

Blind Date 711

[Chapter 711 With Russell Family's Power](#)

Josie recounted the events, her body trembling uncontrollably. She was terrified! Only in Dexter's presence could she let her guard down..

Dexter patted her shoulder. "The police are onto it already. We should have results soon."

Josie shook her head. "No, I have a hunch that something's wrong. Could it be Wyatt? We speculated before that he might target Pop."

Dexter held her hand and walked out of the conference room. "Let's go to the place where Pop used to live. Maybe he got confused and went back on his own."

This reminded Josie. Yes, Pop might have become confused again.

"But isn't it a little too coincidental that the surveillance camera chose to malfunction at this very moment?"

"Jo, you're too riled up. Dexter gazed at her, trying to ease her tension.

Dexter tightened his grip on her hand, not returning to his office but heading straight for the elevator.

Leanne hurriedly exited the secretary's office and asked a colleague, "Has Mr. Russell's meeting not ended yet? His coffee's gone cold."

The colleague's expression was evasive. "Mr. Russell has already left."

"What? He has left?" Leanne was surprised.

"Mrs. Russell stopped by, and they left together."

Dexter drove Josie to Paul's previous residence. However, the place had been vacated since he moved out," and it remained locked from the outside, barring entry without a key.

One possibility had been nullified.

Josie's initial optimism dwindled, replaced by mounting anxiety. "What should we do if he isn't here..."

Dexter remained silent. He dialed Mason Garden.

"Oh my! Mr. Warren still hasn't returned. This is getting really concerning!" The voice on the other end was frantic.

With dusk approaching, Josie's heart sank further. "He isn't here, nor is he there. Where could he be?"

If anything happens to Pop, what am I gonna do?

"Call Justin, Dexter suddenly suggested.

Josie recalled Justin. Her hands shook as she dialed the number. The call connected, and Justin's voice came through; he asked, "Sis? What's up?"

The tone struck a chord with Josie, and she lifted her gaze to meet Dexter's eyes.

Justin was puzzled. "Where else could I be if not at work?"

Their father hadn't gone to find Justin.

"Ah, it's fine. I've gotta go." Josie hung up immediately, not wanting him to know about their father's disappearance.

Dexter understood her concern. He held her trembling body, murmuring. "Hold on for me."

He stepped away and made a call. Josie missed his conversation. He returned shortly, holding her hand once more. "Let's wait for updates."

Josie's body felt chills all over, and she was puzzled. "... What's going on?"

I've initiated the Russell network to search. We'll likely receive leads within a day."

Dexter hadn't relied on the Russell family's influence in a long time. They had amassed their wealth through the most basic means and had partially redeemed their reputation. Dexter had deliberately avoided employing their resources.

The Russell network excelled in legal and covert operations, following strict protocols while executing the most covert tasks.

Nonetheless, this evening, the network was unexpectedly being put into action. It was a given that something significant had unfolded.

Each member was a rare talent, dispersed across various roles in the ordinary world, adept at masking their identities. Not all carried the Russell name, but they served the family with unwavering allegiance.

Exaggerated rumors abounded, suggesting they held the power to uncover any concealed information.

After Dexter's father's passing, he became the sole authority for rallying these dispersed individuals for various tasks. I

[Chapter 712 Confirming He's Still Alive](#)

"Just sit back and wait." Dexter's words to Josie were concise, yet they held the weight of a mountain's assurance.

Josie had been compelled to return to Mason Garden to rest, but her mind was too agitated to find solace.

"We spent today at the shore together. He confided many things to me. He said as long as I'm happy, he'll be at ease," Josie sat by the bedside, hugging her knees, tears welling in her eyes.

Dexter took a seat beside her.

She couldn't help but wonder if Paul said those as a farewell...

The thought pained her deeply. Just as she had begun to experience her father's love, he was taken away again...

That night, Dexter's phone rang incessantly. He didn't return to the bedroom until dawn, bathed in the morning light, and he told Josie. "We know for sure that he didn't wander off on his own."

Josie's delicate expression faltered. Her body felt weak, and Dexter reached out to steady her. "And he's still alive."

To say such a thing hinted at slim chances. "I don't just want him to be alive for the moment. I want him to continue living now and beyond this."

Josie gripped his sleeves, her desperation evident. "Who did this, Dex? Tell me, who did this!"

His hand landed on her head, guiding her into an embrace.

Dexter held her tightly, offering comfort. "We're still investigating, Jo. Once we find out, I won't let them get away with it!"

"I can't lose my dad, Dex..." Josie's voice trembled, resembling a wounded kitten, growing fainter with each word.

All Dexter could do was embrace her, his presence a silent reassurance.

"Our leads are dubious, and the scope of involvement is wide. Let me handle this, Jo. I've got it under control," he spoke, each word deliberate. "Trust me."

Josie closed her eyes in weariness.

The internal conflicts within the Russell Group inevitably escalated and ensnared the family members into the midst of a feud.

Before departing, Dexter instructed the servant to watch Josie closely. "Make sure she doesn't leave the house."

Half a day after he left, a call came from Scott. He shared nearly the same information Dexter had acquired.

"The key question now is whether you have any enemies, Ms. Warren. Being completely forthcoming will help us move faster."

Josie rested her forehead in her hands, her head throbbing painfully.

She remained quiet for a long while, her words caught in her throat, coming close to spilling out several times before halting, eventually fading into silence.

"Ms. Warren?"

Dexter had urged her to trust him.

"No, Officer Buncho. We don't have enemies."

There was a note of disbelief in Scott's voice as he probed, "None? Are you absolutely sure?"

"...Yes, I'm sure."

There was a pause at the other end as well.

“From what I understand, Mr. Russell heads the Russell Group. Given the size of such a corporation, it’s hard to believe there are no adversaries.

Josie felt uneasy about lying, especially considering her father’s disappearance. But Dexter seemed to have information that even the police didn’t possess. He must have a way to track her father.

Thus, she chose not to divulge the complexities within the Russell family, not wanting to burden Dexter further.

“None at all.”

Failing to get the response he wanted, Scott had no choice but to end the call. However, before doing so, he left a reminder, “Your father is hours away from hitting the full day mark as missing. If you recall anything, please let me know at once.”

The servants at Mason Garden prevented Josie from leaving the premises. So, she went into her father’s spotless and neat room. The box she had brought earlier was neatly placed on the bedside table.

Opening it, Josie examined its contents again. Everything remained unchanged, and her attention was drawn once more to the medical certificate.

[Chapter 713 Suspecting Wyatt](#)

A sudden notion dawned on her.

Could it be that beyond some of the Russell family, Pop had attracted adversaries? But his life and connections were uncomplicated, and she couldn’t seem to come up with anyone who might bear a grudge against him.

Past disputes, maybe? But her knowledge of Pop’s history was limited. Anxious thoughts churned within. Josie. After some contemplation, she retrieved the medical qualification certificate with the bold ‘Rivodia City Hospital’ written on the box.

“Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell instructed us to keep you within Mason Garden.....”

The servant stood by the doorway, attempting to obstruct her exit.

“I just spoke with him. He’s fine with me going out.”

The servant was skeptical. “Well... unless Mr. Russell confirms that, we can’t permit you to leave....”

Given Josie’s feeble condition, her ashen appearance suggested a gentle breeze could knock her over. Josie was darn sure Dexter wouldn’t entertain her request even if she reached out to Dexter.

Taking a deep breath, she had no choice but to retreat to her bedroom.

There was an external staircase extended from the bedroom balcony. However, the door at the base was locked. She’d need to climb over the wall if she wanted to escape this dungeon.

Josie descended the stairs carefully and was just about to hoist herself over the wall when the servant noticed her. “Mrs. Russell! Stop right there!”

She was already halfway up the wall..

Upon hearing the plea, she summoned a final burst of energy, managed to clear the wall's edge, and landed on the other side. "I'll talk to Dexter. Don't follow me!"

With those words, she jumped down, tumbling onto the grass due to the momentum. Her ankles throbbed, and she limped away.

Before pulling away from Mason Garden, Josie dialed Dexter's number. She was determined to take action and fill him in later. However, he only picked up right before the call disconnected. "Hello."

It was the same woman's voice as before. Josie had identified her by now. She kept her query concise. "Where's Mr. Russell?"

"Mr. Russell is occupied."

Then make sure you let him know I've left Mason Garden. I'm heading to find Wyatt."

Sounds of scribbling filled the other end. "Noted."

With that confirmation, Josie hung up.

Her first destination was Carter Residence. Andy, spotting her, was taken aback. "Mrs. Russell? What's... Aren't you worried about angering Mr. Russell?"

Josie's brows knitted. I'm looking for Arnold."

"Mr. Carter isn't here."

"Why the charade?" While waiting outside, she noticed the illuminated interior of Arnold's office.

Josie surged ahead.

"Hey! Mrs. Russell! You can't just enter..." Andy attempted to stop her, employing minimal force and lacking any serious intention of preventing her.

A subtle scent of red wine in the air.

Arnold's features were striking, yet his smile held an intriguingly dangerous charm. "Turning my office into a club, huh? Come as you wish. Barge in, and no knocking necessary, huh?"

Josie stepped closer, her hands resting on the desk, her expression intense.

"Where's Wyatt?"

Arnold casually picked up a pen and toyed with it. "Why are you asking me? He's a Russell, not a Carter. How would I know?"

"Let me rephrase. Where's my father?"

This time, he halted the pen's twirl and regarded her seriously. "Your father's missing? You got suspicions that Wyatt's got his hands dirty?"

Arnold's mind raced. "You're not saying I had Wyatt on my leash and gave him instructions, are you?"

“Is that not the case?”

“Of course not!” He retorted swiftly.

“I don’t believe you!”

Arnold chuckled. “So, anything unfortunate related to you must be my doing, right? You asked, I answered, and then you doubted my response. What exactly are you expecting from me?”

“Wyatt is alone and stranded in Wavery. You’re his only lifeline, his only hope. Besides, you’ve met him before. I can’t believe there’s no collusion between you two.”

Josie’s tone grew frostier with every word.

“Arnold, I’ll ask one more time. Where is he?!”

[Chapter 714 Follow Him](#)

“I can’t say for sure,” Arnold threw his pen onto the desk, and it rolled off, landing close to Josie’s feet.

Her frustration peaked. Yanis was locked up in prison, and Wyatt was nowhere to be found, leaving Arnold with the capacity to orchestrate such a ploy.

“Let me ask differently then,” Josie stated, calmly sitting and facing him. “did Wyatt tell you about his plans? I know he came to you; there’s no need to deny it.”

Josie was acute and intelligent.

Arnold offered a faint smile. “He only mentioned needing my support and wanting to align with me; nothing beyond that.”

Josie was skeptical. Worry creased her brows.

At that moment, Andy entered and murmured something to Arnold. Instantly, Josie was alert.

Arnold nodded, then resumed their prior conversation with a tinge of intrigue, “Let’s say, hypothetically, it was Wyatt – but what is his motive?”

He’s got beef with Dexter for getting Yanis locked up. He’s looking for vengeance!”

“Yeah. But what’s that got to do with you?”

“Because I’m Mrs. Russell, the wife of his enemy. He might target someone close to me to get to Dexter.”

“Why would he target your father when there’s a horde of people around Dexter that he could use?”

Josie didn’t have a ready answer. She could sense the intricacies at play, but the crucial detail she needed. was still out of her reach.

She glared at Arnold. “Fine. If you don’t want to tell me, I can find out myself.”

Perhaps clues lay within the medical qualification certificate Pop had left behind.

Josie decided to head to Rivodia to uncover the truth.

With that, she stood and left but was intercepted before she left the room, "Wait a minute."

Josie pulled up but didn't turn around.

Arnold walked up to her. A hand in his pocket, one casually on her shoulder. "I might know where Wyatt's held up."

"Where is he?" Josie looked up expectantly.

"Wanna know?" Arnold enticed her. "Then follow me."

Withdrawing his hand, he strolled toward the elevator. Josie watched his graceful stride, knowing that it wouldn't lead to anything good if she followed him. But she had no option but to oblige.

But in her heart, she couldn't help and cursed Arnold a thousand times over.

Carter Group's elevators were uniquely installed against the outer shell, functioning as observation decks with sweeping vistas. Together, they rode the elevator down – Arnold relaxed while Josie was on edge.

Josie hesitated when she learned that Arnold was headed to Sky Palace.

Hearing her unwillingness, he challenged casually, "Your call to come along or not."

Ultimately, she budged.

Upon arriving at Sky Palace, Arnold guided her into his private suite on the top floor.

Josie's eyes landed on a group of men deep in conversation and casually sipping their drinks. One among them caught sight of them and greeted, "Well, well, Mr. Carter is here."

"Apologies for my tardiness. Arnold shook hands all around before pouring himself a drink.

"Here's a gesture of goodwill."

He downed his glass in a single smooth motion.

And then, the others noticed Josie standing behind Arnold. They exchanged surprised glances, and one exclaimed, "Wait, isn't she Mrs. Russell?"

Deep down, they were speculating her relationship with Arnold seemed more than meets the eye.

Josie felt the urge to explain, but Arnold squeezed her hand. "We're just here to hang out. Mrs. Russell is just a title; she's her own person, free to do as she pleases."

Knowing glances were exchanged among the men, and most seemed to understand, sizing up Josie with interest.

Meanwhile, Josie fought the urge to slap Arnold for his misleading words.

Even though they had business to discuss, with Josie around, they were uncomfortable and unsure how to tread the information.

Arnold refilled his glass and said, "Go on, we're in the same boat."

Still, everyone was hushed.

Arnold turned his attention to one of them. "Say your piece, Scar."

The dim lighting concealed the scar on the man's face, which Josie hadn't noticed until Arnold mentioned his name.

[Chapter 715 Important Person to Dexter](#)

"Mr. Carter, things went south with that shipment at the dock. The Higher-ups want explanations, and we've got a guy who can lend a hand, and he's not in it for cash."

If money wasn't on the table, then the stakes were high.

Arnold nonchalantly continued with whatever he was fiddling with.

"Since there's an open door, why do you still ask me?"

The fact that this person wasn't asking for money meant that the situation was dire, and he needed aid in earnest.

"He's got a ten-year-old daughter. The problem is, her mom's got ties to the Russells. We don't want any mess," Scar explained, casting a careful look at Josie.

She arched an eyebrow, signaling him to elaborate.

"What's the wife's link with the Russells?"

"No blood ties, just a loose connection. But the catch is that Dexter brought out the Russell network last night. Worried it might blow up in our faces, Scar shared cautiously.

So they were treading carefully.

Arnold glanced at Josie and said with a mocking tone, "Oh? Why the sudden Russell network rollout?"

Scar carried on, "Heard it's a manhunt."

"Sounds like it's someone pretty darn important to him."

Josie's irritation grew with his constant reproach and sardonic gazes. She stood up abruptly, wanting fresh air, but a bodyguard blocked her path at the doorway.

Without looking at Arnold, she quipped, "Is this your idea of treating a guest?"

Arnold twiddled a ring on his finger and said casually, "Aren't you curious about where Wyatt's hiding?"

"What can I do if you refuse to tell? Beat it out of you?"

Arnold grabbed a half-empty wine bottle and placed it before her, saying, "This one's pretty mild. Down it, and I'll let you in on the secret."

Under the dim light, their eyes locked, each harboring their own motives despite the distance.

"I mean it."

Josie grabbed the bottle of wine and drank it down.

However, drinking wasn't her game.

The fiery liquor scorched her throat, leaving tears prickling her eyes.

As she downed the drink, a cluster of intrigued eyes was fixed on her, their amused voices merging into a playful hubbub.

[Chapter 716 Bound](#)

By this point, Josie had come to her wit's end, and her voice turned hoarse with her frustration tipped over. "But he's not the only criminal on the run in the entire Wavery!"

Arnold paused in his attempt to dab her tears away, taken aback by her sudden outburst, "Wow. Easy now. You sound pretty worked up."

As Pop's disappearance neared twenty-four hours, Josie was on edge, visibly worn out.

Arnold playfully pinched her cheek, "When was your last shut-eye?"

"Why do you care? I'm done here."

Josie shoved him aside and unsteadily got to her feet, ready to leave.

Arnold's grip gently pulled her back into place.

"Where do you think you're going being in this state? Planning to walk right into the enemy's clutches? That's a one-way ticket to disaster. They've got your Pop, and their motive's likely more complex than just wanting cash. They might be using him as leverage against you or Dexter."

If it was about blackmail, the perpetrators would reveal their hands sooner or later.

In many ways, his words began to steady Josie, though worry still furrowed her brow. "What if they hurt Pop?"

Pop had just undergone surgery, so he wasn't fit for additional stress.

Arnold forced her head against his shoulder, "Driving yourself crazy won't help. Get some rest first, and then we'll talk about it."

The wine packed more punch than Josie expected, and she was knocked out cold in no time.

Arnold held his breath and refrained from moving, Josie napping on his shoulder, seeming more precious than any rare gem.

He turned his head to sneak a look at her serene sleeping face, an unfamiliar helplessness washing over him.

Swiftly taking a snapshot with his phone, he looked at the picture with a satisfied smile.

Josie's nap wasn't long, maybe a couple of hours. As she sat up, wincing from the all-over soreness, she glanced up at Arnold and shuffled back a bit, exclaiming. "What were you doing?!"

“Playing the knight in shining armor, and all I get is suspicion,” Arnold quipped, his tone relaxed as he teased Josie, all while kneading his shoulder.

Just then, the private room’s door was swung open. “We’ve got a situation! Scar and the others have been cornered and taken away!”

Arnold’s playful grin disappeared. “By whom?”

The waiter glanced at Josie and then at Arnold, ... Dexter... Mr. Russell...”

Josie was equally stunned.

She was the first to bolt from the room, but thanks to his long legs, Arnold surged ahead and grasped her arm, urging, “You need to lay low. Sneak out through the back exit. Go!”

Josie hesitated momentarily. Her concern was etched on her face. “What if he’s here for me?”

The irony struck – how had this scenario become reminiscent of an operation to catch a cheating spouse?

Arnold’s expression grew serious, his voice determined. “If he were after you, he wouldn’t have taken Scar.”

Josie’s response was even quicker. Dexter must be tracing the clues to Wyatt, which led them here!

Arnold descended the staircase like a whirlwind, and Josie struggled to keep up, haphazardly clutching the handrail for support.

Scar was held captive in the high-rise lobby, shocking those entering and exiting.

Amidst a contingent of bodyguards stood a man exuding an unsettling aura—a tangible threat hanging in the air.

Bound to a pillar, Scar spat curses and profanity, his anger palpable. “Dexter Russell, if I catch even a glimmer of opportunity, I’ll wipe out your whole d’mn family!”

Dexter’s stance was commanding, with his arms clasped behind his back. He subtly turned his head as Arnold entered the crowd, and his smile icy..

“What’s the deal, Dex?” Arnold approached, a chilling grin tugging at his lips.

“Looks like your crew needs a better lesson in manners, Arnold. I shall do you this favor. Dexter retorted, stepping aside.

His gaze shifted from Arnold to the woman behind him. Recognition flickered, his expression darkening - an imminent storm brewing-

Josie held his gaze, unflinching, looking confused and concerned.

But in the next heartbeat, she noticed there was someone else, a woman, next to Dexter.

[Chapter 717 Life and Death](#)

It was Leanne!

Why was she given permission to be here, standing with Dexter in such a sensitive situation??

In her astonishment, Josie endured Dexter's scrutiny.

"I believe I handled it well, wouldn't you say, Mrs. Russell?"

Arnold chuckled, his query directed beside him.

Josie shot him a furious look, her expression shifting to one of seriousness and embarrassment.

Leanne caught Josie's gaze and instinctively lowered her head, addressing Dexter, "Mr. Russell, should I excuse myself for now?"

Leanne's approach to Dexter was strictly professional, conveying a forthcoming demeanor that implied any inappropriate interactions.

This transparency was at least public.

Unexpectedly, Dexter raised his hand, signaling her to stay, "Stay right here."

Leanne was puzzled, briefly glancing at Josie.

Josie pressed her lips together, withholding any response.

Dexter's expression grew stern. "Arnold, your underling had zero manners, crossed the line, and provoked my family. Seems only right I give him a taste of discipline."

No respect whatsoever in that sardonic gaze.

"Of course, you were right. He had it coming."

Arnold strode up to Scar and quickly glanced at him, saying, "But I'm curious, who did he tick off that got you so riled up?"

"With the hefty cost of Wyatt being in the ICU, you're definitely not holding back," Dexter spoke candidly and named the person directly.

Arnold's understanding seemed hazy at first, but then it clicked suddenly.

"Ah, Wyatt... but you can't just put the blame solely on Scar. Wyatt came to my turf uninvited, created a scene, and criticized you in and out, Dex. Naturally, I couldn't let it slide, so I allowed Scar to put him in his place. Whe

would've thought it'd escalate to a cerebral hemorrhage out of the blue?"

In simpler terms, Arnold meant that Scar causing Wyatt's hospitalization wasn't premeditated. It was an unfortunate accident.

Dexter's knowing smirk held an air of intrigue. "And why did you keep me out of the loop on this?"

It appeared he received the news almost simultaneously with Josie. Now, the second lead to Paul had gone cold.

“Tsk, I was worried you’d hear what he said about you and lose your temper. Plus, Yanis has already gone to keep my old man company behind bars. For someone like Wyatt, I took it upon myself to give him a reality check. Sounds reasonable, doesn’t it?”

Arnold was crafty, subtly implying multiple things with just one sentence.

“Every life carries value. I should get something in return,” Dexter asserted, revealing his reluctance to be on the losing side.

A shudder coursed through Josie as she witnessed Dexter and Arnold discussing life and death with ease and smiles as if it was a casual subject.

Scar tugged at his restraints and shouted, “Mr. Carter, save me!”

Everyone was well aware that Dexter didn’t show mercy when he chose to act. Should he go through with it, Scar might end up paying with his life.

“Quiet down! Make sure this lesson sinks in. Keep your eyes wide open and never cross Mr. Russell again!”

Turning to Dexter, his tone shifted, “Dex, go easy on him, will ya?”

The bodyguards had their whips poised, ready to strike with force.

“That’s enough!”

Josie cut through the chaos, advancing towards Dexter. “Wyatt had a cerebral hemorrhage due to excessive drinking; it had nothing to do with them.”

Her gaze was unwavering, as if she fully grasped the cause behind Wyatt’s condition. Dexter sensed this to some extent; his voice remained calm, “How did you manage to get out?”

Josie didn’t mention she had tried contacting him earlier. “Climbed over the wall. No need to blame the servants.”

Dexter chuckled, “How forthcoming of you.”

He caught a strong whiff of alcohol from her, and a glint of fierceness flashed in the corner of his eyes.

“Jo, you’re a little troublemaker, aren’t you? Must’ve given Mr. Carter a run for his money again. You really don’t make it easy for me, Dexter said calmly, a touch of underlying turmoil in his words. He lifted his hand and placed it on Josie’s shoulder, asserting his claim.

“It’s not like it’s the first time. A couple more won’t hurt,” Arnold added with a smirk, fanning the flames.

“I came to look into Wyatt,” Josie said in a hushed tone, addressing Dexter.

“You sure do have a knack for getting involved in my business,” Dexter commented, motioning for his bodyguards to step back. “Let him go.”

Scar was set free, landing hard on the ground. He clung to his tough exterior, issuing a menacing threat. "Dexter, mark my words. I'll make it my life's mission to get back at you and make you pay in the future!"

[Chapter 718 A Chance to Be Dex's Brother-in-Law](#)

The feud between the Carters and the Russells had deep roots, hence Scar's intense animosity toward them.

As the words left Scar's mouth, Arnold kicked him in the belly. "Keep yapping, and I might finish you off first!"

"Relax, man. Amidst the commotion, Dexter's attention was snagged by faint makeup smudges on Arnold's shoulder. They appeared to be imprints left by a woman resting against him.

He gestured to Leanne, who promptly handed him a cigarette.

Dexter extracted one and passed Josie a lighter, motioning for her to ignite it.

Josie's nerves were taut and reluctant.

A faint smile tugged at the corner of Dexter's lips. "Go on, light it."

She hesitated for a moment before taking the lighter. With a snap, a spark of fire illuminated the sharp arch of the man's brows and his eyes.

Smoke filled his lungs, and Dexter released a long exhale, finally easing a bit.

It had been a while since he had smoked. He'd promised to quit, and since then, he'd refrained from touching a cigarette.

Tonight was the first exception.

"I'm cool, no worries," Arnold remarked as he took a tissue from one of his subordinates, wiping his fingers clean. "But did you switch personal assistants? I didn't see Mr. May around today."

Attention was refocused on Leanne.

Now being a part of the Olsen family, she no longer felt inferior, exuding confidence and handling the attention from others with calm composure.

"Oh? You mean Leanne?"

Dexter seized the opportunity to interject, "In case you didn't know, you two are related. She's your sister-in-law."

Arnold arched an eyebrow, not denying it. "True, but who's to say if I'll ever have the chance to be your brother-in-law in the future."

His implication was clear, and Dexter's expression shifted.

Leanne stepped forward and said, "Mr. Carter, you've crossed a line."

Josie was still present.

“He’s consistent like that, saying what’s on his mind or nothing. By the way, Ms. Olsen, I’m curious why you’ve come here today...”

Josie had reached her breaking point, unable to stand on the sidelines of the men’s showdown.

The atmosphere was becoming unbearable, and she needed relief.

In a confrontation, she locked eyes with Leanne.

Leanne’s initial firmness wavered as she grappled with Josie’s question. “I...”.

Casting a fleeting look at Dexter, she seemed on the verge of speaking but held back.

The glowing tip of the cigarette accentuated Dexter’s fingers, his demeanor gradually taking on a darker edge.

“Let me answer on your behalf,” Josie had already pieced together much of the puzzle.

“As the esteemed and cherished daughter of the Olsen family, you likely find it somewhat beneath you and not entirely fitting to work at the Russell Group, given that it doesn’t enhance the prestige of your Ms. Olsen persona. But shouldn’t you be accountable for the role you’ve willingly taken on?”

“Did you convey the message I asked you to pass on to Mr. Russell? My hunch is you didn’t.” Josie knew it was Leanne who had answered the call she had made to Dexter.

Josie couldn’t deny Leanne’s cunning and capability. Despite Thomas never being granted access to Dexter’s personal calls, Leanne, who had only recently joined the Russell Group, seemed to muster that privilege.

Under Josie’s scrutiny, Leanne appeared vulnerable, as if she had been backed into a corner.

To their surprise, Dexter positioned himself before Leanne, appearing like a protector.

The cigarette was almost burned, and he said, “She did mention the call you made.”

Josie’s conversation was cut short. She met the man’s gaze, realizing that he was shielding Leanne.

Hearing that, she let out a cold chuckle. “Oh, she did. My bad for misunderstanding Ms. Olsen then.

Leanne rushed to explain, “I answered the call because Mr. Russell was caught up in important matters and...”

“Enough, Dexter cut in, his gaze fixed on Josie’s determined expression. “Since Mrs. Russell can piece it together, explanations aren’t necessary.”

“Dex...” Leanne’s voice quivered, the words escaping inadvertently. She realized her mistake too late.

“Mr. Russell...”

This only fueled Josie’s frustration. She nodded with a wry smile. Her words were tinged with irony.

“Exactly, no need for explanations.”

Dexter extinguished his cigarette.

At that moment, applause rang out from behind. It was Arnold, stepping forward leisurely. “Looks like I might actually have a shot at becoming your brother-in-law, ch, Dex.”

Josie turned and flung her bag at him. “What’s gotten into you? You’re so eager to join his family, to become his brother-in-law, huh?!”

After her outburst, she continued striding forward with determined steps under Dexter’s piercing gaze.