



Josie didn't think they were waiting for her. However, her alcohol tolerance was very low. It would be troublesome if she got drunk.

"I'm allergic to alcohol, so I can't drink. Why don't I replace it with tea?"

As soon as she said that, the atmosphere changed immediately.

"Are you joking, Josie?"

"Why are you here if you can't drink? Are you just here to be a wet blanket?"

"It seems you are not interested in working with us. You should tell us in advance! Why waste everyone's time?"

Everyone complained, not allowing her to refuse them at all.

Patrick's face darkened when he saw that.

"Josie, what are you doing here? It's an honor to drink with Mr. Windsfield and Mr. Hudson. Stop acting like a baby!"

Everyone else in the room watched the drama unfolding in front of them.

Josie hesitated before taking the wine glass. She gritted her teeth and gulped it down.

"Now we're talking! It seems like Josie knows her manners after all," Oliver praised and poured another glass for her.

However, Josie couldn't drink anymore.

"Mr. Hudson, I really can't drink anymore. One glass is my limit."

“Nonsense! You’re still so young! Since we are all here, we have to drink our hearts out.” He completely ignored her discomfort and poured her another glass.

She felt nauseous, but no one noticed; they kept pouring wine into her glass.

She had lost count of the number of glasses of wine she drank. At that moment, she felt as though the entire world was spinning.

Then, she burped and said, “I can’t drink anymore.”

The few managers exchanged glances and smiled.

“Josie, since you have had too much to drink, we can book a room for you at the hotel upstairs.” With that, Patrick went to help her up.

Josie quickly shoved him away. “That’s fine. I’ll call my husband to pick me up.”

“Oh, I almost forgot that Josie is married,” Patrick sneered. “It takes time for your husband to arrive. It’s better if you rest upstairs first.”

“I-It’s fine...” Josie mumbled as she looked for her phone. Patrick wanted to take it away from her, but she had already made a call.

“Give me your phone, Josie.”

“Hello?” A man’s voice rang from the other end.

Annoyed, Patrick quickly took it and hung up.

Dexter frowned and called again.

Josie’s phone rang again. Patrick was quite annoyed with supporting her, but she took her phone again and picked it up.

“Hello, who’s this?”

Dexter looked at his screen and made sure that it was Josie. “What’s wrong?”

“I-I’m fine... I just had too much to drink...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Patrick took her phone and hung up. This time around, he placed her phone in his pocket.

“Josie, you’re drunk. There’s no need to call anyone. Just head upstairs and have a good sleep.”

This was not the first time Oliver and Alec had done this.

“Patrick, we will head upstairs first. Just... send her to us later.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll be right there.”

When both of them left, Patrick lost all patience. He dragged Josie out of the room into the elevator.

Josie felt dizzy. As soon as she walked out of the room, she felt nauseous.

“Ugh...” She threw up.

Patrick frowned in disgust, but he continued dragging her into the elevator.

The elevator doors reopened right after they shut, with Dexter standing in front of them.

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