

## DAUNTLESS GOD OF WAR

### Chapter 18

“Harold, be honest with me. What's going on?”  
Isabella stared at Harold as she waited for his response.

“I told you the truth last night. I am the God of War. The Larsons are afraid that I would do something to them, and that's why they came to apologize just now. It's just that you refused to believe me,” Harold explained as he stared at her helplessly.

“You think I would believe your nonsense? Did my dad go to find Moneybags Smith?” asked Isabella, grabbing Harold's collar. She did not believe Harold's explanation at all.

The reason why she had thought of Moneybags Smith was that her father had been secretly doing stock trading with him. The two seemed to get along well.

Moneybags Smith's real name was James Smith. His name may sound old-fashioned, but his techniques were definitely not.

Also known as Dellmoor's God of Stocks, James owned an investment company named Phoenix Investment Company, and almost every rich individual in Dellmoor had invested their extra money into that company and allowed him to assist them in managing their finances.

James, Craig, and Philip were known as the three big shots in Dellmoor.

Rumor had it that there was a powerful and influential figure behind James and Craig. He was also known as Logan Quigley.

Logan was a very mysterious man. Only people from

the upper-class society had heard of him. According to hearsay, besides James and Craig, no one else had seen him before.

Considering James' status, he was in no way capable of making Philip submit to him. The only way for that to be possible was if Logan interfered.

“Why don't you give Dad a call to find out the truth?” Harold didn't bother to continue explaining to Isabella.

“Hmph!” Isabella let go of Harold and picked up the phone to call her father.

“Dad, did you meet up with Moneybags Smith previously?” asked Isabella right away, maintaining her usual no-nonsense style of doing things.

“How did you know? Please don't ever tell your mother about me secretly trading stocks with

Moneybags Smith. If she knows that I have a secret stash, she would definitely be pissed off at me,” whispered Benson as he immediately walked toward the balcony upon hearing his daughter's words through the phone.

“All right, Dad. I'll hang up first.”

After getting the confirmation from Benson, Isabella glared at Harold and did not bother entertaining him anymore.

How did I not find out about just how unreliable this man was before? Not only did he shamelessly accept Dad's money, but he also impersonated the God of War.

Isabella regretted her decision of choosing Harold as a pretext.

When the duo was preparing to return home that afternoon, Pauline called to ask them to buy a set of poker before heading home. She explained that her friends were coming in the afternoon to play poker.

Pauline and Benson forced Isabella to take a half-day leave after lunch as it was her birthday that day. Thus, Isabella could only work from home. As for Harold, since he was waiting for the four vehicles that he had bought the previous day to arrive, he stayed home as well.

Not long after, Pauline's friends arrived.

They were three rich ladies. Each of them was carrying a branded bag, and they were all clad in the most recent fashionable outfits.

“Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Evans, you guys are finally here. I have already prepared the cards

and was just waiting for your arrival,” Pauline said excitedly after seeing her friends.

“You have such a nice house, Mrs. Turner. Even though it's a little cramped, it looks very warm and comfortable. Unlike my house, where the living room alone is about sixty square meters. Sometimes, we even have to use a speaker to call someone over. It's very irritating.”

“What's so terrible about your house? The bedroom in my mansion is on the second floor. We have to climb up and down the stairs every day. That's more frustrating!”

After the three of them had finished touring the interior of Isabella's home, they began showing off their wealth to Pauline in the form of complaints.

Upon hearing their “complaints,” Pauline's expression

became dark and grim. Despite their words of envy, they had smug looks on their faces. It was obvious that they were showing off.

I knew something was wrong when they suggested coming here to play poker. Usually, the three of them had no interest in me whatsoever. It turns out they have ulterior motives.

“The reason you guys are here today is to mock me, right?” asked Pauline, displeased.

“What are you talking about, Mrs. Turner? Why would we make fun of you? We are good friends! We were just thinking that since Isabella is so pretty and elegant, she should have married into a wealthy family. Why would she call off the engagement?” One of the women, Mrs. Jones shook her head with a look of disappointment written all over her face.

Although she looked disappointed, she felt extremely happy on the inside.

I remember that you used to brag to us about how lucky your daughter was. You wanted her to marry into the wealthiest family in Dellmoor and become a rich young mistress. Now, not only is she not a rich young mistress, but she is also very unlucky to have married a useless man. How shameless.

“Mrs. Jones, it is wrong of you to say that. Fate decides everything. If it belongs to you, it would ultimately be yours. There is no point in forcing it if it doesn't belong to you. Take, for example, my daughter. She usually kept a low profile and yet, she managed to date a filthy rich boyfriend. If she married over now, her life would be blissful. Look at that Camry that I drove over here. It was a gift from my son-in-law, and it costs hundreds of thousands,” Mrs. Evans interrupted Mrs. Jones with glee.



“What's so great about that? Mrs. Brown's son-in-law is not bad as well. Did you see her branded bag? Her son-in-law, who is an executive of a foreign company, had gotten it for her as her birthday gift last month. He asked someone to buy it from overseas. That bag alone costs more than ten thousand!” said Mrs. Jones as she pointed at Mrs. Brown's bag with a face full of envy.

“Don't flatter me, you guys. My son-in-law's not at all impressive besides being devoted and having a decent job so my daughter doesn't need to work,” said Mrs. Brown humbly before looking at Pauline curiously.

“Oh right. Mrs. Turner, I heard that the reason that Isabella had called off the engagement with the Larson family was that she had secretly gotten married to a man she liked. Who's your son-in-law?”

Don't tell me he's from a wealthy family too?"

The three of them had already heard about Isabella marrying someone that was dumped. The reason they were there that day was to ridicule Pauline.

Thus, they brought all the branded things they owned to show off.

Their motive was to see Pauline get embarrassed and ashamed in front of them.

However, as soon as Pauline heard them asking about her son-in-law, a triumphant smile flashed across her face.

"You're right. My son-in-law's not only a fine man, but he also has a powerful identity. Across Chanaea, no other man's on par with him. I think my Bella's way too lucky to be able to marry him."

Looking at Pauline's proud face, the three of them were dumbfounded. Did we get the wrong information?

Nonetheless, after they looked around the small two-bedroom apartment, they sniggered.

."But Mrs. Turner, we heard that Isabella's husband was dumped by his ex for not being able to afford a three-hundred-thousand betrothal gift. You guys shouldn't be fooled by him. Nowadays, there are many swindlers out there, so you must be careful. Don't get swindled," the three of them commented, putting on a concerned facade.

We'll spill all of your secrets. Let's see how you can still pretend.

"Um..."

Just as Pauline was wondering how to explain to them, Harold and Isabella walked out of the room.

The staff from the car dealership had already sent over the four vehicles that Harold had purchased yesterday. They called and asked him to get downstairs to accept it.

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