

Dauntless 86

Dauntless God Of War

Chapter 86

"Fine. Count me in. What happens if you lose?"

Isabella gave it some thought. She believed that it was impossible for her to lose the bet. With her parents urging her, she agreed on the spur of the moment.

"If I lose, I'll also promise never to divorce you no matter what happens. How's that sound? Is it fair enough?" replied Harold as he flashed a half-smile.

"You! You're so shameless!"

Harold's words ticked Isabella off so much that she wanted to whack him so badly.

"Why? What's wrong? Are you not confident in yourself?" At long last, Harold decided to spur her with a taunt.

"Says who? It's a deal. Let's do this. My parents will be our witnesses."

A burning sensation of competitiveness surged within Isabella as soon as she fell for provocation.

She was not convinced that an outsider like Harold would know her own grandfather better than herself.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Right then, someone came knocking on their door. Isabella's heart shuddered with each sound.

"Don't tell me... that Grandpa's really here?"

Her palms were already drenched in sweat when she heard the sudden knocks on the door.

Conflicting thoughts were running wild in her mind. On the one hand, she wished for her grandfather to visit them so that they could rightfully return home as one of the Turners; on the other hand, if it was really her grandfather at the door, that would mean that she would lose the bet. Harold would probably stick to their wager and cling to her.

Pauline went to answer the door at once.

"Dad! Why are you all here?"

As Pauline's voice reached Isabella's ears, the latter was startled.

She had just sealed the bet with Harold a second ago.

What she had been worried about was actually happening. Grandpa really came!

Isabella turned and glared daggers at Harold. Deep down, she was unsure whether she should celebrate or be upset.

“You plotted this beforehand, didn't you?”

Scowling at Harold, Isabella gritted her teeth.

“Huh? No, no. It's a bet, so either you win or you lose. I placed my bet, and I won! Don't tell me you intend to go back on your word.”

Harold grinned from ear to ear as he spoke.

“I shall greet Grandpa first!”

Isabella neither admitted nor denied Harold's statement. She rose to her feet and dashed into the kitchen to prepare coffee.

Harold shook his head upon receiving a response like that. He felt he still had a long way to go to make Isabella fall for him.