

## **Dauntless 491**

### **Dauntless God Of War**

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“Nothing much. Luna and her friends are still freaking out because of your son. I want you to promise them that it will never happen again!” Harold came up with an excuse after Liam answered his call.

He then pointed the lens of his phone at Luna, Naomi, and Michelle.

After hearing what Harold said, Liam's expression turned serious, and he made a promise to the three women. “Of course. I was just about to teach that useless son of mine a lesson. I promise to be more strict with him so that such a thing will never happen again! On behalf of my son, I hereby apologize to you three ladies...” He then bowed respectfully to apologize to them.

Harold was satisfied to see Liam's respectful gesture. He said a few more things to the latter before hanging up.

“Well? Do you believe me now?” Harold asked the three women after the WhatsApp video call ended.

At that point, it was impossible for either of them not to believe him.

The moment they saw Liam appear in the video, they no longer had any suspicions about what Harold had said.

It turned out that it was Harold, the loser whom Naomi and Michelle looked down upon, who helped them resolve the issue with Owen instead of Donny.

Luna glanced at Naomi before asking, “Naomi, Harold put in so much effort to help settle our affairs. Shouldn't you apologize to him?”

“Hmph. He did all that for your sake. Besides, he was lucky. I'm sure Mr. Hightower will sue Harold for deception once he finds out that it was only a coincidence that Harold knew about the cause of Old Mr. Conde's illness and that he isn't actually a miracle doctor. By then, we might be dragged into the mess. If you want me to apologize and thank him, he should at least prove that he's worthy of that!”

Being a prideful person, Naomi couldn't bring herself to apologize to Harold after hearing what Luna said.

With that, she got up and left.

“Naomi, where are you going?”

Luna was confused to see Naomi leaving in a huff.

"I don't feel like eating anymore. I'll be taking my leave first. You all can enjoy!" Naomi said as she ran out of Morinstar Hotel and drove away, leaving Harold, Luna, and Michelle behind. The trio wordlessly exchanged gazes with one another.

At that moment, the dishes they had ordered were served. It would be a waste if they did not finish the food.

"It's fine. Let's sit down and eat. I'll give her a call when I get home!" Luna said as she stared at the delicious food on the table.

"All right. It'll be waste if we don't eat these. Let's eat!"

Michelle's personality seemed to turn a one-eighty. She was the first person to sit down and start eating.

Left without a choice, Harold could only sit down and enjoy the meal.

Not long after, a waiter brought over a bottle of whiskey.

Donny was the one who ordered it, as he had planned to make the three women drunk so that he could seize the chance to take advantage of them.

Though Donny had run off, the bottle of whiskey wasn't returned.

"Waiter, open the bottle and fill our glasses!"

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"What's wrong?" Luna asked after noticing the frown on Harold's face and how he still did not start the motorcycle although Michelle had sat tight.

"Nothing. Wait here for me. I'll be right back!" Harold replied as he glanced at Michelle's arms encircling his waist before starting the motorcycle and driving off, leaving Luna to wait at the hotel.

Following the address Luna had given him, it took Harold about ten minutes to send Michelle back to her rented apartment.

"Get down. We're here!" Harold snapped at Michelle, his tone icy. Her arms were still wrapped tightly around his waist.

He could tell that Michelle wasn't drunk. Otherwise, she would not be hugging him so tightly.

But why would she put on a drunken act just to have me send her home?

However, to Harold's surprise, as soon as his words left his mouth, Michelle felt nauseous and threw up all over his back.

The two of them were pressed up against each other, so her vomit had dirtied them both.

A pungent and disgusting smell wafted from behind Harold, causing him to feel sick, too.

Was I wrong? Is she really drunk?

As the horrible stench permeated the air, Harold began suspecting whether his judgment had been wrong.

"I-I'm sorry! I didn't do it on purpose! Why don't you help me upstairs? You can take off your jacket there so I can wash and dry it."

Michelle seemed to have sobered up a little after vomiting the food and the whiskey from dinner. Her face turned red as she stared at her puke on his back and her chest.

Disgusted by the smell, Harold had no choice but to agree to Michelle's suggestion.

He helped the tipsy woman get off the motorcycle and allowed her to wrap one of her arms around his neck for support before carefully helping her upstairs.

From that angle, Harold's gaze landed precisely on the most seductive part of her body that would make any man lose control of themselves.

As expected of a female live streamer! Her cleavage is unbelievable! She was born to work in this industry!

After entering Michelle's apartment, Harold immediately helped her into the bathroom.

"Can you help me get a new set of clothes from my bedroom? Oh, a set of undergarments too!" Michelle called out from behind Harold just as he was about to leave the bathroom. She sounded somewhat intoxicated still.

"Wait here!"

Harold accepted her request and left the bathroom.

Michelle's rented apartment consisted of a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom.

The bedroom door was not closed, so Harold quickly walked in.

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Harold quickly snatched a plain dress and dashed out, completely forgetting that Michelle had also asked him to bring her a set of underwear.

When he returned to the bathroom, the door was ajar.

Harold thought that she would remain still and silent in the same spot until he had brought the garments to her.

Inside the bathroom, however, he discovered that Michelle had slipped out of her stained dress and was waiting for him in her sexy underwear.

“Sorry.”

Harold left the dress behind and turned to leave.

Right then, Michelle suddenly grabbed his arm and threw herself into his embrace.

“Harold, do you find my body soft?” she whispered in his ear.

With the effects of the alcohol still lingering, she had a blush on her cheeks that made her look quite attractive.

Harold felt his heart skip a beat at the sight.

He hated not being in control of his emotions. Taking a deep breath to calm himself down, he shoved her away.

“Clean up and change into the new clothes. I’ll wait for you outside!”

With that, he turned to leave the bathroom.

“You want Naomi, right?” Michelle asked the moment he spun around.

“What do you mean by that?” Harold turned over his shoulder to ask.

“Men are trash. Even those who may outwardly present themselves as gentlemen can often be deceitful, particularly when they are presented with attractive women. All men are beasts at heart,”

Michelle mocked.

It was clear that she was biased against men.

As Harold came to a halt, she assumed she had struck a chord deep within his heart. Disgust flickered in her gaze for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure and went to him.

Harold frowned, not knowing what she was getting at.

"If that's all you have to say, please excuse me!"

After he waited for what felt like an eternity, Michelle was still silent and seemed to have nothing more to add, so he took his leave.

Seeing Harold getting impatient, Michelle went straight to the topic. "I can help you get Naomi, but I need your help, too!"

"In what way would you like me to help you?" Harold asked curiously without looking back.

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"Yes, you are absolutely correct. However, that will only be possible after you have agreed to assist me. I need to reserve my virginity for someone as opulent as Lothar, so I can gain the wealth and recognition I desire. If I become his mistress, it will be beneficial to you as well. If Lothar discovers that you only happened to know about the health of the elderly Mr. Condle and are not a miracle doctor, you could face a horrible death. By helping me, you can have the assurance that I'll help you in return, right?"

Michelle seemed smug as she thought she knew Harold's weakness well.

If Harold is smart enough, he'll definitely agree to my condition. After all, this is beneficial to him.

Michelle figured that Donny was intimidated by Harold because he was close to Lothar.

If I can make a good impression on Lothar and get into his good graces, I should be able to reap the greatest rewards as a woman. By collaborating with Harold, we will have the opportunity to take full advantage of Lothar's influence.

Unfortunately, she was completely wrong in her assumption. It was not Harold who was attempting to ingratiate himself with Lothar, but actually the opposite; Lothar was the one actively trying to curry favor with Harold.

Harold was quite surprised to discover that Michelle was a scheming woman.

At first glance, she looks angelic and beautiful, but beneath the surface lies a devious and merciless soul. She is prepared to do whatever it takes to further her own ambitions, even if it means sacrificing herself and her best friend.

Harold wondered how he could reveal Michelle's true colors to Luna.

Luna won't believe me if I tell her the truth directly. In fact, Michelle might even turn the tables to accuse me falsely. She can betray her best friend in order to climb out the ranks, so there's no telling what she'll do.

Harold was deep in thought, so Michelle thought he was tempted and was considering her idea.

A smile nudged her lips as she sauntered to him, ready to offer her trump card.

"If you agree, I'll assist you in securing Naomi and Luna to join us. You will have the pleasure of enjoying our company. Even someone with as much wealth and power as Owen was incapable of having all three of us!" Michelle drawled seductively as she helped Harold out of his dirty jacket and threw it into the washing machine.

She spoke in a calm tone, as though betraying her best friends was a trivial matter.

There was no hint of guilt on her face!

When Michelle turned to put his jacket into the washing machine, Harold pulled out his phone and clicked into the voice recording application to record their conversation. He then deliberately asked, "Really? Why don't you go over the benefits I stand to receive? That way, I might consider joining your side."

Michelle figured he was finally going to cave in to the temptation and repeated her answer patiently.

Harold was pleased as he had recorded her answer.

With that, he declared, "I simply can't bring myself to go against my principles and betray my friends. Naomi is far from being someone I'm attracted to, anyway. She's too spoiled. Even if you somehow convinced her to come to my bed, I still wouldn't sleep with her. You are an unscrupulous woman who will not hesitate to deceive and use your own friends to get what you want, so I'm not at all interested in you. If there is nothing else you wish to say, then I will take my leave now."

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"W-What do you want?" Michelle finally hung her head low as she was at a loss for words.

"I want nothing. I won't let Luna hear the recording for now. However, if you dare to lay a hand on them one day, I'll definitely leak this recording to the public," Harold warned icily.

Weapons only have a deterrent effect before they are used!

After hearing Harold's answer, Michelle took a few moments to calm herself down and reflect. She then put on a provocative expression and made her way over to him, her hips swaying with each step. When she reached him, she smiled coyly and said in a breathy voice, "Harold, why don't we come to an arrangement? If you agree to erase the recording, I will do whatever you desire this evening. How about that?"

She didn't forget to showcase her curves with sexy poses that she usually exhibited during her live streams.

Other men had been captivated by her alluring poses even though they only saw her on their phones and computers. She was confident that Harold would not be able to resist her charms if she acted in the same way in his presence.

"I'm sorry, but I dare not be with someone like you even if you offer me money to be with you. If there's nothing else, please excuse me. Bye!"

Harold pushed Michelle away and left without looking back. He didn't bother being a gentleman to her.

I've spent a long time here. Luna will worry if I don't return soon.

"B\*stard, you'll regret this!" Michelle crouched down in the hallway outside the bathroom and yelled viciously.

Her neighbors heard her yell and thought she had had a fight with her boyfriend.

Soon, Harold returned to Morinstar Hotel.

Luna stood patiently at the entrance of the hotel, shivering on the cold winter night.

She had already bundled up in her coat, but it was so chilly outside that she decided to pull the hood up over her head to shield her from the chill. She rubbed her hands together in a futile attempt to restore some warmth to her freezing fingers.

Seeing her rubbing her hands in an attempt to ward off the cold, Harold felt a swell of pity for her and gently encouraged her, "It must be really cold. Why don't you come up here and give me a hug? That should warm you up."

Hearing his voice, Luna looked up and noticed he was only wearing a thin thermal top. His jacket was nowhere to be seen. Baffled, she asked, "Where is your jacket? Don't you feel cold?"

“Michelle puked on it, so it's still getting washed in her washing machine. If you don't want me to freeze to death, get up so we can go home now!”

Luna hopped onto his motorcycle as told. Despite claiming to be freezing, Harold held Luna's hand and tenderly placed it on his stomach, providing her with the comforting warmth of his body.

“What are you doing?” Luna gasped in shock as she tried to retract her hand.

However, Harold refused to relinquish his grip on her and insisted on warming her up with his body.

He wasn't cold at all despite the weather.

Harold felt nothing romantic when Luna's hand was placed on his stomach, as he simply thought of it as an act of caring for a sister of his.

Tears stung the corner of Luna's eyes as his action reminded her of her husband, who died a few years ago.

Her husband used to warm her up with the same method back then.

Hubby, did you send him to my side?

Luna bit her lips and forced herself to stay silent.

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The winter months in Dellmoor were often damp and chilly, but Grandeur Hotel was always warm and inviting thanks to its efficient heating system.

It felt like summer inside the hotel while winter raged on outside.

One could wear a thin shirt inside and feel comfortable.

It was nine at night. Evelyn was lying on the soft bed in her room on the twenty-eighth floor, clad in nothing but a sexy nightgown. The TV was on, but she wasn't paying any attention to it.

She couldn't help but remember the peril she encountered with the God of War in Jinrich only a few days ago.

She had the urge to find out what the God of War looked like. Her curiosity had reached an almost unbearable level.



As the moments slowly passed, the thought of visiting the God of War became increasingly appealing to her.

She felt an overwhelming desire to go to him, to implore him to take off his mask and show her his true face.

He should be in his room at the moment, and if I knock on the door, I might be fortunate enough to catch him without his mask. That way, I can get a good look at his face without having to ask him to remove it.

Gathering her strength and determination, Evelyn silently tiptoed out of her bedroom and made her way along the corridor to the God of War's room, which was located on the same floor as hers.

At his door, she suddenly hesitated.

After pondering briefly, Evelyn mustered her courage and knocked on the fake God of War's door.

Soon, the door was opened.

"God..."

Evelyn thought the God of War would open the door personally and was about to greet him when she discovered it was his subordinate who answered the door.

The fake Logan opened the door and asked curiously, "Ms. Schmidt, what can I do for you?"

"Uh, I need to talk to the God of War," Evelyn stuttered nervously, even though she was usually eloquent.

"Let her in, Logan. You can leave now," the fake God of War announced before Logan could say that he wasn't free to meet anyone.

"Yes, sir! Please come in, Ms. Schmidt," Logan invited.

He stepped out and shut the door securely behind him, not forgetting to keep watch outside.

Evelyn stepped into the room to discover that it was a luxuriously decorated presidential suite.

She had thought that in the comforts of his own room, the God of War would be unmasked, yet when she laid eyes on him, her expectations were dashed.

The man standing before her was still wearing his mask.

“Ms. Schmidt, what can I do for you?” the fake God of War asked coldly.

“I... It's nothing important!” Evelyn grew nervous when she saw his icy expression.

With that, she turned to leave.

The fake God of War didn't stop her from leaving.

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Evelyn thought her hopes were dashed, so she was pleasantly surprised to hear that. “What condition? I will agree to any condition!”

She agreed excitedly without knowing the condition.

“You agreed without hearing the condition?”

The imposter was surprised by her answer and belatedly realized how much Evelyn adored the God of War.

He felt intense envy toward the actual God of War, whom he had never had the opportunity to encounter.

Evelyn replied presumptuously, “You want me to keep your appearance a secret, right? No problem. I can assure you that your appearance will remain confidential. I can guarantee I'll forget your features after one glance!”

“Pfft! That's not my condition,” the imposter replied with a frown.

“Huh? Then what's the condition?” Evelyn was baffled.

“My condition is, you can take a look at my face if you agree to have a few drinks with me,” the imposter revealed.

His answer made Evelyn's jaw drop. “You want me to drink with you? What a weird condition,” she commented in disbelief.

“Yes, we'll enjoy a few alcoholic drinks together. If your answer is yes, I'll remove my mask and show you my face. If you decline, then it would be best for you to leave this place immediately!” the imposter told her.

His tone had reverted to its usual detachment, leaving her to make her decision.

“Sure, no problem. We'll just be drinking, right? Where are the drinks?” Evelyn agreed readily.

She had initially planned to use her charms to seduce the imposter, so she wasn't afraid that he might drug her or take advantage of her when she got drunk.

In fact, she would welcome the God of War to take advantage of her!

Thus, she nodded eagerly and appeared to be even more eager than the phony God of War.

The imposter was inwardly elated to see her response.

Once I get her intoxicated, it will be much easier to ask her questions. Also, it is obvious that she is not resistant to the idea of having sex with me.

In order to maintain the façade of being the God of War, the imposter had to remain dedicated to the task and forgo any romantic relationships for some time.

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When she turned around, the imposter who was standing behind her had already removed his mask.

He had been blessed with exceptionally attractive features since he was a child, and women would often react with enthusiastic shrieks of admiration when they caught sight of his features. His confidence in his appearance had been bolstered throughout his life.

Yet, Evelyn's reaction made his brows furrow up.

Just like Isabella, Evelyn's reaction to his true face was not one of surprise or delight, but rather one of disappointment. He was confused by her response.

That emotion disappeared in a flash, but he caught it nonetheless.

“Uh, is this your real face?” Evelyn asked hesitantly.

The man had the looks of a movie star, but she still felt a tinge of disappointment, as though something was missing.

She had envisioned the God of War to be a manly figure with a tanned complexion, and the man standing in front of her gave her a different impression.

He was of a similar age to the renowned God of War, yet his countenance seemed almost gender-

ambiguous.

If he was an average person, she would be beside herself with joy at how handsome he was.

However, his looks contrasted with his intimidating title as the God of War.

Confused, the imposter asked, "Why? Am I not attractive enough?"

"Oh, of course not. Your face looks different from what I had pictured in my mind, that's all. Let's have a drink, shall we? Where are the glasses?" Evelyn switched the subject and asked the imposter to bring out the glasses.

The phony God of War ordered some dishes to eat before they began drinking.

Evelyn was usually good at drinking, but after consuming an entire bottle of whiskey between them, she started to feel the effects significantly. Her beautiful eyes had taken on a glazed, dreamlike quality, a sure sign of her inebriation.

She took advantage of her tipsy state to ask, "B\*stard, why did you abandon me in the wretched Jinrich and fled without me?"

The imposter was shocked to hear her question, but he soon realized what she was talking about.

He was pondering how to craft a response that would protect his secret while at the same time fish some useful information from Evelyn when she answered her own question.

"I know. You're going to say that you were rushing to Dellmoor for an event, right? I can forgive you, but can you please stop being so hostile toward me? I'm really scared when you act so aggressively toward me!" she grumbled as she took another sip of whiskey.

"Do you like me?" the imposter asked.

Evelyn seemed to be in a daze, her cheeks turning a faint pink from embarrassment. "Hey! Don't be smug!"

"When did you start liking me?" he pressed on.

Evelyn refused to admit to it, but the imposter knew he was right as she avoided meeting his gaze.

"I don't like you. In fact, I hate you. From the moment you saved me from General Goldknife's men, I have felt nothing but hatred for you. We then ventured into The Poisonous Forest..." Evelyn fell victim to the ploy of the false God of War as the alcohol overpowered her judgment.

She eventually divulged the entirety of her experience with Herold et Jinrich.

As the experience left a deep impression on Evelyn, she provided explicit details.

Quintus had kept the news of Herold's plene cresh tightly under wraps, so much so that even Evelyn was kept in the dark about it.

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Rumors have been circulating that the God of War was critically wounded following his last engagement, so it's likely that he is still recovering and cannot confront me directly. It would explain why he has tolerated me impersonating him for such a long time and announcing that I'm him to the world.

As the thought occurred to the imposter, he let out an icy chuckle.

After obtaining what he desired, the fraudulent God of War began to rake his burning, craving eyes over Evelyn's delicate complexion and alluring body shape. An intense desire stirred within him as he felt the impulse to take her right there and then.

He told her, "You're drunk. I'll help you to the bed so you can get some rest."

He rose to his feet and went over to Evelyn and picked her up.

Evelyn might be feeling tipsy, but she was still able to think straight.

Her body warmed up when the fake God of War swooped her into his arms.

Before she had the chance to decide if she should put up a fight or take a more proactive approach, the imposter unceremoniously tossed her onto the bed.

He then lunged toward her.

"Ah!" Evelyn let out a blood-curdling scream subconsciously and rolled aside as she wasn't prepared yet.

"What's wrong? Don't you like me?"

"N-No, it's not that. You haven't taken a shower yet, have you? Why don't you go ahead and do that?" Evelyn stammered out an excuse to conceal her uneasiness.

What's wrong with me? I thought I had made up my mind to be more active and take the initiative, but now I find myself feeling nervous and uncertain when he's showing enthusiasm.

“Oh, I see. I'll be done soon, so stay put and wait for me!” the imposter told her cheerfully.

He hopped off the bed and strode toward the bathroom, his steps determined and confident. He began to undress as he walked, unbuttoning his shirt and peeling it off before throwing it to Evelyn.

Obviously, he was trying to set the atmosphere.

Seeing that, Evelyn covered her eyes instinctively.

When the shirt landed on her head, she removed her hands and peeked at the man striding into the bathroom.

Anxiety began to swell within her chest.

However, she had no idea why she felt that way.

Didn't he show his bare back to me when we were in Jinrich? He also carried me on his back. I remembered how shocked I was to see his back full of scars. Wait, scars!

Evelyn jolted up in surprise when she recalled the scars on the God of War's back.

She directed a shocked look at the imposter, who disappeared behind the door of the bathroom.

Finally, she discovered the source of her anxiety.

It's the scars! The God of War who saved me had scars all over his back! This man, however, has no such scars, and his skin is even more soft and delicate than that of a woman. Is he an imposter?

Evelyn trembled in fear at the conclusion that struck her.

No wonder he gave off a different scent when I first met him. It turns out that the God of War who saved me in Jinrich wasn't this person. Which is the real God of War, then?

Confusion inundated Evelyn.

She desperately wrecked her mind in an effort to remember the events in Jinrich and was certain that the man with scars all over his back was the real deal.

Only the true God of War had the ability to rescue her from the perilous circumstances back then.

The current one bore no resemblance nor was built like the legendary God of War.

Evelyn's muddled mind promptly cleared up.

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The phony Logan was confused to see Evelyn opening the door herself and jolting in shock at the sight of him. "Ms. Schmidt, what's wrong?" he asked.

Evelyn suddenly had an idea. "I-I need to get sanitary pads!"

Her answer rendered the phony Logan awkward.

He stepped aside to allow her to leave, feeling bad for his superior.

I thought they could enjoy a wonderful night together, but she ended up having her period. He's so unlucky.

Evelyn breathed a sigh of relief inwardly when she saw him stepping aside for her to leave.

After hurrying out of the imposter's room, she dared not return to her own room and left the hotel directly.

The fake God of War stepped out of the shower shortly after to discover that the lady in his bed was gone.

He summoned the fake Logan immediately. "Did you see Ms. Schmidt leaving?" he asked.

"Ms. Schmidt left to get sanitary pads," the fake Logan replied solemnly as he tried his best to tamp down his laughter.

"Sanitary pads?" The imposter was surprised to hear that answer.

"Yes!" The phony Logan nodded firmly.

The fake God of War gave a dismissive wave and grumbled, "I thought we would be having sex tonight. Ugh, how unlucky. You may leave now!"

The night went by just like that.

The following morning, the fake God of War still couldn't forget about Evelyn. After having breakfast, he decided to visit her room.

Evelyn might be on her period, but she could still use her hands and mouth!

He arrived at Evelyn's room and knocked for a long time, but no one answered the door.

Baffled, he summoned the hotel staff to open the door.

Evelyn's room was empty, and it was obvious no one had spent the night there.

"Logan, did Ms. Schmidt act out of the ordinary when she left last night?" the man asked after pondering over the matter.

"Ms. Schmidt seemed flustered and was stammering. Perhaps she felt embarrassed to tell me that she wanted to get some sanitary pads," the fake Logan revealed.

The imposter was plunged into contemplation after hearing the story, his face gradually taking on a furious look. He delivered a powerful slap across the face of the man masquerading as Logan and bellowed out in fury, "You idiot! She wasn't merely embarrassed. She must have discovered something! You must find her immediately! I suspect that the real God of War has sent her here to investigate us!"

"Yes! I'll go get it done now!" the fake Logan replied, shaking slightly in a state of fear and apprehension.

The phony Logan was about to leave when his superior yelled out, "Wait a minute. If the real God of War sent Evelyn here, it wouldn't be easy for us to find her. Forget about her for now. Target Dellmoor's Big Three so that they will declare bankruptcy within a week. If the God of War is still in hiding by then, capture Britteny, Wrenne, and her mother. We shall see how long he'll remain hidden!"

"Okay. I'll work on that right away!"