

Dauntless 441

Dauntless God Of War

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Despite poring over the problem for a long time, the specialists of Xenhall Hospital still could not identify the cause of Wilhelm's illness.

Furthermore, given his advanced age, the arsenal of medicine at their disposal was more restricted.

The specialists could only return to the ward and further observe Wilhelm's condition.

Luna saw the specialists returning, so she came out to search for Harold.

As he was suffering from amnesia, she was concerned he might get lost.

"Are you worried that Bill would find fault with you if Old Mr. Condle's condition worsens?" Harold asked after a moment's thought upon noticing Luna's expression when she emerged from the ward.

"That's just one of the reasons. Old Mr. Condle came to me for a prescription, so I feel terrible about him ending up in such a state," Luna replied gloomily, shaking her head.

"Do you have any cash on hand? Lend me a hundred, will you?"

Upon hearing her words, Harold gritted his teeth as if coming to a decision. Instead of consoling Luna, he asked to borrow money.

His strange request took Luna aback.

"What do you need money for?" She gazed at Harold suspiciously.

She was always wary about matters involving money, especially since she and Harold had only known each other for a day.

We don't even know each other because he can't even remember his name. I still don't know what he's called. I suppose I should count myself lucky that he only asked for a paltry sum of a hundred.

"I'll keep it a secret for the time being," Harold answered mysteriously.

Initially, he wanted to tell her the conclusion he came up with upon examining Wilhelm.

After further consideration of the matter, however, he decided against it because Luna wouldn't even believe that he was the God of War. Besides, as his analysis was unverified, she may not believe him if he told her.

As a result, Harold could only deal with the matter with secrecy.

He planned to go to the pharmacy and procure the medication to treat Wilhelm.

When Old Mr. Condle's condition improves, they would believe me. I won't have to explain myself by then.

“You are behaving very suspiciously. I'm starting to wonder if you're pretending to have memory loss and are waiting to gain my sympathy to swindle my money when the time is right. Here. Pay me back when you regain your memory!”

Despite complaining about Harold possibly swindling her, Luna reached into her pocket and produced a banknote, which she stuffed into Harold's hand.

“Thanks, Luna. Wait here for me, and I'll be back in a second.”

He took the money and bolted after hastily thanking Luna.

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Hearing that, the director and the rest of the specialists fell silent, and their expressions turned grim.

Those who had come to visit the old man were even more distressed.

Wilhelm's son, Bill, endured the brunt of it. He'd assumed his dad would be all right as long as the latter was given an IV drip treatment.

It was just a fever, after all.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have expected matters to take a turn for the worse.

It was all thanks to the big shots' providence on his dad's account that his life in Xenhall was a bed of roses.

Otherwise, he would have been incarcerated long ago.

He would be losing his primary source of support if his dad were to pass on. That would be a devastating blow to him.

“You quack doctors can't even treat a simple fever! I'll be sure to sue your hospital to the point of bankruptcy if anything happens to my dad!” he bellowed.

Turning to Luna, he snapped, "You too, Luna Leiden! Don't you dare think you'd be excused from being held responsible!"

Bill began railing at Luna and the specialists in the hospital out of desperation.

Everyone was taken aback by his outburst, and their faces fell.

They were perfectly aware that Bill was a delinquent through and through and could very well put his words to action.

Plus, his dad had a widespread network of connections, so their hospital would most likely be done for if they were sued.

This was why they dreaded offending such a scoundrel!

Harold returned just as everyone was at their wit's end.

Harold had overheard their conversation while he was at the entrance and interjected, "I can treat Old Mr. Condle's condition!"

His voice attracted the attention of those who were in the ward.

"Harold, stop with your nonsense!"

Luna's face lit up with joyful astonishment at Harold's return, yet she remained doubtful of his claims and urged him to retract his statement.

The specialists stared at Harold apprehensively.

After all, how could a mere patient be capable of treating Wilhelm when even multiple specialists couldn't come up with a solution?

They thought he was just trying to cause more trouble.

Johnny was the most skeptical of them all, as he'd heard from Luna that Harold had an unsound mind and was here for a check-up.

He didn't believe a single word Harold was saying.

Bill took in the reactions of the specialists and questioned him coldly, "What gave you the audacity to claim that you can treat my dad when so many specialists can't even determine the root cause of his sickness?"

"I said I can, and I will. Let me ask you a question. Do you have a pet at home?"

Harold replied by throwing him another question instead of addressing the one directed at him.

"So what if I do?" Bill deadpanned.

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"Chase this quack doctor out as well!"

Bill eagerly got to his feet and prepared to throw Luna out when he heard Wilson calling for a nurse to send Harold away.

Harold was furious when he caught sight of Bill attempting to shove Luna. He immediately stood before her and grabbed Bill's hand before he could touch the woman.

It took Harold barely any effort to push the seemingly buff Bill, causing him to lose his balance and stumble backward clumsily.

Harold took advantage of that moment of distraction to approach Wilhelm's bed and remove his ventilator.

His actions shocked everyone.

Harold ignored them and proceeded to stuff the medicine he got from the pharmacy into Wilhelm's mouth. He then gently tapped Wilhelm's mouth, prompting him to swallow the medicine without even requiring a drop of water to wash them down his throat.

Those two types of medication were the best ones available in the market to eradicate the parasite.

Harold could very well concoct his own medication, but time was not on his side.

As such, ready-made drugs from the pharmacy were the more convenient option.

Wilhelm began experiencing breathing difficulties after the ventilator was removed as the medication took time to take effect.

His incessant wracking coughs made him look like he was having a seizure.

It was a horrifying sight indeed.

Harold hastily helped Wilhelm put the oxygen mask back on. Only then did his condition stabilize.

Harold's movements were so smooth and swift that everyone barely had time to react to what had happened.

By the time they regained their senses, Wilhelm was already breathing through his oxygen mask.

“What are you doing? What was it that you were feeding him?”

Bill was the first to come to his senses when he noted that Harold had just given his dad unknown medication without permission from him or any of the medical professionals present.

He was so enraged that he stormed toward Harold and grabbed his collar accusingly.

Wilson, Johnny, and the others in the ward were equally alarmed.

“Security, subdue these two men! If anything happens to Old Mr. Condle, bring them to the police station immediately!” Wilson barked out orders to the security guards stationed outside the door.

He'd stationed two security guards on that floor just in case, for Wilhelm had a large group of visitors who were all high-profile individuals.

The big shots frowned in dismay.

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Aside from a few influential figures in the city, no commoners would dare lay a finger on Lothar because of his status.

“Calm down, everyone. Didn't this man say he could treat Old Mr. Condle? Perhaps he's really saving Old Mr. Condle. Our priority now should be to examine Old Mr. Condle's condition before deciding whether to apprehend this man.”

Noticing others regarding him with baffled looks, Lothar delivered the speech he had already prepared.

“That's right. You two guard the doors and prevent them from leaving. Mr. Tawle, hurry up and check Old Mr. Condle's condition.”

As the wealthiest man in the city, Lothar's words still carried significant weight. Realizing Lothar's judgment made sense, the hospital's director, Wilson Miles, immediately did as Lothar said.

Soon, the nurse, following Johnny's instruction, began taking Wilhelm's temperature.

Measuring a patient's body temperature was a process that required only five minutes, so the result was out swiftly.

Out of caution, they even used the most precise mercury thermometer to measure Wilhelm's body temperature.

A digital thermometer would've given them the result quicker.

Approximately ten minutes had passed since Harold force-fed Wilhelm the medication, and the medicine gradually exerted its effect in the latter's body.

"Huh? Old Mr. Condle's body temperature seems to be coming down," Johnny yelled after he removed the thermometer from Wilhelm's body and glanced at the device.

Wilhelm's body temperature, which measured thirty-nine point nine degrees Celsius initially, had dropped to thirty-nine point seven degrees Celsius.

"What? His body temperature dropped? Measure it again!"

A peculiar expression spread across the faces of everyone inside the ward when they heard about Wilhelm's lowering body temperature. Did this young man with an unsound mind really figure out Old Mr. Condle's illness and even treat him with the right medicines?

Wilson requested Johnny to remeasure Wilhelm's body temperature in disbelief.

A few minutes later, Johnny said, "Mr. Miles, Old Mr. Condle's body temperature is indeed coming down. The last measurement recorded thirty-nine point seven degrees Celsius, but it has lowered to thirty-nine degrees Celsius now. Nurse, send Old Mr. Condle to do a chest X-ray now."

He was utterly astonished to see the result of the second reading.

Unexpectedly, Wilhelm's temperature, which had been rising persistently a while ago, began dropping exponentially around ten minutes after he had consumed that insane young man's medications.

Johnny's only concern was whether the fever would recur.

Harold let out a sigh of relief when he saw Wilhelm's body temperature dropping.

He was actually facing immense pressure earlier because he wasn't sure if his diagnosis was accurate since he couldn't even recall his own name.

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"That's right. Why haven't I thought of toxoplasmosis? A normal person infected with *Toxoplasma gondii* won't show any symptoms. However, this infection can be fatal if not promptly treated when contracted

by pregnant women or elders with a weakened immune system. Moreover, the signs and symptoms of this disease are largely similar to other bacterial infections, so many doctors tend to overlook this cause. That is why so many specialists at the general hospital and I failed to figure out the etiology of Old Mr. Condle's illness."

Hearing Harold mentioning toxoplasmosis, Luna exclaimed in response as clarity washed over her.

"You're so smart, recalling all of that with the slightest hint," he praised her.

Unfortunately, his compliment merely caused her to feel ashamed.

Being proved less knowledgeable than her patient as a doctor was undoubtedly a huge slap to her face.

"Are you deliberately mocking me? Be honest with me. Were you ever a doctor?" she asked in exasperation after glaring at him.

Her sixth sense told her Harold must've been a physician in the past, not to mention one with medical skills not inferior to hers.

"Maybe. Regardless, after checking Old Mr. Condle's symptoms, countless medical-related information resurfaced in my mind, and most of them are traditional medicine-oriented," he replied honestly.

"Don't tell me the God of War is also a doctor?" Listening to his response, Luna teased him in elation.

After getting her memory jogged by Harold, she was now entirely certain Wilhelm suffered from toxoplasmosis, and the medications Harold gave Wilhelm were the best medications to target the culprit parasite. Old Mr. Condle will recover soon. I don't have to feel guilty anymore.

While Harold and Luna chatted inside the ward, Wilson and the others had received Wilhelm's latest chest X-ray report.

Comparing the latest and previous reports, the specialists could clearly see the improvement in the condition of Wilhelm's lungs.

However, as only a short time had passed, and the medications in Wilhelm's body had yet to exert their full effect, the improvements shown in the latest report were not staggering. Nevertheless, the specialists were confident Wilhelm was making a recovery.

After the examinations were done, Wilhelm's breathing difficulties gradually disappeared as well. Even the agonized expression on his face slowly relaxed.

"The rest of you continue to check on Old Mr. Condle. We'll return to the ward to ask that young man what medications he administered to Old Mr. Condle."

With that, Wilson hurriedly led a party back to the VIP ward.

“Young man, what's your name? Which hospital are you working in now, and what medications did you use to terminate Old Mr. Condle's fever?”

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Harold's words made Bill snort, and he mocked, “Pft! You? God of War? Who was that God of War raising money for The Veteran's Foundation at Dellmoor the other day, then? You're not going to tell me that it's you too, right?”

Everyone other than the richest man in Xenhall agreed with Bill's words.

“God of War at Dellmoor was an imposter,” Harold confidently said to them.

He, too, was confused. He could not believe someone actually dared to impersonate him, and he wondered if the person was truly not afraid of getting detected by the big shots in Jussipi.

Upon hearing Harold's response, the people in the ward began sharing looks with each other.

His explanation sounded too far-fetched.

I can't believe he's saying that God of War at Dellmoor was an imposter! Doesn't he know that God of War is the spiritual symbol of Chanaeans? There's no way someone would dare to impersonate God of War and fearlessly strut around in public. That'll be akin to a death wish!

Only the richest man in Xenhall, Lothar Hightower, believed Harold.

Nevertheless, he still did not dare to stand up and show his support for Harold without evidence.

Thus, he kept his silence first.

“His name is Harold, and he knows some martial arts. He's a big fan of God of War, and he got injured here. That's why he's spouting nonsense. You don't need to take his words seriously,” Luna quickly explained when she noticed the strange stares they were casting at Harold.

Once she was done speaking, she even sneakily pointed at her head.

Then, she spun around to glare at Harold, subtly telling him to keep quiet.

“I'm just saying the truth! Why won't you believe me?” Harold said to Luna in frustration when he registered her tone and action.

Luna gave him another glare when she realized he was still running his mouth.

“Shut it! You talk too much!”

After hearing Luna's words, the people took in the hospital garb Harold was wearing and became convinced.

In the next second, the director and the doctors broke into a cold sweat.

A man with a screw loose had just fed Wilhelm unknown substances.

If he died because of that, the hospital would be in deep trouble.

Fortunately, the medicine that Harold fed Wilhelm turned out fine.

“What did that young man give Old Mr. Condle earlier? What's Old Mr. Condle's cause of illness?” the director worriedly asked once he wiped away the sweat on his forehead.

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Johnny had noticed the flustered look on the director's face, and he himself was looking for an excuse to leave the place as well. The gears in his mind turned, and he said, “Luna, didn't you bring him here for an examination? Now that Old Mr. Condle is in a stable condition, let me take you for the test.”

“Brilliant! Let's go for the examination, then.”

A smile crept onto Luna's face at the conclusion of the matter, and she led Harold away from the ward with Johnny for the examination.

Before Lothar could make up his mind about whether or not he should pass Harold his name card, the man was gone.

By the time Harold was done with his examination, it was almost time for the employees of the hospital to get off work.

Luna and Harold then found out from Johnny that Wilhelm's vital signs had stabilized and his fever had also subsided.

Toxoplasmosis was not a severe illness. If one's condition was fine, all they needed was one night's stay at the hospital for observation.

After Luna and Harold left the building, Luna didn't take him back to her place, which was located on the floor above her clinic. Instead, she took him to the mall to buy some clothes.

As Luna assisted Harold in trying on clothes, her mind could not help but think of her late husband.

It had been a few years since her husband passed away, and she never bought clothes for any men since then.

The sight of Harold trying on different clothes evoked memories of her late husband.

In the end, Luna made up her mind about buying two sets of casual wear and two sets of formal wear for Harold.

"Ms. Luna, why did you buy the formal wear? I can just change between those two sets of casual wear," Harold hastily said when he saw Luna taking the formal wear he tried on earlier to the cashier.

Harold was convinced by Luna's attitude that she would add the cost of the clothes to his tab, which meant that he would have to repay her once he regained his memories.

Furthermore, the clothes in that mall were expensive. Harold had no idea if he had that much money to pay her back in the future.

The casual wear was already around two thousand per set, whereas the formal wear was over four thousand per set.

In total, the four sets of clothes were around twelve thousand.

Meanwhile, due to the way they interacted, the staff at the mall assumed that Harold was Luna's sugar baby.

The women looked at Harold with contemptuous gazes while the men looked at him in awe.

It made Harold feel uneasy.

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"Doctor, what a coincidence! I wasn't expecting to see you here," came a familiar voice near Harold.

As Harold turned, he recognized the man who had spoken in his favor at Wilhelm's ward earlier. The man was now approaching him with a woman by his side.

"What a coincidence, indeed. Thank you for helping me out earlier, mister," Harold greeted and thanked

him as he stood up, pleasantly surprised.

What Harold did not know was that it was not a coincidence. Lothar had deliberately followed him to the mall.

To make the encounter seem more like a coincidence, he even invited his wife on a shopping trip, though he did not tell his wife about the true aim of his invitation.

“No, no, Doctor. It's nothing, really. Here is my name card. Please take it and feel free to call me anytime you encounter any trouble in Xenhall. I'm not trying to show off, but there isn't anything I, Lothar Hightower, can't resolve in Xenhall.”

As Lothar spoke, he passed a gold foil-stamped card to Harold.

Harold glanced at the card after taking it.

On it was written: Lothar Hightower, Chairman of Hightower Pharmaceutical Group.

On the other hand, the woman beside Lothar became annoyed when she saw her husband giving his business card and showing respect to someone wearing a hospital gown.

While she had to admit that her man was capable, she felt that he was too nice to others, especially to people who showed meager traces of talent.

He did the same for someone else, and now, he was treating a young man with reverence again.

She felt that her man was not at all acting like the powerful figure he was.

In the meantime, Harold was feeling flustered by the way Lothar was calling him a doctor. Right as he was about to say something, the woman beside Lothar uttered, “Hubby, there's a pretty dress over there. Why don't we take a look at it?”

She was even tugging Lothar's clothes to urge him to leave.

“What's the hurry? Can't you see that I'm talking to Doctor?” Lothar angrily snapped at his wife at her interruption.

“A doctor? What doctor? He's clearly one of the patients. You're the richest man in Xenhall, so can you start acting like it? Why are you always seeking the company of 'improper' people? Why are you always so polite with insignificant strangers while being so fierce toward your family members?” the woman retaliated with equal fury when she heard Lothar's response.

When Lothar heard his wife calling Harold an insignificant stranger, his expression darkened.

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Harold had a better immune system than the others, and the injuries he suffered were minor.

Therefore, he almost recovered after receiving treatment for two days.

Most of his wounds had scabbed over, and some of the smaller ones were already starting to heal.

Furthermore, it was his back that had borne the brunt of the incident. Thus, once he put on his clothes, no one would be able to tell that he was injured.

For a tough man like Harold, those injuries would not deter him from looking for a job.

Harold did not know when he was going to get his memories back. He always felt as if he was living off Luna with how he was living in her place, getting treatment from her, and eating the food she bought. Along with the clothes and daily necessities she bought, he was already owing her around twenty thousand. If he continued leeching off her in this way, he would feel really bad.

Therefore, early the next morning, before Luna woke up, he sneaked out of Luna Clinic to look around to see if there were any jobs he could do without having to produce his ID card.

After half a day of wandering around almost the entire Xenhall, he found out that most people would shake their heads and reject him once they realized he did not have an ID card.

As a matter of fact, some tried to call the police on him, fearing that Harold was some kind of criminal.

Harold felt rather depressed.

By noon, Harold, who was still injured and had been running all over the city, was starving.

When he walked past a pasta shop, he began to regret returning the change he received after purchasing the medicine to Luna.

If not for that, he would not be starving this way.

Right then, Harold heard the people queueing up to get into the pasta shop talk about how the shop was an influencer hotspot.

Immediately, Harold felt the urge to ask if they were hiring.

He did not mind being a server.

However, it was now lunchtime, and Harold realized that the shop owner was far too busy to talk to him after entering the shop.

Thus, Harold had no choice but to take a seat on an empty stool.

He was thinking of talking to the shop owner after the peak hours were over.

After sitting down, Harold realized that the woman sitting opposite him was a fashionable woman in her mid-twenties.

After ordering one of the signature dishes, she began sending voice messages and chatting with someone.

As Harold eavesdropped on their conversation, he figured that her friend had to be a live streamer who received many virtual gifts from some rich fans.

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The server was too busy to give Harold a response, so he put down the plate and turned around to clear out the other tables instead.

Harold rubbed his stomach and gulped in hunger again.

I'll watch over her plate of pasta for now. It should be fine if I ask her to treat me to a plate of pasta later, right?

With that thought in mind, Harold ended up waiting for half an hour, but there were still no signs of that woman.

It was the start of winter, so, by then, the pasta was cold.

Harold guessed that the woman was not going to come back anymore. It is just a plate of pasta, after all. It will not be a huge loss for her.

Why don't I finish it for her? The staff here will definitely throw the pasta out once I leave, and it'll be such a waste.

Harold was not even bothered by the fact that the woman had already taken a bite from the plate.

After all, he heard that soldiers, especially the ones from special forces, tended to be on guard for days

during their missions in the wild. Sometimes, those missions would last half a month. To curb their hunger, they would even resort to eating live mice.

Thinking of that, Harold surveyed his surroundings to make sure no one was looking at him.

Then, he quickly took the woman's plate of pasta closer to him before devouring the food.

Hunger always makes everything taste delicious.

Even though the pasta had gone cold, it still tasted like the best dish in the world to Harold.

Just as Harold was about finish the pasta, he sensed a burning gaze fixed on him.

Upon lifting his head, he realized that the woman had returned at some point. She had a hand covering her mouth and a finger pointing at Harold as she screeched, "I... I asked you to watch over my plate, but you stole it? You're disgusting!"

Her cry attracted the attention of the other patrons in the shop.

In no time, everyone was looking at Harold with either disbelief or disdain.

"Even though he's dressed nicely, he still has the audacity to steal someone's food. How disgusting!"

"That's why you can't judge a book by its cover. Some people are dressed to the nines, but they can be the worst kinds of people out there."