

Dauntless 85

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 85

When Bradley returned to report to his father, he put Harold's words in Benson's mouth.

He had achieved his desired effect. Edward thought that it was Benson's intention to humiliate him in front of the whole family. Edward became utterly discontented with Benson, so much so that he loathed the latter to the core.

Edward was still the one calling the shots in the Turner family. Even if Benson had James as his backer, he would not be having the upper hand forever. As long as Edward disliked Benson, Turner Corporation would never fall into Benson's hands.

Soon enough, Brandon and his family were summoned to the living room.

“What did you say, Bradley? Is Dad really going to personally ask Benson to come back?”

Brandon and his family were astounded to find that Edward would be paying Benson a visit just to invite their family back.

None of them knew about the incident at Eastern Bank, so they could hardly believe the news.

Bradley nodded.

“Dad! Why must you go there yourself? I'll go in your stead. You mustn't be put to shame like this!”

With that said, Brandon wheeled around. He intended to look for his brother, Benson, and find out why the latter had to put their father through this.

“Get back here. I asked you and your family to assemble here so that we could all go together, not for you to act recklessly!”

Edward quickly stopped Brandon in his tracks, for he was worried that the latter might mess everything up.

Edward had poured his entire lifetime's blood, sweat, and tears into Turner Corporation, so he had no choice but to lay down his pride.

Brandon wanted to get something out of his mind, but a stern look from his father immediately silenced him.

With that, Edward led all the core members of the Turner family to Isabella's rented house.

In the meantime, Harold had already anticipated that the Turners would beg Isabella and her family to return. Hence, he texted his newly appointed supervisor on WhatsApp and applied for a half-day off in the afternoon.

Harold's presence at home piqued Pauline's curiosity. She asked, "Harold, don't you have work today?"

"In a moment, Grandpa will come here with the others to ask for your return, so I've already requested a half-day off from my supervisor!" answered Harold ever so casually.

His words reached Isabella's ears when she just happened to come out of her bedroom.

"Dream on! My grandpa is insufferably prideful. He'll never ever come to us personally, much less invite us back!" she scoffed.

"Oh, is it? Why don't we make a bet?"

Harold did not even argue with her. Instead, he challenged her to a bet.

"Really? What's the wager?"

Putting on a confident look, Isabella was pretty sure that she would emerge victorious.