

DAUNTLESS GOD OF WAR

Chapter 11

“Come, Harold! Let's raise a toast!” Benson exclaimed in glee.

He had already impatiently poured a glass of wine for Harold just as the food was being served. After raising his glass, Benson chugged the clear liquid down.

His movements made Isabella and her mother look at him in confusion.

Just moments before, Benson had been treating Harold like his sworn enemy. It was confusing how in just that short period of time, both Harold and Benson managed to patch things up.

Benson literally looked like a fan of Harold's with the way he looked at the latter.

Pauline couldn't stand it any further and smacked her fork down on the table “Benson Turner, what has gotten into you? Why are you being so friendly with him? You're not even acting your age.” She glared at him.

Isabella furiously nodded as she agreed with what her mother said.

Benson seemed to have become braver after two glasses of wine. “What do you two know? That's none of your business. Don't mind the ladies, Harold. Let's drink!”

Harold could only drink along with the enthusiastic Benson.

As if there was no one else around them, both men managed to finish two bottles of white wine in just an hour.

“Let's have another drink...” Benson drawled with a dazed look. He then fell onto the table, unconscious.

However, Harold didn't look like he was affected by the alcohol at all.

“This rascal. His alcohol tolerance is so low, but he still wants to act tough. Please clear the table, Bella. I'll help your Dad to the room to rest,” Pauline said as she supported Benson all the way to their shared room. Only Harold and Isabella were left clearing the table.

“You can sleep in my room tonight.” Since her parents had gone into the room, Isabella finally had a chance to speak to Harold about his sleeping arrangements.

Upon speaking, however, her face turned as red as a tomato.

How beautiful! Harold couldn't help thinking.

Isabella knew that her mother would suspect that their marriage was fake. Fearing that Pauline would suddenly barge into their room, Isabella didn't dare to let Harold sleep on the floor. Instead, she placed the covers between them on the bed as they went to sleep.

Isabella's heart was racing, for they were alone in the room and sharing the same bed. Harold had drunk a lot of alcohol, and this made Isabella nervous.

She didn't dare to close her eyes. With the lights still turned on, Isabella used another blanket to cover her entire body. Only her head was exposed.

Isabelle only managed to relax a little when Harold remained motionless for half an hour. She turned to

look at him with a look of curiosity. “What did you talk to Dad about before dinner? Why did his attitude toward you change so much?” she asked.

“I didn't say much. I just told him that I used to be in the military,” Harold answered casually.

Isabella instantly understood. “I see. Dad had always admired soldiers, especially the God of War named Harold. Right, I heard that you went on the battlefield before. Did you manage to see the almighty God of War?”

Once the topic involved Harold, the God of War, Isabella's eyes shone in admiration. It was obvious that she was a fan.

“I have,” Harold replied with an incredulous look. It turned out she was a fan. Would she take away this blanket between us if I told her my identity right now?

“You've met him? What does he look like? Is he a tall and mighty man who can defeat millions of enemies with only one move?” Isabella asked with an eager look as she sat up in excitement.

She had always wanted to get a picture of the God of War, but the man was very mysterious. He had never once revealed his face. The God of War even wore his butterfly mask on the battlefield.

“Defeating millions with just one move? Am I that powerful? Why don't I know that?” Harold muttered to himself in shock.

Isabella couldn't catch his words. “What did you say?” she asked with a confused look.

“I'm saying that I'm the God of War. Do you really think I'm that amazing?” Harold answered as he

looked at Isabella. He blinked his eyes, wondering if she would have the same shocked expression as her father had.

However, when Isabella heard his words, her expression turned furious. “Did you tell my dad that? That you're the God of War who left the world in shock?”

Harold looked at Isabella in puzzlement. Her reaction wasn't like what he had expected at all.

Regardless, he still replied honestly, “Yes. I told your dad the truth when he asked about my identity.”

Isabella widened her eyes in surprise. “H-How did you get my Dad to believe that outrageous lie of yours?” She had a look of disbelief on her face.

“Outrageous lie? Why do you think I'm lying?” Harold

looked at her with a frustrated expression. After so long, Isabella thought that he was lying to both her and her father.

“Hold on. Even though you share the same name as the God of War, please don't dishonor his name like this.” Isabella glared at Harold in despise. “It would still be acceptable if you spoke the truth. No one would judge you if you had never seen him before, for the God of War had always been a mysterious person. However, it's sickening of you to pretend to be him!”

Isabella's chest heaved with anger. She turned around and pulled the covers over her head. She didn't want to listen to Harold's nonsense any longer.

It all made sense to her now. It was because Harold had pretended to be the God of War that he managed to trick Benson into giving him money and being so

friendly to him.

How disgusting!

Any attraction Isabella had toward Harold instantly shattered into a million pieces.

Due to her anger, she even forgot to keep her guard up.

Harold, the God of War, was a hero in her heart. He was her idol and the guy of her dreams. The mysterious God of War is vastly different from the womanizer in front of me!

“I...”

Harold was rendered speechless. Since when had I insulted the God of War?

He was extremely frustrated at how Isabella had hidden under the covers in disdain. She didn't even give him a chance to explain himself.

I can't believe that there would be people who wouldn't believe me!

Isabella only managed to fall asleep after fuming for hours.

Because she hadn't been able to sleep well for the past two days, she ended up turning around and hugging Harold as if he was her plushie.

The dark sky soon brightened up. Just as the first rays of the rising sun spilled into the room, an ear-piercing scream was heard.

“Harold, you b*stard!”

Isabella had woken up to a shirtless Harold sleeping on her bed.

Moreover, her own nightgown was in a mess as well. The top three buttons on her shirt had been opened, revealing her fair and luscious skin.

More importantly, she was sleeping soundly on top of Harold's chest.

“W-Why did you take off your clothes?” Isabella asked after a long pause.

She had realized that she was the one who crossed the boundary.

“I felt hot after drinking with your father yesterday. That's why I took it off. You were the one who came to hug me in the middle of the night. It has nothing to do with me. Also, why did you scream so loudly? What if

your parents misunderstood?” Harold replied with an innocent look.

Internally, on the other hand, he was ecstatic.

Right after he finished speaking, Pauline knocked on the door.

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