

The Epic BD 101

Chapter 101 Small Talk

She replied sarcastically. It was not a tone a subordinate would speak to an employer, prompting the person to look at Josie with astonishment.

"Get two boxes of tokens and send them over later, Dexter instructed the person before indicating to Josie to follow him.

He walked fast. Josie tugged the hem of his shirt and asked worriedly. "Are you going to play?"

Dexter found her fearful expression funny and answered gently, "Don't worry. It's all right here."

A game had already begun in the private lounge when they arrived. A few people sat at a table with piles of tokens before them, waiting for the dealer to give out cards. These people were either heirs of wealthy families or prominent people.

One of them astutely recognized Dexter despite the darkness. He immediately stood up and greeted, "Mr. Russell, I didn't expect to see you today."

Everyone turned to look at Dexter. Meanwhile, Dexter placed his hands behind him and smiled slightly. "Does your father know how much you gamble in this place?"

"Mr. Russell, I have missed your place since I went overseas. What's wrong with playing a few rounds to satisfy my craving?" The person looked young. Josie guessed he was an heir from a wealthy family and younger than Dexter.

Dexter patted the person's shoulder. "You should come to my place for horse riding one of these days. Let's see if you maintain your fitness level.

The person agreed before turning to Josie and joked. "Is she your new assistant? Why is she wearing a mask?"

Dexter turned to Josie slightly to introduce them. "He's Leo Ardon."

Josie replied, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Ardon. I wear a mask due to my skin allergies. It's embarrassing to show my face."

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She was unsure whether Leo believed her excuse, but he did not seem to mind. "Mr. Russell, do you want to join the game? You can have my seat.

Once he said that, the others at the table urged Dexter to join them. They all looked young and knew how influential Dexter was. No one dared to show disrespect.

Dexter accepted the offer and took Leo's seat. "I'll play a couple of rounds."

That's great!"

“Bring Mr. Russell a drink.

Thankfully, Josie memorized Dexter’s preferences after what had happened previously. She instructed the server, “Mr. Russell would like Earl Grey tea. Make sure to filter the tea leaves twice before serving.”

“It must have been hard studying overseas all these years, Dexter said to Leo while casually placing a card on the table.

“Yes. My father refuses to let me return home. He said I must settle down overseas. However, I disagree with him. I like Waverly much better.” Leo complained in frustration as he looked at the cards

“Mr. Ardon wants the best for you The person opposite Dexter played a King, so Dexter followed up with another card. He seems to be having health issues I didn’t see him at this year’s economic forum”

His health is okay, but he keeps saying he wants to retire. He must have been tired after leading the business for many years” Leo sounded proud of his father

“He should retire if he thinks it best for him. Times are changing too fast. Moreover, your stepmother keeps getting into trouble

“That’s right. Two days ago, my father was furious that she had sought out someone alone and slapped her when she returned. It was so scary that I dared not make a sound” Leo seemed to trust Dexter, or he thought telling Dexter this would not reveal much.

The server brought tea Josie took the tea from him and placed it by Dexter’s hand However, the room was too dark, so she accidentally bumped her hand against the cup and caused the hot tea to splatter on the back of her hand. It soon turned red

Dexter narrowed his eyes and said flatly. “Go deal with it.”

Josie apologized and retreated from the room. She ran to the washroom and washed her hand under cold

water

Meanwhile, Dexter finished two rounds of games in the private lounge and won each time. Leo enjoyed watching Dexter play and urged him to play a few more rounds. However, Dexter decided to stop and called the server over. “I will leave these two boxes of tokens for you to share. I hope you all have a good time tonight.”

Chapter 102 Ointment on Her Hands

He did not ask them to pay. The private lounge was filled with cheers of joy.

Dexter sipped his tea and turned to Leo. “You should listen to your father. Settle abroad as soon as you can.”

Leo’s expression changed as he finally realized the meaning behind those words. He had questions to ask, but Dexter, who did not want to say much, had already left.

Josie washed her hands, but they were still stinging. *I always get hurt when I'm with Dexter. What rotten luck!*

She left the washroom to find him in the corridor, leaning against the railing while making a call. "It's confirmed. The one above Martin Lane is a person called Ardon."

He replied with a hum after a moment of pause, and his eyes fell on Josie. She had complied all this time and kept the mask on. He waved to her.

She went up to him and heard vaguely the voice on the other end of the call saying, "You can look forward to the news, latest by November."

"October. I cannot wait." He pinched her hand. The redness that would not leave bothered him.

The person on the other end replied hesitantly, "I'll try my best."

The call ended. Dexter kept his phone as an attendant went up to them. "Here's the thing you requested, Mr. Russell."

It was a tube of ointment for burns. He took it and opened the cap. "Does it hurt a lot?"

Josie suddenly felt that her hand was unimportant. She asked curiously, "Were you testing Mr. Ardon? And you got some useful information out of it."

"How did you know?"

"It seemed you were concerned for him, but you were just fishing for information. He's a fool for revealing everything. It looks like he thinks of you as his biological brother." Her injury felt soothed as he spread the ointment over her hands. "He never would have expected this brother to hurt him."

Dexter raised an eyebrow and gave her a look. "You're painting me black."

"And you're not?" Josie gave him an incredulous look. She could not label the cunning man as a reasonable person in any way.

Back then, she only knew him as the CEO of Russell Group. She did not know that he was a close friend of Heaven on Earth's head or that he was Mandarin Oriental Hotel's actual boss. It was child's play if he wanted to make a person disappear.

Fear budded in her heart.

The redness finally reduced as the ointment was spread evenly on her hands. He put the unfinished tube into her purse and headed to the elevator.

"The world is not as simple as you think. If I don't make a move, others will."

Josie widened her steps to follow him. She did not pursue the matter anymore. "Is this place similar to Mr.

Barrett

There's a world of difference between the two. His is underground while mine is legal"

With current politics opening a legal casino in Waverly was not surprising. Dexter had not only done it but also developed it into a tourist destination. When travelers from other countries came to Waverly they always stopped by the casino for a game or two.

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But because it was a legal establishment, under-the-counter dealings were much easier.

Perhaps because Dexter was always by her side Josie did not feel afraid but instead found it fun. It was the opposite when she was in Heaven on Earth.

They stepped out of the hotel Josie pulled her mask down for some fresh air. But before she could speak, Dexter said in a low voice. Put it back on.

Baffled, she raised her head to see a black Cayenne stopping before them as its window rolled down.

Chapter 103 Gorgeous, but Are You?

The streetlight shone into the car, illuminating the sinister look of the man — it was Arnold.

Propping his elbow on the car window, he examined the woman behind Dexter and teased, “What a coincidence to meet you again, Miss.”

Josie was caught off guard being recognized by Arnold and felt her scalp tingling as he stared at her. “We meet again, Mr. Carter.”

Placing his hands at the back, Dexter looked down upon Arnold and uttered, “I should be honored that you came to Mandarin Oriental the moment you returned to Waverly.”

Arnold chuckled with a hint of anger. “The news of you getting all worked up for a woman has spread in the circle. Of course, I have to come and support your business.

Josie carefully observed the two men’s expressions. She thought Dexter had handled the matter but didn’t expect it to have spread. At the same time, she was worried about becoming the target of public attention.

Dexter’s expression was indiscernible, but he seemed unaffected by Arnold’s remark. “I didn’t expect you to believe the rumors.”

“I didn’t believe it, but seeing this lady standing behind you just happened to catch my eye.” Arnold smiled and asked Josie, “Are you here today to report to Dexter also?”

Josie gazed at him. “I’m here with Mr. Russell to attend to some work matters.”

Arnold appeared to be a playboy, seemingly unpretentious, but people like him were more dangerous because one couldn’t tell their evil intentions.

“Miss Warren, have you read War and Peace by Leo Tolstoy?”

Josie didn’t understand why Arnold asked the sudden question. “I’ve not read it, but I have a rough idea of the plot.”

“But are you familiar with the romance between Prince Andrei and Natasha?”

Josie stole a glance at Dexter's expression while contemplating how to answer Arnold. "Only the gist of it."

"Despite his father's objection and his poor health, Prince Andrei still proposed to Natasha, only to be betrayed later on. In my opinion, it shows how deeply in love he is. You're lucky to be Natasha, Miss Warren." Arnold commented with a mysterious smile.

After saying that, Arnold leaned against his seat and raised his car window. Then, he sped away, leaving a wisp of smoke from the car exhaust.

Josie asked Dexter anxiously, "Did I say something wrong?"

She could only see his jaws but couldn't see his expression clearly due to the backlight. Nonetheless, she perceived a tinge of contempt.

"Ignore him. He's been stressed recently working on a project and came here to vent his anger." Dexter walked toward the car park.

Josie didn't understand Dexter. She felt something was off and quickly caught up with him. "Do many know that it was you who saved me in Heaven on Earth?"

Chapter 104 Jenny Turner's Outburst

The play of streetlights created captivating shadows and light, infusing the interior of the car with an enchanting atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Josie leaned in to study the man resting with his eyes closed.

Man, what a waste. With his striking *looks*, he would undoubtedly *stand* out amidst *the* sea of heartthrobs in showbiz!

"Speak up if you've got any questions." Dexter was fully aware of his surroundings despite eyes closed.

Caught red-handed, Josie blushed with embarrassment.

After a brief pause, she cautiously inquired, "So, I kind of overheard you talking to the staff today. You said Mr. Lane kidnapped Justin from the Mandarin Oriental Hotel that day. Hmm... are you aware that he's been lurking in your turf all along...?"

No wonder Justin hadn't shown up for the past few days. It turned out he had already been kidnapped by Mr. Lane. But Dexter hadn't mentioned a single word and continued to give her rides to work as usual. It was definitely odd.

A trace of unease flickered across Dexter's face when Josie posed her blunt question. Still, with eyes closed, he said, "No, I don't."

Josie nodded to herself but recalled his conversation with the staff. There was a contradiction in his words.

Something about it didn't sit right with Josie.

Josie's stealthily pondered on the causality. Upon glancing at Dexter once more, she noticed that his initially tense expression had transformed into a smile.

Well, if he insisted he didn't know, she would take his word for it.

The following day, Dexter left Mason Garden in the early hours. When Josie awoke and found him gone, she freshened up and set off to the beauty salon. Intending to return to work as quickly as possible. Josie spared no expense to ensure she was fully prepared.

Inside the beauty salon, one of the staff approached Josie, inquiring if she had made an appointment. Josie promptly revealed the QR code on her phone, leading to an immediate smile and a warm reception.

They walked through a corridor adorned with elegant aesthetics, passing a female cleaner who instinctively lifted her gaze to welcome the approaching guest. Suddenly, the cleaner exclaimed, "Josie?!"

Startled, Josie stood frozen, locking eyes with the middle-aged woman before her.

It was Jenny! Clutching a broom, she glared fiercely at Josie as if she wanted to devour her alive.

Acting instinctually, Josie stepped back, finding shelter behind the staff, and asked, "What do you want?" "You told me you were broke, but here you are, pampering yourself with luxury beauty treatments! You're a liar!" Jenny hurled the broom on the floor, rolled her sleeves, and crossed her arms as her anger erupted. The staff, puzzled by the situation, asked, "Ms. Warren, do you happen to know our cleaning lady...?"

Stunned, Josie vigorously shook her head and urged the staff to keep walking. "No, no... I don't know her. Let's go."

"Don't you dare walk away!" Jenny rushed forward, gripping Josie's arm tightly, and scolded. "You need to explain everything today! Did you have a hand in Justin going there? You're despicable! How could you send my son there and let him be kidnapped?! The Warrens are doomed!"

Justin had confided in his mother about his plan to work in Heaven on Earth to repay his debt. Jenny was shocked when Justin revealed that he would be bound there for five or even ten years to settle his debts.

He had also told his mother that it was all Josie's doing, along with her wealthy husband, Dexter Russell, the CEO of the Russell Group.

It turned out that Josie had money this whole time but didn't lift a finger to help her own family! She just sat back and watched the Warrens go through all the hardships of poverty without lending a helping hand!

Josie's frustration boiled over as she exclaimed. "Bullshit! Your son would've been beaten to death if it weren't for me! Look at this! This scar! It's all thanks to your son!" She yanked down her mask, revealing a

Jenny was taken aback, but she refused to release her grip on Josie and shouted at the top of her lungs. "I don't care! Bring my son back, or I'll expose your relationship with the Russell Group..."

Feeling flustered, Josie swiftly covered Jenny's mouth with her hand, clenching her teeth, and command ed in a hushed tone. "Shut up!

Chapter 105 Do You Want Him Alive or Dead

I can't believe even Jenny knows! Justin's going to end up in h*//!

Jenny wouldn't back out. She bit Josie's hand forcefully as she struggled on the floor.

"Someone help me! She is targeting the person who cared for her for over ten years. What an ungrateful brat! Hurry up and look at how she mistreats me!"

Jenny intentionally fell to the ground and shouted at the top of her lungs.

Josie felt her hair stand as the hypocritical act unfolded before her eyes. "Get up right now! Aren't you embarrassed?"

Jenny continued to cry her eyes out while hitting her thighs. She wasn't willing to move an inch from her .spot.

People started to come out of their private rooms when they heard the commotion. They were all upper - class and wealthy ladies who were snickering at the scene. One of them complained to the staff, "What is happening? Why is it so noisy? Do you just let anyone in?"

The staff was put in a difficult position and stuttered, "Ms. Warren, this..

Josie felt her face flush under the mask. She inhaled deeply, knelt before Jenny, and softly warned her. "Do you want your son to live?"

In a split second, Jenny paused in the middle of her tantrum. Her eyes widened as her hands reached ou t to grab Josie. "What do you mean? What are you planning to do to my son?"

"Why don't you continue throwing a fit, and we'll see what happens?" Josie's voice was soft, but her tone was assertive and unwavering. Jenny's eyes trembled in fright, and she scrambled to her fe et.

"Let's talk elsewhere," Josie ordered her.

As they walked away, the ladies in the beauty salon rolled their eyes in contempt amid receiving their fa cial treatment. "What a lack of class."

"Mrs. Ardon, I vaguely heard them mentioning Russell Group. It's the corporation under the Russell Fami ly

The lady, addressed as Mrs. Ardon, was calm and composed. She shrugged it off by saying, "It doesn't m atter. How would those two have anything against the Russell Group?"

"That's true."

At the same time, a confrontation ensued on the other end of the corner.

"I only have one thing to say. Get my son out of there. He has to get married!" Jenny's face turned red, and her veins were about to pop out of her neck.

Josie smirked at her and scornfully replied, "Who is he getting married to? Nicole Hart? She left Wavery so she wouldn't need to get married to your son!"

Jenny seemed unaware of this fact. Her eyes were blazing red as she yelled coldly. "You're talking nonsense! She has no reason to leave! You must've told Nicole about Justin!"

Josie held onto her wrist. As she tightened her grip, Jenny winched in pain.

"You're right. I'm the one who told Nicole! Anyone in their right mind wouldn't want to marry Justin! Don't you think you should thank me instead? If it weren't for me, Justin wouldn't have the chance to repay his debts and would've already been beaten to death."

"You! You!" Her hands started to shiver as she pointed her finger at Josie. "I'll find your wealthy husband and tell him about your shameless attitude! I'll make him get my son out of there!"

Josie pushed her hands away and warned her, "If you dare to go near him. I'll let your son rot there for life! Try me!"

Jenny was utterly defeated. Her eyes glared at Josie with rage and hatred.

"Do you want your son alive or dead? It's up to you."

"If I were you, I wouldn't embarrass myself here by blurting out nonsense. Instead, I would treat my husband well and wait patiently at home for my son."

Josie left immediately and went to the staff to lead her back to the room.

She was confident that Jenny didn't have the guts to find Dexter, nor would she ever have the chance to meet him face to face. However, today's incident at the beauty salon was risky, especially if someone with ill intentions heard their conversation.

As she mulled over that thought, she took a deep breath and pulled up her mask.

Chapter 106 Practice

Inside the vast office, the sun shone brightly through the large windows, slightly heating up the floor.

Ivy sat at the coffee table and poured a cup of tea. "Mr. Russell, Landon isn't making any moves. I believe Martin Lane wouldn't act recklessly as he is afraid of you."

"The situation is different now that Arnold Carter is back."

Dexter held a cigarette between his fingers. He slightly sniffed the cigarette and showed no hint of concern or fear.

Ivy froze as she was pouring the tea. "Arnold Carter came back yesterday. Have you seen him?"

“Yes, in the Mandarin Oriental Hotel.”

Ivy looked down and felt a surge of uneasiness creeping up her whole body. Dexter hasn't invited her to accompany him to any events recently. Moreover, she had no idea that he had gone to the Mandarin Oriental Hotel yesterday or with whom he was spending his time.

She poured a cup of Earl Grey tea and passed it to Dexter. His forehead creased upon tasting it. It wasn't as good as the one he had last night.

Ivy noticed his expression and immediately asked, “What's wrong?”

Dexter didn't answer her question. Instead, he put down the cup and interjected with his own question. “How did Arnold settle the project in Rivodia?”

“He used cash to shut them up. Nothing can't be solved in this era with a load of money.”

“What about the public uproar?”

“He diverted their attention by revealing another buzz-worthy news through the media.”

“How's the progress of the land in Silmark?” He lit up the cigarette and took a puff

“Everything's in order. It'll be in Russell Group's hands after the bidding process.”

Ivy answered his questions diligently. Her gaze rested on the cup of tea he had only taken a sip of

Dexter nodded and didn't ask any more questions.

Ivy observed his expression before speaking again. “Mr. Russell, the cost to acquire Silmark is quite high. If Landon participates in the bidding, Russell Group's capital will be strained.”

“Don't worry. We'll use it for practice.”

Ivy couldn't wrap her head around what he meant. *Why* would he take over Silmark for practice? It's a large property with schools surrounding it.

Dexter had only finished half his cigarette before stubbing it in the ashtray. He got up and took his coat.

“Chris is on leave today. I'll need you to take me there.”

Ivy let go of all her suspicions and followed him delightfully.

Dexter rarely drove on his own as he needed some quiet time to sort out his thoughts. An accident would

be waiting for him, with his thoughts being constantly preoccupied. He only drove a few times, and it was all because of Josic,

Dexter suited up and walked with long strides in the quiet parking lot. Ivy followed behind in high heels, almost scampering to keep up with his pace.

She pressed the car key to unlock the car doors.

Suddenly, a large shadow appeared behind their car, and they walked directly to Dexter. He furrowed his brows and stepped backward.

It was a middle—

aged woman with wrinkled skin. She put on a broad smile, fawning upon him, as she asked. “Are you Mr. Russell?”

Ivy stepped in front of Dexter and told her off, “Who are you? How dare you act so rudely?”

She wore cheap clothing and wasn’t someone with class or wealth.

Jenny didn’t spare a glance at Ivy as she stared at the fine man behind her. He had an extravagant presence with an outstanding physical appearance.

“Mr. Russell, I’m Josie’s mother!”

Dexter froze as his forehead scowled into a tight knot.

His voice traveled from above Ivy’s head. “You should leave first.”

“Mr. Russell, she...”

“Do you need me to repeat my words?” Dexter lowered his tone.

Ivy had no choice but to back away and pass him the keys.

Jenny felt assured that her plan would work.

Chapter 107 Demand for a Gift

Dexter rubbed his temple and asked, “Why did you come to find me?”

Jenny looked at him solicitously. “I’m aware that you got married to our Josie. Don’t worry; I won’t let anyone else know about it.”

He raised his eyebrows and stared at her without saying a word.

He had an overbearing charisma that made Jenny feel small and jittery. She carefully continued, “Well, I deserve a gift as compensation for my daughter’s hand in marriage. I understand Mr. Russell is of a different class and background, but it’s common courtesy to treat your elderly with respect.”

Seeing how he stayed silent, Jenny grew bolder with her demands. “Now that your wife’s parents are aware, it’s not too late to offer your respects. What do you think, Mr. Russell?”

Dexter looked down as he slowly figured out what was happening. I am aware that the man in the hospital is considered Josie’s father, but I have no idea who you are,” he answered indifferently.

Jenny choked up before she ranted, “You’re unbelievable! I’ve also raised Josie for over ten years. How can you act so arrogant toward me? She must’ve criticized me behind my back, as she’s always been ungrateful!”

Is that true?” Dexter interjected

her. “If you’re Josie’s mother, you would’ve known that I’ve not only given her thirty thousand for her father’s medical fees but have also gathered the top medical professionals to cure her father.”

There was no hint of emotions on his face, but his words weighed her down and left her momentarily speechless.

Of course, I'm aware, but it's a different matter. As the CEO of Russell Group, do you think you can take away my daughter with merely thirty thousand?"

"If you knew, you should be grateful for the thirty thousand that saved your husband. But, instead, you're here making a scene to get more money from me."

Dexter stroked the car keys and refuted her unreasonable claims in a composed voice.

Jenny couldn't say anything. She took a deep breath and offered him an ultimatum. "What about this? Give me another seventy thousand, and you can have Josie. If you're not willing to accept this offer. I'll inform the media about your marriage!"

Despite her hasty character, she was quick-witted. She knew there must be a reason this marriage couldn't be announced to the public.

Dexter narrowed his eyes and stared at her with contempt. Finally, he bit his lips and scoffed, "You sure have a strong appetite for money. Do you think your daughter is worth seventy thousand?"

Jenny widened her eyes. She was stunned to find out that her daughter was not as appealing to the man as she had thought.

"Why don't you try and see the outcome of your actions? Here, I'll paint a picture for you. Your son is being held forcefully in Winmont with an unreasonable boss who would take his life at any moment. What do you think? Do you want to try and see how it feels?"

Dexter casually opened his car door, leaned his hands on the roof, and sneered at her. "At your age. I believe you won't last long there."

Jenny's eyes were flared red. "... Josie said the same thing today. It turns out that both of you are the culprits!"

"It's not a coincidence. I'm the person behind it," he confidently admitted. Then, all of a sudden, his face stiffened, and he turned over to glare at her just as he was about to leave. "You met Josie?"

Jenny's feet faltered, and she took a step back without answering.

"Where did you meet her?"

In the beauty salon. It looked like she went for a facial treatment." Jenny felt anxious and caressed the hem of her shirt as she answered.

When her response was met with silence, she quickly explained further.

Title: **The Epic Blind Date with My Boss** – is an absolute page turner from page one. The prose are beautifully written in a style that readers of A **Della Storm** work have come to expect. This novel is written by Noveljt . She is a true storyteller, and The Gargoyle's Captive is her best book.

Synopsis: The Epic Blind Date with My Boss

On the day of the blind date, the man turned out to be fat, short, and greasy! What could she do but run? Josie Warren was about to escape when the man at the next table stopped her. Why was this man so familiar? He... he was her immediate superior, Dexter Russell, a rich tycoon worth millions! What he said next surprised her immensely. "Josie, what about marrying me?" Marriage? Had Dexter been crushing on her for years? Did he set up this blind date to accidentally bump into her? Only highly skilled hunters would appear like prey. So why not! He had the looks and the money, after all. Josie acted on it instead of thinking about it. "Sure! Let's get married! I will do as you wish and marry into the world of the rich and powerful!"

Chapter 108 Her Past

"You can't blame me for doing this. My husband is lying on the hospital bed, and my son... my son is being tormented in the place you sent him to. I have no choice but to rely on Joste."

She tried to gain his pity.

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Dexter threw his keys into the car and didn't seem to be in a rush anymore. "You mentioned raised Josie for more than ten years. Why don't you share how you raised her during those years?"

Jenny was startled and struggled to utter a single word,

"When she was in high school, she insisted on going to the summer camp, so my husband had to work extra hours in odd jobs to cover the cost of her camp. Later, my husband used all his ten-year savings to send her to university. If it wasn't for him, how would she become the person she is today!" Her eyes wandered in fear before she continued, "What's the point of spending so much on her education when she ended up getting married without repaying her parents."

Upon hearing what she said, the tiniest hint of emotion on his face had disappeared.

"What about after she went to university?"

Jenny wasn't confident enough to persuade him anymore. Her voice became softer as she continued. "Since he worked part-time and didn't come home often. When she did return home, her father would give her two to three hundred. He was secretive and wouldn't provide anything for me and my son."

It wasn't difficult to work during college as there was ample time between classes. However, she would struggle to save money, as she had to keep up her grades while covering all her daily expenses.

She was forced to reduce her spending on food and clothing, which was why she became very frugal.

"Mr. Russell."

Dexter regained his senses and glanced at the woman in front of him. "You have a good daughter, but unfortunately, she never had a good mother, he remarked with an icy tone, sending a chill down her spine.

Jenny continued to pester him, holding his car door open and refusing to let him go. "You see."

"Fifteen thousand will be transferred to your bank tonight. If I see you appear in front of Josie again, you'll face the consequences. I suggest you stay away from any trouble, even if it's to keep your son alive. I've never given a second chance to anyone."

Dexter closed the door forcefully as soon as he warned her. Jenny fell to the ground at the sudden pull. She wasn't satisfied but didn't dare to speak up again.

He wasn't someone easy to deal with. His eyes were like cold, hard steel which glinted with a dangerous light.

When the door to the elevator opened in the car park, the people exiting were shocked at the sight of Ivy. "Ms. Miller, why are you here?"

Ivy emerged from the corner, her face a mask of dread. "It's nothing"

She went into her car and leaned on the steering wheel. She felt her head was about to burst when she heard Dexter admit he was married to Josie. Her pulse throbbed through her veins as she recalled his words.

How could this happen? He was clearly worried about that girl!

Ivy always thought that the people she was fighting with to win Dexter's heart were the affluent upper-class ladies, gorgeous top celebrities, or intelligent and successful women in their company. But he married Josie, who was plain, ordinary, and had nothing to offer him!

She had seen Josie's file. Josie was an unremarkable employee with average looks. Her family background was poor, and her mother and brother had unsavory characters. Dexter was entirely out of her league. Why did he marry *her*?

Ivy gripped tightly onto her steering wheel, and her eyes were red-rimmed. A bitter sense of pain coiled around her heart as she felt defeated by an ordinary girl.

As she walked away, the middle-aged woman's silhouette grew smaller in the rearview mirror.

Jenny's words spurred a whirlwind in his mind. He hit the gas as his mind started racing,

Dexter and Josie arrived at Mason Garden around the same time.

Her face felt smoother after her facial treatment. When she saw Dexter's Porsche, she immediately walked over and knocked on the window. "Why did you come home so early?"

Chapter 109 Gifted a Golden Card

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Josie took off her mask. Whenever she looked at someone, her eyes would light up with genuine interest. He almost fell into her deep, fathomless eyes. He wasn't hurrying to get down the car, so he wound down the windows. "Where did you go?"

Josie noticed he wasn't in a good mood, so she answered thoughtfully, "I went out for a while. Why?"

"I asked where did you go. Dexter didn't budge and kept his gaze fixed in her direction.

"I went to the beauty salon.

Josie finally answered Dexter honestly, but her fingers were pressed tightly into her palm, leaving marks. She didn't dare reveal the truth at first as it didn't suit the image she had in front of Dexter.

But since he persisted, he must have been aware of it already.

Dexter finally left the car and went into the villa. She followed closely behind.

"Dexter?"

How did he know?

The maid helped him to remove his coat. With a graceful lift of his head, he revealed his strong, elegant neck. "You went for a facial treatment?"

"Yes, I wanted to remove the scar and return to work as soon as possible," Josie answered frantically. She was afraid he would misunderstand her.

Dexter stood by her side as he lifted her chin. The delicate peach fuzz was visible on her pale skin, making her youthful appearance stand out even more. She didn't have lipstick on, but her lips were rosy. He narrowed his eyes and replied, "It does look better. Have you signed up for their membership?"

Josie was astounded by his response. She shook her head and answered, "No, it's too expensive. I'm planning to go either once or twice only."

"Which beauty salon did you go to? I'll ask someone to help you get it done."

Dexter released her chin gently, his fingers lingering for a moment before letting go completely.

Josie felt concerned as it would be too risky for him to do this openly. "I don't think that's a good idea.

He didn't reply and had an inscrutable expression on his face. However, it seemed easier to converse with him today.

Josie confidently reached out to grab onto the hand that touched her face. She felt a sudden shiver in her spine from touching his cold hands. "Dexter, what if someone finds out you got the membership for me?"

His gaze rested on her hands. "It's not a problem. We'll have it under the staff's name."

Josie's lips curved into a wide, genuine smile.

"I always have to rely on your staff. I guess I can't blame Mr. Carter for calling me Natasha from War and Peace. Dexter, what if I truly act like a Natasha?" She batted her eyelids coyly, her eyes sparkling with a pure and alluring gaze.

Although he had been smoking, there wasn't a hint of a scent on his body. She was curious to see what was beneath his perfect exterior.

Dexter peeled her fingers away as he uttered, "There won't be such a day."

Josie raised her hands above her head as if she was surrendering. "Really? If it was the old you, you would have immediately pushed my hands away and would have scolded me for being delusional. But you hesitated just now."

The warmth of her hands still lingered.

Dexter took out a wet tissue and wiped his hands. "What about now?"

Josie's body froze in place. She quickly averted her gaze, mortified by her foolish actions.

"Sorry, I won't tease you anymore."

Dexter went upstairs without saying anything to her..

Josie leaned against the door frame, her lips curving into a mischievous smile.

Would that day really not arrive? Although it looked like nothing had changed, based on her instincts, she knew that there was something different about him.

Dexter had one positive trait. He would never make empty promises.

The next day, when Josie woke up, she saw a membership card for the beauty salon beside her bed. The maid informed her that she could enjoy free premium facial treatments for the next ten years.

Chapter 110 Coincidentally Saw Mrs Ardon

Josie picked up the gold-colored membership card and stared at it under the sunlight. It looked like real gold to her.

"Mr. Russell is surely a lavish spender."

"Yes, he treats Mrs. Russell the best.

Josie smiled lightly but didn't take her words to heart. She placed the card down and patted her face. "I can't believe I can enjoy such luxury in this life,"

The maid was taken aback by her behavior.

After she received the card, Josie visited the beauty salon a few more times. The staff treated her better when they saw the golden card. She even got a private room for her facial treatment and was served fruits and drinks.

Josie felt out of place in the exclusive salon, surrounded by more beautiful and elegant women. She felt like a small sparrow among phoenixes.

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"Can I ask you something? Are the people in the VIP rooms all from a conglomerate background? Josie asked the esthetician softly. Since Dexter spent a significant amount of money for her to get treatment here, all the women here must've come from affluent backgrounds.

The esthetician patiently answered, "Yes, they are from affluent families. Most of them are married into a conglomerate family as well."

When her assumptions were proven correct, Josie nodded. "Are they really fierce?"

The esthetician's lips curved into a warm smile at her remark. "Most of them. do act politely."

After her facial treatment, she went into the washroom before leaving.

Outside the washroom stall stood a few women dressed extravagantly. Their face clearly went under the knife before, as it was exceptionally refined and delicate.

"Mrs. Ardon, I heard Leo lost a few rounds at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel. Did he get scolded?" One of the women asked.

"Hmph, that gambler! It would be hard for him to succeed in the future," The lady addressed as Mrs. Ardon looked upset and wiped her face with a towel.

There's still hope. After all, he's the only son in the Ardon Family. He'll eventually mature and take over the company."

Josie overheard their conversation in the stall. The story sounded familiar.

The *Ardon family*? *Leo Ardon*? *Isn't he the young boy Dexter met at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel?*

So the person outside was Mrs. Ardon? His stepmother?

"It would be faster for me to give birth to another before he finally matures, but my husband couldn't take it anymore."

The two women started laughing. Their giggles made Josie's cheeks flush with redness.

"How do you feel? I'll be direct. You're his second wife. After he's kicked the bucket, how much would he leave for you? Have you thought of a plan for yourself?"

Mrs. Ardon took a deep breath and replied,

"Of course, I have a plan. I can't only depend on the Ardon Family. If I can't have anything, neither should they."

She continued slyly, "I went to Landon a few days ago to meet with their executives and obtained some evidence.

"Bang"

Josie's handphone fell on the ground, and their conversation stopped abruptly. She closed her eyes, feeling like a fool. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her..

After a short moment. Josie slowly opened the door of the stall and walked out calmly to wash her hands,

When she was about to leave the washroom, Mrs. Ardon called after her, "Stand there!".

Josie halted her steps nervously. "Yes?"

"Turn around."

Her face turned ashen pale, and a wave of anxiety washed over her. Before long, she summoned up a forceful smile and turned around. "Hello."

Mrs. Ardon was young. She must've only been a few years older than Leo Ardon, but she was his stepmother.

Mrs. Ardon crossed her hands in front of her chest and sized her up. "Why do you look so familiar?"

The lady behind her looked at her from head to toe before she gasped in shock, "Isn't this the girl who made a scene here a few days ago?"

How did she recognize her? Josie felt the edges of her face tense up. "You have a good memory. It's me."
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