

Blind Date 381

[Chapter 381 In Debt](#)

Dexter left the office first. Mr. Shaw pulled Arnold's sleeve and warned him. "We'll talk about this next time. Be careful what you say and how you act around him!"

Arnold didn't answer. He adjusted his sleeve disdainfully.

In the private elevator, both men had imposing demeanors. Arnold had a dark expression, and he tried to regain control.

"You're so ruthless against your wife, Dexter. A debt of one billion. It will destroy her."

Dexter had a cold smile. "The market is always moving. I can't go easy on her, even if she's my wife. Furthermore, wasn't this caused by you taking the initiative, Arnold?"

His voice was cold and sarcastic.

The media went mad.

The central business district was filled with reporters. They wouldn't give up unless they got a picture of the high-level executive's dejected expression.

Josie stayed in the office. She drew the curtains and cut herself off from the rest of the world.

She couldn't panic. She had to calm down and think about what had gone wrong. Even if she couldn't solve it, it was good to reflect on it deeply.

Just as Dexter had said, she was foolish in many ways. If this were a graded exam, she would have failed.

The assistant sent a message. Up to this time, Wyatt was in a debt of two billion.

Josie went to see Dexter in the end.

Three hours before the market commenced trading the next day, she finally opened the tightly shut office door before the sun rose. Josie looked into Wyatt's worried eyes and nodded lightly to express that she was alright. After that, she walked to one side and dialed a familiar number.

At that moment, the office floor was lit. No one could sleep. They stared at the stifling numbers on the computer and pondered how they should deal with it a few hours later.

They finally saw Josie. Her frail figure seemed extremely weak, but her appearance unexpectedly encouraged them.

The other party seemed to have been waiting for her call. It rang shortly before the call was answered. It was silence on the other end.

Josie stared at her pale reflection in the glass and slowly said, "I want to see you

The other party said sternly, "Half an hour. Russell Group."

Wyatt's office wasn't far from Russell Group, and the latter wasn't as brightly lit as the former. Russell Group's employees were much more relaxed. No one was working overtime at Russell Group, and the

building was pitch dark. Josie's neck was sore from looking up at the facility. She seemed to see scattered lights on the highest floor.

It was too high up. He was too far away.

Even his secretary wasn't around at such a time.

Dexter sat in his office, and LED screens showed the surveillance monitors. He narrowed his eyes as he watched the petite woman enter his private elevator. It rose slowly. He couldn't see her expression, but he had a good idea.

She must have been biting her lower lip and looking extremely reluctant.

Just as he had expected.

The door with the smart sensor opened slowly. Dexter slowly looked up, and astonishment streaked across his face.

Josie's eyes were bloodshot, and she seemed unbelievably haggard.

Josie didn't greet him. She sat across from him, and her gaze was indifferent. "State your conditions."

He didn't move. He looked at Josie carefully and taunted her. "Are you pleading with me so brazenly?"

Josie glared ferociously at the man and tried to restrain herself. But she couldn't help but gnaw on her lips. "Dexter Russell!"

He suddenly roared, "Stop!"

She was startled. It was a while before she understood what Dexter meant. She slowly stopped biting her lips.

After that, there was an intense silence between the two.

A bottle of whiskey was on his desk, and his transparent glass was half full. His ashtray was empty.

He hadn't smoked, but alcoholic fumes surrounded him.

There were even alcohol fumes in the air. Josie was slightly intoxicated just by breathing it in.

[Chapter 382 Negotiation](#)

Josie undoubtedly caved under such silence.

She broke the silence with a strained voice. "So your true purpose wasn't Carter Group. It was Wyatt."

Dexter was playing with his wineglass with his bony hands. "Once Yanis' process was done, it was only natural to recover the value."

He had deliberately let go and given Wyatt authority but wouldn't let Wyatt truly occupy the market. He had tormented Wyatt to reclaim the power.

Josie took a deep breath. "Wyatt's company can't go on the market, and he agreed to allow the overseas company... no, to let Russell Group into the board of directors. We will let you into the general shareholders' meeting, but you can't touch his position. His position must be safe."

Dexter was raising his glass to his lips, and he paused. The corners of his lips twitched, and he said contemptuously, "When the market opens tomorrow, the stock prices will continue to drop. The shares he owns will become a worthless sheet of paper. What leverage do you have to make demands?"

After that, he finished his drink.

The strong alcohol went down his throat violently.

Josie's hands by her side clenched tightly. He had really pushed them into a corner.

She took a deep breath and suddenly raised her head. Her bitter gaze turned into a firm one. She restrained her voice from trembling. "I'm not discussing this with you on behalf of Wyatt."

The man raised his brows slightly. He didn't expect what she would say next. "I'm sitting here as your wife."

Dexter's heart stopped. He was momentarily taken aback.

"I'm begging you to let them go."

From Josie's strong demeanor, he never thought she would suddenly arm-twist him. She pulled the rug from under him...

She looked down and felt extremely humiliated. She hadn't wanted to use such a way to plead with him.

But if she didn't... She didn't know how ruthless the man would be.

Of course, she wasn't confident Dexter would be moved because of what she said.

What will he say? Will he say that work and personal matters can't be intertwined? Or will he ridicule me for being naive again?

Josie was prepared, but she never thought the man would put the wineglass down. It made a sound in the quiet room. He said indifferently. "Since Wyatt has given up other seats, I can allow him to stay on the board. The brands under his banner will still be cohesive. I promise they won't be torn apart and relocated to other companies."

The light cast a dim shadow on the man's face. Even his side profile was handsome.

She had successfully pulled the rug from under him.

This was Dexter's most significant concession.

She was still silent. Dexter stared at the haggard woman, and his hardened heart suddenly softened. His throat rumbled.

Josie said, "I need time to think about it."

Dexter glanced at his watch and said. "The market is opening in two hours. You can go in and rest."

Rest in his break room.

She had been there many times.

Josie turned him down firmly. She walked out of his office and called Wyatt.

She told him the situation, and he didn't say anything for a long time. He suddenly said, "Josie, I was too naïve."

Josie shut her eyes.

"It doesn't matter... Do as you wish."

Wyatt had yielded. This was the reality. Life went on. He had to do anything to survive if he didn't want to be eliminated from the rat race.

Arnold could no longer give them more funds because he could barely fend for himself. With the current situation as a precedent, other venture capital investment companies couldn't help them out. Wyatt experienced the hypocrisy of the world in the past few days.

Josie always thought she could be an equal rival to Dexter, but she never expected to be at the end of her road at such an early stage.

She returned coldly to the harsh office, and her expression was indifferent. "I will arrange for a contract to be written. We can sign it before the market opens for trading."

In the end, they were defeated by Russell Group.

What the man had done in this trade war could be considered a master class.

When she was turning to leave, the man behind her called out to her. "Wait a moment!"

Josie suddenly stopped. Her legs were slightly weak from being in heels for so long.

Dexter stood up slowly and walked to her one step at a time. The closer he got, the more she shivered.

His lips brushed her ears. "Remember to come back for dinner tonight, Mrs. Russell."

Josie restrained herself from slapping him.

[Chapter 383 Owing A Favor](#)

Dexter didn't personally sign the contract. The supposed leader from the overseas company was scht instead.

When Josie faced Wyatt's team, she saw how disappointed they were and felt upset. She forced a smile and consoled them. "Don't worry. We will still have opportunities in the future."

She looked at Wyatt again. He hadn't shown up for a few days. Even though there was a solution to their problem, he must have felt bad too.

What else could they do?

“What a close call. How tragic,” Laura said on the phone to Josie as she looked at the news on the Internet.

The articles were poorly written. Some ridiculed Wyatt’s company for being small, so it wasn’t a pity to be acquired.

Some media took photos of Josie’s side profile as she left under the protection of others. It didn’t make many waves because no one knew who she was. When Dexter’s secretary saw it, she quickly instructed the public relations team to take it down.

Josie had a splitting headache and didn’t want to say a word.

Laura followed the situation and didn’t think it was a big deal. She laughed lightly as she asked, “Did you cheat on Dexter to make him like this?”

Emotions finally stirred in Josie. “I cheated? Have you not seen his rumored partners?”

“Oh, that’s right.”

Josie wanted to hang up.

Laura sensed Josie was in a bad mood and stopped teasing her. “Don’t worry. When I can finally use the Olsen family’s power one day, I’ll help you make a comeback.”

Laura was vowing solemnly, and Josie couldn’t help but laugh. She couldn’t bear to tease Laura. “Alright. I’ll wait for you to rescue me.”

“But since we’re talking about it, where does the Olsen family’s power lie?”

“You know who your enemy is but don’t know your enemy’s power,” Laura told Josie that her family’s debt was immediately cleared after she married Zach. The family had substantial financial resources and had been rich for generations. “Wavery’s most valuable ports and land areas belong to the Olsen family.”

Josie understood. Russell had previously told her the Russell family owned a lot of land in Wavery. The Olsen family must have owned half of what remained.

Laura didn’t tell Josie certain things because she feared Josie would be angry.

She didn’t understand the business world, but she knew that if Josie revealed it to the media and admitted to being Mrs. Russell, it would be payback to Dexter. Then, regardless of the response, Arnold would have the opportunity to catch a breath. Perhaps he could even.... overcome the malicious acquisition.

But Laura didn’t do so. Even when Dexter suggested it to Josie, she didn’t want him to make their marriage public.

It seemed like Josie had decided not to let the outside world know she was connected to him.

Josie didn’t contact Arnold. He sent her a message of his own accord. You don’t have to contact me for the time being. I will deal with it.

He didn't mention the one billion at all...

She made a mental note. Not only did she owe Arnold money, but she also owed him a huge favor.

She didn't return to Mason Garden.

Even if she wanted to return, she couldn't do it now. Even if she failed, she couldn't let Dexter see her as a joke.

Heaven on Earth was as lively as usual. No matter what was happening outside, it could be forgotten in Heaven on Earth. Everyone could just indulge in worldly pleasures.

Josie kept drinking. It was as though she felt nothing and desperately wanted to get drunk.

It attracted Calvin's attention.

He frowned when he looked at her. "What happened? Did Dex bully you?"

Josie put down her glass heavily and pointed with her finger. She wanted to say something but couldn't say a word.

Calvin guessed that she wanted to swear.

He couldn't convince her, so he wondered if he should call Dexter.

[Chapter 384 The Drunk Woman](#)

But Josie snatched Calvin's cell phone away fiercely. "Don't call him. I have no relationship with him!"

Before she could finish speaking, someone tapped the back of her head hard. At the next moment, she fell into a familiar yet warm embrace.

The man's deep voice rang above her. "You can go."

Calvin smirked. He took his cell phone back and sighed silently. It seems like she's completely lost.

Josie was drunk and narrowed her eyes as she sized up the man. She didn't care how nasty an expression he had when she clearly saw who it was. "You're here."

Dexter crouched down and carried her to the VIP room. He restrained his anger and wanted to splash water on her to wake her up.

The woman moved limply and muttered tauntingly, "I forgot this place is yours."

Her voice softened, and she said weakly, "Do you think lowly of me?"

The man slapped her hands away and threw her on the soft bed. He went into the bathroom silently. He took a towel from the cupboard out of habit and rinsed it with warm water. He went to her and carefully wiped her face while holding her in his arms.

After a while, she seemed to have fallen asleep. It was quiet.

Just as Dexter was about to get up, the woman suddenly pulled a corner of his shirt and threw up directly on him...

Dexter was flabbergasted.

His temples twitched under the dim light, and he was close to gritting his teeth. Josie did this on purpose. She definitely did this on purpose.

“Josie Warren!” She looked innocent, and she looked at him with an inebriated gaze. Her big eyes looked miserable.

At that moment, Dexter’s temper disappeared. He shut his eyes as he was resigned to clean her again.

In the end, he took an hour to clean both of them.

Josie had fallen asleep, and he had tied her hair up messily. A few strands fell on her sleeping face. Her face was simple yet beautiful without makeup. She looked very demure when her eyes were shut and when she wasn’t making a fuss.

Dexter quietly lay beside her after turning off any electronics that could wake her. He embraced her gently.

But he couldn’t fall asleep for a long time.

She was inebriated tonight. Dexter didn’t know how she would react when she woke up and saw him the following morning.

Time passed slowly.

“Why don’t you understand me?” He asked softly. Only his voice was heard in the large room.

Josie woke up in the wee hours of the night, extremely parched because she had drunk too much. Josie subconsciously reached out to the bedside table, but it was empty. She woke up in a panic and got up to turn on a table lamp when she came to her senses and realized she wasn’t in Mason Garden...

Dexter would often leave a glass of water for her at Mason Garden.

When Josie thought about it, she sobered up suddenly and shook her head ferociously.

And at this time.

“What are you doing?”

The voice was sleepy and slightly hoarse. It made her heart race.

Josie was taken aback. She turned. “Why are you here?!”

Dexter woke up and opened his eyes calmly. His gaze was frightening. He glanced at her slightly disdainfully as she pulled the covers to her chest. He mocked her softly. “Who do you think helped you shower and change your outfit?”

Josie flared up. She raised her hand and wanted to slap the nonchalant man. “You’re really shameless!”

Dexter caught hold of her hand precisely and pulled it back. She fell into his arms.

It hurt slightly when her face bumped into his warm chest. She felt the vigorous beating of his heart.

Chapter 385 Etched with His Name

Josie knew she couldn't escape him, so she started berating and swearing at him. After a while, she looked up bravely when she didn't hear any response from him. She was met with the man's quiet and solemn expression.

She was enraged by him, and she was livid. She had utterly forgotten all the manners he had taught her over the past year with some difficulty.

Josie knew she had lost all self-control, but it didn't elicit his response. Josie was dejected and mumbled softly. "You really have the nerve to appear in front of me. Aren't you afraid I hid a knife on me?"

She was capable of doing such a thing.

Dexter composed himself. At the next moment, he leaped on her and loosened her belt. "Don't get angry. It's not good to go to bed angry."

Josie dodged him in surprise and avoided his kiss.

The man suppressed his strength and leaned back slightly as he quietly observed how the woman struggled even when in desperate straits.

She was like a bee that had fallen into the water and was trying her best to flutter and climb ashore, but her wings were getting heavier as they were soaked by the water... She could no longer fly... In the end, she would just give up.

He was doing the same thing with Wyatt.

As a tyrant in the business world, it was easy for him to acquire a company. This woman had tried everything to redeem it, but what was the result?

He liked seeing the energy slowly die out in others.

Like right now.

The woman had no strength left to struggle.

She looked at him boldly. "If you dare touch me today, I'll have a knife on me tomorrow!"

"Oh?" Dexter's warm kiss landed precisely on her pink lips. "Try me."

She stopped struggling, and she felt cold. She didn't know if she was feeling disappointed.

This feeling brought out hidden malice in Dexter's heart. He suddenly held her face, and his eyes were filled with hatred. "Did you do it with Arnold!"

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Josie's expression froze. After a long time, the corners of her lips twitched. "What did you say?"

His hands lingered on her body, and all he smelled was the alcohol fumes on her. His emotions haunted him late at night, and he knew he couldn't retract certain things if he said them.

"That one billion. Where did it come from if you didn't pay a price?"

Josie understood. After a moment, she sneered. "... So that's how you think of me."

Her heart sank.

Why do I feel this way? I should stoop to his level and taunt him, but why is it so hard to hear such a comment?

Dexter's hands paused. She quickly composed herself when he looked at her and answered him calmly. "I think it's worth it. One billion for only one night. As you know, it."

Dexter's grip tightened, and his gaze was furious. He wanted to strangle her.

ell, it was worth

Josie retorted with a smile, "Aren't you the same? How many women have you ow few years? Let's drop the formalities. We either lead our separate lives, or we should divorce!"

She had removed her ring from her finger. Her bare fingers showed that she was free!

Dexter was livid. "Divorce? Dream on. Over my dead body!"

He suddenly pulled down her nightgown, and his fingers stopped on her graceful body. "Do you think you're good enough for Arnold?"

"Here, here, and here!"

"My name is etched on you!"

He jabbed his fingers into her body, and Josie couldn't help but groan. After that, a tear slid out of the corner of her eye. She was humiliated.

[Chapter 386 Buying Medicine for Him](#)

She suddenly resisted violently, and Dexter was caught off guard. As she was kicking frantically, she hit him in the abdomen. He groaned in pain, and Josie freed herself from his grip. She recklessly picked up the table lamp on the bedside table and raised it, wanting to smash it on his head.

'Crack!'

He hit the lamp away with his backhand, which shattered against the wall.

The partition wall fell apart, and the shattered glass from the table lamp rebounded on them. Dexter's gaze froze, and he carefully protected Josie with his hand against the glass fragments that were about to fall on her face.

A drop of fresh blood fell on her face.

It burned.

Josie's heart beat fiercely. She saw nothing but bright red amidst the chaos. What came after was dead silence.

The man reached out to wipe the blood from her face, Josie came to her senses at his warm touch and pushed him away viciously. She got out of bed, and Dexter fell. He only managed to maintain his balance when he supported himself with both hands on the floor covered in glass shards...

He hung his head and stopped chasing after her. He clenched his fists silently while the glass remnants pierced his hands. Blood fell on the floor in big drops. It was a shocking scene.

Josie's eyes widened. She knew he was hard on himself, but didn't it hurt....

At that moment, she suddenly realized that there was no way that this man, who could kill her, would be tenderhearted toward her. He thought he had a tough life and wanted everyone to perish in an inferno with him.

He was always his own hero...

Josie adjusted her nightgown slowly and looked at him for a while before she slammed the door.

She left.

Dexter gave up all thoughts of chasing after her. As he hung his head, his feelings were incomprehensible. His black hair drooped, and the dim light made the invincible man seem miserable.

She left without hesitation in the end.

He tried to get up and clean the place, but he couldn't move at all.

He was slightly tired.

At this time, a wave of regret washed over him. Should I not have been so ruthless? I should have let her be as long as she stays by my side.

So what if I keep her by my side when she's so listless? This isn't the person I like.

He suddenly heard footsteps. It sounded like hers.

pair of beautiful legs.

He saw Josie, who had returned.

stood among the glass shards. As Dexter slowly looked up, he saw a

She towered above him and looked down at him coldly. Her hair, which he had tied up for her, had become messy and seemed slightly comical.

She was holding a bag weakly.

Dexter's eyes lit up. At that moment, he suddenly forgot what the two had argued about, his grudges, and the pain he was feeling inside.

Josie panted ruggedly, and her expression was stiff. There was no other emotion on her face.

He slowly opened the bag.

Gauze, cotton swabs, painkillers, aspirin...

The still night was silent.

She crouched down and bandaged his wound. She was focused and stared intently at his bloody hands as various emotions surged in her heart.

He looked at what she was doing, and his cold gaze was directed elsewhere...

He thought of how resistant she was... and how tenderhearted she was now...

"Get lost."

A cold voice suddenly crept into her ears. It swept past her ears like a chilly winter breeze.

Josie was cold from going out in a nightgown at night, and her fingers were white from the icy weather. When she heard what he said, she froze while holding the gauze. She looked up at the temperamental man, astonished.

Dexter's gaze slowly met hers. "Did you hear me?"

[Chapter 387 You Two Look Quite Well-Matched When Walking Together](#)

Josie paused for a split second before she threw everything in her hands on the floor. She pushed his injured hand away forcefully. She touched his sore spot, and he could feel his wound starting to bleed again.

As she turned to leave, she looked at him for the last time loathingly.

He suddenly grabbed her wrist, and she heard him say coldly, "Don't try to blackmail others emotionally like me. You'll never master it."

After spending time together for a year, was this man's patience and cautiousness emotional blackmail?

Because he was good at it, he could tell with one glance that Josie had returned because of human nature.

Josie was incensed and tried to break free, but he suddenly held her tightly. She lost count of how often she had gritted her teeth at him. "Let go of me!"

Dexter's coarse fingers caressed her left hand and felt her bare ring finger. He used the same force to push her hand away, and his voice turned cold. "I want to see a proposal on Wyatt's team's future development on my table tomorrow."

Josie ran from him, and her heels made loud sounds on the floor. She walked past the mess, and before she slammed the door and left again, the last thing she heard was, "Don't forget that we haven't divorced. You better control yourself."

It seemed to be taunting her. Josie understood it.

She passed by the pharmacy she had bought medicine from, and the girl on duty was leaving work. The girl shut the door and bumped into Josie when she turned, and her eyes lit up. "Ah?"

Her smile froze. She could tell that Josie didn't seem to be in good shape.

Josie glanced at the girl and nodded at her. She couldn't express anything else. She warmed her arms with her hands because of the cold.

The girl watched in a daze as Josie walked further away. Josie seemed like a nomad.

A few days later, Wyatt's team merged into another corporation. All the profit from the various research and development projects under their banner was also absorbed. Russell Group employees were spreading rumors that Wyatt couldn't manage a company properly, and Russell Group had to tidy up his mess.

Little did they know that Dexter had caused the mess.

Josie assisted Wyatt in dealing with various matters, and he had been feeling bad. I'm sorry, Josie. I wouldn't have dragged you into the mess without my inadequacy. I will think of a way to repay the debt."

"It's one billion. How are you going to repay it?"

"I asked my father to lend me some money before the mess occurred."

Josie understood that it must have been a significant sum.

"So your father..."

You Two Look Quite Well-Matched When Walking Together

"Is very angry." Wyatt smiled bitterly.

"Did you look for....," Josie asked tentatively, "Dexter?"

"I'm too embarrassed to look for Mr. Russell. He entrusted the team to me, but I messed everything up," Wyatt said.

Josie understood half the situation. So Wyatt still didn't know who the mastermind behind the scenes was. Dexter had caused much trouble.

She was out of a job now, so she could help him a little. It was somewhat related to her, so she had to take responsibility.

"Josie, I'll be going to ask for financing soon. Can you come with me to a social engagement tonight? But of course, I'll ask Mr. Russell in advance," Wyatt added.

"You don't have to tell him. I'll come with you." Josie's expression didn't change, and she lied. "He agreed for me to help you regarding this."

After she said that, Wyatt wasn't worried.

The social engagement was at Mandarin Oriental.

But Josie never thought that Summer would be the person to greet them.

"You're here?" Summer was in a long, white dress as usual. Her dress swayed when she walked, and she looked very dignified. She smiled and said, "You two look quite well-matched when walking together."

Chapter 388 Skillful

Her intent was malicious. Wyatt smiled courteously and awkwardly. "Josie is loyal and agreed to come with me.

"She's loyal." Summer glanced at Josie with an incomprehensible expression. "Am I not loyal? My dad has been waiting for you for a long time."

When Wyatt heard it, his footsteps quickened. "How could I make Mr. Olsen wait for me? Let's head in." Summer and Josie looked at each other before Summer answered, "Let's go."

Before entering the private room, Summer walked with Josie and said in a low voice, "Was the one billion from Arnold?"

Josie wrinkled her brows. She couldn't ignore the question. "Sort of."

Summer looked at Josie strangely, as though she thought it was unimaginable. "I can't bear to see him in trouble. Don't involve him in this."

Josie found it peculiar. "You're very kind to someone you don't love, Ms. Olsen.

She suddenly understood why Summer had captivated Arnold for so many years. It must have been because Summer often played hard to get.

Summer snorted coldly and meaningfully.

Her father, Mark Olsen, had a social engagement at Mandarin Oriental today. Wyatt seemed to have found an opportunity at the last minute and only had twenty minutes to talk to Mark.

Summer opened the door and said sweetly, "Father. Wyatt is here."

Josie followed behind Wyatt, and she looked up through the dim light. She searched the crowd and looked at the seat of honor, which sat a poised and earnest middle-aged man. Although he looked aged, she could tell he was experienced through his demeanor alone.

A smile was in the corners of his lips, and his gaze was shrewd. His eyes were kind yet perceptive.

Mark glanced at Wyatt before his gaze quickly fell on Josie. He had an awful expression.

It was as though Josie was electrocuted. She frowned. She was sure she had never met Mark, but for some reason, he looked familiar, as if she had previously met him,

"Mr. Olsen, this is a little something from me. Thank you for this opportunity." Wyatt had gone forward to greet Mark. Wyatt had always been good at socializing.

Mark talked to Wyatt politely. Other times, he spoke softly to his daughter by his side. It seemed like he loved Summer a lot.

"I know who you are. You're Dexter's cousin. You look quite young."

"Yes. I graduated from college this year."

"Sum told me you want to discuss a project?"

Dexter signaled for Josie to bring the information forward. "This is one of the projects we're currently pursuing. It has the potential to develop, and the due diligence has been done. It will be a strong contender in an uninhabited market."

Mark flipped through the information. They didn't know how much he had absorbed, but his finger suddenly stopped on a page. "I think this name has appeared in the recent prominent merger and acquisition. Josie Warren?"

Josie, who had been standing and listening at the side, immediately looked up and forced a smile at Mark. "I'm Josie Warren, Mr. Olsen."

She couldn't say, that's right. I singlehandedly destroyed the project.

Mark narrowed his eyes and looked closely at her with the light. "You're pretty capable."

She smiled. "You're too kind."

You must be skillful enough that Carter Group gave up one billion."

Josie's smile froze. It seemed like the entire upper social circle in Wavery knew that she had messed up a massive project, and Arnold had chipped in one billion for her.

Summer laughed out loud. "Father, I've researched Wyatt's project. They're developing new technology and can dominate ninety percent of the market's shares if it succeeds. I think it's worth investing in

Mark closed the information and threw it lightly on a table. He looked very authoritative. "Don't show me. projects without a hundred percent certainty. You may leave."

[Chapter 389 Allies](#)

Summer's expression changed. Her gaze met with Wyatt's, and he immediately went forward. "Mr. Olsen, we have reached the final stages of technology development for this project. Once it passes all the necessary tests, it will become the leader in the industry."

Mark spread his hands. "Even if I believe you, how do you have the nerve to make such a solemn vow and show it to me without a definite result?"

Wyatt had an awful expression, and Summer immediately cried, "Father!"

Mark sighed, and his tone softened. "I've heard of your ability, and your talent is rare, but you're too young. You're not as experienced yet. You should learn from your cousin."

Wyatt's expression darkened when Mark said it, and even Josie's heart sank. Under such a circumstance, Wyatt would be upset regardless of who had made such a comparison.

"You're right, Mr. Olsen. This is valuable advice. I will amend the proposal later. I hope we can meet again." Wyatt was dignified and restrained.

Mark nodded, satisfied. When he got up to leave, he added, "Send my regards to your father."

Wyatt nodded.

Summer left with Mark to another private room. That was his primary social engagement.

Wyatt fell on the couch and seemed defeated. He smiled bitterly, "Josie, will I never be as good as Mr. Russell?"

"Of course not. Mark is right. You're still young, and you haven't experienced much. You'll be like Dexter when you've gone through what he has." Josie comforted him kindly.

Josie had a poor impression of Wyatt when she first met him. She had felt that he was a respectable yet devious man. But now, he appeared pure and innocent. When comparing Dexter and Wyatt, the former seemed less upright.

"Don't feel disheartened. I'm going to the washroom."

Josie left the private room and went to the washroom to reapply her lipstick. During this time, a figure appeared behind her. It was Summer. "Tell Wyatt not to think about this anymore. Tell him to go home and enjoy his life."

Summer didn't have a breathtaking appearance. She looked like a quintessential good girl, but her ladylike temperament made her seem dignified.

"Excuse me for asking, but since that's the case, why don't you enjoy your life, Ms. Olsen?"

Summer stared at her. "I'm the only successor of the Olsen family. I can't enjoy my life even if I want to, but it's different for Wyatt."

Summer's perpetual condescension was irritating.

Josie closed her lipstick when Summer reached out to stop her. "Aren't you prepared to work hard? One billion is a big sum."

Josie stood still. "Are you going to help me, Ms. Olsen?"

"Of course. We're allies, aren't we?"

Summer handed Josie the gift bag in her hands. "There's an outfit inside. Change into it and look for my father.

Josie didn't take it from her. "Why?"

"You look like someone I knew." Summer sized Josie up meaningfully. "But you can't go to him in such an outfit."

It wasn't a revealing outfit. It was just a long, light-green dress. After changing into it, Josie looked like a girl next door, seeming pure and gentle. It fit her just right.

Josie felt slightly apprehensive. She didn't know if she should believe what Summer had said. But this was her only way out since she couldn't do anything else. It was futile to count on Dexter.

She took a tray from a waiter, opened the private room door, and walked in. It wasn't as dazzling and depraved as she had expected. It smelled of alcohol and cigarettes. The big shots were imposing as they talked business at the poker table. They turned when they heard a noise.

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Josie's bright outfit was a breath of fresh air among the dull crowd.

Everyone watched as she carefully walked to Mark's side and poured a glass of wine for him. "Here's your drink, Mr. Olsen."

Her fingers were slender, and her hair fell when she bent down to pour him wine. She was very seductive, and everyone else looked on curiously. They thought her attempt was futile because Mark wouldn't be deceived.

But surprisingly, Mark was lost in thought as he stared at her face. The corners of his mouth were tense, and his eyes seemed to twitch.

"It's you?"

Josie feigned ignorance. "Have we met, Mr. Olsen?"

Perhaps Mark could see clearly because this private room had better light. But he scarcely realized that Josie wasn't confident. She didn't know who she looked like and why Summer was so sure. Meanwhile, Mark was, indeed, stirred.

"Stay." Mark picked up the wineglass and sipped it. His expression was ambiguous.

Everyone else admired the woman. She was more than she seemed.

"It's your turn, Mr. Olsen," someone said as they read the room.

Mark sized up the cards and asked Josie, "What do you think?"

"Me?" Josie laughed lightly. "I don't know how to play."

"You can decide. It's on me if I lose. Mark had an imposing demeanor when he said it.

Josie looked at his cards and chose to play the Jack of Hearts. Everyone laughed when they saw it. "Mr. Olsen, we must kindly accept your offering today."

Mark wasn't angry. He smiled as he pushed his casino tokens out.

Josie sensed something wrong and said softly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Olsen."

"No harm. Have a seat."

When the game ended, everyone was smart and started a new game in another corner. Only Mark and Josie were left. She didn't dare to sit down and hurriedly said, "Mr. Olsen, if I may be so bold, I followed you because I hope you can reconsider Wyatt's project. I've looked at it, and it's a sure bet. It's a good opportunity."

Mark was playing with the wineglass in his hand, and his eyes never left her face. His lingering gaze made her feel uncomfortable.

He finally spoke after a long time. "Were you the one that got into the accident with Sum at the factory?"

He knows. Josie nodded. "Yes."

"No wonder." Mark suddenly realized and laughed lightly. "It's no wonder Dexter was so bold despite all
Despite All Odds

At this time, Josie said, "Mr. Russell did it for Ms. Olsen. It had nothing to do with me. You've misunderstood, Mr. Olsen.

As Summer's father, he should have been happy that Josie said such a thing about his daughter

"No." Mark lifted his hands. "He did it for you. You deserve it."

Such sudden affirmation made Josie freeze. She didn't understand what Mark meant and poured him another glass of wine. She was trying to figure out who she looked like.

Is it Leanne? But her age when she had gone missing doesn't tally with Mark.

"You were also involved when Russell and Carter Groups faced off against each other." Mark quickly guessed why the dispute had occurred, and Josie didn't know how to answer.

"It was a fight between two great companies. I'm a nobody."

"Whose side are you on?"

Mark asked her a tricky question. Josie had no way to lie as he observed her. She thought of a middle ground. I'm an insignificant person. I'm naturally on the stronger side. Wyatt was clearly sacrificed in the fight between the two big shots, so I'm willing to fight for him."

"You're quite transparent. Mark had a satisfied smile. He sighed softly and said, "Tell him I'll invest in the project.