

Blind Date 371

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Exploiting Marriage for Publicity

Josie was temporarily subdued by his intimidating temper, and she had no choice but to calm down

Matthew came in to help Josie with the wound, but when he tried to continue the drip, she forcefully pulled her hand back and said in a rigid tone, "Matt, sorry, but I feel like I'm fine now. I want to leave the hospital immediately.

Matthew instinctively looked at Dexter, as if he was inquiring his opinion.

He now understood that Josie's decision would be irrelevant when Dexter was there.

Josie stared back at the man obstinately. "I have many things to do. I'm not as fragile and dramatic as Mr. Russell thinks.

Dexter's gaze turned cold as he replied, "Sure, but I guess that as soon as you step outside, you'll start vomiting and faint again"

Josie kept silent because she indeed still had the urge to vomit.

"You've lost your job. What else is there for you to be busy with?"

This remark made Josie glare at him, her beady eyes ablaze with fury, and the tense atmosphere persisted. Matthew intervened, trying to defuse the situation. Josie, there's no rush. It won't hurt to finish the drip before leaving the hospital."

Seeing that Josie had stopped moving, he took the opportunity to reinsert the needle into her vein. The sudden pain made Josie involuntarily groan.

A dark bruise formed where the needle had just been inserted.

She didn't notice, but at the same time, Dexter furrowed his brow, his reproachful gaze falling on Matthew.

For the rest of the time, Josie lay back on the bed, closed her eyes, and pretended to sleep. She didn't want to see or speak to the man in her room.

Her phone kept vibrating in her pocket, but she didn't dare answer it.

"Why, are you feeling annoyed? "An intimate breath suddenly washed over her as warm fingertips touched her face, slithering like a venomous snake. She couldn't help but tremble. You've been with me for so long, yet you still don't know how to handle unexpected events."

Sure enough, it was him! She thought

He knew that Bryce would deliberately do this

The man's large hand suddenly withdrew, and his voice turned cold. "I'll give you a suggestion. Go to the media now and announce our marriage. Perhaps Carter Group will be saved.

The news of the mysterious woman married to Dexter being Josie would undoubtedly cause a sensation. By using the media, public opinion would be pushed to a climax.

After a long period of silence that felt like half a century, Josie finally opened her eyes. She responded sharply, "Unlike you, I don't resort to using marriage as a publicity stunt"

Dexter's expression remained cold, without a trace of emotion.

"Anyone in the whole world, but you can say that I've married you for a publicity stunt."

She stiffened.

He took out his phone, answered a call, and then walked out of the ward. His cold and ruthless figure seemed to be telling her that his presence in the hospital meant a last chance for her, but since she didn't accept it, he no longer needed to show any mercy.

He couldn't see it, but when he mentioned publicly announcing their marriage to the media, a dark cloud descended over her eyes.

Once the news of Dexter's marriage was exposed, it meant that all the protection he had given her before would no longer exist.

Josie took a deep breath, unsure what to make of the suffocating feeling deep in her heart.

She scrolled through her contacts for a long time but couldn't find a suitable person. Finally, she hesitantly called Laura, who was surprised when she picked up the phone. "Josie?"

"Can you come to the hospital to pick me up?"

Josie couldn't believe that in the vast city of Wavery, she didn't have a trustworthy friend to rely on.

Every person she had known for so long had some connection to Dexter.

Not long after, Laura appeared in the VIP ward and was startled to see Josie covered in injuries. "Wow, where did you get into a fight?"

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He Thought You Were Pregnant

Josie didn't say much, her face turning pale and unsightly.

As she was leaving the hospital, she ran into Matthew. It seemed that Dexter had already left, and Matthew stood with his hands in his pockets, saying casually, "He thought you were pregnant."

The man, who had always been calm and composed, had shown signs of panic not long ago. However, when he heard that it was only due to a stomach issue causing the vomiting, his disappointment was evident. He awkwardly asked Matthew, "No need for an ultrasound?"

Matthew was momentarily stunned. "Oh, no need. It's just a stomach issue."

Matthew didn't dare to look at Dexter's expression. He already knew that the man's love for Josie had reached a certain level-a level where he wanted to have a child with her.

"I only faintly heard some rumors about you two. What happened? Did you and Dexter have a fight?"

Laura asked as Josie sat in the passenger seat of the car.

Josie took out her phone and scrolled through her call history, most of which were calls from her colleagues at work. "He maliciously attacked the Carter Group, not even sparing Bryce."

Laura glanced at her. "Summer has been looking for you."

"Yeah, Miss Olsen that looks so pure and innocent. If I were a man, I would also fall for her charm. "Josie selectively replied to some text messages, including one from Alice.

"From the looks of it, you're going to be on the opposite side of Dexter, "Laura said.

"I have no choice. Josie knew she didn't have the power to resist, so she could only do her best. Then, she suddenly remembered and asked, "Is Summer the successor of the Olsen family? Why isn't it Zach Olsen?"

At the mention of this, Laura's expression darkened slightly. "You don't know, do you? The Olsen family favors their daughters, especially their youngest daughter. Plus, Zach's abilities aren't outstanding enough. Everyone assumes that Summer will be the future successor."

"It's strange. Usually, it's the eldest son who inherits the family business. The Olsen family doesn't seem to have favoritism over male descendants."

"There's a hidden story behind it, "Laura said, not elaborating further.

Alice received Josie's reply and immediately called her. "What's going on? Why did they fire you just like that? Did you go talk to the boss?"

Not only did she not talk to him, but she also had a fight with the "boss."

"It's okay. It's just a job. I won't starve."

Seeing Josie's nonchalant attitude, Alice was puzzled. "This isn't like you, Josie. Did you read today's financial news?"

"...Yeah."

He Thought You Were Pregnant

"It has nothing to do with you, right?"

Josie felt guilty for a moment. "What... What does it have to do with me?"

"You scared me. I thought there might be some connection between the two. I've overheard two of the managers talking in the pantry today, and they mentioned that the amount a foreign company was offering to acquire the Bryce team is between one billion and two billion."

Josie almost choked on her own saliva. "Is that true?"

"That's what I heard, but I'm not sure either. Why do you look so surprised?"

"No, it's nothing. Thank you, Alice. Please keep an eye on the design department. "Josie gave her instructions and hung up the phone. She then told Laura, "Take me to Bryce's place."

Laura turned the steering wheel. "Okay."

After Bryce got married, his personality became much more subdued, which made Josie somewhat unaccustomed. "Is everything alright at the Olsen family?"

"Don't ask. It seemed that things weren't going well."

Josie put away her curiosity and decided to drop the subject. She told Bryce about the approximate amount of the acquisition. He was elated. "This is crucial for us. Knowing the approximate amount gives us a way to deal with it."

Josie smiled. "How about I stay and face it together with you? After all, Dexter has fired me, and I have nothing to do now."

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Food Delivery

"This isn't a good idea."

"I've already made up my mind."

Although Josie knew nothing about finance, she decided to stay and assist the team members voluntarily without receiving any salary.

From that day on, she started receiving frequent anonymous food deliveries.

The team was busy, and Josie practically lived in the office. Whenever she felt tired, she would take a nap on the sofa and wake up to find her colleagues arriving. She would immediately start the morning meeting, and it was at this time that the food delivery would arrive like clockwork. Breakfast consisted of porridge and side dishes, enough for everyone in the office.

Although it was nothing fancy, the food tasted surprisingly delicious-refreshing and flavorful. Everyone praised the food one after another, assuming that Josie had ordered the delivery.

Little did they know that with just one bite, Josie could tell it was the skilled cooking of the head chef from Mason Garden.

She remembered the cold expression of the man at the hospital yesterday, and with a crisp sound, she forcefully put down the small spoon and stopped eating.

But the food deliveries didn't stop at breakfast. Lunch and dinner arrived punctually, and there would even be afternoon tea after lunch, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers, as well as medicine and ointments, all exquisitely prepared.

Josie expressed her thoughts through her actions. She did not touch the food once and poured it all into the trash can.

The person responsible for delivering the meals had a bitter expression and quietly said to her, "Madam Russell, if you don't eat, I won't be able to explain it when I go back. Mr. Russell will be unhappy with me..."

It was the same trick again. Josie thought. She stubbornly continued to do as she pleased.

As time went on, not only did the employees notice the situation, but even Bryce asked, "Is there a man pursuing you, Josie?"

Josie rolled her eyes. "You're overthinking this."

She really wanted to scold that man. Her finger hovered over the dial pad, but she couldn't press any numbers.

She didn't return to Mason Garden. If she really needed a place to spend the night, she would go to the hospital and sleep on the sofa in her father's ward.

The next day, Josie was late. As she was leaving, she thought that she must have missed breakfast. However, when she opened the door, the delivery person was standing outside the ward.

Josie felt like cursing.

"When are you all going to stop monitoring me?" she exclaimed without looking back.

The delivery person wore a bitter expression. "Mrs. Russell, we're just following orders."

Josie didn't even turn her head. "Go back and tell your boss that if he really wants me to eat, he should come and deliver it himself."

After informing Bryce about the acquisition amount, Josie began discussing her own plan with Arnold. "I received reliable information that the funds they are using for the acquisition range from ten to twenty billion. In the short term, Bryce has very limited funds available, and there will be a shortfall of around ten billion."

After a brief pause, she continued, "I want to borrow this money from you. Bryce has agreed to use all his Russell family shares as collateral."

On the other end, Arnold was accompanying Eileen to make mango mousse. His hands were covered in flour, and he had put his phone on speaker mode on the table.

He remained silent for a long time, and even Eileen, an outsider, could sense the urgency in the woman's voice on the other end of the call.

After finally finishing with the flour, Arnold put it aside and washed his hands before saying, "Using the majority of your shares as collateral and winning the battle, achieving complete victory. Have you thought about what will happen if the counter-acquisition fails?"

He spoke lightly, "Once it fails, it won't be as simple as losing everything. Bryce won't be able to repay these debts in his lifetime. And if I backstab you and compete with the acquiring party, you will soon become a part of my assets."

“Is it worth it, Josie? Have you thought it through?”

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Thwarting Dexter's Schemes

Exercise caution when interacting with him.

While Eileen remained oblivious to their relationship, her intuition nudged that Arnold had a genuine affinity for this woman.

Josie's silence encapsulated the weight of desperation, a silent plea amid her risky gamble.

“I... I won't allow Dexter to have it his way.”

She wouldn't hold back after he had mercilessly crushed her dignity.

The volatile economic state in the current market and the financial constraints from the Carter Group had left Josie in a predicament. Yet, she refused to let Dexter claim victory and turn her into a mockery.

Arnold offered another suggestion, “You know your husband better than anyone. Since he started targeting Carter Group, the Russell Group has been in disarray. You could advise Wyatt to sell the company at a good price and venture into a new industry with the funds. Who knows, it might lead to a better outcome.”

Josie immediately refuted the suggestion and asserted, “No way. This is Wyatt's first venture, and he will never agree to bankruptcy or selling it.”

She was determined to face any situation with Wyatt.

Arnold's brow slightly furrowed as he asked, “Are you doing this for Wyatt, or is it about your personal vendetta against Dexter?”

Josie clenched her fist, her eyes darting elsewhere.

Eileen was peeling a mango with a firm grip on the knife when Arnold abruptly snatched the knife and the large mango from her.

She pursed her lips and wrapped her arms around his waist. Arnold kissed her forehead and then turned to Josie, who was still waiting, and said, “Since you've made up your mind, bring the contract and come to my house to sign.”

“Your house?”

Arnold blurted out his address and said, “Eileen is feeling a bit under the weather, so I'm staying home with her.

Josie nodded and replied. “Yes, it is getting colder.”

There was a momentary pause in the conference room as Dexter sneezed.

After the project team dispersed, Ivy entered the room with a stack of photos and began, “Sir...”

Dexter casually closed his laptop, stretching his long fingers, and a photo fell from his grasp. Ivy peered at the barren autumn through the windows, shivering in the cold.

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My Heart Belongs Elsewhere

A wave of dismay washed over Josic, and the fleeting excitement dissipated. The contract in her hands now felt like a sizzling hot plate, too precarious to handle. Lost for words, she stammered. "This..."

This could be serious if caught red-handedly.

Arnold shrugged it off, "If things go wrong. Eileen will step in."

Has she been used?

Josie was stunned for a while. "She seems to like you a lot," she finally murmured.

Arnold remained indifferent, slowly capped his pen, and answered coldly. "My heart belongs to someone else."

Josie chose not to probe further. "It seems I have no choice but to go all out, even if it means risking everything for this billion-dollar deal."

The room fell into a long and deep silence.

A gentle rapping on the study door broke the silence as Eileen's soothing voice chimed in, "Are you finished? The mousse is ready to be served."

A gentle smile etched on Arnold's lips as he cordially invited Josic, "Stay and have a meal before you go." Arnold's mood changes rapidly and dramatically, displaying an intense and unpredictable temperament. Taking a moment to observe her surroundings, she paused and appreciated the house's spotless cleanliness and meticulous arrangement. The prevalence of pink-colored items throughout added an undeniable touch of adorableness and charm.

Wyatt was shocked after signing the contract and immediately questioned Josie about the source of the money. Without hesitation, Josie disclosed all the details.

Wyatt's skepticism dissipated, and he enquired, "Josic, how did you and Arnold meet?"

... in some unexpected circumstances."

Without prying further, Wyatt asked curtly, "Did he send those meals and flowers?"

Josie's agitation grew as she gazed at the freshly delivered bouquet of roses.

She deliberately tossed the bouquet into the trash bin and said nonchalantly, "The news of Arnold's rumored engagement to a wealthy heiress is causing quite a commotion. You're reading too much into it."

Her eyes caught sight of a card nestled among the blooms. Her mind flickered, momentarily enticed to reach out and uncover its secrets. But she restrained herself, resisting the urge to pick it up and uncover its

secrets.

Josie inadvertently left her laptop in Mason Garden as she left hastily after the meal.

Lost in her thoughts, she checked the time and assumed Dexter would still be engaged in the meeting discussing the Carter Group.

She drove off hurriedly in Wyatt's car. As a foreign vehicle approached Mason Garden, the security guards were prepared to intercept it. However, their surprise grew as the car window lowered to reveal Josie. They exclaimed, "Madam..."

Josie made a conscious effort to park her car discreetly, but despite her best intentions, she was inevitably

discovered.

The wistful dusk of autumn awakens a sense of solitude.

Josie handed the car keys to the servant and stood by the staircase leading to Mason Garden's interior.

She glanced at the servant and innocently asked, "Can I go upstairs to get something?"

The servant looked bewildered and answered, "Madam, you don't need to ask me."

She is Mrs. Russell, after all.

Josie chuckled wryly as she hurried upstairs, finding the master bedroom untouched. The balcony revealed the pitiful state of the neglected potted plants, their soil dry and foliage on the verge of wilting.

Josie glanced around, unable to find her computer in its usual spot. She searched fruitlessly, considering going downstairs to look for it. Suddenly, a solemn and commanding voice trailed along the corridor. "Why does Mrs. Russell sneak around like a thief when returning home?"

Josie stood still as she peered down to see Dexter seated on the sofa downstairs. His gaze held a mischievous allure, and a cold smile graced his lips.

Josie felt a chill run down her spine as fear and embarrassment enveloped her.

Had he been there all this time?

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Fever

She closed her eyes momentarily and met his gaze. "I returned to retrieve my belongings," she stated firmly.

Dexter ascended the stairs and stopped before her. "Just tell me what you need, and I'll bring it to you," he assured succinctly. There was a menacing intensity in his gaze.

Josie trembled as he drew closer but shook off the tremor and asserted, "My laptop."

"Where are your keys?"

Little did she know that Dexter was informed of her arrival in Mason Garden.

Her head throbbed, and she retorted. Forget about it.”

As she turned, her wrist was seized. “Mason Garden isn’t a place you can simply stroll in as you like,” a voice chided.

The grip on her wrist was intense. Her body lurched backward and fell into Dexter’s arms. It was a moment frozen in time.

Dexter was slightly agitated as Josie’s complexion grew unusually pale.

The creases on his forehead deepened as he swiftly carried her, carefully placing her onto the soft mattress in the master bedroom. Josie’s mind raced as the haunting memories of that fateful night resurfaced. “Get out!” she roared.

She wrestled against his grasp, but he held her hand firmly. He scorned. “I have no intention of having sex with a sick woman.”

Josie’s initial shock subsided, but an underlying discomfort persisted.

Dexter rose abruptly, pacing the bedroom before swiftly going down the stairs.

Josie crumpled onto the soft bed as the balcony door clicked shut, catching whiffs of his lingering scent that danced in her nostrils. Her head spun relentlessly as if being pulled into a swirling vortex.

A pang of regret washed over her for not taking the medicine that Dexter had sent earlier. The drip’s efficacy had faded away.

With a pounding headache and sore eyes, Josie realized she might be coming down with a cold. Her eyelids were heavy, and she slowly drifted away to sleep.

Dexter hurriedly fetched the medical kit and found Josie curled up and asleep. He shook her in panic, Josie, wake up.”

“Josie, open up,” said Dexter as he slid a thermometer into her mouth.

Half asleep, Josie complied.

Dexter’s eyes briefly flickered to her wrist, where scars from the previous injection were still visible.

No more needles for her.

Dexter gingerly prepared and administered the medicine to her as her brows furrowed in bitterness.

Julie came into the room with a bowl of hot soup and carefully served, “Sir, here you go.”

Dexter gently wiped Josie’s mouth with a tissue and muttered, “Leave it.”

Josie felt his every gesture was tender and delicate, as if she were his most cherished treasure.

“Dexter...” she murmured faintly.

“Yes.

“Did you spend time with Summer this past month just to make me jealous?”

It was a presumptuous question, but Josie mustered the courage to address the pressing question. Fully aware of its potential implications, she had genuine intentions and earnestly sought a path forward for their struggling marriage.

Dexter put down the bowl and said indifferently. “Do you want to hear the truth?”

Her heart sank.

“Not entirely.”

So, he had ulterior motives with Summer.

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Accept the Defeat

Josie was finally awake.

“The Olsen family has their eyes on you now,” Dexter said wearily, and his eye bags weighed on, “I must do something about this.”

There was anguish in his voice.

“It’s all for me, right?”

The evening’s golden hues streaked into the bedroom, glowing on Josie’s complexion. Her eyes sparkled like radiant jewels.

Dexter’s gaze lingered, his expression distant and unfocused.

“Is that how you see it? To protect me?” Josie’s voice trembled, and her frustration simmered. “I can look after myself, Dexter. You don’t have to sacrifice yourself to protect me.”

“Josie, Dexter’s voice turned sharp as he looked her in the eye. “Do you truly believe you can handle this on your own? You’re only confident because Arnold is there to support you. Take him out of the equation, and what are you left with?”

Josie was aghast, but it was the truth – what would she do without Arnold?

“Arnold never meant to help you anyways.”

Dexter’s words pierced through Josie once again. However, she couldn’t reveal that Arnold had lent her billions of dollars for the project.

“Dexter, I can’t help but question your sincerity. It seems like everything you do is motivated by self-interest. And please, let’s not even get started on Arnold.”

His face hardened, and he let out a cold, mocking laugh.

The phone buzzed and interrupted the tension in the room. Dexter swiftly answered, “Go ahead, speak, as his eyes lingered on Josie.

“Mr. Hudson took the highway as expected. The checkpoint was guarded by numerous officers, resulting in the exposure of the entire truck’s cargo.”

Hudson? He’s with Arnold. Her face blanched with a sinking realization.

Dexter’s eyes remained fixed on her. “Arnold seems to think I would be waiting for them on the highway.”

“This is quite strategic of you. Closing down Arnold’s nightclubs will make this summer a tough one for him.”

Chill ran down her spine as she listened.

No way-Dexter had it all under his thumb.

Josie swiftly got out of bed, her breath quickening. Dexter ended the call and watched her somberly as she

hurriedly composed herself. Josie confronted him, “Did you ever think about Wyatt when executing these plans? He’s your brother and played a role in the Russell Group. How could you let him become the scapegoat?”

“I can tame even the wildest beasts,” Dexter reiterated.

“So, you could do whatever you want.”

Dexter remained silent as he brought the laptop upstairs and placed it before her.

“Are you sure you wanna leave?” he said condescendingly.

Josie snatched the laptop, her eyes flashing with contempt. “Jerk!” she spat, turning on her heels and storming downstairs, Dexter’s warning was brushed aside as she drove away in Wyatt’s car.

She tried calling Arnold, but there was no answer. Dexter’s cunning tactics had cornered Arnold, forcing him to choose between his marriage and the Carter group.

Arnold finally returned Josie’s calls. The days followed were filled with relentless dedication as she poured her resources into supporting Wyatt, preparing for the impending battle..

[Chapter 378](#)

Crashed

The meals were still sent on time but without flowers.

Josie had a few consecutive meetings. She discussed with Wyatt and overseas leaders the list of employees to lay off. The company’s articles of association were also amended, which gave them more protection from the reverse takeover.

They thought the reverse takeover meeting went well, but no one expected that Wyatt’s stocks would hit the limit down price the next day. Josie quickly sensed something unusual after learning for the past few days. “Check if the overseas company dumped their stocks.”

Her colleagues quickly confirmed her theory.

After pondering calmly, Josie guessed that Dexter didn't know she had one billion as assistance from Arnold. If Arnold didn't tell Dexter about it... she had a loophole.

They were short-selling.

She immediately informed Wyatt's trader. "Keep an eye on the stock market. We will buy as many stocks as the overseas company dumps."

The trader was hesitant to go up against them so forcefully. "Are you sure?"

She had no way out.

The overseas company and Wyatt kept selling and buying shares for the next few days. The stock market was steady, and it also instilled confidence in most of the stock investors. When the stock market closed this week, the overseas company had dumped five billion in stocks. They shorted all of Wyatt's outstanding shares. Although he was in heavy debt, he had won the battle.

Wyatt's team stared at the exact numbers and breathed a sigh of relief. Someone hit the table, and the entire office was fired up.

Josie looked at the rising and falling numbers on the computer screen. They had salvaged the situation. The worry she had in her heart disappeared.

Thankfully. Thankfully they didn't know Josie had one billion from Arnold. She had managed to defeat them...

But Wyatt sent over a stack of report forms and seemed to have much on his mind. "If the stocks continue to fall when the market opens next week, we will lose everything."

Josie looked up. "They don't have any funds left, and the market is stable. How can it fall?"

Wyatt still felt uneasy, but he nodded. "I hope so."

Josie sensed his worry. She had complicated feelings and joked, "You'll treat us to a meal next week if everything goes well, right, Mr. Wyatt?"

Someone in the office immediately exclaimed. "I second that!"

Wyatt smiled. "Of course."

The stock market was calm the following week. Economists' predictions failed, and the overseas company was silent. They were under much suspicion.

Wyatt finally calmed down and told his team to choose a restaurant. Josie smiled. "I won't join you. I'm going to meet Arnold and personally thank him."

Arnold also received the news and looked for her on his own accord. "Don't celebrate yet. Wait for it to stabilize

Josie didn't care. Before she could refute it, she was suddenly interrupted by Wyatt's call. She said, "I'm going to take this. It's from the company."

When she answered the call, Wyatt's tense voice was heard. "It's over... The stocks suddenly fell... We crashed."

They were in a crisis now, and his voice trembled.

Josie suddenly froze and stood on the spot. Her eyes widened. "What did you say?"

The Russell Group building stood tall and mighty behind her, but it was as though the building would collapse at the next second.

It was a capitalistic dream.

Josie frantically rushed to the office and was met with Wyatt's defeated gaze. "We really crashed."

It was as though Josie had been hit. She felt slightly dizzy. She was unprepared for such a situation.

[Chapter 379 You're Vicious](#)

Her ears buzzed when she looked at the numbers that had fallen dramatically. She opened her mouth in a daze. "How much did each stock lose?"

Such a brutal bolt from the blue threw everyone off their feet.

Wyatt said, "Continue buying

Josie gritted her teeth. She said reluctantly, "But we.... have no funds left."

They couldn't do anything to retaliate...

Wyatt shook his head in disbelief. "No. Didn't they say it's only two billion?!"

They quickly realized that last week's closely-fought battle on the market was only a smoke screen.... There was a shell company on the surface, and another company was secretly buying stocks before short-selling it today....

They were deceived....

The funds they had purchased were far more than two billion...

Josie was no longer in the mood to think about whether Alice had tricked her or if someone had taken advantage of Alice.

She had been dealt a heavy blow. It hurt, but it sobered her up.

Someone rushed in and said to Wyatt, "Let's liquidate... If we delay....."

If they dumped their stocks now, outsiders would take advantage and buy them cheaply. After that, if there were no position in the market with the shares they had, Wyatt wouldn't even be able to file for bankruptcy...

No matter what, Wyatt had lost the battle in the financial world.

Not only Wyatt but also Josie.

Someone had deceived her and taught her a lesson. It was like a slap in her face.

Josie's personal cell phone rang at this time. She was startled. It was an unknown caller. She slowly answered the call.

The buzzing in her ear continued, but the man's cold voice was distinct. "How do you feel?"

"It was you." Josie was expressionless, but it was what she had expected. Her knuckles turned white as she held her cell phone. "You're despicable."

"You're naïve." Dexter snorted coldly and ruthlessly. It was as though he was disciplining a rebellious teenager. "Didn't Arnold teach you? When I started the tug of war with you in the market, you should have guessed it wasn't as simple as a hostile takeover, but you poured in all your capital. That was stupid."

His straightforward yet taunting words swirled in her mind. Josie shut her eyes forcefully and slowly crouched down. She tried hard to calm her breathing.

She was a joke to him.

Someone stormed into the office and suddenly said, "Stop buying. Liquidate!"

Wyatt glanced at him and signaled for him to leave. After that, Wyatt walked to Josie and wrinkled his brows as he made a suggestion. "Is there a way for Arnold to continue giving us..."

Before he finished his sentence, the voice in Josie's cell phone was fired up. His voice was cold and dangerous. "You must not know I'm now playing chess with Eileen Shaw's father from Laxir."

Their last hope was gone.

Josie already knew what she and Arnold had to face in the future other than today's terrible situation.

She chewed on her fingernails and gritted her teeth as she said coldly, "You're vicious."

After a minute, Dexter's emotionless voice was heard. "Not as vicious as you, Josie Warren."

She was dumbfounded.

"If you understood me better and didn't look for Arnold, or if you stopped thinking of escaping, such a thing wouldn't have happened today."

"If you had accepted my flowers or even hesitated to glance at them, you would have realized that my detailed plans of what I would do to Carter Group were written on the card in the flowers. If you looked at it, you could have turned the tide."

[Chapter 380 Don't Do Anything Silly](#)

"Do you think I wanted to make a move against you? It's your fault. You disappointed me. You didn't even look at the flowers before you threw them into the trash."

The call suddenly ended.

The dial tone rang in Josie's ears.

She felt cold.

Wyatt reached out to pull her up, and she held on to his arms tightly. Her legs felt slightly numb, and her gaze was empty.

At that moment, in Laxir's chairman's office.

Mr. Shaw instructed people to keep the chess set. He poured a cup of tea for his guest and smiled as he praised Dexter. "You play well, Dexter."

Dexter was arrogant and wouldn't undervalue himself before his elders. He smiled indifferently. "You flatter me, Mr. Shaw."

Mr. Shaw nodded, satisfied. He sighed. The more Mr. Shaw looked at the handsome man before him, the more Mr. Shaw liked Dexter. He couldn't help but say, "Eileen has always told me she likes you. I thought...."

He thought Eileen would get together with Dexter, and the two families would be connected by marriage. It was an excellent opportunity. Although Laxir wasn't inferior, it couldn't compare to Russell Group. As for Dexter's wealth, it was...

Dexter understood what Mr. Shaw meant. He continued smiling. "Eileen treats me as an elder brother." Mr. Shaw had second thoughts. That's right. There are many women around Dexter....

But he wasn't satisfied with Arnold at all. Arnold had misappropriated funds without permission for a woman and used them to go up against Dexter!

He now knew Dexter's purpose for coming, and he asked, "Did you hear the news about Carter Group's stocks hitting the limit down price?"

The man silently glanced at the clock. "It's settled that the overseas company will acquire Carter Group. Arnold can't save the company."

Mr. Shaw felt slightly sad. Dexter had rarely done such things in recent years.

A soft knock was heard at the door. Mr. Shaw glanced at the door and said impatiently, "Come in."

Two young men looked at each other bitterly from a distance, neither yielding.

Arnold took the initiative to reach out his hand and shook the hand of the man sitting at one side. "Dexter is here too."

Dexter smiled warmly. "Arnold."

After they greeted each other, Arnold sat at one side.

Mr. Shaw had an awful expression, but he had no other way. He had to back off. This was the person his beloved daughter had feelings for.

But Dexter couldn't be pushed around. If Wavery was a kingdom, he was the king.

Although Dexter called Nigel 'Mr. Shaw, Dexter was doing Nigel a favor by meeting him.

"You've been liberal with money, Arnold. I heard that while Wyatt's stocks hit the limit down price, the price rose by one billion, Dexter said as he sized Arnold up.

Dexter's malicious gaze was devious. He couldn't underestimate Arnold's recent ploys to stabilize Carter Group's finances.

Dexter trusted his and Josie's foresight.

"How can I do nothing when my friend is in trouble?" Arnold said thoughtfully.

"You were too impulsive. Weren't you afraid that Carter Group would be involved?"

"Didn't you involve your cousin, Dexter?" Arnold sneered. "You're more vicious than I am. Perhaps Wyatt will never know that the person who destroyed him was his cousin."

Dexter didn't say anything. He glanced at the time while buttoning his cuffs. "It's late. I must leave."

Mr. Shaw rose. "Take care."

Dexter shook hands with him again and smiled meaningfully. "I hope Laxir won't do anything silly in the future."

Arnold didn't express how he felt after the attack today. He said calmly. "Let me send you off."