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Suffering in Silence

Arnold asked her, "Why? Do you want to take a look?"

Josie opened her mouth. Actually, she wasn't sure if she could bear to witness such a scene. Furthermore, she couldn't show that she cared too much about Dexter, so she shook her head.

The room next door was still noisy. It seemed like someone wanted to take Leo away, but he was struggling loudly. Suddenly, there was a thump. It was the sound of someone kneeling on the floor.

Leo was crying. "Mr. Russell... This is my last time begging. Please save my dad and the Ardon family."

Josie shut her eyes. She understood Leo's feelings. He had his elders to protect him and lived an easy, luxurious, and extravagant life since he was young. He naturally felt that he was excellent. It must have been a big blow to his pride now that his life had fallen apart, and he was kneeling to beg Dexter.

Arnold held the teacup in his hands and smiled thoughtfully.

"Do you know that the Ardon and Russell families had villas close to each other in the past? Among all the children, Dexter liked Leo the most. Dexter always came first when studying or playing. Leo is the son of a rich man, and he never obeyed his dad. He only listened to Dexter."

Arnold spoke eloquently. Josie could imagine it in her head. Back at Mandarin Oriental, Leo had admired Dexter a lot.

"It's a shame that Leo is naïve and didn't know that his gift was marked with a price from the start." Arnold poured another cup of tea for himself. "Dexter will never treat someone nicely for no reason. Everything he did was a foreshadow. It can be said that it was for today."

The Ardon family was influential in Wavery, and there weren't many opportunities to attack them. Leo could be considered the only loophole. Dexter had seen this opportunity many years ago and took Leo under his wing. Dexter discarded his pawn decisively when it was the right time.

Every step Dexter took had been prepared long ago.

Josie felt a chill. In any case, not many people were capable of such thinking and scheming.

A voice finally came from the room next door. Dexter said indifferently, "I can't interfere in judicial procedures. Go home."

Leo fell down, paralyzed. His eyes were filled with despair.

At this time, Arnold rose and folded his arms before walking out slowly.

"I was wondering why it was so noisy. As it turns out, you're here, Dexter."

Dexter raised his eyes. "Arnold?"

Arnold leaned against the door nonchalantly. "Am I not welcomed?"

+15 Bonus

Arnold looked around. "Hey, isn't this Leo? Why are you sitting on the floor? Stand up."

Leo was numb. He couldn't move at all.

Arnold crouched down conveniently and patted Leo's shoulder. Arnold straightened Leo's clothes and said casually, "What are you doing now? You're a man who can't control yourself when facing difficulties. You should learn from Mr. Russell. Back then, the Russell family was also in ruin, just like your family now. Look at how he pretended to be obedient and suffered in silence until today."

The air was tense in the private room. Someone beside Dexter wanted to say something, but he raised his hand to stop them.

Arnold continued. "But of course, I'm not saying you're like that. Dexter kept everyone in the dark while accumulating wealth and seizing power one step at a time. He sucked his victims dry and treated everyone as pawns. He was completely unscrupulous to take down everyone he hates."

"Am I right, Dexter?"

Two sharp gazes met each other, each with their own motives.

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Calling Him Cruel

Dexter didn't answer.

Leo sat on the floor and lost all his energy. No one knew how much he had heard.

Arnold stood up and signaled for people to take him away before saying, "Dexter's forehead is bleeding. Why are you still staring blankly?"

After that, the staff in the private room came to their senses and started to bustle about and deal with it hurriedly.

Dexter raised his hand to stop them. He took out a paper towel and wiped his forehead. "It's a minor injury. It's not a big deal. Why are you here today?"

Arnold pulled a chair and sat down. He said honestly, "Martin is being investigated, so Landon is in unrest, and they can't access their funds. I came to dig for information. Do you still insist on taking over this dump, Dexter?"

Dexter crumpled his blood-stained paper towel into a ball and threw it into the trash. He said half-jokingly, "Since you know that it's a dump, you don't want it either, right, Arnold?"

Arnold said, "The subsidiaries under Carter Group have gone through a second round of financing. We have more than one billion. We're not inferior to Russell Group."

"I know." Dexter took a napkin to wipe his hand. "It's good news to Carter Group, who has been through serious damages. One good move makes all the difference. Good job."

Arnold said, "Dexter, Landon isn't my only goal."

Dexter laughed indifferently when he heard it. "I heard that you love the girls that Calvin has. here. Did you come here for them today?"

"As you know, I love good food and beautiful women."

It was cold late at night, but the women at the bar's entrance didn't seem cold. Their skirts. and dresses were so short and only reached their thighs.

Josie stood at the door for a long time and shivered in the cold. Her heart also felt chilly.

Dexter came out with Calvin. The latter laughed and said, "I see you were wounded in action, Mrs. Russell. Claire was carried out, so I thought you had a complete victory."

Josie froze, and she looked around subconsciously. "Don't announce it out loud. I'm not responsible if others hear it

Her outfit was thin, and she was standing at the air vents. Dexter wrinkled his brows. "Why you wait in the car?"

didn't

She didn't know what to say. "... I just came out."

Calvin went forward to size up her expression, and he quickly understood. "Dex was just held up at his social gathering. Are you upset?"

His tone sounded like he was coaxing a child. Josie was exasperated. "No."

After leaving Heaven on Earth, the car had a tense atmosphere. Dexter replied to an email on his cell phone and asked, "How much did you hear?"

Josie was startled and looked up unconsciously to see his quiet expression. He knows about it? "Not much... I wanted to look for you and happened to hear it."

"Where were you?"

"In the private room next door."

Dexter typed quickly with his hands and silently acknowledged her.

Josie could no longer hold back. "Why? There are many ways to bring down the Ardon. family. Why did you have to use Leo? Wasn't that too cruel?"

When Dexter heard the word 'cruel,' he stopped typing and lifted his head. He had an attractive lower jawline. "You think I'm cruel?"

Josie didn't dare to look him in the eye, but the feeling of injustice bubbled in her heart. "Aren't you? Although he's a cocky son from a wealthy family, you were like a brother to him. You were his role model. Anyone else could have made a move against them, and it wouldn't have hurt as much as it did when it came from you. You personally sent him to his demise."

"Do you have any emotions, Dexter? Or are you just pretending?"

Dexter turned off his cell phone and sneered. "You're the first person to talk to me about feelings."

Josie gulped. She was actually very nervous. "I'm not the first. Leo did it, too."

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Suddenly, a giant hand reached out and pinched her face. He looked in her eyes. His expression was hard to read, but his gaze was sharp. "Who did you meet today?"

Josie felt pain because he touched her wound. She gasped but made no noise, gritting her teeth to bear the pain. For some reason, she was unwilling to tell him the truth. "No one."

The answer prompted Dexter to laugh and press her wound harder, causing it to bleed and stain his fingertips. "Was it Arnold?"

Josie pursed her lips and refused to respond. She was angry with him.

"What did you say?" He still refused to release his hand that was on her wound.

She remained silent even as the pain on her face intensified.

"I suspect he's the one who put that thought in you," Dexter concluded. "You believed him because that's what you think. You think I'm cold-blooded, heartless, and have no qualms using the people around me. Is that right?"

Josie's face flushed from the pain. She almost could not breathe. However, she still refused to speak. After a while, Dexter finally showed mercy and let her go. She immediately covered her mouth and coughed loudly.

"Chris, send us to the port."

The car turned and set off to another location.

Josie collapsed in a corner and touched her face. It was cool.

Wavary was located by the sea and had a few ports for transporting cargo. This was a significant contributor to the city's economic growth.

Dexter's Porsche traveled into the port area. The place was surrounded by large containers, giving it an oppressive atmosphere. Moreover, the car looked out of place, shining its bright light on the ground.

Dexter was the first to exit the car. Josie could not figure out why he brought her here. She followed him and felt the sea wind blowing at her coat. It was so cold that she was shivering.

Dexter put his hands in his pocket and stood in the wind, looking at the scene ahead.

Many workers were busy with a few large boats docked on the coast. Their backs were hunched over the weight of the goods, working hard for their livelihood.

Soon, a hunch-backed man got off one of the boats. His teeth were stained yellow from years of smoking. He rushed over to Dexter and said, "Mr. Russell, what brings you here?"

"I was nearby, so I thought I should come here to look around. When will you finish unloading and loading the cargo?"

"Don't worry. There won't be any delay. My men are working overtime to meet your requirement." The man smiled before looking at Josie curiously.

Chris offered the man a cigarette. "Doug, Mr. Russell is not urging you to hurry. He knows your task is not easy."

"I understand, but if Russell Group hadn't taken over this crumbling place, we would have lost our source of income. Everyone is thankful to you, Mr. Russell." Doug answered gratefully.

They chatted briefly before Dexter dismissed him and let him return to work.

Suddenly, a worker accidentally lost his balance and bumped into Dexter while carrying goods.

"Mr. Russell!" Chris rushed forward.

Josie opened her mouth in shock and instinctively took several steps forward.

"Mr. Russell, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it..." The worker gathered the goods and apologized. He looked terrified.

Dexter brushed the dust off his clothes and did not seem angry. "It's nothing. Don't mind me."

The worker thanked him profusely before continuing to move the goods.

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He Was Disappointed

As the man walked away, Josie noticed something wrong with his legs. He was limping.

Dexter leaned slightly to her and explained, "Around fifty thousand people are working in a few ports in Wavery. These people are neither young nor old and have no qualifications. They had no choice but to work in such a dangerous job of transporting cargo to provide for their families. If they were even a little careless, it would lead to injuries."

"It's difficult, right?"

Josie furrowed her brow. "Yes."

"What to do then? Should we get rid of them?" Dexter casually pulled out a cigarette case and placed a cigarette between his lips. "If fifty thousand people lose their jobs, it will affect fifty thousand families. How can anyone bear to do this?"

Dexter lit a cigarette as Jean listened to his words, puffing away at the cigarette.

"Yet, Westin Ardon has no qualms doing that. Wavery's economy showed no growth but declined in the ten years he was in charge. He also meddled with the workings of a few corporations, including Landon. Moreover, he automated the cargo transportation work in ports to secure a profit for himself. However, the technology of these machines is still underdeveloped. These machines not only took away many

people's jobs but were unreliable. However, the minor delay in cargo transportation doesn't cause significant backlash or criticism against him. Instead, the workers were the only ones who suffered."

Josie gasped upon hearing Dexter. She frowned as she looked at the middle-aged men working hard at the port and felt sad for them.

She never knew there was such controversy.

Dexter tapped the ashes off his cigarette and turned around to face her.

"These ports would eventually go obsolete if Russell Group hadn't gotten involved and helped them. There are many other matters. Do you want to hear them?" He looked into her eyes and continued, "Don't you think Westin deserves to die?"

Josie was too intimidated by his gaze to speak.

"You said there are many ways to bring down the Ardon family, but you have no idea how extensive his influence is. Any misstep will lead to my downfall. There's very little leeway."

Dexter came up behind her and hugged her, continuing softly, "All the money Leo uses was his her

pity him? Unlock succeeded from corruption. With this in mind, do you still

Josie looked down. "I'm sorry..."

"I'm very disappointed in you. I know you have a kind heart, but I didn't expect you to empathize with the Ardon family."

Dexter let go

of her and took a final drag of the cigarette. He tossed it on the floor, stamped it out, and left.

After he left, Josie slowly squatted on the floor and covered her face in regret. I was wrong...

The cold wind blew from the sea, and the chill worsened the pain in her heart.

She pulled out a name card from her coat pocket. There were a series of letters embossed in gold. 'Arnold Carter.

She recalled what happened in Heaven on Earth. Arnold was about to leave the room when he suddenly turned around and came to her side. He looked at her cryptically and touched the scar on her cheek with his fingertips. "You are beautiful even with a wound on your face."

Josie could not help but tremble.

"Are you a local?"

"Erm..."

"There's a delicious local specialty. I'll bring you to have it if there's a chance."

Arnold chuckled and pushed a name card to her. "Dexter doesn't have much interest in women, so naturally, he doesn't know how to cherish a lady. However, I treasure the woman I love. I like you very much, Ms. Warren. Even if we can't be business partners, we can consider dating."

He whispered those words into her ears, making her uncomfortable. She hated herself for falling for his words so easily and empathized with a malicious man.

She tore that name card into shreds and let the wind blow them.

away.

Russell Group and Carter Group had countless conflicts. Josie would never believe Arnold. from now on, but she also could not trust Dexter fully. Therefore, she decided not to get involved anymore. Their feud was risky.

A slight misstep could lead to one's downfall.

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I Have Planned in Advance

Dexter never showed up the following week. He never returned to Mason Garden and seemed busy with the matters involving Westin.

Marilyn was indignant on Josie's behalf. "Even if he's busy, he should try to come home to sleep. He has gone overboard. I must talk to his grandfather."

Josie knew she had angered Dexter and stopped Marilyn. "Dex is busy. There was a time when he didn't come home for a month due to work. Don't worry, Marilyn."

"It wouldn't have mattered usually, but you are injured. As your husband, he should at least. come home to see you." Marilyn was confused by Dexter's behavior.

Josie resisted laughing. Why does it feel like I'm the daughter of the family and Dexter, the son-in-law?

"I'm almost recovered and will be able to get out of this cast after a week." It was uncomfortable not being able to move freely. She could not wait for her injury to be healed.

"Josie, you don't have to hide it from me. Is Dexter seeing another woman?" Marilyn asked softly. She looked worried.

Josie knew nothing about this. She stammered, "I don't think so..." Dexter seemed busy every day and had no trace of other women on him.

"You're right. Dex has always been devoted. You don't have to worry about this."

Josie considered. Even if Dexter has another woman, I can't do anything about it anyway.

Suddenly, she received a message from Alice. 'Do you know about this? An order came from above stating that Claire was dismissed from her position. Guess what the reason is. It's because she committed a crime!'

Josie did not expect the matter to be dealt with so quickly that an order came from the higher-ups in less than a week.

‘Now, everyone is guessing whether you will take over her position. After all, you recently secured a major project and are the most viable candidate. But I think this position is jinxed. It’s all right even if you don’t get it.’

Josie finished reading the message and hesitated briefly before opening her messages with Dexter. Their conversation was still stuck on the previous topic. She typed a couple of words. “Thank you.”

Unlock succeeded

wever the

e deleted it immediately before typing again.

She felt a splitting headache and had no idea how to express her remorse. After pondering for a long time, she tossed her phone aside, not wanting to think or deal with it for now.

Meanwhile, Ivy brought a stack of documents and placed them on Dexter’s desk in his office on the top floor of Russell Group.

“Mrs. Ardon successfully retreated and is now in Rivodia. Should I let her see her son?”

Dexter signed a document and did not look at her. “Let her see him once a week until he comes of age.”

“Understood,” Ivy continued, “Leo hasn’t given up and sought out many old acquaintances. He even contacted Arnold. However, no one is willing to help him.”

Dexter sneered, “No one wants to be involved with a sinking ship. He is still young.”

“Westin’s resignation will be on tonight’s news. I believe Arnold will retaliate. What should we do?”

“Let’s wait and see.” Dexter put down the pen. “I need you to meet with Leo again and tell him to drive the car I gave him to Rivodia. The people there will receive him when they see the car.”

Ivy opened her mouth in protest. “Mr. Russell, you planned to help him all along... Aren’t you worried he will come back to bite you?”

“He’s like a younger brother I’ve watched growing up...” He smiled slightly and recalled a certain sharp-tongued woman scolding him for being heartless a few days ago. “He’s the only Ardon I will help. Get it done immediately.”

“Sure.” Ivy did not leave immediately but asked tentatively, “Will you also stay in the company tonight?”

He has been staying in the company this week. That’s strange. Did he and Josie fight?

“Have

you

released the news about Claire?” Dexter asked instead of answering her question.

“Yes, I have. I did not expect her to be so daring to have such murderous intent.”

'Clank: Dexter gently tossed the pen on the table.

"I'm going home tonight."

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Control Yourself

When Dexter did not come home, the servant helped Josie with her bath. It felt much less awkward than before. Apart from the occasional guilt, she was comfortable living in Mason Garden without Dexter.

At night, she lay on the couch and kept typing and deleting her message for Dexter. In the end, she didn't send anything.

Suddenly, Dexter opened the door and saw her lying on the couch with her legs exposed. They were so smooth that they seemed to glow under the light.

"Mr. Russell? You're back." The maid's voice alerted Josie. She nearly jumped from the couch and adjusted her clothes before sitting there awkwardly.

Dexter looked away and let the maid help him take off his coat.

Marilyn heard noises and dashed out of the kitchen. "Dex, you finally remembered to come home!"

Dexter rubbed his temple and replied, "I've been busy with company matters."

Marilyn cleared her throat and pulled him aside before whispering, "That's only an excuse. You didn't even call for days. Did you two get into a fight?"

Dexter glanced sideways and saw Josie peeking at him fearfully. She immediately turned away when she realized he had noticed.

"Did she tell you?"

"I guessed. Josie didn't say anything bad about you."

"I guess so..."

Marilyn frowned. "Is it over something major?"

She reprimanded me because of another man. Is that considered a significant matter?

"No," Dexter replied flatly, "it's her fault."

Marilyn wanted to defend Josie but was stumped briefly. "Since it's not something major, why didn't you come home for days? Why were you throwing a tantrum?"

Dexter arched his eyebrows in disbelief. "Did she tell you I was throwing a tantrum?"

Unlock succeeded myself. Why do you keep accusing Josie?"

Dexter laughed angrily. "Marilyn, are you and Grandpa under her spell? Who are you siding with?"

Marilyn glared at him. "Your grandfather and I stand on the side of justice. You have handled the matter poorly. Even if you and Josie quarreled, it was wrong for you to abandon your wife for so many days. You hurt her feelings."

Hurt her feelings? I don't think so. She was happily playing with her phone when I came in just now.

Marilyn pushed him toward Josie. "Go and apologize to her. A married couple can never get angry with each other for too long. All you need to do is coax her a little, and she will be all right again."

She suddenly thought of something and added, "Josie is still recovering from her injuries. You should control yourself and refrain from being intimate with her. Don't make things difficult for her!"

Those words sent a sudden flash through Dexter's calm gaze. He frowned and protested, "Marilyn!"

"Okay, okay, I will keep quiet."

Josie saw Dexter coming her way. Her heartbeat quickened. She gripped the hem of her shirt nervously.

She wanted to say something but was not sure what she should say.

Dexter sat beside her and peeled an orange to keep his hand busy. He said in a neutral tone, "How's the wound on your face?"

"It's all right." Josie snatched the orange from him. "Let me do it."

His hand suddenly became empty, prompting him to smirk. Josie quickly peeled the orange, but doing it with one hand was difficult. She accidentally dropped the orange, rendering their situation awkward.

Josie blushed embarrassedly and bent over quickly to pick it up. However, the orange was now dirty and had to be thrown away.

"I... I'm sorry."

"It's only an orange." Dexter picked up another orange and played with it in his hands.

Josie felt even more nervous. She sat straight and said, "I'm not talking about the orange."

"What then?" Dexter asked leisurely, prompting her to continue.

Josie hesitated for some time before clenching her teeth. "I shouldn't have listened to others and reprimanded you. I'm sorry, Dexter."

Dexter suddenly smiled and looked at her calmly. "Turns out you have a conscience."

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He Loved Someone

Josie breathed a sigh of relief when she realized it was easier to talk to Dexter than she expected.

She watched him place another slice of orange in his mouth and asked, "Is it sweet?"

Juice burst from the orange slice as he chewed, but it was not as sweet as the smile before him. He nodded slightly and answered, "It's okay."

Josie sensed he had moved closer and rushed to maintain distance between them. "Let me peel another one for you."

Dexter reached out and grabbed her wrist, stopping her. "I have enough."

Josie froze immediately and looked at his hand on hers. She quickly pulled her hand away and considered briefly before saying, "Dexter, I didn't arrange to meet with Arnold that day. He cornered me. I will try my best to avoid him from now on."

She had pondered about the matter and thought she needed to explain it.

Dexter placed the last slice of orange in his mouth and asked, "Do you like him?"

While he sounded casual, Josie was shocked by his question. "Why do you ask?"

Usually, servants were busy with household chores downstairs, but they had all disappeared. Josie and Dexter were the only ones in the room. Their voices sounded hollow in the vast space.

"Arnold is known throughout Wavery as a womanizer. He seems respectable, well-mannered, and capable, so he has no problem getting any woman he wants. Furthermore, any woman he interacted with couldn't help falling for him," Dexter explained casually. "You met him alone a few times. Are you sure you never felt anything for him?"

Josie laughed and unfurled her hands, revealing the intricate lines on her palms. "Sounds like I should fall in love with him?"

Dexter did not respond.

"No, not even once," Josie answered firmly. "Although Arnold seems admirable, I keep feeling that his gentleness is only a mask he shows the world. In actuality, he is hiding his greed beneath that mask. Moreover, he approached me intending to exploit me. I'm afraid of him and can never love him."

Josie stiffened again. She was asleep when they shared the bed previously. However, she was currently fully awake.

"Erm, Dexter." Josie caught up with him and shouted, "Have you known Arnold for a long time? Can you tell me about him?"

Dexter paused immediately and glared at her warningly. Josie faltered and glanced elsewhere before saying, "Dex..."

He furrowed his brow and placed a hand on her shoulder, holding her slightly, "Let's get upstairs first."

Josie entered the master bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

Dexter took off his jacket and entered the bathroom straight away. Soon, sounds of running water came from the bathroom. Josie had no choice but to pace the room in embarrassment.

It took her a long time to calm down. Later, Dexter came out of the bathroom in a bathrobe. His chest was slightly exposed, revealing his well-formed collarbone and firm muscles. Water droplets rolled

down his skin. It was a mesmerizing sight.

Meanwhile, Josie sat on the edge of the bed and had trouble drawing on her laptop with one hand.

Dexter glanced at her and asked, "Do you want to hear about Arnold?"

Josie immediately put down her laptop and sat straight, nodding eagerly. It was impossible not to be curious about someone like Arnold. Moreover, she wanted to know why Dexter would not go against him directly.

"He loved someone before."

Josie's eyes brightened. Who would have known there was a love story behind the business rivalry?

"Arnold and that lady were childhood friends from equally prominent families. Everyone in Wavery thought they would get married." Dexter sat on the other side of the bed. Josie could see the side of his face clearly under the bedroom light.

"What happened then? No way! Did that lady fall in love with you?" Josie guessed.

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She Loved Dexter

Dexter replied with a hint of sarcasm, "Something like that."

Josie was stunned into silence.

Arnold loved Summer Olsen, and the whole world knew about it. Summer was the second daughter of the Olsen family. She had a prestigious background, was beautiful, and was friendly. She was highly respected in upper-class social circles.

The Carter and Olsen families lived near each other. Since Arnold was a teenager, he openly expressed his feelings for Summer. However, Summer pretended not to notice and remained only as his friend.

Dexter was not much older than them. Thus, he could sense something. For example, Summer applied to study at the university he graduated from. She also devised ways to enter Russell Group for an internship and work as his assistant. Moreover, he noticed the overflowing admiration in her eyes.

However, he could only feign ignorance.

To achieve her goal, Summer even tricked Dexter and locked them in a hotel room before. spending the whole night expressing her love for him. She was devious and threatened. Dexter. "Dex, marrying me is the best solution. I have the looks, capability, and prominent family background, making me the most suitable woman for you. Moreover, you won't be able to find a woman who loves you as much as I do. If you refuse me, reporters will gather outside this door when it opens tomorrow morning."

Dexter sat on the couch all night and looked at the sky through the window. "Is it worth. throwing away your reputation like this?"

“Yes!” Tears flowed from her beautiful eyes. “All these years, I rejected countless men who pursued me, including Arnold, for your sake. Others might not understand why, but you do, right? Did you not notice anything?”

Dexter raised his eyebrows and felt frustrated. “You have the right to express your feelings, but I have the right to reject you. I see you as my younger sister and nothing more. You can ask me for anything except romantic love.”

Summer seemed on the verge of collapse and screamed hysterically, “Dex! But I love you. I loved you for so many years!”

Dexter stopped responding.

However, Russell Group bought and destroyed every one of those photos. Shortly after Dexter freed himself of Summer, his assistant received another piece of news.

Summer attempted suicide.

Ivy received the news while Dexter was taking a nap in the backseat. Dexter had worked through the night to deal with work matters for days. He was exhausted.

Ivy hesitated briefly before stuttering out the news.

Dexter remained silent for a long time. Ivy peeked at him through the rearview mirror and saw him suddenly opening his eyes like a ferocious beast woken from its slumber.

He rubbed his temple and said, “I’ll pay her a visit.”

Summer slit her wrist, leading to severe blood loss that left her life hanging on a thread. She did this all to catch another glimpse of the man without regard for her.

Still, her gamble worked. Dexter came to see her.

He glanced at her bandaged wrist and tapped it lightly before looking into her eyes. “The worst thing a woman can do is to degrade herself.”

Summer always made sure to dress up beautifully to see him. However, her lips were deathly pale this time, and she looked on the verge of dying. Yet, this look prompted Dexter to spare her a few more glances.

She wanted to laugh. “Dex, I cannot see you unless I degrade myself.”

Her eyes were red and swollen. It seemed she had cried recently. “Dex, do you really not want me?”

Her voice sounded charming even in her despair. Even Ivy could not help but pity her.

Meanwhile, Dexter sat in a chair and crossed his legs, looking at her kindly.

“Sum, you can name your condition. I won’t refuse.”

Naturally, he meant material things. Summer’s tears fell onto her pillow. She knew how generous Dexter was with such things. The last girl who pestered him asked for a limitless black credit card, which he gave her without batting an eyelid. All he cared about was that she stayed away from him.

[Chapter 160](#)

Claire Visited the Gynecology Department

Josie felt uncomfortable when he was overly concerned about her. "Not really... It was my fault. I have a few vicious rivals at work."

Matthew did not believe her and seemed worried about her. "Jo, I've told you that you don't have to pretend to be strong before me. You can rely on me."

His words had gone overboard. Josie glanced at Marilyn's suspicious expression and said quickly, "Matt, I know you see me as your younger sister, but I'm doing well, so please don't worry."

Matthew understood her hint and adjusted his attitude. He shook his head helplessly and replied, "Please don't get into something like that again and make me worry, okay?"

"Sure, of course." Josie smiled.

Later, Josie and Marilyn left the ward and got into an elevator. Marilyn held Josie's arm to support her and asked tentatively, "Jo, was that doctor your relative?"

Josie knew Marilyn would ask about Matthew and had prepared an answer. "No, Marilyn. He's my father's lead doctor and is a kind man. He knew I was facing difficulties and was concerned about me. My father could have died long ago if not for his care."

Marilyn was not wholly convinced. "He treats you as his sister?"

"Yes, how else can he treat me?" Josie could not help but feel guilty after saying that.

"All right, then. Jo, you now have Dex, who will handle everything for you. No matter the situation, Old Mr. Russell will always be on your side. As for Dex, being in the position that he is, he will never allow

his wife to get into trouble," Marilyn did not ask any more questions. but explained cryptically. "The two most important members of the Russell family like you very much."

Josie pursed her lips and nodded. She did not dare to reveal that she and Dexter were only husband and wife on contract. She knew he did not like her much.

When the elevator reached the ground floor lobby, Marilyn slapped her thigh and exclaimed, "Oh no! I left the thermos in the ward. I need to go upstairs to get it."

Therefore, Josie went to a chair in the lobby and sat down.

The hospital was one of the few places in the world that never lacked customers. It was always crowded with patients no matter the hour. Everyone had worried looks on their

Josie found herself looking at the gynecology department before her. There was a long line along the corridor. She noticed a few young women crying and heavily pregnant women smiling contentedly.

Josie focused on the people lining up and suddenly noticed a familiar figure. The woman held a paper and limped out of the department.

That's Claire!

Josie was shocked. She narrowed her eyes and confirmed the woman was Claire.

Why is Claire here? She is still injured. Shouldn't she be in the general ward? Could she be pregnant?

Josie sensed something was wrong the more she thought about it. She slipped among the crowd and followed Claire. Meanwhile, Claire did not realize she was being followed and headed to the underground car park. She walked slowly due to her injuries.

The bodyguards had beaten Claire enough to keep her bedridden for half a month. Yet, she was out of bed and went for a checkup at the gynecologist department.

Josie believed Claire did not drive to the hospital by herself. Instead, someone was waiting to pick her up at the car park. However, she never heard that Claire had a boyfriend.

Josie sent Marilyn a message as she trailed Claire, saying that she would leave ahead to go to Russell Group to see Dexter.

Marilyn soon messaged back. 'Please be careful.'

Josie focused ahead and saw Claire take many turns before walking toward a Mercedes Benz. A man exited the car and opened the door before helping her in.

The car park was too dark for Josie to see that man's face. However, his body shape seemed familiar. Josie could not recall where she had seen him. Unfortunately, before she could observe more closely, the man suddenly glanced in her direction. She immediately turned away to herself and felt her heart thumping nervously.

She saw his face in that split second.