

The Epic BD 71

Chapter 71 Call Him Dad

Dexter waited for them to finish speaking before approaching Josie from behind. He helped her tidy her hair and said, "Incredible. You snatched Grandpa from me with hardly any effort."

He spoke in a half-joking tone and moved closer to Josie's ear.

Josie speedily analyzed his actions to determine whether he was acting or sincere. The result mattered to her, but unfortunately, she could not conclude.

"Nonsense, you and Josie are married and are a family. How can you still be arguing who owns what?" Henry raised his cane and scolded.

Dexter raised his eyebrows and smiled as if to humor a child. "Sure, we are family."

Josie could not help but smile. Their interactions made her feel like she was Dexter's wife.

Dexter thought to carry her to the dining table since she sprained her ankle. However, Josie gently pressed his hand as he got up.

"I can walk on my own. You don't have to trouble yourself." Moreover, that kind of close contact made her flustered.

Dexter pressed his hand on the back of her head and whispered, "Grandpa's watching."

Although they separated quickly after the conversation, Henry could only see they were very much in love. That calmed his worries.

During dinner, Henry asked about Josie's family situation. "Dex mentioned your father is still hospitalized. Is he better now?"

"No, the doctor said recovery will take time. It depends on God's will," Josie replied frankly.

"I see..." Henry pondered briefly before continuing, "You two have been married for some time but haven't had a wedding dinner. Moreover, I haven't met your parents. What about I arrange a time to visit your father? Even though he is unconscious, I believe he will be happy to hear you have married."

Josie jumped in shock. Her father would be furious if he had known that she got married without his permission.

She glanced at Dexter with panic in her eyes before waving her hand. "No, you mustn't. You're not feeling well, so it's not wise to go out, especially to a hospital."

"I'm much better now. Don't worry. We mustn't skip on some basic social courtesies."

Dexter calmly placed a bowl of soup before Josie.

"The doctor said her father's condition improved considerably. I believe it is only a matter of time before he wakes up. Once he does, we can organize a meeting for everyone to meet properly. What do you think?" Dexter explained steadily.

Henry considered and thought Dexter's words made sense. Still, he scolded, "You little brat. What do you mean by her father? Didn't I say you and Josie are now a family? Her father is now your father. You should call him Dad!"

Josie widened her eyes and was stunned by Henry's words.

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How would I dare to make Dexter call my father Dad?

"Erm, Grandpa..."

However, Dexter grabbed Josie's hand under the table and stopped her. "I forgot. I'll do as you said."

His response made Henry even happier.

Josie felt conflicted and turned to Dexter.

After the meal, Josie and Dexter headed to the room on the second floor.

"You don't have to take what Grandpa said to heart. There's no need for you to call my father Dad."

Josie sat on the soft bed and worried he would misunderstand.

Dexter turned on his laptop and had to deal with sudden work matters. "Grandpa is right. We are a family in a sense. It doesn't matter that I address your father as Dad."

Does it really not matter? Dexter was usually against this kind of thing.

Josie sprawled on the bed. "You have work?"

"Yes, I have to review an urgent project."

Josie stopped disturbing him. She wondered if it was because she had just eaten. Sprawling on the bed made her feel sleepy.

Initially, she was able to resist. She later caved in and instantly fell asleep.

Dexter wondered why she was so quiet and glanced to the side. He found her hugging a pillow and sleeping soundly.

She was only around a few dozen centimeters away from him.

Chapter 72 An Old Photo

Dexter looked at her for a while and smiled. He did not mind seeing such a scene.

Likely due to not having enough sleep last night, Josie slept soundly and woke up to find it was already three in the afternoon. She rubbed her bleary eyes and noticed Dexter was still seated in the same spot and busy with work.

"How long did I sleep?"

Dexter raised his wrist to look at the watch. "Three hours."

Josie scratched her head in embarrassment and thought she had slept too long. "Are you done with work? When will we be leaving?"

"Soon."

Must he keep replying so curtly? How boring.

Josie was bored as she lay in bed. She briefly pondered Kennon Corporation's cover design on her phone. Then, seeing Dexter was still busy with work, she limped around the room to check it out.

She was in a rush last time and did not have a chance to look at the room closely.

After a while, Josie found a study next to the bedroom. It was connected directly to the room. There was a wall full of books. The shelves also contained a few interesting things.

"Dexter, can I go in for a look?" Josie leaned against the wall.

Dexter did not seem to mind. "Go ahead."

He grew up in Russell Mansion and still kept many things there.

Josie sat on the floor and saw a large box. She opened it and found that it contained toys from childhood.

She picked up a slingshot and mumbled, "He's no different from an ordinary kid when he was little. Why is he so different as an adult?"

Then, she searched deeper into the box and found a colorful girl's hair tie. She laughed at her find. It was hard to imagine Dexter playing with a girl as a kid.

The box also contained a half-used pencil, cards with good wishes, and... a photo.

The photo was stuck at the bottom of the box and gathered dust. Josie brushed off the dust and found Henry in the photo.

Henry looked younger in it. Two children were standing beside him. The boy was good-looking and smiling happily as he held the girl's hand.

Josie frowned as she looked at it.

Why does the girl look like *me*?

I don't mean how I look now. She resembles *me* when I was a kid!

The resemblance was so uncanny that Josie's hand trembled.

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However, she knew that girl could not have been her as she did not know Dexter as a kid and had never been here.

Could there be such a coincidence?

Before Josie

could consider further, heavy footsteps sounded outside the study. "I'm done. What are you doing?"

Dexter suddenly fell silent when he discovered Josie sitting on the floor with a photo in her hand.

Suddenly, fury clouded his initially gentle gaze. He dashed forward, snatched the photo from Josie, and shouted, "Who allowed you to touch it!"

"I..." Josie stood up immediately. The sudden movement left her ankle in pain. This time, Dexter did not reach out to support her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. I took it without thinking."

Dexter checked the photo and confirmed it was undamaged. Then, he put it back into the box and closed the lid before turning to Josie sternly. "You shouldn't touch things that are not yours. Did your parents never teach you this?"

Josie's heart sank. She had no chance to explain and could only apologize. "I didn't plan to..."

"Enough! Our relationship is not so close that you can pry into my private affairs. Josie, don't forget that what we have is only a business deal. You should know your place."

After saying that, Dexter hugged the box and left the study. It seemed that box was important to him. Perhaps even more precious than his life.

Josie stood quietly for a while. Once she came to her senses, she touched her face and found it wet.

She had been crying. D

Chapter 73 A Substitute

Marilyn went upstairs to find her. As she didn't see Josie in the main bedroom, she went into the study to look for her. When she finally arrived, she was startled at the sight of Josie, whose features were all clouded into a shape of despair and disappointment.

Marilyn was flustered to see her in that state. She slowly approached her and said, "Josie, Dex has already left the house. I'll call a taxi to send you back home: Is that okay?"

Josie closed her eyes. She had too much pride to drop her dignity.

She believed he would let his guard down and show care and patience to her. She also thought that he would be the one to save her whenever she was in danger, proving that she was someone special to him.

But she misunderstood him.

Dexter was wise beyond his years, and nothing could bring him down as he faced his problems fearlessly. With his intellect, it would take a few lifetimes to be up to par with him. Josie assumed that he only helped her out of kindness.

Everything seemed clear as day to Josie as she pondered over his actions.

Dexter looked like a completely different person when he was fuming with anger. His calm and composed demeanor had disappeared, and his deep eyes narrowed into an icy cold glare when he looked at her.

As she continued to ruminate, realization dawned upon her. There was no meaning attached to his help. To him, she was only as significant as the grass by the street that would never amount to anything significant.

"Jo?" Marilyn called her worriedly.

Josie pressed her lips into a tight-lipped smile and replied, "Alright, I'll go downstairs after packing."

Before she left the Russell Mansion, Old Mr. Russell fidgeted as he mulled over his thoughts before finally speaking up, "Kid, it must've been hard for you, but it'll get better over time. Dex is still hurt from the past. Please understand him," he related as he patted Josie's hands.

How could she have a future with Dexter? After accepting the reality, Josie summoned up a smile, saying, "Grandpa, I'm not having a hard time. I understand it's hard for him."

Old Mr. Russell let out a sigh of relief.

"Could I know what's the girl's name?"

She went straight to the point, putting Old Mr. Russell on the spot. "She's Leanne. She grew up with Dex and was kind and considerate like you."

Josie went silent. *She must be a nice girl if she's receiving such high praise from Grandpa.*

In the car, Josie recalled the face of the girl in the photo. As she noticed how Old Mr. Russell avoided revealing too much about the girl, Josie concluded that Leanne was the girl who went missing. *She was someone Dexter cared about a lot.*

They were childhood friends. But why did she end up disappearing? And why did she look identical to her?

It was raining heavily. The raindrops tapped on the windows, obscuring the views outside. The skies went dark as night approached, but the road was lit up with the glistening reflection of the raindrops under the headlights.

Josie leaned her head on the window, feeling torn about everything that had happened. Did Dexter marry her because of her face? All his care and warmth towards her was misdirected, thanks to the girl who looked exactly like her.

Josie snorted at the thought. It must've been the truth. Or else, how did she expect to gain his affection with her mediocre abilities and looks?

His true colors were revealed when he lashed out at her.

She was only a substitute for Leanne.

When she returned to Mason Garden, Julie helped remove her drenched coat. "Why didn't Mr. Russell come home together?"

Josie turned around and glanced at the garage. His car wasn't there.

"He hasn't come home?"

"No."

The rain was getting heavier outside.

Inside Russell Group's resting area on the top floor, the curtains were shut, and the surroundings were pitch black. The sound of the wind and thunder echoed in the room as Dexter sat still on the sofa. The edges of his face stiffened. The darkness of the room enveloped him.

Chapter 74 Dex

She had disappeared for thirteen years.

It happened during a rainy day like this, as if the deluge would engulf the world.

+15 Bonus

It was their first day of school for the new year. Old Mr. Russell had repeatedly advised them to focus on their studies. He even reminded Leanne to look out for Dex so he wouldn't get into trouble at school.

At that time, Dex was in ninth grade. He patted the girl's head and complained, "I should be looking out for her so she wouldn't get herself in trouble!"

Despite his scornful remark, his face was plastered with a wide smile.

The girl beside

him was unhappy with his teasing and jumped up to gently knock his head. "How many times have your parents been called to school because of the fights you got into the past three years? I've never once got in a fight! Grandpa, I'll make sure to guard him properly at school."

Old Mr. Russell was humored by their light banter and laughed cheerfully, "Leanne is a good girl. Dex has been listening to you since you were both young."

The headlights beamed downstairs, signaling to the rest that her driver was there to pick her. Boundless fog surrounded the night scenery as there was a heavy downpour.

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Dexter held her hands when they went downstairs. At that time, he was already a young man who excelled in multiple areas and carried an air of pride with everyone around him. But she was the only exception. In front of her, he was gentle and patient.

"Dex, I'll get going now then. See you tomorrow!"

Dexter opened the car door for her and replied with the corner of his lips lifted meaningfully, "Alright, let's have the cafeteria's beef burger for lunch together."

Her eyes were gleaming with excitement.

The car disappeared into the foggy night in no time.

It was the last time they saw each other.

For the last thirteen years, he has been searching for her, but he has not been able to find any leads on where she might be. It was like she had disappeared into thin air. After this incident, his family also lost touch with her family.

Dexter sat on the sofa for a long time, slowly drifting into a dream of a scene he had longed for.

“Mom! Mom! Please take me with you! I want to follow you!”

The boy’s voice traveled with the wind, leaving silence in its wake.

The black car was speeding along without realizing that a boy was running after it from behind. The boy lost sight of it after it made a turn.

Dexter was only seven years old. He had tripped on the tarred road, and his hands were bleeding from his fall. His tears fell onto his wound, but the pain couldn’t be compared to the excruciating weight on his chest.

His mother had abandoned him.

Dexter was a reserved and calm boy since young. He rarely cried, knowing he would be hated if he threw a fit. As he was reminded of that, he quickly wiped his tears and pleaded with blood smeared over his face, “Mom, I won’t cry. Would you come back if I stopped crying?”

At that moment, a car was approaching from behind and stopped beside him. He lifted his head and called, “Mom...”

But he saw a little girl in a tiny ball gown holding onto a doll as she exited the car.

“What happened?” The little girl reached out her hand and spoke with a sweet and gentle voice, “You’re hurt. Let me help you up.”

Seven-year-

old Dexter glared at this girl he hadn’t seen before without saying a single word until his grandfather’s employee carried him away.

Since then, he would always see her as she lived near him and went to the same school.

“Hello, you can call me Leanne. I just moved here, and I haven’t found a new friend. I live close to you. Would you be my friend and play with me?”

“What’s your name? I heard them call you Dex. Can I call you Dex too?”

Chapter 75 Old Wounds

Dexter didn’t like making new friends, but she wouldn’t leave him alone.

+15 Bonus

Their families had a good relationship with each other. Hence, he would see her almost every day. Old Mr. Russell adored her dearly and advised Dexter, “Leanne’s family is still new to the area. We have to help them out. She’s younger than you, so be a nice older brother and take her outside to play, alright?”

"I don't want to play with her."

As soon as he said that, her sweet voice was heard from downstairs, "Dex, it's time to go to school!"

Dexter covered his ears and kept silent.

Her family was busy and didn't have time to pick her up from school. They had to rely on the Russell Family to take her home after school.

It was raining that day. Dexter ran back home by himself without waiting for her.

There was no one at home. The sky had already turned dark by the time he completed his homework. There was no noise downstairs, and the rain was still pouring heavily.

He took a deep breath and ran out of his house with two umbrellas. Before long, he saw Leanne carrying her bag and walking under the rain. Her hair and clothes were completely drenched. As she lifted her head, her eyes widened and sparkled with joy. When she realized Dexter wasn't angry with her, she delightedly ran over to him, calling, "Dex!"

Dexter passed her the umbrella and muttered, "Can't you wait for the rain to stop? You fool."

"But no one else was in the school, so I had to come home alone. I thought something bad had happened to you. I got scared thinking about it. I'm so happy you're okay, Dex."

Dexter felt his heart melt instantly from her sweet and pure intentions. He held her cold and wet hands and said gently, "I'll take you home."

Their friendship bloomed on this rainy night.

From the age of seven, until he turned fifteen, he watched himself and a little girl grow up together, witnessing her transformation into a lovely young lady. He had thought that this would last forever. He wouldn't have minded if she was not accepted into their preferred college, as he was willing to put up with a lesser-known school to be with her.

But he couldn't have expected what would happen after. Over the course of one night, all of his hopes and dreams were shattered.

After that rainy night, Dexter was traumatized, and his emotional wound wouldn't heal. No matter how many years had passed, the incident still lingered in his mind and continued to haunt him in his dreams.

The rain stopped.

Someone opened the door from the
you..."

... and was startled to see him there. "Mr. Russell? Why are

It was Ivy. She had never seen Dexter in such a pitiful and dreadful state. She couldn't believe her eyes.

He wiped the tear at the corner of his eyes and growled, "Leave."

Ivy stood glued to where she was. After a while, she walked towards him and asked worriedly, "Mr. Russell, do you need my help? Let me know, and I'll try to figure out a way." PUM

Dexter snapped out of his grief and snorted at her without hesitation, "You? You're not qualified."

Ivy's heart sank at his hurtful remark. In all the years she had worked with him, she had never been rejected in this outright manner.

"I understand I'm not skilled and experienced enough to share your burden, but I'm willing to do anything for you at your command."

"You're loyal, but it's useless." Dexter stood up and noticed a hair tie on the floor.

He paused for a moment. It wasn't Leanne's, so only one other person would leave it here.

Ivy followed his gaze and noticed the hair tie from the corner of her eyes. A trail of envy and rage 'bloomed' within her as she said, "Mr. Russell, I'll get the place cleaned up."

Dexter kept his composure and went into the bathroom, saying, "It has already been cleaned up."

The water was hitting the shower floor. Dexter's eyes immediately turned icy cold. He then squeezed tightly into the hair tie and threw it in the trash can.

Chapter 76 Completed Design

Josie woke up early.

She was prepared and understood that Dexter wouldn't return. She could only head to Russell Group alone. Her thoughts were simple. If she woke up early enough, Justin couldn't catch her.

She found it hard to believe he would stay up all night to wait for her.

The bus station was empty early in the morning. Josie held her bag tightly and kept looking around, afraid that Justin would burst out from somewhere.

At this time, she realized Dexter had recently given her a sense of security.

Today, that feeling disappeared. Her worry increased instead.

Josie laughed at herself. Sure enough, she couldn't depend on men.

Thankfully, Josie arrived at Russell Group safely. She put down her bag, and Alice came to her and asked affectionately, "You don't look well. Did your husband do something last night...?"

Josie laughed lightly. "You're overthinking."

"Is it possible that your husband has an unmentionable illness? Jo, let me advise you. There are many men in this world. Don't get hung up on one. You're still young and pretty. You don't have to believe he's the only one for you."

This was useless advice early in the morning. Josie turned on her computer in exhaustion and started sketching. "I understand the principles, but it's hard to apply them when I'm going through it."

She couldn't afford to offend Dexter, at least for now.

Alice wanted to continue chatting, but Claire arrived at the office in a sheath dress with her bag, looking very feminine. When she passed by Josie's workstation, she stopped. "Josie, did you get the copyrights?"

She sounded disbelieving.

Josie spread her hands and answered provokingly, "Was it hard?"

Claire stared at Josie's half-completed sketch and gritted her teeth. Claire only nodded in the end. "Good job."

Claire slammed her office door viciously, and Alice almost fell to the floor from laughter. Josie was in a much better mood after that.

There was a myth that those who were unlucky in love might have better luck in their careers.

However, what she and Dexter had couldn't be considered love.

Dexter hadn't returned to Mason Garden for days on end. Josie was clever, so she naturally didn't go to the top floor to ask him about it.

She occasionally saw him in his personal elevator when she used the public elevator. His long figure was thin and indifferent as usual. A group of people would be behind him while Ivy reported about work while he holding documents. He would speak occasionally and give his opinion.

Chapter 76 Completed Design

He might be discussing partnerships worth hundreds of millions at any minute.

Josie looked away and walked into the public elevator.

No one was there when Dexter felt someone's gaze and turned around.

+15 Bonus

Josie invested all her time into her sketch. Kenny was very pleased with the final product. "Ms. Warren, you're the right person for this job."

She integrated the IP and personal characteristics perfectly. It would be very appealing when it hit the market.

"Once the contract is approved, we will deposit the money immediately. By the way, Ms. Warren, can I buy you a meal as my way of saying thank you?"

Josie smiled faintly on the phone. "This is my job, and it's my duty. You don't have to thank me."

"It's not for work."

Josie paused. "Alright. But you have to send me home after that."

Kenny agreed cheerfully.

He chose a restaurant by the beach. The scenery was breathtaking in the evening.

After ordering, Josie smiled. "Elements of the sea were also included in the design suggestions from your company. You seem to have a special fondness for the sea, Mr. Green."

Kenny was a charming middle-aged man. He shook his head with a bitter smile. "You should know that I'm not fond of the sea. I'm fond of her."

It seemed like he wasn't over the relationship.

Chapter 77 Eavesdropping on a Secret

The steak here was pretty good, and Josie ate to her heart's content. She said, "You have good qualifications, Mr. Green. Why haven't you started looking for the next person? I mean someone you can marry."

Kenny leaned against the chair and looked into the distance. For someone my age, it's not important if I marry. Many women would naturally come to me if I desired it, but I don't."

"Have you ever had a fling all these years?"

"A fling? I have." Kenny smiled, and he saw something interesting. "Many people have had a fling in our industry. You can ask Mr. Russell if you have the chance."

Josie's heart sank. *Why is Dexter suddenly mentioned?*

Kenny was observing a particular spot. "Ms. Warren, to be honest, I admire you. You're courageous and bold. I hope we can continue working together for the long term. Please send my regards to Mr. Russell if

you can."

Josie had been through so much in the workplace after working for many years. She understood what he meant.

Although he thanked her outwardly, he wanted to use her to get closer to Dexter. After all, Kennon was still a small corporation. Kennon would have boundless prospects if Dexter invested in them.

Josie put down her cutlery and turned him down tactfully. "Actually, I specialize in interior design. I was forced to take this case for certain reasons. Unless Kennon wants to expand into real estate, there won't be further opportunities to work together. I'm very sorry."

Upon hearing it, Kenny nodded tactfully. "I understand."

He didn't force it, so Josie sighed in relief. She made up an excuse to go to the washroom to avoid awkwardness.

She had only taken a few steps forward when she suddenly saw a familiar figure.

As usual, he wore a white shirt, and his sleeves were folded to his elbow. His proportions were well-defined.

Dexter was led into a private room by a waiter.

Josie's heart thumped. She finally understood why Kenny suddenly brought Dexter up. Kenny must have seen him. Did Dexter see me?

After the waiter left, Josie walked to the washroom. She passed by the quaint private room, and she stopped curiously.

They were discussing business inside.

"Dexter, what do you think about Landon?" The man's voice was slightly hoarse, as if he had just smoked. He had a similar demeanor to Dexter.

"Martin Lane managed it badly. It's a valuable acquisition. I don't think I'm the only one who wants it." Dexter's indifferent voice was slightly shrill.

Might as well be

The person has the Theater key for the same Ve Bell & Dare

nor that close Then

we too

But was Landon going to

Chapter 78 His Threat

She had heard of the corporation, which was well-known in the industry. She didn't know what had happened that it had to be bought out, but it sounded like Russell Group would acquire it.

This way, Russell Group would have a more extensive territory. Dexter was so capable.

Josie washed her hands distractedly. When she was about to leave, the lights suddenly went off, and it was dark. She stood on the spot, dumbfounded. Did the *electricity go off*?

She was just about to take her cell phone out of her bag to turn on the flashlight when a large hand covered her mouth. It was powerful, and it dragged her to the corner forcefully.

"Mmph!" Josie struggled hard but to no avail.

A tall man behind her restrained her tightly. He was strong, and his cold voice rang in her ears. "How much did you hear?"

It was Dexter's voice.

Josie suddenly didn't know if she should worry or relax. She immediately opened her mouth and bit his hand. Dexter loosened his hand in pain, and she gasped. I wasn't listening on purpose. I didn't hear much. I just heard that you want to acquire Landon."

She had to immediately make things clear when faced with someone as stubborn as Dexter.

Dexter forced her into a corner in the dark, and his breath was warm.

"You're smart. Don't cavesdrop unnecessarily. Don't blame me for not warning you if you get into danger.")

He was evaluating the situation as he speculated. He was completely different from the indolent person a few days ago. He was so solemn that it was as though he was another person.

Josie was smart and businesslike. "Mr. Russell, I know what to do. I won't sound a word of this to anyone."

Neither of them said anything for a moment. The electricity hadn't been restored, and sounds of panic came from the outside. It gradually became louder.

Josie was trembling slightly. She still didn't dare to say a word.

Dexter wasn't in a rush. He even lit a cigarette in the dark. The glow of the fire reflected Josie's tearful eyes, and his actions froze slightly. "What are you doing here?"

Josie was honest with him. "Kennon's Mr. Green is buying a meal as thanks.

"He saw me."

"Yes,"

Dexter puffed his cigarette, and she choked. At the next moment, he lifted her chin forcefully. "Does he have feelings for you?"

Josie was startled by the question because she didn't expect it. "No. Mr. Green wanted me to send his regards to you."

Upon hearing it, Dexter laughed and said, "You belong to me. Pay attention to your words and actions.

Other than work, cut down on unnecessary social interactions. Do

you

understand?"

I belong to him? Josie felt like she had been bought out. Her lips twitched. "Mr. Russell, I will only do the necessary."

The electricity was restored, and Dexter took a step back. Her face gradually came into focus, and it was extremely pale because she had been terribly frightened. He extinguished his cigarette and threw it away. "Do you drink?"

Josie was surprised.

The private room was big, but only two people were in it. Other than food on the table, there was also a chess set. The chess pieces were arranged. It was a draw. Both sides had no moves left.

A man sat in the seat of honor, looking to be around Dexter's age. With his face against the light, only his nose could be seen clearly. He seemed unbelievably arrogant and more vicious than Dexter, but he wasn't as handsome as Dexter.

Nothing on him was branded. Everything was custom-made. He *must be someone important*.

He saw Josie and suddenly smiled. "Dexter, you found a woman while going to the washroom?"

Dexter indicated to her to follow. He sat next to the man indifferently. "She's from Russell Group and has to report something to me."

Josie hesitated for a moment but couldn't figure out his thoughts. She stood behind him.

"Have a seat, miss." There was a smile on the man's face as he sized her up quietly.

Chapter 79 Arnold Carter of Carter Group

Josie glanced at the man's secretary, who was standing behind him. She didn't dare to sit without Dexter's approval.

"You're scaring her, Arnold: Dexter lifted his hands and pulled a chair beside him, seeming like a gentleman. "Mr. Carter is being nice. Have a seat since he asked you to sit."

Josie was covered in a cold sweat again. She struggled for a moment but sat down. "Thank you, Mr. Carter."

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This man was Arnold Carter, the oldest son of the Carter Group. The two families had always had a rivalry, but Josie never thought the two men were friends in private.

"Miss, you look quite familiar." Arnold picked up a wineglass and swirled it meaningfully.

Josie sat straight. "Mr.

Carter, my name is Josie Warren. You can address me as Josie or Ms. Warren." She avoided what he said.

Arnold didn't answer, and the meaningful look in his eyes intensified. He spoke to Dexter indifferently, "What do you think, Dexter?"

Next to him, Dexter tilted his head slightly, and his words were clearly tinged with spite. "You're drunk, Arnold."

It was as though Arnold had heard something hilarious. He covered his forehead and laughed for a while. After that, he leaned back in his chair and asked Josie, "[Do you know how to play chess, Ms. Warren?"

While the two were talking, Josie had taken the opportunity to send Kenny a message so he could leave first.

She never thought the topic of discussion would change again. She raised her head and looked into Dexter's eyes. "A little."

"Look at this match. Who do you think won?"

Josie took a deep breath. "This match is a draw. There's no final winner."

"Not necessarily. Mr. Russell's chess skills are on par with a national player. He gave in to me." Arnold walked around the table and put the wine glass in front of Josie.

Josie couldn't ignore it since Arnold placed it in front of her. She picked it up and finished it in one gulp. She almost threw up, but she forced it down. "How about this? I will be the loser of this match to keep you from arguing. What do you think?"

Arnold contemplated as he looked at Josie. Arnold lit a cigarette, and he held it between his fingers. "Dexter, your employee is quite interesting. Which department is she from? Is she an assistant?"

Dexter tapped his bony fingers on the table distractedly. It was as though he was satisfied with Josie's answer. "The design department."

"What a shame. Ms. Warren is smart and shrewd. I was just going to ask if you would give her up so she can be my assistant."

Give *her* up. Arnold's words were arrogant and provoking. Josie didn't dare to look at him, afraid that Dexter would give her up.

"Carter Group is full of talent. It's not easy for Russell Group to train someone capable. Don't put me in a difficult spot, Arnold. Dexter retorted with a smile. He didn't express his true feelings.

It was clearly a rivalry between the two, but Josie felt a chill on her back. She was afraid of getting involved.

At this time, someone knocked on the door of the private room. A waiter walked to Dexter and said something to him. Dexter got up and said he had urgent matters to deal with before leaving the private room.

Arnold extinguished the cigarette in his hands. "I've never seen you before, Ms. Warren. Why do you have to report to Mr. Russell regarding affairs in the design department?"

His intentions were unclear. Josie pondered as she answered. "I've been working in Russell Group for three years and am just an ordinary employee. It's only natural if you've never seen me, Mr. Carter. I must report to Mr. Russell regarding a project today, which is why I had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Oh." Arnold didn't know if he should believe her. "Dexter likes women like you. You should take this opportunity."

Josie almost choked. *How can he say everything that comes to mind?*

Chapter 80 You Better Do So if You Don't Want to Die!

"Mr. Russell is my superior. I wouldn't dream of it."

Arnold poured another glass of wine and handed it to her. He pointed to the indistinct figure at the door. "Some people dream of it for years, but to no avail. I have higher hopes for you compared to her

A woman stood at the door and handed Dexter documents. He glanced at it and quickly signed his name

That woman was Ivy.

"That's high praise, Mr. Carter." Josie stared at the wine. She gritted her teeth and finished it. Red wine leaked from the corners of her mouth, and she looked sensual.

She didn't have good alcohol tolerance. If she continued drinking like this, she couldn't hold on much longer.

Dexter returned when Arnold poured the third glass of wine. As he walked over, he said casually. "You have such a good perception of my employee, Arnold. After that, he looked at Josie. "Mr. Carter is usually kind to women and doesn't normally pour wine for women. He's particularly excited today because he admires you."

Josie answered. "Thank you, Mr. Carter.

"My assistant told me she saw you at the Southeast Reservoir last week. I never thought that your fishing skills had improved recently. Dexter took out a cigarette but wasn't rushing to light it.

Arnold leaned back and was utterly confident. "I must do what I can for this project."

"Oh? I heard that Carter Group's current capital flow can't support an acquisition of Landon. You might not be able to win."

"How can you decide when the jury is still out, Dexter? Landon has debts worth hundreds of millions at present. Can Russell Group bear it?"

A lighter clicked and lit the end of Dexter's cigarette. He answered. "We have more than enough."

Josie sat at the side and watched. She couldn't help but be filled with admiration when she heard it. She had to admit that the man's unintentional assertiveness was unrivaled. Even when Arnold showed off his abilities, he wasn't a match for Dexter.

After a brief pause, Arnold picked up his coat and was about to leave. Before leaving, he asked, "When are you planning on settling down, Dexter?"

Dexter paused as he smoked. "I need to have a girlfriend before I settle down. I'm not as lucky as you, Arnold. You always have women around you."

Upon hearing that, Arnold glanced at Josie and said meaningfully, "I think she's pretty good."

After that, he left the private room. It was as though a show had come to an end.

Josie shut her eyes, and she almost collapsed. She walked to close the door of the private room tightly. She said to the man who was smoking. "He was threatening you into giving up Landon by mentioning settling down. Does he know about our marriage?"

What Arnold implied was evident.

Dexter raised his brows indifferently. "What do you think?"

Josie's hands clenched tightly. She was still in a cold sweat. "I'm sorry. I didn't know that my presence would bring such an adverse effect. I never imagined Mr. Carter of Carter Group was in the private room."

Dexter didn't say anything after a long while, as if he was thinking of something.

"If I hadn't brought you in just now, Arnold's people would have taken you away tonight." His voice was deep and intertwined with faint rage.

Josie could imagine the consequences of eavesdropping on confidential business information. But she didn't want to listen to it in the first place. She didn't know that the soundproofing here was so poor.

But at such a stage, she could only yield. "I won't be so curious next time."

"There's no next time." Dexter extinguished his cigarette and approached Josie. "I exposed a secret of mine to Arnold to save your life. How are you going to repay me?"

Josie was startled and smiled bitterly. "... Why don't I talk to Mr. Carter and change his mind?"

"You better do so if you don't want to die!" He said in a low voice.