

Blind Date 631

[Chapter 631 Heather Had Been Sent Away](#)

"Exactly," Josie agreed, munching on her food. "You're generalizing all of us. Even though we're office workers, we still have to work at the construction site."

"It's my fault," Will apologized quickly. "I was too narrow-minded." He lifted his noticed a car parked outside the construction site. A man got out of the car.

The man was tall and lean, with an outstanding aura. He was walking towards them.

Will narrowed his eyes to get a better look. As the man approached them, he finally realized who the man was. "Mr. Carter!" he called out immediately, almost dropping his food.

Josie was still busy finishing her lunch box when she heard Will call out Arnold's name. She felt a shiver run down her spine, and her hands started to tremble.

Soon, she heard a familiar voice say, "I had a business meeting nearby, so I thought I'd stop by. Are you having lunch now?"

After she confirmed that it was indeed Arnold, she froze in place.

"Yes. Everything is going well here. Would you like to take a look around?" Will brought a safety helmet and offered it to Arnold.

Arnold declined the helmet and instead handed Will a bag of food. "These are some local delicacies of Wavery I picked up. You can share them with your friends."

He brought a large bag filled with food. Will eagerly took it from him and called out to the other construction workers, "Mr. Carter brought us food!"

Arnold stood behind her, not moving. She was about to leave as the other workers crowded around them, but Will noticed her and called out, "Jo, I remember you're from Wavery. Come and try the food with us."

Josie's stomach churned.

She slowly turned her head around and met Arnold's eyes. He raised his eyebrows, and his lips curled into a mischievous grin.

"The local dishes from Kodille are indeed delicious. Mr. Carter sure knows where to find the good food."

At the corner of the construction site, Arnold and Josie stood side by side. She took a bite of the meat and nodded in approval.

"Why did you come here yourself? You could have sent one of your subordinates," Arnold said, pretending that he hadn't intended to see her here.

"Of course, I can't leave my work to others. It's my design, after all," Josie replied, glancing at him with disdain.

"You're certainly responsible."

Arnold's words weren't meant as a compliment.

"My designs are very expensive. Mr. Carter, I hope you can be payment."

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Knowing that no one they knew was around, Josie could let her guard down in front of Arnold and spoke casually.

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The sauce from her pasta smeared on the corner of her lips, and Arnold reached out to wipe away with his hand. "How could I leave a skilled designer like you in debt? I'll make sure you get your desired amount by the time you're done."

His actions made her freeze in her spot. She couldn't say anything, as Arnold had already pulled his hand away.

"Then I'll have to thank you, Mr. Carter, for your prompt payment."

"You don't have to be so distant with me. You weren't like that in the past." Arnold rested his arms on the scaffolding as he looked around the construction site. His tone of voice was low and deep, tinged with dismay.

Josie felt awkward by his remark, but she couldn't help but curl her lips into a cunning grin. "We're enemies now. If I were to act carelessly, your wife would tear me to pieces. I don't want my life to go into chaos again."

Arnold was amused by Josie's expression, a slight smile plastered on his face as he changed the subject, "I recently got the news that Heather had been sent away."

Josie's hand froze mid-air, the fork halfway to her mouth. Her eyes widened in surprise. "I wasn't aware," she said.

Arnold nodded knowingly. "I see. It seems like Dexter is treating you well."

He sent Heather away quietly, severing all ties with her.

"Where was she sent?"

"I'm not sure. Rivodia is a possibility, as Heather is from there."

[Chapter 632 We'll Never Know if She's Useless](#)

Josie raised her eyebrows in amusement. "I seem to be fated with Rivonia, even though I've never been there before."

Both Heather and Morgan were from Rivodia. The people in her life who were entangled with her were somehow connected to Rivodia.

Arnold's expression was unreadable as he looked at her. "Rivodia is a nice place. You could there sometime," he said after a short pause.

She had been in Wavery too long and rarely traveled outside its borders. "We'll see," she answered with an indifferent response.

However, she had never heard from Dexter about Heather being sent away. She was pleasantly surprised by how quietly he had tried to end everything.

"It's such a pity for Heather, who worked hard to come to the city only to be sent back home in disgrace by a powerful man," Arnold chuckled softly.

Josie's eyebrows furrowed as she turned to look at him. "Don't try to shift the blame," she chided.

"What do you mean?"

"If it weren't for you, she wouldn't be in this situation. You're the first person to blame for this."

Josie's face grew grimmer with each passing second. She had never confronted Arnold, but he had pushed her buttons this time. "Mr. Carter, you're a skilled man. However, you won't be able to use the same tricks over and over again."

They stood still under the faint sunlight, their eyes locked on each other.

Arnold smirked. "Unfortunately, you weren't willing to be my pawn, so I had to find someone else."

"Your poor pawn..." Josie leaned in closer to him and said in a hushed tone, "is useless now."

Arnold lowered his gaze and grinned mischievously at her. His heart fluttered at the sight of her pale face, but he regained his cool and confidently said, "We'll never know."

Josie wasn't interested in continuing the conversation with him. She started walking away but suddenly realized that she had forgotten her lunchbox. She quickly turned around, grabbed it, and stomped away in anger.

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"Josie," Arnold called out to her.

She continued to march forward, crossing the ground that had been filled with cement.

"Since it's the end of the year, Dexter must be very busy. I suggest you stay by his side. You don't have to come to the construction site."

Josie grew suspicious of his words. She turned around aggressively and snapped, "Shoo."

Arnold did not get angry at her. Instead, he was bewildered by her reaction. There was still another half a month until the construction work was finished. It seemed like he would have to personally monitor them.

His phone had been buzzing in his pocket for a long time when he finally picked it up. Andy's voice came across the line in a panicky tone, "Mr. Carter, it's already two twenty. Mrs. Carter has called me several times to ask where you are. Are you on your way to the Olsen Residence?"

Arnold's eyes were fixed on Josie's back as she walked away.

He sighed deeply before replying, "I'm on my way."

Andy's eyes widened in shock. "You haven't left yet?"

He knew it was a long drive from the construction site to the Olsen Residence.

Josie returned to Angelina, who had a wide grin on her face. "Ms. Warren, you're friends with Mr. Carter as well?"

She noticed that the two had been talking for a long time, but Josie's face was etched with frustration when she returned.

"I know him. He's a know-it-all," Josie huffed. She wasn't afraid of Arnold at all.

The lines on Angelina's forehead deepened as she thought about it. "Kodille is located in the west, but we're on the north side of the city. I don't think he got the food on the way," she said, trying to make sense of Arnold's words.

Not only were they in different directions, but he also had to travel a long way from his office. to get to the construction site. And that's not even counting the time it took to wait for the food to be prepared and packed.

Josie froze for a while as she realized the implications of Angelina's words. She squinted her eyes and pursed her lips in confusion but quickly recovered and said, "You don't have to worry about him. He's the CEO. He has all the time and money in the world to travel the extra mile."

Angelina rubbed her temples. "Is that so?" she asked, still not quite believing it.

[Chapter 633 Like a Dog](#)

Josie returned to the Mason Garden, where Dexter had already arrived before her.

"Where is Mr. Russell?" Josie asked the maid, placing her bag down and removing her coat.

"He's in the study having a meeting with someone," Julie replied, and then she hung up Josie's coat in the closet.

Josie's eyebrows furrowed as she asked, "There's a guest? Who is it?"

"I heard Mr. Russell referred to him as Wyatt."

Wyatt was here. What was he doing here so late?

Josie nodded in understanding. "Please help me prepare three cups of chamomile tea and send it to my room once I'm done showering."

"Okay."

The study was filled with confidential documents related to the Russell Group. Dexter trusted Josie implicitly, so the documents were not kept in a safe.

Wyatt stood only a few steps away from the stack of files, but he could not see their contents.

Josie brought the tea to the study. As she was about to knock on the door, she saw Wyatt kneeling on the marble floor with a loud thud. His gaze was fixated on the calm, composed man across from him.

"Dex, my father crossed the line foolishly, but he will change. Please give him another chance," Wyatt pleaded sincerely.

"Please, for the sake of Grandpa, let's forget about what happened. After all, we're family. Dexter, please forgive us."

He was sweating profusely, facing Dexter's inscrutable expression. There was no guarantee what Dexter would do.

Her heart raced, its thundering beats echoing in her ears. Although Wyatt feared Dexter, he had always carried himself with a dignified and confident air. It must have been a serious problem if he was willing to kneel in front of Dexter.

He sat stiffly in his chair, his jaw clenched, and his hands were white-knuckled as he gripped hold of a pen. "Wyatt," he said, his voice eerily calm, "I had the highest hopes for you out of everyone in the family. But you've disappointed me this time."

"He's my father, after all," Wyatt replied, his voice trailing off.

Dexter nodded, his eyes bulging in realization. "He's my biological uncle, but he showed me no mercy." The words hung in the air, heavy with meaning.

Beads of sweat dotted Wyatt's forehead as he moved towards Dexter on his knees, his hands grabbing Dexter's pants. "The Russell Group has already recovered from the crisis. It won't happen again. Dexter, my dad isn't capable of causing any more trouble to you," he said in a breathless voice.

Looming over Wyatt's hunched figure, Dexter used his shoes and firmly pressed against Wyatt's chin, lifting his face to meet Dexter's cold, hard stare. "You're making me wonder how involved you were," Dexter growled murderously through gritted teeth.

A cold shiver ran down Wyatt's spine, his whole body turning rigid from fear. He tried to shake his head, but he couldn't move a muscle.

"You conspired with our enemies to bring down the Russell Group. How do you expect me to forgive you for such an absurdity?" He lowered his voice to emphasize the seriousness of his words.

Wyatt's hair stood on each end, his stomach churning with a nauseating mixture of anxiety and apprehension. "I never conspired with outside forces to harm the Russell Group," he finally managed to say, his voice cracking and tight.

A heavy silence hung in the air.

Dexter pursed his lips into a tight line-he knew Wyatt was still withholding secrets.

The memories of the hardships he had endured a few months ago were like a knife in the back. Dexter had made sure to keep track of everyone who was involved in the matter so that he could get revenge. He would not rest until they had all paid for what they had done to him.

Now that Yanis was being blamed, Wyatt quickly stalked over to Dexter, eager to clear his name.

"Dex, my father was also deceived. Arnold played him like a puppet, making him think the Olsen family would be backing him up. If Arnold hadn't manipulated my father, he wouldn't have dared to move a muscle!"

His neck almost sprained from having to keep his head up, and saliva started to dribble down his chin as he spoke. He no longer looked like the charismatic and respectable top businessman he once was.

He looked like a dog that had been thoroughly cowed.

[Chapter 634 Who Knows Who Will Win in the End](#)

"Is that so? It seems he's had rebellious thoughts for quite some time then. It will just be a small punishment-I won't take his life," Dexter spoke slowly, his words dripping with indifference while his icy gaze fixed on Wyatt. "Serve a few years in jail, then come out right. in time for retirement, perfect timing."

Dexter recited out his potential path in life as casually as one would discuss what to have for dinner. The chilling certainty in his voice sent shivers down Wyatt's spine.

Wyatt had been in this room for what felt like an eternity, pleading relentlessly to the man. before him, even resorting to kneeling and enduring humiliation. However, he still couldn't change Dexter's mind. Each attempt had chipped away at Wyatt's once unyielding spirit, leaving only a shred of dignity behind.

"My father's health is in poor condition, Dex," Wyatt's voice wavered, desperation seeping through. "Once he goes to jail, his life is over."

The plea for compassion fell on deaf ears, and all Wyatt received in response was Dexter raising his gaze with a distant, detached expression.

"Dex..." Wyatt choked on his words.

Dexter retracted his leg, not bothering to look up again. "Go home. Don't sacrifice yourself for someone like your father," he uttered, his tone laced with a blend of disdain.

The implication was clear-Yanis' destiny was decided no matter what they said. Dexter was resolute in sending Yanis to prison, showing no mercy.

Josie believed that Old Mr. Russell must have known about this and even agreed; otherwise, Wyatt wouldn't have come here to plead so desperately for his father's life.

"Is the jail time really going to be just for a few years?" Wyatt slumped to the ground, his voice filled with profound despair, his hopes shattered by Dexter's heartlessness.

In the dimly lit room, Wyatt's voice rang out again, trembling with disappointment, "I knew you pushed the Carter family over a cliff. I just didn't expect that you wouldn't even spare your own family." As the weight of Dexter's cruelty and indifference settled in, the room seemed to grow colder, matching the chill in Wyatt's heart.

Wyatt's words were soft but carried a clarity that changed Dexter's expression abruptly. He stared at Wyatt. "What did you say?" Dexter's voice displayed a hint of disbelief.

"Arnold's father is still in the Southern Wavery Prison, isn't he? I doubt he will ever come out again in this lifetime," Wyatt's smile twisted into a sinister grin, and his bloodshot eyes glared at Dexter with intense hatred. "No wonder Arnold hates you so much. I believe everything

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he's done is right. Dex, you deserve the worst. I'd love to see who will win-Arnold or you!"

The whole study fell into an eerie silence as the weight of Wyatt's accusations hung heavily in the air. Josie sensed that something dangerous was about to unfold. She was about to step in and defuse the situation. Still, before she could act, Dexter suddenly lifted his leg and sent a powerful kick to Wyatt's chest, hurtling him across the room.

The force of the blow caused Wyatt to crash into the corner of the wall, and he clutched his chest in agony, coughing violently.

"You are a capitalist yourself. You know best what kind of people they are. Yet, you sympathize with them." Dexter smoothed out the creases in his trousers, showing little signs of losing his temper, only displaying disdain for Wyatt's foolishness.

"You seem so indignant. Does Arnold know about this? How about I send you to him tomorrow and tell him there's a loyal and devoted dog who wants to serve him!" Upon hearing this, Josie's heart trembled, knowing that Dexter was capable of such a thing.

"Aren't I just stating the truth?" Wyatt yelled with all his might, "If you send my father to prison, I will do everything I can to go against you. Arnold is too kind. You are able to catch your breath only because he didn't eliminate you completely. If not, who knows who will win in the end!"

Hearing this, Dexter clenched his teeth, a wicked smirk forming. "Unfortunately, you're not Arnold. You can't reach the heights of his position, let alone match me in qualifications."

His words conveyed the harsh reality, leaving Wyatt speechless, a heavy sense of defeat in his chest as the weight of Dexter's words struck him deeply.

"When I was managing the internet industry, my abilities were no worse than yours. If you give me some time, I will definitely outperform you. But unfortunately, you got scared of my potential and took the company back, leaving me with nothing. Dexter, you're shameless!" Wyatt's voice trembled with a mix of anger and resentment.

Wyatt had been nursing this resentment about the matter for a long time, finally reaching its boiling point. The taste of having his fervent spirit and ambitions suddenly extinguished by Dexter's actions was difficult for him to bear.

Dexter raised an eyebrow, seemingly unaffected by Wyatt's outburst. "Do scared?" he retorted.

[Chapter 635 Not to Settle Scores, but to Win](#)

"Isn't that so?" Wyatt questioned.

"Of course not." Dexter's cruel smile deepened as he replied. "What you did back then was commendable, but I decided to take back the company because of Josie."

Josie was standing at the door, meeting Dexter's gaze, which had long noticed her presence. Josie felt a chill down her spine.

"We had a little disagreement at that time, and what she cared most about was that so-called company," Dexter explained nonchalantly as if suggesting that the termination of an entire company was just a result of a minor argument between a couple.

Wyatt realized he was just an innocent sacrifice caught in the crossfire of their disagreement. He looked incredulous. "It's impossible..."

"I do feel some remorse towards you. That's why I didn't stop Mark Olsen from investing in you to clear your debts. So we settled the score here," Dexter spoke lightly.

Wyatt shook his head. "It's impossible, absolutely impossible. You were afraid of my abilities, afraid that I would compete with the Russell family."

Dexter chuckled disdainfully, mocking Wyatt's wild imagination. "You can ask Josie why she stayed by your side and tried her best to salvage the situation. Her conscience made her guilty, so she wanted to compensate you."

Wyatt was greatly shaken, standing still in disbelief that his significant ups and downs were all due to the conflicts between Dexter and his wife.

He felt like a toy being played with by God's hands.

Wyatt mentioning Yanis had indeed angered Dexter, leading Dexter to strike him with such a devastating blow.

Struggling to stand up, Wyatt clung to his knees, finding it difficult to get back on his feet. Blood flowed from the corner of his mouth, and his gaze toward Dexter seemed filled with

Venom.

"We have lots of time. Let's see how things go," Dexter remained silent, picking up down earlier and capping it.

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Wyatt walked towards the exit, his gaze meeting Josie's sympathetic look.

He walked up to her, his voice strained, "Is it true?"

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Josie held the tea tray motionlessly, feeling guilt welling up inside her, rendering her unable to utter a word.

Her silence was no different from admitting it.

Realization dawned upon him; Wyatt bumped into Josie's shoulder and strode away from the corridor.

Josie watched as the once young and spirited young man's back filled with agony as if he had experienced the vicissitudes of life.

Amidst the curious gazes of the servants, he left Mason Garden.

Once he was gone, Josie entered the study. The room still faintly carried the scent of blood, leaving her bewildered. "I remember the first time I saw him, your relationship with him seemed quite good, and you actually admired him."

Why did it change so much now, to the point where they seemed like enemies? Josie wondered.

Dexter

put down the

pen and picked up

the cup

of tea, taking a sip. "Is it Chamomile?"

Josie didn't answer him.

He then understood. "Are you upset that I mentioned you?"

"No." Josie decided not to ask any more questions and moved to stand behind him. She gently massaged his shoulders with just the right amount of pressure. "Do you really want to send Yanis to jail? It's almost New Year-it doesn't seem like good timing."

She knew he wouldn't easily change his mind, but she wanted to remind him that the timing was wrong.

"Then let him get through this New Year," Dexter leaned back and took the chance to hold her hand. "You're so well-behaved today; let me guess, you got into trouble and need me to clean up for you?"

He grinned mischievously, and Josie lightly hit him. "I do have a question."

[Chapter 636 Someone Inside the Olsen Family](#)

"Ask away," Dexter responded casually.

At the tip of her tongue, Josie was worried that the question might offend Dexter. Anyone who offended Dexter, sooner or later, would face unfavorable consequences. Besides, asking about it would seem like jealousy, so she kept it to herself.

“Nothing much, it’s about Yanis. You dealt with him, but what about the situation with the Olsen family?” Josie smoothly shifted the topic.

Dexter closed his eyes, a look of contemplation crossing his face, his finger pressed against his temple. “Mark’s illness has relapsed, and he’s in the hospital. If the people under him find out, the New Year won’t be peaceful for him.”

Josie understood the delicate situation Summer faced after taking over the Olsen Group. Mark’s illness weakened his support for her, leaving her vulnerable to internal challenges, and Arnold, too, would be affected.

This presented a favorable opportunity for Dexter, who aimed to deal with both the Carters and Olsens, leveraging the vulnerability caused by Mark’s illness. The situation was ripe for him to make significant moves within the Olsen family structure.

A sudden thought struck Josie as she observed Dexter’s composed expression. “Is Mark’s illness somehow related to you?” she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity.

Dexter’s eyes flickered open, a mocking smile playing on his lips. “I can’t control someone else’s health, can I?”

Josie understood the implication. Some individuals within the Olsen family were loyal to Dexter and might have played a part in orchestrating Mark’s ailment.

Wrapped in Dexter’s embrace, Josie pressed her fingertip to his lips. “Forget about Summer, but Mark is still your childhood friend’s father. If she finds out, she’ll be heartbroken.”

Dexter responded with a teasing smile. “Jealous of her, are you?”

Amused by the suggestion, Josie rolled her eyes at him. “What do I have to be jealous of? When you two broke up, you were just a kid. It doesn’t bother me at all.”

Dexter’s grin widened. “You’re jealous.”

Josie playfully rebutted, “Just because you’re easily jealous doesn’t mean I am too.”

Dexter acknowledged her wit and rose, holding Josie’s hand to lead her out of the study. “Remember not to make Chamomile tea next time. I don’t like it.”

A shiver ran down Josie’s spine as she recalled that Chamomile was Arnold’s favorite tea.

“You came back late today.” Dexter changed the subject, steering away from the conversation that made Josie anxious.

“The construction site has been jam-packed. I had to oversee the progress,” Josie explained, her words sincere.

“Do you need me to pick you up in the future?”

“You’ve already arranged a driver for me. There’s no need to trouble you,” Josie replied, feeling slightly guilty for not revealing that the project belonged to the Carter family.

If he found out, he would definitely not allow her to go, and it would waste all the studio members’ efforts.

Fortunately, Dexter seemed preoccupied with recent affairs.

“Tomorrow morning, come with me to the hospital to visit Mark. After that, I have some business to attend to,” Dexter suggested, pulling her closer into his embrace.

“Where are we going?” Josie asked, her fingers gently intertwined with his.

“We’ll be inspecting the branch companies, starting with Rivodia.”

Josie’s eyes sparkled with excitement as she recalled something Arnold had mentioned. “I heard that Rivodia is beautiful. When will you take me there to see it?”

“Why not tomorrow? Put aside your work and come with me on a business trip,” Dexter suggested, leading Josie into the master bedroom and closing the door behind them.

[Chapter 637 Marriage Is Nice](#)

Josie’s playful demeanor faded slightly as she expressed her disapproval. “No, that won’t do... It’s a working trip. I can’t fully enjoy it when there’s work involved.”

Dexter amusedly responded, “You’re quite hard to satisfy, aren’t you?”

He gently lifted Josie up and playfully threw her onto the soft bed. He followed closely, leaning over her, and whispered, “Then, when we have time, I’ll take you there.”

With the man so close, Josie blushed. She avoided his intense gaze, responding softly with a slight hum.

In the morning, light streamed through the car windows as Josie drank her milk, her fair skin adorned with a rosy hue. Her drowsy state revealed the effects of insufficient sleep.

Sitting in the back seat, Larry reported to Dexter, “Mr. Russell, here are Mark’s medical records.”

Dexter quickly scanned the records, inquiring, “Has Summer or the head of the investment bank taken any action yet?”

Larry responded, “They haven’t made any moves yet. I believe the investment bank is also hesitant, considering the interests of the old and new bosses. I think we can trust Mr. Hensley’s judgment for now.”

Dexter, signing various contracts before him, chuckled with a tinge of disdain. “What if the new boss proves to be more powerful?” Dexter remarked, implicating that the head of the investment bank, Mr. Hensley, might abandon the old boss for its stronger competitor.

Larry was momentarily at a loss for words, unable to come up with a satisfactory response.

“Not everyone has a conscience,” Dexter added, his expression thoughtful.

Just then, Josie opened her eyes. She shook the milk bottle, saying, “I can’t finish it, Dexter.”

Interrupting his work, Dexter put aside the contracts and took over the bottle, finishing the remaining milk at her behest.

Larry found himself somewhat stunned. Having worked with Dexter for so long, he knew his habits and preferences well. Dexter had always been a black coffee enthusiast, showing no interest in anything else. But now, he has even started drinking milk.

Dexter noticed Larry’s perplexed gaze and raised an eyebrow. “What are you looking at?”

Larry stammered, “It’s nothing... I just noticed that married men do seem to change.”

Dexter’s lips curved into a faint smile as he glanced affectionately at Josie, who pretended to nap. “Marriage is nice. You should try it too.”

Larry was taken aback by Dexter’s teasing remark, unsure how to respond. He replied humbly, “I am not as fortunate as you, Mr. Russell. I don’t even have a girlfriend.”

“It’s not too late to find one. If you ever need anything, just let me know,” Dexter replied, his tone lighthearted and teasing.

The sound of Dexter’s pen scratching against the paper filled the air. He appeared truly at ease and content under the warm rays of sunlight.

Upon arriving at the hospital, they found Mark Olsen’s floor heavily guarded by vigilant bodyguards with strict access control. They were clearly closely guarding against any news about Mark’s illness leaking out.

Standing outside the hospital room, they realized all the tight security measures had proven futile.

“Mr. Olsen, I think we should reconsider this. The company should not be handed over to Ms. Olsen so hastily,” came a voice from inside the room. Several middle-aged individuals who appeared to be shareholders were sitting around Mark Olsen’s bedside, offering relentless advice.

Standing by the side, Claudia addressed the shareholders calmly, “I understand what you’re saying. You came so early just to talk about these trivial matters. Do you think Summer isn’t capable?”

Mark lay in bed, and his eyes closed as if pretending to be asleep.

“Mrs. Olsen, we didn’t mean to undermine Ms. Olsen’s capability. We just think that she’s still young and too impulsive to handle such a huge responsibility,” one of the shareholders explained.

“Mr. Olsen has already made a decision, proving she’s qualified. You are all acting above. station as shareholders,” Claudia replied calmly and composedly, defending Summer.

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Just then, several people emerged from the elevator. Arnold and Summer led the group. and they weren't surprised to see Dexter and Josie waiting outside.

"You came early, Dex," Arnold remarked nonchalantly.

[Chapter 638 For Gaining Benefits](#)

Summer's frustration was evident as she gritted her teeth in annoyance.

Dexter, ever composed, replied, "You have a lot on your plate while I'm not as busy. Coming early is perfectly normal."

Josie hooked her arm around his, exchanging a casual glance with Arnold. Arnold suggested, "Dex, why don't you come inside?"

"They are still discussing business there-it wouldn't be convenient for me to enter," Dexter smiled.

As they stood outside the ward, the voices of discontent from within reached their ears.

"Whether she's qualified or not depends on her actual performance. Frankly speaking, Mrs. Olsen has been estranged from the Olsen family for so long-she doesn't understand the inner workings. Do you know how many reckless things Ms. Olsen has done since taking over the position? I'm sure you don't."

Claudia's response remained composed, undeterred by the sarcasm. "All I know is that during the months when Mark wasn't handling the business, Summer and Arnold managed. everything efficiently and orderly, didn't they?"

"Regardless, Arnold is an outsider and, moreover, a competitor. This marriage should never have happened from the beginning!"

The dissatisfaction with Olsen's decisions had been brewing for a long time.

Summer sneered as she listened to their disparaging comments, seemingly ready to push

the ward door and confront them. However, Arnold grabbed her arm before she could storm in, holding her in an intimate position. "Hold on, okay?"

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Josie glanced at Dexter, who chimed in, "Yes, there will always be rumors, and you can't silence everyone,"

"Rumors...." Summer whispered softly, "It's strange. My father was hospitalized yesterday, and the news spread so quickly today. It's as if it was planned in advance."

Dexter furrowed his brows in agreement but remained silent on the matter.

Tensions rose among the group in the corridor.

"That's enough. I'm not dead yet. Why are you all so anxious?" Mark suddenly opened his eyes and interrupted their conversation.

“Mr. Olsen, we didn’t mean it that way. We just want you to reconsider your decision. With the New Year approaching, there are too many complicated matters, and Summer is not up to the task.”

“Yes, Mr. Olsen, we’re only doing this for the good of the Olsen Group.”

Summer could no longer contain herself. She forcefully pushed open the ward door, her hair flying. “Do you old men think I’m not capable, or are you just trying to interfere to leech from us Olsens?”

Her smile was forced, lacking sincerity, yet her presence was commanding.

The elders looked at each other, taken aback by her sudden outburst. One spoke quavering, trying to defuse the tension, “Sum... we didn’t mean it that way. You’re overthinking it.”

“Is that so?” Arnold followed, stepping into the ward and shielding Summer behind him. “I have the annual reports showing the Olsen Group’s yearly profits here. Father, you’ll understand if you compare them.”

With one hand in his pocket and the other holding the documents, Arnold displayed the evidence casually.

“You!” Someone in the group grew anxious and cast a furtive glance at Mark. “You’re an outsider. There’s no credit in any of your claims. Don’t try to drive a wedge between us.”

Undeterred, Arnold respectfully offered the documents to Mark. “Father, please take a look.”

Another individual in the group grew even more anxious, attempting to discredit Arnold’s evidence. “This is just slander. We decided to visit Mr. Olsen spontaneously. How could you have prepared these fake documents so quickly? You must have prepared them in advance!”

Arnold maintained his composure and quickly responded, his tone firm and assertive. “Yeah, your visit wasn’t planned? The news of Mr. Olsen’s hospitalization wasn’t leaked to the public. I wonder how you all knew about it so quickly. Were you also prepared for this day?” His words subtly hinted at the possibility of ulterior motives among the group, challenging their credibility.

Mark scanned through the documents, his expression growing exceedingly solemn, and a glimmer of ferocity appeared.

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“What’s all this arguing about? Do you wish I were gone tomorrow? Mark closed the documents and slammed them on the table, asserting his authority. His stern expression clearly conveyed that he wouldn’t tolerate plotting or scheming among the elders.

“Mr. Olsen, we have no such intention!” The several men quickly reassured, their eyes flickering with hidden motives, especially when they glanced at Arnold, who seemed to have become their target.

Arnold, ever astute, saw an opportunity in the crisis. He cleverly shifted the focus, “Father, Sum is a newcomer, and it’s normal for the elders not to trust her fully. But wanting to remove her so urgently. raises some doubts.”

Summer, her arms crossed, added fuel to the fire, "Yeah, without knowing better, one might think you guys want to take my place."

One of the shareholders chided her, "Sum!"

"Don't you dare call me Sum. I'm not the same as you all, who are only in it for personal gain," Summer retorted, her gaze unwavering as she focused on Mark.

"Enough," Mark said while trying to sit up, and Claudia swiftly moved to assist him, supporting his weakened body. "Both sides have concerns, and it's natural to overthink the situation. How about bringing your brother back to assist you during this time of the year?"

Zach? Josie felt the urge to step forward, but Dexter restrained her with a gentle shake.

"My brother, Zach?" Summer seemed taken aback, exchanging glances with Arnold.

"Zach..." Several elders also expressed their concerns.

"What? Are you all not satisfied with my decision?" Mark's voice carried a hint of threat.

As Dexter whispered to Josie, he explained, "It's been several months. The rumors about his domestic abuse have died down, and Zach will eventually return. You can't stop him."

However, Josie was worried about the consequences of Zach's return, particularly regarding Laura. Knowing Zach's pent-up anger, she feared he might seek revenge against Laura.

The elders sheepishly agreed to Mark's decision, "...No, no."

Arnold seized the opportunity to support Mark's decision. "Zach is one of us and knows about the company. Father's decision indeed strikes a balance."

Summer's displeasure was evident, as she realized that Mark's choice to have Zach assist instead of Arnold indicated his intention to use Zach to secure the interests of the older members and maintain their relationships.

Unfazed. Summer taunted the elders. "Are you still not leaving? Or do you want to stay and have breakfast together?"

Taking the hint, the several elders quickly made their exit. Dexter held Josie's hand and made way for them to leave the room.

With the room now quiet, the couple entered. Dexter said, "I understand now why Mr. Olsen's health is not improving. You're bothered even by such trivial matters. It's no wonder you're exhausted."

No matter how often he saw Josie he couldn't help but feel that she resembled that person who appeared in his memory every so often.

Thank you for your concern, but this is something we can handle ourselves, Arnold chimed in, his gaze falling on the couple's clasped hands as he held Summer's hand, displaying their intimacy.

"Of course, I believe you can handle it. I'm not here to meddle, Dexter responded with a light smile, addressing Mark and Claudia. "I had a morning flight. I heard Mr. Olsen was hospitalized, so I first rushed here. I hope it's not too much of a bother."

Mark remained silent, and Claudia spoke on his behalf, "It's no trouble. He has a long-term health issue; it happens every winter."

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"That's a relief," said Dexter as he reached out to pick up the tea kettle and added some hot water to Mark's cup. "Have you seen the neurosurgeon I recommended you last time?"

Mark closed his eyes and continued to rest. "Treating the symptoms rather than the root cause won't solve this problem."

Claudia stared at the Catholic rosaries on Dexter's wrist for a long time and finally exchanged a glance with Josie.

There was an inexplicable sense of guilt and pity in Claudia's eyes.

"Don't worry, Dexter. I will take good care of Father this winter," Arnold reassured, emphasizing Father

Dexter raised an eyebrow and said, "I heard that the Carter group initiated a project with the government. Aren't you busy with that?"

Josie felt a searing gaze as soon as it was mentioned.

Arnold sneered, "We are in good hands. We have someone trustworthy overseeing the project."

"Arnold has a lot on his plate, but I believe he can make time," Dexter said flatly. He turned to Summer and continued, "Don't let the pressure get to you, Sum. It's normal for the elders to hesitate since some of your past decisions were made recklessly. What do

you think?"

He hesitated for a moment before finally using the term 'recklessly,

The Russell Group had undermined Summer since she joined, although it was never openly acknowledged.

At that moment, Dexter subtly insinuated, and Summer flustered. She gave him a twisted smile and replied, "Mr. Russell is right, I understand."

"Josie, what brings you here? Dexter can't get enough of you, can he?" Arnold teased.

"That's right. I can't get enough of Josie," Dexter admitted and continued, "She heard about Mr. Olsen's situation and insisted on coming together to check on him."

Nobody believed those words. Summer's eyes narrowed in disbelief.

Why was she suddenly concerned about Mark? Did she know something?

There seemed to be a mutual understanding between the father and daughter that something was amiss.

Within a few seconds, Summer's heart was pounding and racing rapidly

"That's right. Mr. Olsen and I have met several times, and he has always been nice to me. He is ill, and I am quite concerned for him," Josie asserted.

Mark did take good care of her in many ways.

"Is that so? Summer bit her bottom lip as she asked.

Just then, the maid pushed open the door with a breakfast tray. "Mr. Olsen, it's time for breakfast, she announced.

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The maid walked straight ahead but accidentally bumped into Josie before gracefully stepping aside to let her pass.

Summer noticed the maid's youthful appearance and pleasant face, embodying the ideal image of a virtuous wife and mother.

She served Mark his meal meticulously while Claudia watched silently from the side

Summer questioned, "Ms. Clarkson, you're a bit late today"

"Oh. Mr. Olsen wanted banana bread, but we ran out of ingredients I went out to buy them she explained.

Summer felt a lump in her throat upon hearing the reply.

Summer trusted her and didn't ask any more questions without prying further.

Dexter bade farewell and promised to visit Mark when he had the time. Holding Josie's hand, they left the hospital room.

As they exited the suffocating atmosphere, Josie breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the tension release from her shoulders. Dexter tenderly squeezed her hand and said gently, "You've been through so much."

Josie pouted, her beady eyes casting a forlorn look on the floor.

Larry stepped forward at the right moment and said, "Mr. Russell, the flight is about to depart."

Dexter nodded and replied, "I have to go. Shall I have the driver take you?"

"Okay.