

## DAUNTLESS GOD OF WAR

### Chapter 8

“Lady, we suspect that you're involved in fraudulent use of a third-party's bank card. Please come with us to our office for further investigation.”

Two security guards appeared out of nowhere and held Pauline captive there before hauling her forcefully into the office.

“Let go of me! What are you guys doing?” shrilled Pauline. She was so taken aback that she had no idea what to do.

The commotion attracted the attention of the crowd in the waiting area.

The driver who was standing behind Pauline earlier was also dumbfounded by the scene before his eyes.

He assumed that Pauline was some sort of wanted criminal and had been recognized. Coincidentally, there was a red notice on the internet searching for a human trafficker, who was also a middle-aged woman like her. Moreover, the more he looked at her body proportions, the more she resembled that criminal.

To stay out of trouble, the driver decided to forgo the taxi fare of about 60 before wheeling around and fleeing.

As the staff witnessed the security guards arresting that woman, she instantly went to inform her manager.

That rose gold card was a symbol of status and prestige.

If she could salvage the loss on behalf of the rose gold card's owner and make a good impression on the

owner, she would hit the jackpot.

The bank manager, who was a bald man in his forties, listened to the staff's report intently. After validating the rose gold card, he, too, was thunderstruck.

Having ownership of a rose gold card was no longer a privilege of a tycoon. Instead, only those who were beyond affluent and prominent in their own class would be qualified to own one.

The manager had similar thoughts to his staff at that moment. If he could secure that rose gold card and score a favor from the owner, among other things, the management would definitely promote him along with a pay raise.

When the manager reached the door of the office, he ordered the staff, "I already got the gist of the situation. You may get back to work first. I'll handle

this case myself.”

The staff was panic-stricken when she heard that. This bald guy is obviously trying to claim all the credit. What a selfish pig!

She wanted to at least have a shot for her right, thus piping up, “But I—” The next second, she was interrupted by her manager on the spot.

“There's no but. I'll summon you if anything. That's all!”

The manager slammed the office door and rebuffed the staff just like that.

Hmph! I hope he chokes himself on his greed! She was indignant, yet there was nothing she could do but return to her post.

Meanwhile, the moment the manager set foot in the office, he saw two security guards pinning a woman, who was about 50 years old, on the couch.

That woman struggled endlessly.

“This is illegal confinement. Get me your manager right now. I'll file a complaint against all of you,” fumed Pauline. Anger was written all over her face.

“There's no need for that. I'm the manager here. Tell me. How did you possess this card?” the manager questioned Pauline with an ice-cold tone as he approached her and handed over that rose gold card.

“Isn't this Harold's rose gold bank card? What's his card doing here?”

Judging by the manager's demeanor, Pauline figured that the card had to be uncommon. Could it be some

laundered money?

The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she felt. She tried to deny all relations with the card at once. “T-This card isn't mine! I don't know what you're saying!”

Pauline's gaze wavered almost imperceptibly. She dared not even look the manager in the eye.

“Hmph! Trying to deny it, are you? Take a look at this, then!” Seeing the woman in front of him feigning innocence with her dodgy expression, the manager was all the more confident that she had indeed stolen the card. He retrieved the surveillance footage of the lobby where Pauline had been earlier and replayed it right away.

Alas, the rose gold card was one of the bank cards presented by Pauline to the banker.

The corner of the manager's lips curled into a smirk as he sneered, "Got nothing to say now, don't you? Is that guy behind you your accomplice?"

Pauline's face paled to a ghastly white. She was at a loss. "I really don't know how this card got into my handbag, and I also don't know who the hell that guy is. Seriously, I don't know anything!"

Considering that the woman was still stubborn and dishonest, the manager made up his mind to unleash his wrath for the sake of a better future. He directed his gaze at those two security guards and demanded, "You two, beat her up."

The security guards didn't take action on that note. Instead, the duo merely exchanged glances.

That would be logical because they were only security

guards, and the act of assault was a crime itself. Nevertheless, since it was a direct order from their superior, they had to do his bidding. Otherwise, they might lose their jobs.

The manager could tell their concerns by the look on their faces, thus reassuring them, "I'll take responsibility if anything goes wrong!"

"I'm sorry, sir. Beating people up is against the law. Plus, she's a woman. I can't do it."

The younger security guard among the two sounded quite persistent when he spoke.

As Pauline seemed to be at the same age as his own mother, he naturally couldn't bring himself to do it.

His words ticked the manager off. "Worthless trash! If you don't beat her up, then pack your things and



scram. You don't even have to come to work anymore from tomorrow onward.”

“I'll just not work, then. Who needs this lousy job?”

The young security guard was also infuriated. He turned and left.

Only the elder security guard stood rooted on the spot, unsure whether to leave or stay.

“Why are you still here?” yelled the manager, glaring at the security guard staying put.

“I... will follow your orders, sir. I'll hit her upon your request.” As soon as the latter dropped the words, he flung his palm and landed a tight slap across Pauline's face straight away.

He had a family to feed, so if he were to lose this job, their only source of income would be cut off. By

contrast, that young security guard was a single pringle, so he would only need to provide for himself.

That slap was quick, merciless, and precise. Pauline's right cheek became all red and swollen in an instant.

“How dare you hit me! Just you guys wait and see. I'll sue you...”

Covering her scorching cheek with her hand, Pauline was stupefied once more. Never in a million years did she expect them to really lay a finger on her. Feeling helpless, all she could do was shout at them to mask her own fear.

“Spit it out! Where did you get this card?” asked the manager again with a grim visage, completely ignoring Pauline's threat.

Seeing his look, Pauline was all the more convinced

that Harold had indeed broken the law. There's really something wrong with this card!

To leave her daughter out of this hurdle, she had no choice but to bear with the beating head-on.

“Well, since she's not willing to part with the truth, give your all and beat her up until she opens her mouth!”

Wearing a menacing countenance, the manager vowed to never give up until he got to the bottom of it. It was all to secure his own bright future.

The security guard went all out upon hearing the manager's words. Thus began a round of non-stop smacking on Pauline's poor face.

“Ah! Okay, okay! I'll talk. Please stop hitting me. Someone gave this card to me. I'll call him over right now.”

Pauline eventually relented after enduring a dozen slaps from the security guard. She was simply an ordinary woman, so she couldn't withstand a torturous interrogation like this.

Seeing the woman finally giving in, the manager quickly passed the phone to her.

Pauline was pitifully sobbing as she made the call. "Hubby, I got beaten up by the people in the bank. Hurry up and bring that criminal Harold here!" She didn't have Harold's number, so she could only call her husband.

As the manager overheard Pauline calling her husband to get the so-called criminal to the bank, he felt his speculation had been confirmed.

He reckoned that only a fugitive with a death wish

would be so daring to commit a rose gold card fraud like this.

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