

Blind Date 141

[Chapter 141](#)

Grandpa Knows

Dexter puffed on his cigarette and looked at the woman inside the room through the smoke.

She seemed very nervous even though the meeting was online. As she spoke, she revealed an appropriate smile and apologized before she started her presentation.

"You haven't dug deep enough. Ask around and investigate if anyone has a grudge against Josie in the design department." He looked to the side. "I remember the new head doesn't seem to like her much."

Ivy's heart sank. "She... is the head, after all. I don't think she needs to do such a thing."

"People are greedy. Perhaps she felt dissatisfied that I made Josie the project's main designer."

"Let me investigate her recent calls." Ivy understood that there had to be a conclusion from the investigation.

Dexter answered her indifferently without looking away from Josie. Ivy looked over and couldn't help herself. "Mr. Russell... If I may say something."

He answered, "Mm."

"Why did you choose Josie?" Ivy gritted her teeth and asked the question that had been on her mind for many days. She didn't feel like Dexter would really fall in love with Josie.

Ash from Dexter's cigarette fell on the floor. It was as though the question came as no surprise to Dexter. He merely said, "She's suitable."

Ivy didn't ask what about Josie was suitable. It was already inappropriate for a personal assistant like her to ask about her boss' private affairs. His answer made her relax slightly. Thankfully, Dexter just thought that Josie was suitable. He wasn't in love with her.

Ivy didn't say anything for a long time. Dexter put out his cigarette. "Is there anything else?"

"No. I'll be leaving, Mr. Russell."

Josie's design was successfully approved in the meeting. She closed the laptop happily and saw him enter the room. She smiled and asked him, "You didn't secretly manipulate this, did you?"

"Why aren't

you

confident in your work?"

"I didn't mean that. Do you know what one of the leaders complimented me?" Josie wanted to laugh, but it tugged on one of the bruises on her face. She grimaced.

She looked like a child seeking praise after acing a test.

Dexter laughed lightly. "Do you want to rest in the hospital or go home?"

Josie thought about it earnestly. "Do people at the company know I was in an accident?"

"Not only do they know, but they also know that I stepped in to settle the matter. You're remarkable, Ms. Warren."

She could already imagine the rumors that were going around. "Oh no. They're not spreading rumors about us, are they?" More importantly, the rumor was true. She didn't want to face it. "I think I want to go home. It's boring to stay in the hospital."

At this time, she suddenly came to her senses. "But what about arm, no one will massage him."

my

dad? With my fractured

"There's the care worker," Dexter said. "I also told Calvin to let Justin out for these few days so he can take care of your dad."

That's right, there's Justin. Josie relaxed. Perhaps it will be more effective when Justin personally repents at Dad's bed.

"By the way." Josie suddenly thought of something. "Dexter, has my mom... looked for you?"

Her mom had threatened to look for Dexter back at the beauty salon. There had been no news in the past few days. Was Mom just being arrogant?

Dexter looked away and answered indifferently, "No."

That's good.

Josie was discharged the next day and returned to Mason Garden. On the way back, Dexter suddenly received a call. "Dex, what happened? Was Jo in an accident?"

Henry's voice was loud. Dexter put his cell phone further away and furrowed his brows. "How did you know, Grandpa?"

Josie raised her head, perplexed.

"The Late Wavery News reported on it. They said that an accident happened at Russell Group's entrance and even included photos!"

[Chapter 142](#)

Marilyn Visiting

"When I saw the photos, I thought, isn't this Jo? It gave me a fright. Why didn't you tell me?!"

Old Mr. Russell chided Dexter angrily. He was about to go mad.

Dexter's head hurt. He never expected this to go on the news. He explained patiently, "Grandpa, it's not a big deal. Jo's arm fractured, and she's been discharged. Don't worry. Take care of yourself."

"That's absolutely disgraceful! She's your wife. You're glossing over it even after she got into something as serious as an accident. Is a fracture no big deal? You can find out after I break your legs!" Old Mr. Russell grew furious, and he almost lost his breath. "Give the phone to Jo. I want to talk to her!"

Dexter signaled the woman beside him with a glance. She couldn't hold the cell phone, so he put it next to her without moving.

"Are you alright, Jo? You can be honest with me." Old Mr. Russell's voice completely changed. It was very gentle.

Josie bit the bullet and answered, "Grandpa, it's no big deal. The newspapers are spouting nonsense. Don't believe them."

"You only suffered a fracture?"

"Yes. I've been discharged, and I'm now going home to recuperate."

"That's good." Old Mr. Russell's voice suddenly increased in volume. "Dexter Russell."

Dexter answered nonchalantly, "I'm here."

"A fracture isn't just a small matter. I've instructed Marilyn to go to Mason Garden to care for Jo. She should be there now. Watch out."

When Josie heard it, she choked on her water and tried her best to keep from coughing.

Dexter wrinkled his brows. "Why did you go through great pains to ask Marilyn to come? It's not like there aren't servants in Mason Garden."

Old Mr. Russell sneered. "So what? Marilyn has taken care of me for years and is very attentive. I will only be reassured if she takes care of Jo."

"What about you?"

Unlock succeeded

are many servants in Russell Mansion. I can cope. Jo's health is crucial now. She's the most important," Old Mr. Russell said erratically before immediately ending the call.

Dexter massaged his temples. He sneered. "Grandpa treats you so well."

Josie was overwhelmed and frantic. "What should we do? If Marilyn stays in Mason Garden, we can't hide it."

Marilyn was different from the servants in Mason Garden. She thought that the two had a genuine relationship and marriage.

Dexter was calm when faced with her panic. "We can only act as a true couple."

"Act? How are we going to act?" Josie was annoyed yet amused. The car stopped at the entrance of Mason Garden, and a row of servants stood outside, with Marilyn in the lead. She smiled at them.

"Go down and stall. I will instruct the servants to move your belongings into the master bedroom."

“Master... bedroom?” He forced Josie out of the car. Before she could ask further, she was in front of Marilyn.

“You’re here, Marilyn.” Dexter was respectful to her.

Marilyn only cared about Josie. She was taken aback when she saw Josie. “Oh my god, it’s so serious. Come in, quick, Jo. Have a seat.”

Josie gulped and forced out a smile. “I’m sorry for troubling you, Marilyn. Um... These are the instructions from the doctor. Please take a look at them.”

The two entered the villa, and Dexter instructed the remaining servants calmly. “Move Mrs. Russell’s belongings into my room. Do it quickly.”

“Yes, sir.”

On the other end, Josie led Marilyn into the kitchen. When Josie saw the servants bustling upstairs, she said, “Marilyn, I like taking herbal tonics. Can you please make me some?”

“I need good herbs to make herbal tonics. I have to go and buy them. Wait for me, Jo.” After that, Marilyn wanted to leave.

[Chapter 143](#)

My Condolences

Josie stopped Marilyn. “I... I’m not in a rush. I want to have some warm water. Could you heat up some water for me?”

Marilyn didn’t quite understand. “Alright. Please wait a moment.”

While waiting for the water to be warmed, the two looked at each other in the kitchen. Marilyn saw that Josie was sweating, so Marilyn immediately said, “The kitchen is hot. Wait outside.”

... It’s alright. It doesn’t matter. I haven’t seen you in a long time, so I want to talk to you.” Josie immediately waved her hands. “How is Grandpa recently?”

“He’s doing well. Don’t worry.”

“That’s good... That’s good...”

Once the water was warmed, Marilyn swiftly poured it into a glass for Josie. “Take your time. I have to go out and buy ingredients. Wait for me. I’ll make sure you eat well tonight.”

Josie was at her wit’s end. While Marilyn was undoing her apron, Josie waved frantically at Dexter, who was in the living room, gesturing for his help.

The latter walked over casually and stood at the entrance of the kitchen. “It’s still hot. There’s time to go tomorrow. Don’t play favorites. I haven’t eaten your pudding in a while. Can I eat it today?”

Marilyn was startled when she heard it. She carefully sized up Dexter's expression and stuttered slightly. "Yes... Yes. I'll make it now."

Josie realized they were safe and immediately said, "I'll have to learn from you."

While Marilyn was busy in the kitchen, the servants were almost done moving upstairs. Josie no longer panicked and secretly slipped out to sit beside Dexter. She asked quietly, "Why was Marilyn so agitated when you said you wanted to eat pudding?"

Dexter was replying to emails on his laptop and didn't look up. "I haven't eaten it for many years."

"Why?" She asked subconsciously.

Dexter didn't answer her. Josie realized there must have been some kind of story, so she kept quiet, embarrassed. When she thought he wouldn't say anything, she heard his voice. "I haven't eaten it since my mother left."

previously guessed that Dexter's mother was no longer around. She never thought that it was really the case.

She carefully sized up his tense side profile and apologized. "I'm sorry... My condolences."

Dexter paused as he was typing. His lips curled into a sneer. "It's fine."

After that, Marilyn oversaw everything in Mason Garden, especially when Josie had to take her medicine. Marilyn was sent by Old Mr. Russell, so no one dared to stop her.

In the master bedroom, the servants had packed everything neatly. It really seemed like the two were living together.

Marilyn drew a bath in the bathroom. "Go in, Jo."

Josie nodded, and Mrs. Carroll followed her into the bathroom, but Marilyn stopped the latter. "Why are you going in, Julie?"

"To help me take a bath."

"To help Mrs. Russell take a bath."

Josie and Mrs. Carroll answered in unison.

"Why are you helping her with her bath?" Marilyn had a disdainful expression. "Dex can help with such an intimate act."

At the side, Dexter raised his brows while Josie was flabbergasted. "I... I... don't think it's very convenient."

Marilyn teased her, "You two are husband and wife. Don't be shy. It's normal."

She waved everyone out as she spoke. "Everyone else can leave. Which husband wouldn't help their injured wife take a shower?"

"Ah! Mrs. Carroll! Don't leave!" Josie cried out in despair.

Mrs. Carroll shut the door out of consideration.

Half of Josie's face was flushed. She didn't want to care about anything else as she sat down. "I'm not going to take a shower."

She loathed the culprit at that moment. If he hadn't hit her, she wouldn't be at a stage where Dexter had to help her take a bath. She could have retained her innocence!

Dexter crossed his arms and sized up the shy person before him. "Why are you nervous?"

[Chapter 144](#)

Help Her Take a Bath

"Isn't it obvious? You're a man, and you'll take advantage of me. How can I not be nervous?" Josie's neck was flushed as she raised her head and cried out.

"It's not like I haven't seen your body." Dexter laughed lightly. "It's so-so."

"You!" Josie pointed at him but couldn't say anything for a long while. After that, she looked down at her chest. "I... I have a good figure. Don't underestimate me."

Dexter said nothing. He turned and went into his wardrobe.

Josie panicked. She hugged herself and cried out, "I won't yield. Don't think of making me compromise."

Dexter came out with a black tie shortly and walked to her. "I'll give you two choices. I'll cover my eyes, or you don't have to bathe."

Josie was surprised. She could accept it if he covered his eyes. "But... But you might touch" somewhere sensitive."

Dexter sneered. "It's up to you if you want to bathe."

"No...." Josie felt awkward. She hadn't taken a bath for the whole day, and she felt uncomfortable. "I'll take a bath."

She tried covering her eyes with the tie to test its thickness. When she confirmed that she couldn't see anything with the black tie around her eyes, she was reassured and allowed. Dexter to walk into the bathroom.

She took off her clothes. Under the light, it was as though the woman's fair skin was glowing. She had a tall and full figure.

She carefully sized Dexter up. He didn't have any expression. He seemed more solemn with the tie around his eyes.

"When is Marilyn leaving..." Josie stepped into the bathtub. She couldn't help but sigh when she came into contact with the warm water.

Dexter raised his hands to support her. "It should be after your arm heals."

"Does that mean you'll have to help me shower daily?" Josie cried out in surprise.

“Do you think I like doing this?” Dexter said, annoyed, as he helped to wet her hair and rub

Although they lived together, they used different brands of shampoos. Josie liked the fragrance of his shampoo. She shut her eyes and enjoyed herself as he massaged shampoo into her hair. “Mr. Russell, if you don’t want to operate your business anymore in the future, you can change careers and go into the hairstyling industry.”

Dexter laughed in his rage. This woman always makes such remarks after taking advantage of me. “Make another comment, and I’ll break your other arm. Good things come in pairs, after all.”

Josie wasn’t afraid. She laughed as she said, “You would have to help me shower for much longer. You’ll be getting the short end of the stick.”

“You’re pretty good at finding the silver lining.” Dexter’s voice was slow. “If I remove the tie now, you’ll get the short end of the stick.”

For a moment, the bathroom was silent. Josie immediately stopped talking and didn’t dare to say anything else.

After washing her hair, she cleaned wherever she could by herself and only asked Dexter for help with areas she couldn’t manage. He would only move in the direction she asked and didn’t try anything funny. However, the strange noises from the bath gel on her skin made her flush.

When she looked at Dexter, who was cleaning her ankles, he was still expressionless.

Josie suddenly thought of something, and her other leg reached out of the bathtub and splashed him with water. “Mr. Russell, I heard rich people have unique desires when doing the deed. Do you?”

Dexter was soaked by her leg moving around. He grabbed her leg.

“What deed?”

Josie felt embarrassed, “Like... those on the bed.”

“What kind of unique desires?”

Josie wanted to pull her leg back but to no avail. She couldn’t move it. He’s feigning ignorance.

“Like... Men in high positions like to be involved in bondage play, like, S, um, M...” She sized up Dexter’s expression as she said it and emphasized the two letters.

Dexter let go of her leg, and he was splashed with more water. “I don’t.”

“How self-restrained...” she mumbled, “but you don’t seem like those people.”

[Chapter 145](#)

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag

Dexter took out a towel to wipe his hands. “If you continue talking nonsense, you can wear your clothes yourself.”

At that moment, he was against the light and seemed to glow. On top of being soaked, the black tie covering his eyes made him appear restrained and uncontrollable.

Josie lay in the bathtub and sized him up freely while he hadn't removed the tie around his eyes.

How will it feel to make someone so self-disciplined misbehave? Her pulse quickened just by thinking about it.

"Josie?" He furrowed his brows when he heard no response.

"I'm here. Josie stepped out of the bathtub, and the water in it rippled. She wiped herself dry. with a towel before sitting on one side and putting on her pajamas with difficulty. It took some effort for her to put on her clothes. She couldn't fasten the buttons on her back with one hand.

She looked up, aggrieved. Her voice was deliberately alluring. "Dexter, I can't fasten it."

He blurted out, "What..."

At the next moment, Josie walked to him. She held his large, veiny hand and put it on her fair and smooth shoulder before slowly sliding it down. "My pajamas. What did you think?"

Behind her, the man's breath instantly quickened, and his hands grew cold. He paused. "How am I going to button it with my eyes close? I'll get Marilyn."

Josie suddenly held his hands tightly. "Don't. You've already helped me with my ask for help to fasten my buttons, won't you be letting the cat out of the bag?"

Dexter said nothing. He could smell Josie's fragrance.

bath. If you

"I'm not in a rush. Take your time." Josie's back was facing him, and her silhouette moved before him. She had a mischievous smile. Can someone so self-restrained misbehave? She wanted to see Dexter like that.

He had never put on clothes for a woman before, and he didn't know how the buttons on her back were designed. He could only try his best. He occasionally touched her soft back, and Josie cried out seductively. "To the left. No, the right. To the right. Dexter, why aren't you doing it properly?"

Unlock succeeded

"Know your limits, Josie Warren. His voice was hoarse. He was deliberately restraining himself.

The woman had the nerve to continue. She turned and bravely provoked him. "Why can't you button them? Why don't you take off the tie?"

Dexter's forehead suddenly twitched. He pursed his thin lips tightly and lifted his hands to remove the tie. He didn't have an innocent expression on his face.

Josie was like a deer trapped in headlights. She covered herself and jumped aside. "Oh my god! Why did you really do it?" She never thought Dexter would really dare to do it!

Dexter's initial anger dissipated when he saw her like that. He walked forward while holding his tic.

What are you going to do? I'm going to scream!"

He walked behind her and buttoned her pajamas. He wasn't in a rush to leave. He slowly leaned close to her ears and said softly, "You really have the nerve to try and seduce me. Why don't you go to Heaven on Earth and ask Calvin for some tips? He can teach you a thing or two."

She felt the man's breath in her ears, and Josie felt confused. Her face flushed. "I was kidding..."

At that moment, she only wore her thin pajamas. Her neck was exposed, and her long wet hair draped over her shoulders. Water from her hair dripped onto the floor. She was indescribably alluring and enticing.

Dexter's eyes reddened slightly. He reached out and put his hands around her lower abdomen before he pulled her into his arms. Their new desire escalated rapidly at that moment.

She was trembling, and Dexter laughed silently. He looked down slightly and saw her bosom pressed against him. "Are you afraid?"

The man had an overpowering demeanor, and Josie realized she couldn't resist him. She wanted to say she wasn't afraid but couldn't speak.

[Chapter 146](#)

Blow Drying Hair

Both their hips were tightly pressed against each other. Dexter held Josie's face, and she was forced to look up.

She shut her eyes tightly and heard him say, "Have you done it before?"

She didn't say anything as she shook her head. After that, he sneered.

Josie turned around and faced him after being taunted. She used one hand to lift his well-defined face and said alluringly, "You're so handsome. I'll have a good time."

The desire in Dexter's eyes increased, and the smile on the corners of his lips vanished.

Her smile deepened. "Do you want to kiss me?" Her soft fingers fell on his thin lips, and she caressed them. "I want to kiss you."

His grip around her waist tightened, but his face subconsciously avoided her touch.

Josie touched his face again. She stood on tiptoe and said in his ear, "Just like last time."

She could clearly see Dexter's gaze deepening. His desire was burning within him.

"I don't think anyone will disturb us this time."

His breathing slowed down. "Do you think I don't dare to do it?"

Josie's heart was beating furiously. She was afraid. Dexter could do anything, but if she stopped now, it wouldn't be easy to seduce Dexter the next time.

She couldn't give up now.

She leaned close to his lips and said softly, "You have great kissing skills, Mr. Russell. My legs went weak from our kiss last time."

Dexter smelled the woman's sweet scent. He let her kiss him while the veins on his hand protruded. This continued momentarily until she suddenly stuck out her tongue and licked his lips. The force around her waist increased in a split second while she backed away. He bent down, and his lips parted as he kissed her back.

It was as though Josie had been electrocuted. She subconsciously pushed him away forcefully, and her breathing was rough. She put one finger up and put it against his lips. "My hair isn't dry yet. If it drapes around me, I'll catch a cold. Help me dry my hair, okay?" After that, she took out a hairdryer and handed it to him.

Unlock succeeded

slightly. Actually, she wasn't sure if De

understood him. He wouldn't stop if he didn't get his way.

Dexter looked up at her, and the lust dissipated slightly after a long time. He was irritated, but he ultimately took the hairdryer from her.

Josie breathed a sigh of relief. Her arms were covered in cold sweat.

Dexter was very gentle when he blow-dried her hair. He intentionally adjusted it to warm air. She had thick hair, and he took some time to blow dry her hair. Her black hair drifted, and her fair back was faintly noticeable.

Josie shut her eyes. She was completely relaxed and enjoyed herself. She was content that the head of Russell Group had helped her bathe and blow dry her hair. Furthermore, he had pretty good skills.

"Dexter, have you ever helped other women blow dry their hair?"

His voice wasn't loud amid the noise of the hairdryer. "It's none of your business."

Josie chuckled. He must still be annoyed by my reaction just now.

Soon, her hair was dry. Dexter put a bathrobe around her and wrapped her in it tightly. He let go of her and said, "Leave."

It was as though Josie had been set free, but she subconsciously asked, "Why?"

Dexter laughed in a rage. "It's my turn to shower. Or do you want to take a bath with me again?"

Upon hearing it, Josie quickly ran out but shut the door out of consideration.

He stood on the spot and closed his eyes. His temples were twitching. She's such a minx. She likes to seduce me but doesn't like to take responsibility.

Josie lay on the bed and smelled Dexter's scent.

It was hard for her to resist the thrill just now. For a moment, she thought it was really going to happen. The two had been very close, and she could clearly feel the change in Dexter's body. She couldn't ignore it. The warmth had made her shudder uncontrollably.

[Chapter 147](#)

The True Culprit Emerges.

When the bathroom door opened again, Josie had fallen asleep.

She slept in the corner of the bed, and one of her hands held tightly to the corner of the covers. She looked worried.

Dexter sighed in exasperation. He subconsciously pushed her to the middle of the bed before tucking her in.

She slept well that night.

Josie hadn't known how to deal with sleeping in the same bed as Dexter again, but she fell asleep unknowingly. She woke up and realized that the bed was empty. Only the indentations on the bed and the residual warmth indicated to her that he had slept there.

When she looked at the time, it was ten o'clock.

After Josie washed up, she went downstairs. Marilyn was bustling in the kitchen. "I'm sorry, Marilyn. I overslept."

Marilyn smiled. "You're injured. It's only natural for you to sleep in."

The herbal tonic Marilyn brewed today included wolfsbane and dandelion, but it wasn't bitter. Marilyn had excellent skills, and Josie drank it happily. "Please make more for me next time. I want to take some to the hospital for my dad."

"Sure. Can your father drink it?"

"I can fill a syringe with the herbal tonic, then feed it to him through his gastric tube."

"... It must be tough." Marilyn looked at Josie, distressed. Marilyn sighed. "It's alright. With Dex around, everything will be alright in the future. Is he coming back for dinner?"

Josie choked on the herbal tonic. "He..." Is he coming back? "He should be."

"What do you mean by that?" Marilyn was displeased. "Doesn't he usually tell you if he's coming back?"

"No, I didn't mean that. Sometimes Dexter is busy, and there are unexpected situations. I can't say precisely."

Marilyn nodded, confused. "Dex has no other way. Don't blame him."

o blame him?

Dexter seemed busy for the next few days. He left the house early and returned late at night. Sometimes, he would just stay at the office.

Josie was home alone. Other than chatting with Mrs. Carroll and Marilyn, she would play games with one hand. She was bored out of her mind.

She had nothing to do, so she opened her chat with Dexter. She typed one letter at a time. What are you doing, Mr. Russell?

After she sent the message, she received no reply for a long time. She only saw Dexter's text in the evening after her afternoon nap. I just finished a meeting. Why?"

Josie rubbed her eyes and replied. I'm bored. I'm so bored. Is there information about what happened to me?"

This time, Dexter replied quickly. 'Almost. The person didn't really want to kill you. wanted you to miss the meeting. Think about it. Who doesn't want your design to be approved in the design department?"

He just

His message was enlightening. Josie furrowed her brows tightly and quickly came up with an answer. 'Claire.'

Dexter replied. 'I'll come and pick you up at night."

But Josie didn't understand. Claire was already the head of the design department. Why would she do such a thing? If anything had gone wrong, Claire would have been responsible!

She waited anxiously until the sky turned dark. Dexter's car stopped at the entrance of Mason Garden, and she quickly entered the car, saying, "Dexter..."

Her hurried words stopped abruptly because she suddenly realized another person was in the big car. Ivy sat at the side with a stiff expression. "Ms. Warren."

Dexter indicated calmly for Josie to sit down.

Ivy immediately passed Josie some information. When Dexter signaled Ivy, she started explaining. "We discovered that Claire called someone outstation in her recent call log. The telephone card was discarded, but we traced it to the hoodlum when we followed the IP address. This shouldn't be a coincidence."

Josie flipped through the printed call log.

Ivy added, "We can't completely confirm it's her. Perhaps it's just a coincidence."

[Chapter 148](#)

Such a thing couldn't be a coincidence. Josie was sure of it.

The scenery outside the window kept changing. "Where are we going now?"

“Claire has a social gathering at Heaven on Earth today. We’re going there now.” Ivy sized up Dexter’s expression and realized his gaze fell on Josie from the start until the end. “Mr. Russell, I have other things to do. See if...”

Dexter instructed the driver to stop, and Ivy exited the vehicle. She walked across the road to hail a cab. It seemed like Ivy was heading in the opposite direction.

When Ivy left, Josie breathed a sigh of relief. A thoughtful smile was displayed at the corners of her mouth. “Ms. Miller is really like you. I’m slightly intimidated by her.”

Dexter caught a strand of her hair and played with it. “Punishment or revenge. You decide.”

He was referring to Claire. Josie leaned back in her seat and pondered for a moment. “Will you fire her?”
“Yes.”

“Then, I choose revenge. She revealed a spiteful smile. “After all, I didn’t die. After being fired from Russell Group, she won’t have a foothold in the industry. This would be more painful than a punishment.”

Dexter’s gaze was fixed on her. “Messing around with her. You’re pretty good.”

When they arrived at Heaven on Earth. Dexter’s bodyguards were already keeping watch there. They seem to have been arranged beforehand. Two bodyguards went with him while he instructed the rest to follow Josie.

He led her to a booth, and they sat there awhile. He leaned close to her and asked, “Will you be okay alone?”

Josie laughed lightly. “Why? Do you want to watch two women fighting?”

Dexter wasn’t interested and seemed to have other things to do. He rose and left, going to a private room upstairs.

Josie waited on the spot for a while before she saw Claire coming in with a bag, dressed scantily. She ran straight to Josie. “Mr. Barrett, I’m late...”

Unlock succeeded

and backed away in fright when she saw Jose You Josie

Josie waved her uninjured hand and chuckled. “You seem very disappointed to see me, Ms. Wilcher. Did you think that I was dead?”

Claire’s face paled. “I don’t know what you’re talking about...”

“You don’t?” Josie raised a wineglass and slowly walked to Claire. “Then why are you afraid to see me?”

Claire already had a guilty conscience and retreated when faced with Josie’s demeanor. “I was just surprised. Don’t you have a fracture? Why are you here?”

“I do. My arm is fractured.” She waved her hand in the cast and abruptly spoke louder. “Do you know that I suffered a fracture? I almost died. Claire Wilcher! Do you think my life is a game?!”

The music was louder than Josie's voice, but Claire understood Josie. Her back was against the wall, and she was terrified. She couldn't stand upright because her legs were going weak. "... What! What

does it have to do with me?! Don't blame this on me!"

Josie took out a stack of paper from her bag. It was Claire's call log. "Do you see this?"

Claire already had a guilty conscience and turned incoherent when she saw it. "This isn't mine. I've never made this call!"

Josie's smile deepened. "I never said which call. Why are you defending yourself?"

"None of these calls are mine. Don't slander me!" Claire was anxious after being tricked.

"Oh. Why don't you show me your cell phone? Do you dare to do so?"

Claire was wary and didn't dare to look Josie in the eye. "Why should I let you look at my phone? Stop making assumptions, Josie Warren. You were just unlucky. Don't make such slanderous remarks!"

[Chapter 149](#)

Taking Revenge

"Whatever," Josie said coldly as she stood steadily. She couldn't be bothered to talk to Claire further. Josie poured her wine on Claire, saying, "Don't think you can step all over me. You broke my arm, so I will make you pay twofold."

"Ah!" Claire shrieked loudly and glared at Josie. "You have the nerve to pour wine on me, Josie Warren!"

As Claire spoke, she rolled up her sleeves and wanted to shove Josie and hit her. Before Claire could touch Josie, a few bodyguards rushed to stop Claire. They pinned her to the floor. "You can try!"

Claire cried out in pain after being kicked. "You came prepared, you despicable wench!"

These burly bodyguards were ruthless. Josie watched from the back and said slowly, "I initially thought that you would be satisfied after becoming the head of the design department. I never imagined that you were still dissatisfied. Are you jealous that I'm more capable than you? You're in huge trouble now. Don't think you can keep your job."

Claire lay on the floor, paralyzed. Her face turned scarlet, and she covered her stomach in pain. Her tears were flowing.

"Enjoy my gift." Josie smiled. Before she left, she said, "I don't ask for much. Just break both.

her arms."

Josie had always had a bad temper since she was young. She wouldn't make trouble, but she would repay it twofold if someone offended her. She had done so since she was young, so she was rarely bullied.

Josie calmed down after getting her revenge. She was in a better mood than she had been for the past few days. Just as she was headed to the washroom, she bumped into a familiar face while turning a corner.

The man wore a cashmere vest and a leather belt. He was tall, neat, and had a flirty expression as he stared at her.

She was taken aback. "... Mr. Carter?"

D*mn it, why is Arnold here?

Josie didn't know how much he had witnessed. He nodded at her and laughed lightly. "What are you afraid of, Ms. Warren? Where was the courage you showed just now?"

owling in griet. should have killed you!

Unlock succeeded

Josie forced herself to stand upright. "She harassed me first. Is there anything wrong with me repaying the favor?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you teasing me, Mr. Carter?"

He had a striking appearance. It was clear that he was an experienced regular. The beautiful girls who walked by peeked at him one after another.

"I was just complimenting how capable you are, Ms. Warren. It seems like most of Dexter's feelings for you are well-deserved." Arnold was confident.

Josie forced herself to calm down and answered, "It's not. I don't know how you came up with that, Mr. Carter."

"I've seen those bodyguards. They look familiar."

Josie's gaze darkened. She never thought something like this would occur.

"Mr. Russell is kind, so he lent them to me."

Arnold didn't believe her. "Have a cup of tea with me, Ms. Warren?"

She had no choice at this point.

Josie felt that Arnold was very sly. He seemed to be making small talk with her, but he also implied other things simultaneously. His emotions changed freely, unlike Dexter, who was cold and indifferent from the start until the end.

In a large private room upstairs, Arnold took out a tea set and skillfully brewed a pot of tea. He asked casually, "Do you drink Earl Grey tea?"

"I don't quite like drinking tea. I can't fall asleep at night."

He heard it but ignored her. He was focused on pouring the tea.

"I saw the photos in The Late Wavery News. I pitied you when I saw pictures of you lying in a pool of blood. If I were Dexter, I would also make the other party pay."

Josie was suspicious. "What do you mean?"

Arnold suddenly understood something. "Don't you know yet? Dexter broke the legs of the driver who hit you. The man can never drive again."

[Chapter 150](#)

Cold-Blooded and Ruthless

Josie didn't know. She thought that getting her revenge on Claire was enough.

She pretended to stay calm. "It's only natural. I would do the same if I were in Dexter's shoes."

Arnold revealed an admiring smile. "I told you how men can fall prey to beautiful women. previously. This time, I'm going to tell you how."

"You're devious, Mr. Carter." Josie sighed and waved her injured arm. "It's a shame I'm not the main female character in your stories. I'm expendable, at best."

"Have

you heard of people carrying out their schemes behind a façade?"

Josie kept quiet.

"It's what you two are doing." Arnold poured her a cup of tea.

She stared at the ripples on the tea's surface. "Mr. Carter, I'm really not who you're looking for. I was stirred by what you said last time, and I tried it, but Mr. Russell was aloof. He won't be moved by me. Why don't we just give up?"

It was as though Arnold didn't hear what she said. "You say I'm devious, but I'm not as meticulous as Mr. Russell. He pulled the rug from under the Ardon family, throwing the Carter Group into chaos. He's so capable."

Josie understood. The Ardon family protected Landon and Martin, which meant they also shielded Arnold, but Dexter was merciless. It could be said he had hit two birds with one stone.

"I don't understand. It's just the law of the jungle in the world, isn't it?"

"Just like the woman who was beaten up? The only reason she's weak and you're strong is because you have someone supporting you behind the scenes while she doesn't."

"She schemed against me first!" Josie blurted out.

Arnold looked at her silently. "Are you admitting it?"

She finally understood what he meant, and she gulped. "No matter what, I've worked in Russell Group for three years. I can't betray my boss. Mr. Carter, I can't accept two salaries."

"What if I tell you Dexter is cold-blooded, ruthless, and selfish?" Arnold sputtered, and the smile in the corner of his mouth had vanished entirely.

Unlock succeeded

opene

ned her mouth when he raised his han

door. The noise outside was suddenly heard, including voices from the room next door.

There were faint voices. "Mr. Russell! L-treat you as my brother, but you ruined my family! Why did you do that?!"

The man's voice was mournful and pained. The despair in his voice was piercing. Josie's heart sank. It's Leo.

It turned out that Dexter was in the private room next door.

His voice wasn't loud, but Josie could hear him say, "Get out." There was none of the so-called brotherly affection.

Leo didn't leave. He cried out despairingly. "I thought you had come to wish me on my birthday. You even gave me a car, and I was thrilled. I didn't think you had anything to do with it when the police took me away. But I never thought you were using me to destroy my father! Mr. Russell! Do you know how much I have worshipped you since I was young? You were my role model!"

The private room was quiet. Dexter said nothing, and no one else dared to say anything.

"You're so capable that you sent the Ardon family to prison. No... It was me. I harmed my dad and the Ardon family... What do you want me to do? I've failed everyone. I don't have any other family on this earth!" Leo was crying and wailing. "Dexter Russell! You're the devil!"

After that, he seemed to pick up something and suddenly threw it. There was a crash.

Flustered voices were heard after that. "Mr. Russell! Are you alright?"

Josie felt alarmed and subconsciously wanted to stand up.

Arnold glanced at her, and she could only sit down.