

## DAUNTLESS GOD OF WAR

### Chapter 4

“What are you...” Isabella arched her brow, feeling puzzled.

“I wrote Brittany's name when I bought the house. Since they kicked me out and I have nowhere to go now that it's late, so...” Harold replied with a look of embarrassment.

Although he was driven out of his house by the Xenos family after they had occupied it, he didn't feel angry.

On the contrary, he felt a little grateful to them.

Because of this, I have an excuse to move to Isabella's place and live with her.

“Come in. However, let me say this in advance. You must move out as soon as this is over.”

Isabella reasoned to herself that she might need Harold's help in dealing with her parents and grandfather, so she agreed to his request.

With that, the two began living under the same roof.

The house that Isabella rented had two rooms, one acting as a bedroom and the other as a study. Besides that, it also had a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom.

The decoration of the house was mainly pink, with a faint fragrance that exuded femininity.

Due to Harold's arrival, she had to clean out the study for him to live in.

Clad in casual clothes, Isabella looked like a diligent wife while making the bed for Harold.

“It feels so good to have a wife!”

Harold felt blissful as he leaned against the door and watched her get busy with her task.

“The bed is made. Settle the rest by yourself.”

Isabella was still not used to living with a man, so she quickly ran back to her room and locked the door upon making Harold's bed.

Although he used to give her the impression that he was an honest person, the way he acted earlier this day made her feel that she was previously mistaken.

This guy seems to have shifted his target to me as he keeps giving me weird looks. His words are also quite cheesy!

She lay on the bed and couldn't sleep, no matter how hard she tried. Her mind was a mess. It was a sleepless night for her.

It was the complete opposite for Harold in the room next door. Lying in the bed that Isabella had made for him and smelling the faint fragrance, he felt very calm and at ease. After some time, he fell asleep and only woke up at dawn.

He found dozens of unread emails in his phone mailbox upon waking up.

Recalling that the Five-Year Agreement had ended at midnight last night, Harold read through all the emails.

They were all messages from big shots over the world and his former subordinates, offering congratulations on the expiration of the Five-Year Agreement and the reactivation of the bank card.

Apart from Logan, everyone else in the world only knew that he had disappeared for five years, not knowing that he had been living in Dellmoor for those five years with an ordinary identity.

The expiration of the Five-Year Agreement meant that from now on, he had access to his vast resources again.

However, after going through all the emails, Harold deleted them all without responding.

I don't want to go anywhere now. I only wish to stay by Isabella's side. It'll be perfect if we can have a baby together.

“You're up early. I'm going out to buy something now. Come with me to meet my parents later.”

Isabella appeared sluggish as she spoke to him by the door. It was apparent that she didn't sleep well the night before.

“Roger that!” He immediately ran to wash up.

However, not long after she went out, the doorbell rang. Harold thought that she had forgotten to take the key and quickly ran to open the door.

“Why are you...”

He opened the door and was just about to tease her when he cut himself off, for instead of Isabella, a middle-aged man and woman with dark circles under their eyes stood outside.

The man had a square-shaped face and was tall and burly, while the woman was elegant and poised. Anyone could tell that they were from a wealthy

family.

Moreover, their expressions and demeanors reminded him a little of Isabella.

“Who are you looking for?”

Although he already had a good guess about their identities, he still couldn't help but throw out the question.

“So, you're Harold? We're Bella's parents,” Isabella's mother replied coldly after scrutinizing him for a moment.

“Oh, so it's my father-in-law and mother-in-law. Come on in and have some tea.”

Harold quickly ushered them in and poured them tea.

“There's no need for that. I'm sure you're aware of the purpose of our visit today. In this card is 300 thousand. Take the money and leave our daughter,” Pauline Rivera said coldly and directly as she took out a bank card from her bag and threw it on the table.

After Edward had woken up the night before, he had already gotten someone to investigate Harold thoroughly. He found out that the fiancée of the man in front of them had demanded an extra 300 thousand in betrothal gift last minute, and he couldn't produce it, so he turned to propose to their daughter, who was the bridesmaid instead.

Based on their understanding of their daughter, they knew that she had to be using him as a shield to refuse her marriage to the son of the Larson family, so she agreed to register the marriage with him.

“Dad, Mom, my feelings toward Bella are real and

sincere. How could you insult our relationship with money?” Harold remarked with a slight scowl.

He had thought of countless scenes of meeting Isabella's parents but never expected them to be so direct.

It seems that Isabella had inherited her straightforward personality from her parents. There's no doubt that she's their daughter!

“Enough with the pretense! We've done a thorough check of your affairs. This 300 thousand is enough for the betrothal gift you need for the Xenos family. If you think it's too little, we'll add an extra 200 thousand. Young people should know not to cross the line.”

It seemed that Isabella's parents came prepared. As Pauline spoke, she took out a card from her bag and threw it on the table.

Her actions enraged Harold completely.

“In this card is 100 million in Anglandur currency for you both to have tea. Take it and never interfere with our affairs again. How's that?”

With that, he took out a rose gold bank card from his wallet and threw it on the table just like she did.

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