It was a deluxe ward. Luna was startled by the crowd outside upon their arrival, as they were all big

shots.

Aside from mayors and secretaries, heads of various departments were also present.

Luna's curiosity about the elderly patient's identity was roused.

Suddenly, she understood why Johnny looked so worried.

If something happens to somebody that important, this hospital would be doomed.

As the patient's attending physician, Johnny might really face the risk of his career being destroyed.

"Coming through, sirs!" Johnny said politely to the group obstructing the entrance.

Hearing Johnny's voice, all of them turned around. A man who exuded a powerful aura wore a scowl and chided Johnny, "What is going on here, Mr. Tawle? Can't you even treat a simple case of fever? This hospital should just shut down if anything happens to Professor Condle!"

As the secretary of the top leader of Xenhall, he was there on behalf of the top leader to visit the patient.

"Of course, we'll treat him. Rest assured, sir. We will do our best to cool the patient's fever down."

Bowing his head, Johnny promised to do his best before leading Luna and Harold into the ward.

Luna and Johnny were once again surprised upon entering the ward and getting a good look at the people inside,

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Bill's outburst caught the attention of every specialist in the room. They then turned to look at Luna.

The director and his entourage were surprised to see her dressed in their hospital's uniform.

"Which department are you from? I have never seen you before," asked the middle-aged director, Wilson, after glancing at Luna.

Noticing Wilson's gaze, Johnny quickly explained the situation, "She is a friend of mine, Mr. Miles. Originally the director of internal medicine at Dellmoor Hospital, she now runs her own clinic. She brought her friend here for a check-up, and I requested her to help take a look at Old Mr. Condle."

"Why did Mr. Condle claim she is to blame for his father's predicament?" Wilson asked with a puzzled expression after hearing Johnny's explanation.

"I run a clinic. Old Mr. Condle came to see me yesterday."

Luna did not conceal anything, nor could she, for the matter.

Instead, she readily admitted that Wilhelm had visited her clinic.

I did nothing wrong anyway, so there's nothing to be afraid of.

"What was your diagnosis of Old Mr. Condle's condition then? What did you prescribe him that might have caused him chronic fever? We haven't been able to determine the exact cause yet," Wilson questioned with a puzzled expression.

"When Old Mr. Condle came to me yesterday, his fever was already dangerously high. My diagnosis revealed that his tonsils were inflamed, so I prescribed him some anti-inflammatory medication and something to bring down the fever. I didn't prescribe him any special medication."

Luna told the crowd the truth about what had transpired the day before.

"That's strange. We specialists also concluded that Old Mr. Condle's tonsils were inflamed, yet this fever just won't break."

Wilson chose to believe Luna after hearing how she had arrived at the same conclusion as the specialists and considering her credentials as the former director of a department in Dellmoor Hospital.

"Don't listen to this quack. She must have prescribed my father something illegal, causing his fever to keep relapsing. I'll call the cops on her and have her sent to prison if anything happens to him!" Bill began shouting at the top of his voice, panicking when Wilson and the others showed signs of believing Luna.

"I understand that you're worried about your father, Mr. Condle, but that's no reason to accuse a doctor. We need to focus on finding out the reason for Old Mr. Condle's fever not breaking and identify the root cause as soon as possible."

Upon noticing how distressed Luna was after being accused by Bill, Johnny defended her.

"You've been talking about this all day and still have not come up with anything. What else is there to discuss? I say we should just have this quack arrested and interrogated for her motives for harming my father. My dad might not make it if you all continue to waste time discussing!" Bill retorted without showing Johnny any courtesy.

"Bad news," exclaimed the nurse monitoring the patient's vital signs. "Old Mr. Condle is having trouble breathing. He requires immediate oxygen delivery, or his life would be at risk!"

The crowd gasped.

“Bring me a ventilator at once!”

Alarmed by Wilhelm's critical situation, Wilson ordered the medical staff to begin emergency treatment right away.

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After a brief discussion, Wilson, the specialists, and Johnny departed the ward to ascertain the root cause of the illness and develop a treatment plan.

“Stay here and watch Old Mr. Condle. Deal with anything that arises.”

Before leaving, Johnny assigned Luna to keep watch in the ward.

After the specialists exited the ward, the big shots outside entered to see Wilhelm.

Bill, on the other hand, focused only on socializing with them.

Feeling a need to relieve herself, Luna headed to the restroom.

Harold was observing Wilhelm's symptoms from a distance when vague memories surfaced in his mind.

I seemed to have read a lot of medical books somewhere and could identify most symptoms.

Stepping forward to examine Wilhelm, Harold detected something at once.

“What are you doing, kid?”

Upon noticing Harold approaching and the hospital gown he had on, several big shots began yelling at him.

“I might know something about the cause of Old Mr. Condle's condition. Let me verify it further,” Harold said to those who stopped him.

“Over my dead body. Security, throw this man out!”

Bill glared at Harold with fury, determined to regain the dignity he had lost at Luna Clinic earlier that afternoon.

Though Harold was stronger than several of his subordinates combined, Bill was brazen in the presence

of the big shots as well as some members of the police force.

Naturally, he no longer feared Harold.

In response to Bill's command, two guards rushed in to escort Harold out.

“Why don't you wait outside for the time being?”

Luna came out of the restroom and, upon understanding the situation, also thought Harold was being reckless and thus asked him to wait for her outside.

She was worried Harold might do something irreparable if he remained in the ward.

Having witnessed his strength, she knew there might not be anybody who was a match for him if he remained.

Harold was aware that they would not believe him, just like how Luna and the others did not believe him to be the God of War.

So, he left the ward dejectedly.

After Harold left, a man in his fifties, who exuded a regal air, followed him out of Wilhelm's ward.

“Hello, Master Zagan? I seemed to have run into that benefactor again, but I can't be sure. Are you available right now? Can you come over to the hospital?”

After exiting the ward, the man called the renowned Oracle of Xenhall.