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I'm Willing to Believe Him

Josie looked up from the pair of heels. The person was dressed in a long, beige trench coat. Even when looking up at this person, Josie could tell she was stunning and had a great figure.

"We meet again, Josie."

To Josie's surprise, it was Summer.

Josie's demeanor weakened since she had nowhere to hide. She looked elsewhere. "How did you come in?"

Summer crouched down calmly to be at Josie's eye level. She sized Josie up. "What do you think? Dex brought me along today, so I can go wherever I like."

Dexter didn't mention Summer just now, and Josie was suspicious. "You're lying. You followed him."

Josie's tone was confident. Summer was momentarily surprised and raised her brows. "It seems like you're getting along well in your marriage with your husband, and you trust him fully, Ms. Warren."

The subtlety in her words made Josie subconsciously feel guilty. Josie soaked herself in the warm water but felt cold all over. "No. I was just guessing."

"Guessing?" Summer suddenly hit the surface of the water, and it splashed. The corners of Summer's clothes were wet, and Josie was forced to shut her eyes. "You're a pretty good actor. I never thought that you would strengthen your position. You were lying to me previously, weren't you?!"

Josie realized something when she saw Summer's angry feelings. Summer was an impatient woman. Otherwise, she wouldn't have forced Dexter to stay in the hotel and be punished for four years to leave the country.

Josie used the back of her hand to wipe the water on her face. Her panic vanished, and she smiled. "Ms. Olsen, haven't you been trying to make me misunderstand Dexter?"

"What do you mean?"

"We stayed at a hotel under the Olsen family, and I found strands of your hair on my belongings." Josie's gaze fell on Summer's hair. "It seems you still want to replace me, Ms. Olsen."

Summer recalled how Dexter had humiliated her since that day was mentioned. She sneered. "I did meet Dexter that day in the room you were staying in. This is a fact."

"A fact." Josie nodded. I'm still willing to believe Dexter

Summer's temper grew worse. Soon, she nodded in realization. "Yes. With your family background and education experience, it must have been impossible to get where you are today, even if you tried your whole life.

“Starting a work studio, living in a luxurious suite, coming in and out of high-end venues, becoming Mrs. Russell, and even your father’s full recovery. All these were a pipedream to you in the past! But you have everything today. It’s a windfall for you. Of course, you have to hold on tightly to everything. How devious of you!”

Summer spoke confidently.

Josie didn’t retort as she listened to Summer because Summer was correct. Dexter had given her all these external things after she became Mrs. Russell

You’re right, Ms. Olsen Josie smiled Tean’t help bortrek poor, but it’s hard to live a simple tife after being rich

Jose Warren! You’re so shamelew couldn’t accept such an answer with her upbringing live Semily after being priet

No matter what, everything you de contined and faced Summers anger head-on

You promised me the same life, Ms. Olsen, but I thought abo giving me in’t as beneficial as when I’m Mrs. Russell

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Keys to Emerald Villa

“You!” Summer was livid because no one understood this point better than she did.

“Not only do I act like Liana, I even look like her. Tell me, is Dexter really treating me as her?” Josie had long gotten over it, which was why she could poke fun at herself with no qualms. She saw Summer enraged, just as she wanted,

Summer’s chest heaved and differed from her usual calm, ladylike demeanor. She stepped back because Josie had come out of the hot spring. Josie took a towel from the side and put it around herself. Her wet hair fell on her shoulders, and water rolled into her towel.

“You’re too self-righteous. Dexter will never love you. He only loves Liana’s replacement!” Summer sneered. She couldn’t accept it. “Furthermore, do you think he really loves you? If he does, why am I still around?”

As she spoke, she took out a set of keys. Two words were engraved on them. ‘Emerald Villa.

Josie furrowed her brows. She didn’t expect this.

“Why do you have these keys?”

Summer smiled in satisfaction when she saw Josie surprised. “You’re not the only one who has gone to Emerald Villa. Back when I was in the country, Dex deliberately prepared the place for me so I could prepare for my exams. You’re just a parasite!”

Dexter had never talked about it, so Josie didn’t know if it was true or false. She only knew that the keys in Summer’s hands were real.

Josie loved that place. She could smell the salty sea breeze. It was quiet and comfortable. Did that place belong to Summer?

"Vaste and Russell Group worked together. Dex wanted me to come and go comfortably, so he deliberately arranged for me to stay in Emerald Villa." Summer smiled. "By the way, the peach tree is growing well. Have you seen it?"

It was hard for Josie not to suspect anything when Summer spoke fondly of it.

She even knows what's planted in the backyard. Josie's throat closed up.

Summer felt that she had touched Josie's sore spot, and she continued. "Some things were born to be mine. No one can take it from me!"

Josie was silent for a moment, and Summer continued attacking her. "Why aren't you saying anything? It seems like the preference you've received as Mrs. Russell isn't such a big deal anymore."

"Not a big deal?" Josie smiled when she heard it. "There are many unopened clothes in Mason Garden's wardrobe. I bought them when I argued with him. I kept buying, and he kept increasing the credit limit. He had never felt upset over how much I spent. You say that this is nothing because he's wealthy?"

"You came into our room and naturally knew where my things were. You don't know that Dexter personally arranged them, do you? I didn't even know where my things were, but if I asked him, he could quickly locate them and give them to me."

Josie smiled. "There was news of an official being disgraced recently. Did you see it? He had malicious intentions and almost tarnished my reputation. Dexter came in the nick of time. He was furious and pulled the man down from his high position. I saw his retribution in a few short days."

"You're also in this circle, Ms. Olsen. You naturally know how much weight that holds."

Summer's crimson lips trembled slightly. Not only did she know, but she was also a part of it.

"After what happened with Ivy, a nasty knife scar was left on my abdomen. Dexter personally drew a thistle tattoo so I won't be upset. He said it was to trap me by his side."

"Do you want to take a look?"

Summer took a deep breath. "You're shameless!"

"I'm shameless indeed. I've always been shameless with you, haven't I?"

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You've Lost

Josie saw Summer's emotions fluctuate wildly, and Josie continued speaking calmly. This time, she leaned close to Summer's shoulder, and every word she said rang in Summer's ears.

"Has he ever prepared a glass of warm water, afraid you would be thirsty when you wake up in the middle of the night? Has he ever kissed you awake at dawn? Has he ever thrown you on the bed without

a word when he's aroused? Has he tormented you in different ways? Has he ever laid on you during his peak and told you, I can ascend to heaven now, you little vixen"?"

Josie smiled in satisfaction when she felt Summer trembling. After that, she pretended to pat Summer's shoulders in consideration. "Even the thing you thought he cared about Liana the most. He took me to see his elders so I wouldn't worry. He even gave me funds and supported me to start a work studio with Laura to be independent."

Summer suddenly pulled away. She raised her hand and wanted to slap Josie. "You're disgusting!"

Josie grabbed her hand.

Summer immediately couldn't move.

She wouldn't allow herself to be constantly hit!

You and I both know what Dexter's personality is like He's an egotistical person. I have to admit that he was equally impatient with me at first, but it was superficial. He will immediately discard a woman when he doesn't like her."

"But what about now? He takes the initiative to tell me about his life. He's afraid that I will take offense and feel aggrieved."

"With his status, I know he has many rumored partners. There have been women who have come and gone even after we got married. But you see, who can really take him away from me?"

"Even if I have tentatively snatched him away from you, it only proves that he doesn't love you, right?"

If no one can snatch him from me, what does it show? It proves that he loves me."

Josie's powerful words resonated.

Summer's heart sank into a bottomless pit.

After taking a few deep breaths, she finally regained her composure. "Don't forget that I have the Olsen family behind me. Russell Group has to attach itself to the Olsen family if they don't want to get into trouble. It isn't a complete victory for you yet!"

Josie's eyes twitched.

"Summer, you've lost."

She let go of Summer's hand.

Ultimately, Summer's hidden trump card was only her family background. It was too pathetic. Josie didn't want to continue arguing with her.

Summer's legs trembled slightly. She reached out, held Josie's chin, and forced Josie to look up. "I never thought you could speak so eloquently. It seems you're certain he loves you and won't leave you."

Josie didn't surrender. She looked up. "I'm confident in my love for him, not his love for me."

Such a direct confession was basically declaring war on Summer. Josie initially felt insecure, but today, Dexter gave her confidence.

Summer was astonished by what she said. "Who gave you permission to love him?!"

In this world, being trapped by a woman's love was burdensome.

Josie suddenly flicked Summer's hand away and was about to say something when Summer's hand hit Josie's towel. The knot on Josie's towel unraveled, and the towel fell downwards.

She frowned and subconsciously turned to grab her towel to hide her crucial areas.

At this juncture, a red birthmark came into Summer's view. She instantly widened her eyes and stared at Josie's back in disbelief.

Josie's skin was fair, and her back was supple. A small, red birthmark was on Josie's sphenoid bone. It looked like a cloud and was particularly obvious under the contrast of her snow-white skin.

How can this be? Summer took one step back in surprise, and she was at a loss!

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Red Birthmark

Josie still had yet to notice Summer's reactions. As she adjusted her towel with her back facing Summer, she asked. "Aren't you leaving, Ms. Olsen?"

Because she didn't turn around, she didn't know that Summer was leaving frantically. Summer left in a rush in her heels, and she leaned against the door and took a deep breath once the door was shut.

She was still in disbelief, and her lips were turning pale.

How can this be?! Josie has that birthmark on her!

Summer leaned against the door and slowly slid to sit on the floor. Something that happened not long ago played in her mind.

After the charity auction ended, Mark called her over and instructed her to resign from Vaste so she could slowly learn to take over family affairs.

She was in a bad mood because she had been rebuked by Dexter. "Father, I've said I'm not interested in the Olsen family's stupid affairs. I want to be a researcher. This is my dream!

Mark's deep eyes were immediately filled with ridicule when he heard it. "Sum, do you want to be a researcher, or do you want to be Russell Group's researcher?"

Summer was embarrassed.

"Dream? When you were forced to take this path, you were extremely unwilling. Why are you pretending in front of me now? Do you think I don't understand your thoughts?" Mark tapped the cane in his hands. "Other than Dexter currently being married, I won't let you marry him and be his second wife even if he gets divorced!"

"Father!" It had struck Summer's sore spot. She rose in a fury, and her eyes were filled with tears.

I didn't have to work so hard. I could have had more time to prepare to marry Dex. I tried to kill myself when I was overseas to beg you, but you weren't willing to bring me back! You contributed to the current situation!"

She was almost unreasonably stubborn. Mark roared, 'Do you think you can please Dexter just by staying in Wavery? You're too conceited. I sent you overseas to calm you down, but it didn't work!"

Everyone in the Olsen family doted on this daughter very much. But because they always gave in to her, her personality became stubborn.

"I'm not going to resign. I want to stay at Vaste!"

"You!" Mark put his hand to his chest in a fury, and his fingers pointed in the air for a long time. He didn't say anything. At this time, a knock sounded at the door. It was Mark's secretary, and it seemed to be

urgent.

"Mr. Olsen. The secretary came forward and wanted to say something but was apprehensive about Summer's presence. Mark had his hands behind his back. "Why are you stammering? Spit it out!"

"Something happened to Dexter's wife."

Summer's eyes widened, and she arose at once.

The secretary quickly told the whole story, and Mark had a complicated expression. "How is she?"

"She was rescued in time, but she's frightened. But Dexter doesn't intend to just let this go.

Mark looked at Summer when he heard it. "Listen to that. Did you hear it? Can they get a divorce?"

Summer's expression changed, and she pulled her father's hand pleadingly. "No, Father, you must help

Mark flicked her hand away and asked the secretary, "Who incited this?"

"It's reportedly Nigel's daughter, Eileen Shaw."

"You may leave."

Summer had a strange expression after he left. She wrinkled her brows. "Father, you're peculiar today. You used to support me in the past...

She wasn't sure about what exactly was strange.

"It's because I realized you're on the wrong side!"

"Really?! Father, you're not treating Josie as that person, are you?!"

In the heat of the moment, Mark was furious. He raised his hand to slap Summer.

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Josie Is Liana

Summer covered her face. She lifted her face in disbelief to look at her father.

Mark's rage increased when faced with her sad expression. He said, "That's your older sister. I won't tolerate you being so rude!"

Big drops of tears immediately fell from Summer's eyes. She got up. I've never seen my so-called sister alive. What sister is she to me?! What kind of a father are you?! When trouble arose at home when we were young, you only brought her along and left me with the nanny. Do you know how I felt?!"

"You only loved her. You don't love me at all!"

Mark laughed in his rage when he heard it. "What do you know about what happened back then? Under a circumstance when we were forced to choose one, your sister took the initiative to follow us and suffer. You wouldn't be living such a good life without her!"

"I would rather suffer than live in her shadow. If she were still alive, I wouldn't be the one to succeed the Olsen family, would I?" Summer retorted. Her years of resentment erupted.

"Heh." Mark shook his head in disappointment. If she were still alive, she would never say such defiant things like you!"

Summer was tearful. "In short, you can't help that parasite, Father. You must remember that she's Josie, not Liana

Although Mark was incensed, he understood what she said.

She's Josie, not Liana

Summer was trembling, and she recalled what she had said. She thought it was ironic.

The Olsen family had never given up looking in the ten years then Liana had gone missing. Regardless of their method, there would always be a note. There is a red, cloud-like birthmark on the back of Liana, who went missing"

Many people pretended to be Liana during this period. They deliberately drew a birthmark, but the Olsen family knew whether it was genuine with one glance since those people didn't know the specific location of the birthmark.

Summer had seen photos of Liana's birthmark and remembered it well.

She never thought the next time she saw it would be on Josie's body!

That's right. How can there be such a coincidence? Not only do they look alike, but their personalities are also alike.

Summer tried to calm down but couldn't. It was as if a nuclear bomb had gone off in her head.

Josie was Liana, who had gone missing for many years!

Josie was Summer's older sister...

Josie hadn't taken what belonged to Summer. Josie. was entitled to them!

When Summer was sure of it, she panicked and took out her cell phone.

This can't do. I can't let anyone find out about this secret. Josie has never looked for her family for so many years. I'm sure she doesn't even know about it!

After Josie got into trouble, the Harris fellow was disgraced quickly because Mark had privately helped Dexter.

Mark did it just because Josie resembled Liana. Summer dared not imagine what would happen if he knew Josie was Liana.

The call went through, and the other party greeted Summer politely. "Ms. Olsen."

"Help me investigate someone. Josie's father. Isn't he awake? You must help me make discreet inquiries about his past!"

The call ended, and Summer quickly made another call. "Mother, help me put in a good word with Father. I'm willing to come home and take over the family affairs.

She spoke coyly, but her eyes were filled with an unprecedented ambition.

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Six Hundred Million

Dexter's meeting went on for quite some time.

The other party initiated a discussion in Arnold's area because he thought it was a great place to have fun.

After drinking a few rounds, the other party seemed slightly tipsy. Dexter held a wineglass in one hand. He looked up with a mysterious yet devious gaze. "Mr. Matton, the Landon project is at its final stage. Be honest with me. Who told you about the huge mistake in the project?"

The social engagement had been going on for a few hours, and they finally reached the most crucial question. Mr. Matton couldn't sit still and raised his hand to ask for tea.

"Mr. Russell, from what you're saying, it seems true. Is it really?"

Dexter threw his wineglass to the side nonchalantly. "Landon will still be safe in two weeks." The certainty and confidence in his voice were unrivaled.

"If there were no problems, you wouldn't have to sit with me here for half an hour, Mr. Russell," Mr. Matton's face was flushed from the alcohol. The first six hundred million in subsidies from the executives went into Russell Group's account. If anything happens to Landon, Russell Group will be in trouble. If someone reveals Russell Group's old mistakes in the past to add fuel to the fire, it will be huge trouble."

He stared at Dexter's expression and saw Dexter narrowing his eyes.

"I said that nothing would happen to Landon.

"Heh.." Mr. Matton saw that Dexter was unmovable, so he couldn't quite maintain his composure. He laid his cards on the table. "Something is wrong with the center pillar in Southern Wavery's business circle, and it has the risk of falling at any time. Someone else might die if this is kept secret for another day."

He saw that Dexter's expression had changed slightly, so he continued. "Don't you know about this, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter still kept calm and called Larry in. Dexter spoke to Larry briefly, and the latter's expression changed. He rushed out.

"Speaking about it, it's strange, I don't know how you found out about it, Mr. Matton." Dexter lit a cigarette. and seemed to be suppressing his panic.

Mr. Matton was pleased when he saw it. "As Russell Group's archenemy, I naturally have to get hold of some special information, don't I?"

Dexter took a long puff of his cigarette. "What do you want?"

"Not much. Just six hundred million."

It was an exorbitant amount. Dexter looked up when he heard it with an incomprehensible expression. He smiled and repeated. "Six hundred million?"

"Can't you bear to pay the price, Mr. Russell? If something happens, it will cost more than six hundred million to deal with."

Dexter seemed to be mulling. He slowly finished smoking his cigarette, and Larry returned from the outside.

I've asked the project contractors, and it's true. There's also something wrong with the pillars at the side, not only the middle pillar."

"Are they trustworthy?" His tone was sharp.

"They confessed and were in tears as soon as I started talking."

Dexter understood. He raised his glass again and poured the remaining alcohol from the bottle. He toasted Mr. Matton with a smile. "I really can't bear to buy intel with six hundred million."

"What do you want, Mr. Russell?"

A countermeasure, of course. If you can advise, Mr. Matton, I will gladly pay you this six hundred million.

Mr. Matton's eyes flashed, and he suddenly hit his leg. "Rumors say you're clear-headed and a rare talent, Mr. Russell. But after meeting you today, you seem inferior to me!"

His laugh grew louder the more he spoke. He was very pleased with himself.

When he met Dexter, he thought Dexter had good looks and an imposing manner. Dexter seemed like he knew what to do and when to back off. But it seemed that he wasn't quite capable of dealing with difficulties!

[Chapter 487 Green Dress](#)

Dexter smiled lightly, and his expression was incomprehensible.

Mr. Matton suddenly slammed his glass and pointed upward. "I have a way to hide it for you."

"How?"

Mr. Matton was slow to speak.

Dexter restrained his smile. "I won't do anything illegal. Arnold has often failed this way. Do you understand. Mr. Matton?"

When Mr. Matton heard it, he was displeased and rolled his eyes. "Mr. Russell, you must do certain things to survive in this industry. Don't tell me you've never done so."

Dexter put his glass down and picked up another one at the side. He smelled it. "What did you do to make them hide a big problem like this slip-up in the project?"

Mr. Matton was in a dilemma when the private room's doors were opened. A voice was heard before anyone could be seen. Two important figures are discussing business in Sky Palace here today. It's my oversight for coming late."

Dexter looked up and saw Arnold in a glamorous white suit as he walked in with a smile.

A woman was behind him. Surprisingly, it was Heather, whom he had met twice. She wore a green dress today, and her silhouette was outlined distinctly. She looked gentle and obedient.

Heather subconsciously avoided Dexter's gaze when their eyes met.

"You shouldn't have, Mr. Carter," Mr. Matton said.

Arnold had found a seat at the side and sat down. After that, he tried the tea on the table. The person who made this tea is a disgrace. Come, make a new pot.

His gaze fell on Heather. "You do it.

Heather nodded. "Alright."

She was dressed in a vintage style, and the tea set in front of her suited her. Mr. Matton couldn't look away. "Pfft. You have good taste in women, Mr. Carter. How can you work with such a cutie next to you?"

It was a vulgar way of teasing. Arnold wasn't unhappy when he heard it. He lowered his voice, "My assistant is great at making tea. Try it later, Mr. Matton

Dexter had looked away and played with the plain ring on his ring finger. His thoughts were unfathomable.

"Dexter, I heard that something happened with the Landon project?" Arnold asked as he leaned closer to Dexter.

Dexter raised his eyes. "Yes. Mr. Matton was teaching me what to do, and then you came in. You interrupted us, Arnold."

Everyone understood the malice in his words.

Arnold hit his legs and smiled. "You should have listened to me in the first place and given Landon to Carter Group. Then, these bad things wouldn't have happened to you."

"I must not have considered it thoroughly, Dexter answered.

Everyone laughed, but no one was genuine.

Listen to me, Mr. Russell. I can help you deal with the necessary examinations. Don't worry." Mr. Matton didn't give up and urged Dexter in front of Arnold.

Dexter pondered for a moment. It seemed like his reason triumphed over his desire for convenience. "It's too risky.

"It's a risk being in this industry, isn't it?"

Heather was done making tea, and she handed a cup to Dexter politely. "Mr. Russell."

The man nodded. When he took the teacup, he briefly touched her fair fingers. She shrank back as though very nervous.

"Do you understand economic law, Mr. Matton? If I get caught. I'll be jailed." Dexter picked it up and sipped it before looking at Arnold. "If you don't understand, you can ask Mr. Carter. He knows it well."

Heather saw Arnold's face darken, but it quickly returned to normal. That's right. My dad took a tumble this way. It's better not to take a risk."

[Chapter 488 Willing To Try](#)

After arguing with Summer, Josie was no longer in the mood to stay in the hot spring. She sent messages to Angel and Jade, telling them to leave with her car.

After that, she called a server and told him to send the car keys to the entrance of Sky Palace.

She left the room after that. She wanted to walk around and wait for Dexter's meeting to end.

She walked along the corridor and was so bored that she started counting her footsteps. On her hundredth step, she happened to stop outside a private room. The door was hollowed out, and fragmented speech could be heard inside. Josie saw Dexter's figure through the crack.

And Arnold.

The two kept a distance. One sat upright, while the other was easygoing and carefree. They had different demeanors.

A pair of fair, delicate hands served tea to Dexter. Josie wanted to take a closer look but couldn't.

Josie didn't think much about it. She stepped away and waited for him at the door.

Inside, Dexter still didn't relent. Mr. Matton was on the verge of getting distraught. "Don't you want to save yourself, Mr. Russell?"

Arnold silently drank his tea. Suddenly, a figure outside flashed across his eyes.

He stirred. The two of you are talking about confidential business information. I'll take my leave."

Outside, before Josie could walk far, she saw a familiar figure. He wore a suit and tie and looked charming under the colorful lights.

Josie blinked. She turned and wanted to leave.

"Josie." He called her. "Why are you running?"

Josie paused. She wanted to leave quickly, but he grabbed her forcefully. She turned and saw Arnold's smiling face come into view. His smile harbored malicious intentions.

"Why are you here?"

Josie couldn't smile. "For work. It was for work."

"So why are you running?" Arnold sized her up thoughtfully.

She didn't know why, but she felt she didn't know how to face Arnold after so much had happened. The two clearly didn't overstep boundaries, and no affection existed between the two.

But it felt strange.

"Okay, I was waiting for him." Josie thought about it. She had her hands behind her back and was slightly bashful.

Arnold noticed it. It was unsightly. He turned to the side. "Why? Have you put everything behind you? Have you fallen in love?"

He spoke plainly, and Josie didn't know how to deal with him. She looked into his eyes and said solemnly, "I'm willing to try, Arnold."

No clouds were in the sky tonight. The two stood in the garden, only a few feet apart, but Arnold felt the distance between them was heaven and earth.

He nodded and sat down on the steps. He didn't care that the ground was dirty. "What if it doesn't work after you try?"

"If it doesn't." Josie suddenly realized she hadn't thought of the consequences. She sat next to Arnold. "Then... At worst, I'll just start from the beginning. I'm healthy. It's not like I'll have nowhere to go."

Her side profile was smooth and plump, and an enduring innocence was still in her eyes. It caught Arnold's attention.

His eyes were sad. "You're brave."

"Arnold." Josie turned and looked at him. "We're still young, aren't we? If there's something you want to go all out and do, go ahead."

Arnold looked at her and sneered. "You've decided to stand on Dexter's side, which means you've made me an enemy. You won't blame me if you get hurt in the future, will you?"

"Of course not. Josie smiled. She looked up at the moon. "When we first met, you wanted me to be your spy, but I disagreed. Hasn't my resolve been firm from the start until the end?"

[Chapter 489 Fight for What You Want](#)

"Of course." It was so firm that he didn't know what to do.

After sitting there for a while, it was as though the two didn't know what to talk about. Josie felt slightly uneasy. She clearly never felt this way when she was with him in the past.

She rose and wanted to leave, but Arnold reached out to stop her. He raised his head and said, "Sit with me a little longer.

Josie looked at him as she towered above him. At that moment, the moon was reflected in his eyes, and she saw infinite loneliness and desolation in them. Her heart softened, and she smiled. "Are you a puppy, Arnold?"

He looked like one from that angle.

Arnold didn't get angry. He answered, "Mm. I am."

It was rare for him to show such weakness. Josie suddenly understood why he could attract so many women. Who would be able to take it?

She patted his head. "Why? Were you unhappy today?"

When have I ever been happy with your husband around?"

Josie laughed unkindly. When she looked up again, the private room door was open. The first to come out was the overbearing Mr. Matton, who seemed unhappy. He was followed by Dexter. Larry was holding Dexter's jacket and handed it to him.

Dexter looked up, and Josie immediately pulled her hand back. She kept her distance from Arnold and was slightly cautious.

Arnold composed himself and stood up. "Has it ended so soon, Dexter?"

Heather was the last to come out. She was startled to see Josie's figure.

And Josie never imagined that the assistant seemed so familiar to her. It was as though they had previously met.

Dexter only looked at Josie. He answered, "Mm. Come here."

Josie walked to him. Heather also walked to Arnold at this time, and the two brushed past each other. They looked at each other with fleeting confusion and familiarity.

"You talked for so long?" Josie walked to Dexter's side and naturally lifted his arm.

"Mm. Why did you come out?"

Dexter took his coat from Larry and put it around Josie.

"I was too bored in the room..."

The two walked out side by side, looking exceptionally well-matched.

Heather stopped and looked at their figures as they walked further away. She pursed her lips silently, and Arnold walked to her side. "If you want it, fight for it."

In Dexter's car, Josie leaned against him and smiled, trying to curry favor with him. "You aren't angry, are you?"

The man played with her hair with his fingers. He knew well but asked, "Why would I be angry?"

"Oh... Then I should be the one to get angry." She drew out her voice. "You meet many good women during social engagements, don't you?"

It was a peculiar question. Dexter smiled lightly and loosened his grip. "Stop it."

Josie stopped teasing him. She was exhausted from the whole day. At that moment, she hugged his arm and shut her eyes peacefully.

Dexter looked down at her silent face and said, "I turned down a backdoor method today. Perhaps public opinion will erupt over the next few days. I'll be swamped."

Josie opened her eyes and was solemn. "If you think this is the correct decision, do it."

Dexter smiled, and he caressed her hair. "Go to sleep."

The work studio's projects were advancing steadily. Although Laura rarely came, Josie could tell Laura looked much better.

"I've met the psychologist you recommended. He's pretty good. Thank you." Laura had taken her advice.

Josie was happy when she heard it. "That's great. It's good that the doctor helps."

"I have something to tell you."

[Chapter 490 A Crisis of Confidence](#)

Josie saw that her expression was strange, and her heart sank. She subconsciously lowered her voice. "What happened?"

"Summer quit her job in Vaste. She returned to Mark's side to learn about family affairs." Laura asked earnestly, "Does this have anything to do with you?"

Josie furrowed her brows. She thought of the last time she had parted on bad terms with Summer and didn't think anything was out of the ordinary. "I don't think so. Isn't it normal for her to learn these things as the successor of the Olsen family?"

Laura snorted coldly. "The main point is that she previously didn't want to take over the family business. Her personality suddenly changed. It's strange."

Josie patted Laura's shoulder. She didn't overthink it. "After all, that's her prerogative."

Laura thought it made sense and didn't say anything else.

After that day, Dexter spent most of his time at Russell Group. Josie hadn't seen him in a few days, and she specially made chicken soup for him but was stuck at an intersection.

She faintly saw a long line of cars in front. There seemed to be many people gathered in front of Russell Group in broad daylight, and it was a lively scene.

She didn't understand. Did something happen at the front?

Josie held her cell phone as she got down to investigate. She took a few steps forward and bumped into the traffic police on duty. "You don't have to look, miss. Traffic is at a gridlock, and no one can move. Change your route."

Josie smiled at him. "It's alright. My destination is up ahead."

She held the thermos cup and quickly walked over. Her petite figure was quite conspicuous.

At this time, her cell phone was flooded with news. It vibrated incessantly. Josie looked down at it and was surprised to see her Twitter and WhatsApp app with the '99-' notification. What had happened?

She stopped walking and shrewdly caught a glimpse of the word 'breaking' in one of the news. 'Russell Group met with a crisis of confidence.

Josie stood on the spot, startled.

She scrolled down, and almost all the news was regarding Russell Group. They were reporting that there was a collapse at Landon's project.

Josie's blood froze.

She continued scrolling with a trembling hand. Thankfully, she hadn't seen any fatalities yet.

No one had died, but the project quality was a big problem. No wonder it was reported as a crisis of confidence.

She stood frozen at the spot. She was utterly shocked by the real-time news.

At this time, one of the reporters downstairs at Russell Group had a sharp eye and noticed a small figure who stood in a daze on the spot. They immediately cried out, "A Russell Group employee!"

Josie suddenly raised her head. Her collarbone was beautiful as her breathing increased.

She had nowhere to run.

Cameras were pointed at her.

She was assaulted with all sorts of baffling questions.

She stood startled and at a loss as she was surrounded by reporters.

The reporters' constant questions made her ears buzz. Josie breathed slowly and forced herself to calm down and listen carefully. When she understood it, her expression changed gradually.

I'm not a Russell Group employee, but I trust in Russell Group. If they made a mistake, they will take responsibility."

On the top floor of Carter Group, Arnold turned off the television. He shut his eyes and massaged the bridge of his nose.

Josie's thin and weak figure lingered in his mind. She looked calm, but her helpless gaze pierced his heart, and he almost found it hard to breathe.

This initially had nothing to do with her.

"Are you feeling upset over her?" Summer's voice suddenly rang in his ears.

Arnold slowly looked up and saw her standing by his office door.

Summer sneered. "It won't work if you're so indecisive like this, Arnold."