

## **Dauntless 150**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

#### **Chapter 150**

"Dad, what did she mean by that? Did her grandpa lose his mind or what? Why can't he see through Harold's trick?" Megan questioned, looking confused.

"You silly girl... During that great battle five years ago, before the God of War even appeared, the army of Chanaea had suffered major casualties. Harold once invited Dr. Thompson to the battlefield to treat those wounded soldiers," explained Glen with a sigh as he shook his head and looked at his dumb daughter.

"What has this got to do with Harold... Wait. Are you trying to say that Dr. Thompson and the God of War had fought alongside each other? Then, Dr. Thompson wouldn't have recognized the wrong person as the God of War. Don't tell me Harold's really the..." Megan's expression changed the moment she understood the meaning behind Loraine's words.

As Loraine walked back into the Golden Sands Hotel, Harold stood and waited for her at the entrance.

"Is that you, Harold? It's been a while."

Just then, a surprised voice was heard from beside Harold.

"Quinton? What are you doing here?"

Harold turned around and was equally surprised to see that it was the class representative from his high school, Quinton Hayes.

"I'm waiting for my girlfriend to get off work. She's working at a nearby company. What about you? Don't tell me you're working as a security guard here at Golden Sands Hotel," Quinton questioned as he looked at Harold's clothes.

Back then, Harold was the richest person in the whole school. His family was the richest in Norham. I can't believe he had fallen into such a miserable state and became a security guard.

Quinton felt sorry for the man.

"No, I'm also waiting for someone," Harold quickly explained.

However, Quinton did not believe his words.

"Oh, why are you so ashamed to admit the truth? I've heard about what happened with your family. All jobs are noble and worthy of respect. Oh, right. I forgot to mention that there would be a class gathering

a few days later. I heard that the popular girl you had a crush on would be coming, too. Add me on WhatsApp, and I'll remind you when the time comes.”

Back when Quinton was the class rep, he was a kind-hearted and righteous person.

Thus, without hesitation, Harold agreed to add him on WhatsApp.

“All right, it's done. My girlfriend's going to get off work soon. Her company always forces them to work overtime. I have to go now. Let's keep in touch via WhatsApp.”

Harold was just about to explain what happened between him and the popular girl in class back then, but Quinton waved the phone in his hand and left in a jiffy.

Harold looked at Quinton's silhouette as he was leaving and smiled wryly.

That year, he had helped his deskmate pass a love letter to the popular girl in class. However, his deskmate was too shy to write his own name, so he had written Harold's name on that letter instead of his.