



“Thanks, but no thanks.”

Seeing her adamant attitude, Dexter left with his assistant without any other comments.

Josie sighed in relief and made her way to the surveillance room.

There, she found out that all the recordings from the morning had been deleted.

I should have thought of that! she thought in despair. That’s why Samantha and Mr. Davidson were so bold. Since they had already destroyed the evidence, they were confident I wouldn’t find anything.

‘Beep!’

Her phone rang. She checked her messages and saw that it was about the designs for the food packaging with Samantha’s name on them.

Josie tightened her fingers around her phone resentfully, but she could do nothing.

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After work, Josie received Patrick’s timely message.

Since she was going to the dinner, she hailed a cab to Victoria Restaurant in Wavery.

“Josie, why aren’t you here yet?” Patrick asked sternly.

Looking at the traffic outside, Josie quickly replied, “I’m almost there. The traffic is heavy.”

“You have fifteen more minutes. If you’re not here by then, you have to bear the consequences.”

With that, he hung up, leaving Josie thunderstruck.

Since she was not that far from the restaurant, she opened the door and ran in its direction.

Not long after that, she heard someone beeping the car horn behind her. A familiar Maybach stopped in front of her.

“Mr. Russell!” she yelped in surprise. Why is he here?

“Why are you here?”

Her forehead was dripping with sweat. “Where are you going? I can send you.”

Josie wanted to reject him, but seeing she was running late, she took his offer and got into his car.

As soon as she told him the address, he started driving.

When they arrived, Josie thanked him and ran into the restaurant. Dexter frowned at her and made a call.

“I’m changing the venue. I’ll send the address over shortly.”

He hung up and found a parking spot. Then, he walked into the same restaurant.

It was a western restaurant with a European renovation style. As the head chef was a famous chef from France, the restaurant garnered much interest among the upper class.

Patrick stopped her at the door of the private room.

“Why are you so late?”

“The traffic was terrible.”

“I have to make this clear to you, Josie – this deal is crucial to us. It will benefit you if you can sign this deal.”

Before Josie could digest his implied meaning, he shoved her into the room.

“Sorry for being late.”

Everyone in the room was Russell Group’s business partner. They turned around and appraised her.

“You must be Josie. Mr. Davidson mentioned you just now,” Alec Windsfield said with a smile.

“You’re finally here, Josie!” Oliver Hudson added.

“Patrick told us that you’re a real beauty. Now that we’ve met you, I must admit that he was not exaggerating.”

“Oh, you flatter me too much, Mr. Hudson!”

Josie was bright and elegant; one couldn’t find any fault with her. However, Oliver handed her a glass of red wine.

“Since you’re late, you have to start with drinking three glasses of wine as punishment.”

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