

## **Dauntless 451**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 451**

It was merely a coincidence that she encountered Harold eating her leftover pasta.

In a way, Harold was unlucky. If he had finished it a few minutes earlier and left the shop, an awkward situation like that would not have happened.

Once the woman was gone, Harold glanced back at the almost-finished pasta. He was too embarrassed to inquire whether the shop owner was still recruiting after what had happened.

Hence, he gobbled up the food and left as the other patrons watched him with wide eyes.

Harold continued looking for a job, but his efforts were fruitless.

In the end, he slinked back to Luna Clinic.

"Where did you go?" Luna worriedly asked when she saw Harold.

Harold was an injured amnesiac who did not even have an ID card.

Luna was worried that he would not return, though she did not know whether his disappearance was due to his inability to navigate back to the clinic or due to him wanting to avoid paying the medical bills that he owed her.

"I was hoping to look for a job to pay you back as soon as possible. I owe you a substantial amount of money for the medical bills and hospital examinations," Harold told her truthfully.

Being with Luna was like being with his sister.

He was moved when he caught sight of the concern she had for him in her eyes.

Upon hearing Harold, Luna rolled her eyes and said, "Not only are you hurt, but you don't even have your ID card. Besides, you have lost your memories too. What kind of job can you possibly find?"

"I..."

Harold could not find anything to say in response to that.

Luna dropped the topic at Harold's embarrassed expression and curiously asked, "All right, I'll stop taking a jab at you. Did you find a job?"

"It's just as you said. No one dares to hire me without my ID card, so..." Harold confessed.

"What about this? I need someone to do odd jobs. Since you seem like you know a thing or two about working in hospitals, you can run errands for me. You'll get food and accommodation for the job, and two thousand every month. Once you get back your memories, it'll be up to you as to where you want to go. How does that sound?" Luna said to Harold after a moment of contemplation.

"That's... Thank you, Luna."

Harold wanted to reject her initially, for he knew that she was taking pity on him. In fact, she was capable of handling the clinic by herself, so she did not need someone to do odd jobs for her at all.

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Harold and Luna came to the room Luna's friends reserved. Through the glass of the door, he could see that Luna's friends had arrived, and he also noticed the girl he met at the restaurant was there as well.

Harold felt a chill run down his spine. Before Luna could go into the room, Harold held his hand and lied, "You go in first, Luna. I need to use the bathroom." I gotta bail. If I meet that woman again, it's going to be awkward.

"Sure, but come back soon," said Luna, thinking Harold was actually just going to the restroom.

Harold ran away quickly, worried that the girl might see him the moment Luna opened the door. After Harold was gone, Luna entered the room.

There wasn't even any music playing. The only sound was of two ladies with long hair chatting. They didn't even realize Luna had come in.

Noticing that the girls were oblivious to her entrance, Luna asked, "So, what are you talking about? You girls seem engrossed."

The girls jumped. "My God, Luna. You can be really frighteningly quiet sometimes. Do you know that?"

Michelle patted her busty chest and calmed down, staring at Luna angrily.

"How am I the phantom here? You girls didn't even notice me. So tell me, what were you two talking about? Did you fall for that top subscriber of yours?" asked Luna.

Michelle pointed at Naomi, who was wearing a ton of luxurious goods. "We were talking about Naomi's odd experience. She ran into some pervert in an Instagrammable shop yesterday. He wolfed down Naomi's leftovers when she was in the restroom. Don't you think that's gross?"

“Really? That is gross.” Luna looked surprised after hearing that.

The adorable Naomi said with disgust, “Yeah. Honestly, it feels like I had an indirect kiss. Every time I eat, I am reminded of that scene and it makes my stomach churn.” She made a retching gesture.

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“Oh, calm down, will you? He has gone to the restroom and will be here soon. I brought him here today specifically so you girls can get to know each other. Don't say I never give you anything good.” Luna smiled.

She was sure that Harold was handsome and great enough to make her friends fall for him, especially Naomi. She was born into wealth, so money wasn't what she was looking for in a partner. The only thing she wanted was love. Hence, if she had feeling for someone, then that was good enough.

That was also why Luna brought Harold here. Michelle just wanted to date a rich guy, so she was out of the question. Luna actually wanted Harold to meet Naomi.

Luna had no idea if Harold was rich or poor, not even until that point in time. Besides, Michelle asked her friends out so they could judge her top subscriber to see if he could be a good boyfriend.

“Naomi can have the hunk. I want my top subscriber.” Despite not having seen Harold just yet, Michelle was already scoffing, thinking that he was a poor guy.

“Sure, I'll do that. I can call him right now.” Luna whipped her phone out and made a call to Harold.

After the case of his one-day disappearance, Luna gave him her old phone before they came out so she could contact him anytime, anywhere. “What are you doing, Harold? You've been in the restroom for ages. My friends are waiting for you, so get to it. Come here right now.”

Harold was just getting ready to escape. He was already at the premise's entrance, but Luna called, and his face fell. Before he could even say no, Luna hung up on him. “Godd\*mmit. I only die once. This is on you, Luna.”

After some consideration, Harold gritted his teeth and went back to the room. He couldn't just ignore Luna's request. Eventually, he came to “the chamber of horrors”. Then, Harold took a deep breath, clenched his teeth, and made his entrance.

The moment Harold came in, Luna got up and dragged Harold over to her friends. She then introduced, “And here he is, ladies. This handsome, dashing, adorable hunk is Harold. So, what do you think? He's hot, eh?”

She turned to her friends, but none of them was saying anything. They were staring at Harold in disbelief, their jaws slack, and their mouths forming a comical 'O.' The ladies then exchanged a look.

Before Luna came, Naomi sent Michelle the photo of the 'disgusting pervert.' The moment Harold came in, Michelle knew he was the pervert who glugged down Naomi's leftovers.

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Just like that, Luna's smile slowly disappeared, and her face was frozen as if a perpetual look of horror had struck her. She then slowly turned to look at Naomi.

Naomi wasn't saying anything, but the disdain and contemptuous look she threw at Harold told Luna everything she needed to know. Quickly, Luna dragged Harold out of the room.

She looked at him curiously and asked, "What happened? Tell me."

Awkwardly, Harold answered, "Well... I had no money, and I was hungry."

A frown furrowed Luna's brows, and she gave him a card. "You could have told me. You shouldn't have done... Forget it. There are forty-five hundred in there. Take it, and remember to never do something that embarrassing ever gain."

After getting along with Harold for the past two days, Luna had a better idea of the kind of man Harold was. He was just like her late husband—dependable and reliable. That was the reason she wanted to introduce him to her friends. If they found themselves falling for each other, that would be great.

"I'll take this as a loan, then. Once I have the money, I'll pay you back." Harold didn't refuse. He wasn't the kind who like formalities and theatrics. Most importantly, he knew he could make money soon enough. Besides, money once again proved its importance in life after the embarrassing event the night before. A moment later, he took the card.

Curious about what Luna and Harold were talking about, Naomi and Michelle tailed them and watched from afar. They saw Luna giving Harold her card, and they were surprised.

Luna was someone who was very careful with money. It was incomprehensible that she would give someone like Harold money.

Before they could figure out why, however, Luna had sent Harold away and come back to the room.

The girls quickly took their seats.

Knowing that her friends were reluctant to see Harold, Luna told him to take a break somewhere on the premise. She still had to check Michelle's top subscriber out and see if he was boyfriend material. Not to

mention if something unexpected were to happen, Harold could help.

Harold didn't want to see Naomi either, at least not now, so he did as Luna told him and took a break in the lobby.

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Once introductions were made, Owen told his lackey to get more drinks. "You can buy anything you want, ladies. I'm paying for everything. Jimmy, tell the waiter to serve more drinks, fruits, and snacks."

He had slept with many influencers, but none were as beautiful as Michelle. Even so, he wanted to sleep with Michelle's friends more. They were even more beautiful than she was.

He was starting to get some ideas—lewd ones. Owen thought Michelle's friends were just like the other influencers he had seen before. Once they met up, all he needed to do was sweet talk them, and they would sleep with him.

Some of the bolder ones might even do it right in the karaoke room.

Owen's lackey had been working for him for a while, and he got what Owen was trying to say. "Got it, Mr. Sunderland. Right away." The lackey left the room.

They took their seats, and Owen sat between Michelle and Naomi. He loved how adorable Naomi was. She was his cup of tea. Even though he was chatting Michelle up, his eyes kept floating to Naomi.

Anyone could notice the desire and lust in his gaze. When Michelle noticed Owen staring at Naomi, a flash of displeasure flared in her eyes, yet she held it down for fear of upsetting Owen.

Soon, Owen's lackey came back with a bottle of red wine, and behind him was a waiter. He was holding two dozen of ice-cold beers.

"Decant the wine, Jimmy. We'll start off with some beer." Owen cracked open a few bottles of beer for everyone.

A smirk curled the lackey's lips, and he went away to decant the wine.

Naomi was a rich girl. She knew rich people would always decant their wines before drinking. She had also heard of some people tampering with the wine during the decanting procedure just to ensnare the women they were going out with.

Right after Jimmy went for the decanting, she started keeping an eye on him. Just as she suspected, he checked the coast and poured something into the drink when he thought no one was looking.

While Michelle was distracting Owen, Naomi told Luna about it, and Luna's immediate response was to give Harold a call.

However, just when Naomi was telling Luna about the trap, Owen pretended to topple the bottle of beer in front of Luna. The yellow liquid splashed all around and dripped onto Naomi's feet.

"Oh, sorry. I am really sorry. I didn't mean it. Here, let me help you clean it up." Owen pulled some tissues out and tried to wipe Naomi's skirt.

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Owen let out an anguished shriek before covering his head and dropping to the ground.

"What are you doing, Naomi?" Michelle was stunned by Naomi's actions. She stood up from the couch, pointing at her in surprise.

"He just wants to sleep with you, silly. Can't you see they drugged our drinks over there?" Naomi said, wanting to drag Michelle out of the room.

"Stop them!" Owen immediately instructed his subordinate to stop the girls from leaving.

Upon receiving the order, the subordinate quickly got up, attempting to block the women's way.

However, before he could reach the door, Luna grabbed a beer mug and struck him on the back of his head, knocking him out cold.

Taking advantage of the chaos, Owen stood up and grabbed Naomi's arm with his blood-stained hand, preventing them from leaving.

Following this violent turn of events, the dimly lit KTV private room appeared like a scene from a horror film.

"Get lost! Stay away from me!" Terrified by Owen's demeanor, Naomi reflexively kicked him to defend herself.

Her instinctive reaction, prompted by fear, almost ended the man's chance of fathering a child in the future.

Owen was in so much pain that he could barely speak. He crouched on the ground and broke out in a cold sweat as the color drained from his face.

"What are you waiting for? Let's get out of here!" Luna, the first to come to her senses, grabbed their

hands and dragged them out of the room.

Meanwhile, Harold arrived after receiving Luna's call.

“What happened?” he asked, confused by the sight of the three women fleeing in panic.

“Luna, I thought you said this jerk is your bodyguard? Is this how he protects you?” Naomi, who had yet to regain her composure, retorted sarcastically to Harold's question.

“It's a long story. I'll fill you in once we get out of here.” Luna did not have time to explain in detail.

Just as she was ready to leave the KTV with the two women, a few thugs got in their way at the exit of the premises.

Each of them had a steel pipe in their hands, and the three women were frightened out of their wits.

The leader of the bunch snorted in anger. “How dare you injure Mr. Sunderland? Do you think you can run away so easily?”

Those men exploded in rage when they received a call and learned about what the girls did.

Owen came from the Sunderland family, one of the top ten prestigious families in Xenhall, and he was a part of the upper echelons of society.

If Owen were to assign blame, not only would the KTV owner be in trouble, but those ordered to look after the premises would also be held accountable.

Harold stared at the thugs with steel pipes and said to the women, “I'll hold them back. You go first!”

Unlike when he was at Luna's clinic, he was now uncertain if he could handle them because he was suffering from amnesia.

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While Michelle and Naomi could not help but express their disappointment toward Harold, Luna remained steady.

One of the thugs burst into laughter. “That dude ran away without these chicks. What a useless jerk—an embarrassment to all men! We should cut his balls if we catch him!”

They were left dumbfounded by Harold's sudden retreat, unsure of how to respond to such a cowardly act.

Once again, the thugs shifted their focus to the three women and started advancing toward them.

“Come on, girls. Get back to the room and apologize to Mr. Sunderland if you don't want to feel the pain of what these pipes can do!” they threatened.

Luna and the others had no choice but to keep retreating.

Meanwhile, Owen arrived at the lobby with the help of a few men.

At the same time, the KTV was surrounded by other onlookers.

Surrounded by Owen and the crowd, the women had nowhere to run.

Their faces turned pale as a sheet.

Owen stood behind them, his head bandaged, and through gritted teeth, he uttered, “Why did you stop running, b\*tches? There's nowhere left for you to go now!”

“We didn't do that on purpose, Mr. Sunderland. Please forgive us. We'll agree to do anything you wish as long as you let us off!” Upon noticing Owen, Michelle turned around and pleaded.

“It's too late to beg for mercy now. However, if the three of you follow me to the hotel, we can forget about what happened today. What do you say?” The morally debased Owen could not resist Naomi's beauty. He was also deeply fascinated by the mature charm of Luna.

Despite the fact that he was still bleeding from his head and was waiting for the ambulance, he could not overcome his primal urges. They kicked my private part, so they must make it up to me to appease my grievance.

“You...” Michelle had always known Owen wanted to hook up with her. Otherwise, he could not have bought her so many gifts.

She also understood he was only interested in a casual fling with her, but she decided to go along with it for the sake of money. After all, spending a night with a man was a common way for a woman to gain first-hand experience. She comforted herself by thinking that once she became financially stable, she could find a man who was genuine and down-to-earth to settle down with.

Michelle thought Owen would let them off if she agreed to go to the hotel with him, but that was not the case. Instead, he demanded all three of them spend the night with him at the hotel. I don't have the authority to decide Naomi and Luna's fate!

She looked at the other two girls sheepishly.



“Michelle, why are you looking at us like that? Listen carefully. I'll rather die than spend a night with that creep at the hotel!” Naomi uttered in anger.

“Me too! And I believe Harold will come back for us!” Luna echoed.

“Are you serious, Luna? That good-for-nothing ran away like a coward, and you think he'll come back to rescue us? I'll call him dad if he returns!” Naomi expressed her frustration as she could not believe Luna was still counting on Harold.

“He's back...” Luna suddenly pointed at the KTV door, muffling her voice by covering her mouth.

The three girls turned to the entrance and saw Harold, who had escaped earlier, returning with a fire hose in his hand.

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#### **Chapter 458**

The three ladies snapped back to their senses after being reminded by Harold.

Immediately, they dashed out of the KTV while Harold covered them by pointing the fire hose at their opponents.

“Get in!”

When the trio arrived at the parking lot, Naomi walked toward her car, opened the door, and demanded Luna and Michelle to get into the vehicle.

The two women quickly entered the car as instructed.

At that time, Harold was still blasting the fire hose at Owen and the thugs in the KTV. Before Luna could urge Harold to get in the car, Naomi had already started the car engine and driven off without waiting for him.

“What are you doing, Naomi? Harold hasn't got in yet,” asked the panic-stricken Luna.

“Luna, he didn't say anything when he left just now. Instead, he tricked us into holding those guys back for him. What's wrong with making him do the same for us now? Anyway, this is a relatively big car, and it's not easy to make a U-turn here. If we get caught by Owen and his gang, none of us may be able to escape,” Naomi said while driving.

She did not intend to stop the car for Harold.

“Naomi, he left earlier because he went out looking for the fire hose. Didn't he return to rescue us? How could you say that about him?”

Luna got all worked up when Naomi showed no signs of stopping the car and tried to justify Harold's actions on his behalf.

Naomi seemed unfazed by Luna's justification and replied indifferently, "Who knows what's on his mind at that time? I bet he initially wanted to escape all by himself and only thought of saving us when he saw the fire hose on the way out. Otherwise, I doubt he would take the risk to come back and help us. Perhaps the only reason why he chose to rescue us was the same as that scum, Owen—he's lusting after our bodies! What do you think, Michelle?"

Although Michelle did not say a single word, she nodded in agreement.

"Oh my, you two... All these are just your unfounded assumptions. Regardless of what he was thinking previously, the fact is that he came back for us. It's too ungrateful of us to leave him in danger!" Luna was displeased at the duo's attitude.

Naomi didn't know what to say in response. Yet, she continued driving and had no intention of stopping the car.

On the other hand, Michelle looked unbothered, as if she had nothing to do with the matter.

"Stop the car now! I want to get out!" demanded Luna when she received no response from the other two ladies.

She wanted to go back and look for Harold.

"It's very dangerous for me to pull over now, Luna. Why don't you give him a call and check on him? If the situation allows, I'll find a hidden spot and wait for him there."

When Naomi saw how agitated Luna was getting, she had no choice but to compromise.

Without delay, Luna whipped out her phone and called Harold.

"Luna, are you all okay? I managed to ditch them after leading them off course. Don't worry, I'll get a cab in a bit and go back to the clinic."

As soon as the call was connected, Harold's voice came through.

Only then did Luna heave a sigh of relief, knowing that he was safe and sound.

Considering how drenched the ladies were, they decided to head to Luna's clinic to get changed instead of going home in their wet clothes and making their family worry.

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## Chapter 459

Harold was utterly flabbergasted to see the voluptuous woman in his room, but out of respect, he quickly apologized to her, "Sorry, I didn't know that you're in my room, and that you're..."

What a jerk! He says his sorry but he's still staring at me, showing no intention of leaving! Naomi swiftly turned over to the other side and bellowed, "A-Aren't you going to leave?"

"Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot. I'll go out now!"

A sheepish look appeared on Harold's face as a sudden realization dawned on him. Subsequently, he left the room and shut the door behind him.

Just as Harold exited his room, Luna's door was unlocked, and both Luna and Michelle came out after changing their clothes.

"What's the matter? We seemed to have heard Naomi's scream just now," Luna asked anxiously.

"I... I didn't know she was in my room," explained Harold, his face flushed crimson.

"Naomi thought that my clothes were ugly, so she went to your room to remove her drenched attire as she planned to blow them dry with the hair dryer. Don't tell me you barged in without knocking?" queried Luna.

Harold lowered his head and nodded twice like a little boy who had done something wrong.

"Oh my goodness! Well, when Naomi comes out later, you can explain to her yourself."

At that moment, Luna was unsure what to say to Harold. After all, he was just entering his own room. It would be so silly of him to knock on the door when he was not aware that someone was inside.

Soon, Naomi stepped out of Harold's room after getting dressed.

"I'm sor—"

Slap!

Harold wanted to apologize once more, but before he could finish his sentence, Naomi charged toward him and gave him a slap across the face.

"Hey, I didn't do it on purpose! All I did was return to my own room. How on earth was I supposed to know that you were inside? Also, I've said sorry twice!"

Harold was annoyed after being slapped.

“So what if you apologized? Are you able to unsee what you've seen?”

Naomi got even more infuriated when Harold talked back to her. She lifted her hand and was ready to give him another tight slap.

This time, Harold did not put up with her and reached out his hand to grab hers.

“Are you done with your nonsense? I only took one look, and that's all. I didn't do anything else to you. It's not like you've lost your virginity!” Harold rebutted rudely as he tossed her hand away.

“That's enough. Could you two calm down and talk nicely to each other?” Luna couldn't stand their quarreling anymore and tried to mediate between them.

“Hmph! You're taking this matter lightly because you're not the victim here. I don't care! I want this scum to give me a satisfactory explanation today.”

Naomi ignored Luna and insisted that Harold be responsible for his mistake.

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### **Chapter 460**

Harold took off his clothes and showed his bare body to Naomi. Immediately after, he put his clothes back on under her bewildered gaze. “All right. You've also taken advantage of me now that you've seen my body too. So, we're even.”

His words left her in shock.

So, this jerk wasn't trying to force me into anything, but he just wanted to show me his body for me to “take advantage” of him? But I'm a woman, and he's a man. How is it the same? Are we really even now?

Naomi snapped out of her reverie when she saw that Harold was ready to leave after putting on his clothes. Abruptly, she jumped out of the bed and yelled at him, “You... You're utterly despicable! You're a man, and I'm a woman. How can it be the same?”

Harold furrowed his brows upon hearing her words. Gosh, this woman is so rude and unreasonable!

Annoyed, he was about to say something in retort when Luna and Michelle, who were waiting anxiously outside the door, rushed in when they saw the door open.

“Are you okay, Naomi?” asked the two ladies hastily, as they thought Harold had done something inappropriate to Naomi after they saw her standing beside the bed in rage.

As they were overly worried, they couldn't think straight and didn't consider the fact that Harold couldn't have done anything to Naomi even if he wanted to within such a short time.

Naomi, who was already on the verge of crying, burst into tears when Luna asked if she was all right. Pointing at Harold, she complained through sobs, "H-He took advantage of me!"

After hearing that, both Luna and Michelle glared furiously at Harold.

"Why are you two glaring at me? I didn't do anything to her!"

Harold seemed fearless when faced with the three ladies' rage-filled glares.

"Just look at the state Naomi is in. How dare you claim you didn't do anything to her! Be honest. What did you do to Naomi?" Luna questioned Harold aggressively, demanding to know the truth.

"What did he do to you, Naomi?" Michelle asked Naomi curiously after noticing the latter still had her clothes on. She doesn't seem like she was violated by that jerk.

Without giving it too much thought, Naomi pointed at Harold and blurted out in agitation, "He... This jerk took off his clothes and showed me his bare body to get even!"

Pfft!

Luna giggled the moment she heard what Naomi said.

Michelle, on the other hand, was stunned when comprehension dawned on her.