

The Epic Blind Date with My Boss Chapter 16

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Chapter 16 Evidence

“Enough!” Patrick yelled at Josie. “Just tell us if you haven’t finished your work. There’s no need to fabricate such excuses. Do you think you can do anything you want just because you have a little talent? The design department is already sick of your attitude – do you know that? Write a ten-thousand-word report, or start cleaning the department as punishment!”

Josie looked at him coldly. “Mr. Davidson, those are my designs. I will prove it.”

Patrick let out a cold snort and looked at the locked door.

“Prove it? So what if you prove that? If I say Samantha designed this, do you think the higher-ups would doubt it?”

Josie clenched her fists tightly.

“Mr. Davidson!”

“Josie, you have been here for a long time. Don’t blame me for being ruthless. It won’t be good for everyone.”

“From your tone, you seem to know I’m the original creator.”

Patrick smiled. “You saw for yourself; Samantha passed this to me. Why are you still here accusing her?”

Samantha interjected, “Josie, I understand you would like to be promoted, but you can’t fake it. It’s not a big deal that you slack off for a bit. Just take note of it next time.”

Samantha and Patrick brushed Josie aside.

“Aren’t you worried this might reach Mr. Russell?”

Samantha laughed.

“Josie, stop daydreaming. Why would Mr. Russell even agree to see you? Have a good look at yourself in the mirror, and stop flattering yourself. Also, don’t ruin his reputation.” Her voice was thick with scorn.

Josie snorted and left.

Back in her seat, her chest heaved unevenly. At that moment, she wanted to barge into Dexter’s office to tell him everything, but she was worried that he might not even care about such a small matter.

On top of that, she didn’t want to trouble him.

Forget it. I’ll solve my own problems. There’s a minor defect in my designs. If Samantha uses it, there will be some problems.

...

The technical team fixed her laptop, but just as she expected, her designs were gone.

She wasn’t even annoyed by that. During the lunch break, she went to the surveillance room.

The room was located at the back of the first floor. As soon as she got out of the elevator, she met Dexter.

How is it such a coincidence?

“Hello, Mr. Russell.” She nodded at him. His cold voice rang just when she walked past him.

“What’s wrong?” he asked after seeing the dejected look on her face.

She forced a smile. “It’s nothing. I lost something, so I’m going to look at the surveillance cameras.”

Dexter didn’t suspect anything. “I see. What is it?”

Josie didn’t want to tell him too many details. “It’s just an insignificant thing.”

Would she go to such lengths to look for it if it's insignificant?

"Do you need my help?"

"It's okay. Thanks."

Dexter's assistant was surprised to see their exchange.

Since when did Mr. Russell care about others? She's just a designer here. This is a huge scoop!

Nevertheless, he merely straightened his glasses and pretended that he hadn't noticed anything.

"If you need my help, you are always welcomed to my office on the top floor," Dexter offered.

Chapter 17 Dinner

"Thanks, but no thanks."

Seeing her adamant attitude, Dexter left with his assistant without any other comments.

Josie sighed in relief and made her way to the surveillance room.

There, she found out that all the recordings from the morning had been deleted.

I should have thought of that! she thought in despair. That's why Samantha and Mr. Davidson were so bold. Since they had already destroyed the evidence, they were confident I wouldn't find anything.

'Beep!'

Her phone rang. She checked her messages and saw that it was about the designs for the food packaging with Samantha's name on them.

Josie tightened her fingers around her phone resentfully, but she could do nothing.

...

After work, Josie received Patrick's timely message.

Since she was going to the dinner, she hailed a cab to Victoria Restaurant in Wavery.

“Josie, why aren’t you here yet?” Patrick asked sternly.

Looking at the traffic outside, Josie quickly replied, “I’m almost there. The traffic is heavy.”

“You have fifteen more minutes. If you’re not here by then, you have to bear the consequences.”

With that, he hung up, leaving Josie thunderstruck.

Since she was not that far from the restaurant, she opened the door and ran in its direction.

Not long after that, she heard someone beeping the car horn behind her. A familiar Maybach stopped in front of her.

“Mr. Russell!” she yelled in surprise. Why is he here?

“Why are you here?”

Her forehead was dripping with sweat. “Where are you going? I can send you.”

Josie wanted to reject him, but seeing she was running late, she took his offer and got into his car.

As soon as she told him the address, he started driving.

When they arrived, Josie thanked him and ran into the restaurant. Dexter frowned at her and made a call.

“I’m changing the venue. I’ll send the address over shortly.”

He hung up and found a parking spot. Then, he walked into the same restaurant.

It was a western restaurant with a European renovation style. As the head chef was a famous chef from France, the restaurant garnered much interest among the upper class.

Patrick stopped her at the door of the private room.

“Why are you so late?”

“The traffic was terrible.”

“I have to make this clear to you, Josie – this deal is crucial to us. It will benefit you if you can sign this deal.”

Before Josie could digest his implied meaning, he shoved her into the room.

“Sorry for being late.”

Everyone in the room was Russell Group’s business partner. They turned around and appraised her.

“You must be Josie. Mr. Davidson mentioned you just now,” Alec Windsfield said with a smile.

“You’re finally here, Josie!” Oliver Hudson added.

“Patrick told us that you’re a real beauty. Now that we’ve met you, I must admit that he was not exaggerating.”

“Oh, you flatter me too much, Mr. Hudson!”

Josie was bright and elegant; one couldn’t find any fault with her. However, Oliver handed her a glass of red wine.

“Since you’re late, you have to start with drinking three glasses of wine as punishment.”

Chapter 18 Drink Up

Josie didn’t think they were waiting for her. However, her alcohol tolerance was very low. It would be troublesome if she got drunk.

“I’m allergic to alcohol, so I can’t drink. Why don’t I replace it with tea?”

As soon as she said that, the atmosphere changed immediately.

“Are you joking, Josie?”

“Why are you here if you can’t drink? Are you just here to be a wet blanket?”

“It seems you are not interested in working with us. You should tell us in advance! Why waste everyone’s time?”

Everyone complained, not allowing her to refuse them at all.

Patrick’s face darkened when he saw that.

“Josie, what are you doing here? It’s an honor to drink with Mr. Windsfield and Mr. Hudson. Stop acting like a baby!”

Everyone else in the room watched the drama unfolding in front of them.

Josie hesitated before taking the wine glass. She gritted her teeth and gulped it down.

“Now we’re talking! It seems like Josie knows her manners after all,” Oliver praised and poured another glass for her.

However, Josie couldn’t drink anymore.

“Mr. Hudson, I really can’t drink anymore. One glass is my limit.”

“Nonsense! You’re still so young! Since we are all here, we have to drink our hearts out.” He completely ignored her discomfort and poured her another glass.

She felt nauseous, but no one noticed; they kept pouring wine into her glass.

She had lost count of the number of glasses of wine she drank. At that moment, she felt as though the entire world was spinning.

Then, she burped and said, “I can’t drink anymore.”

The few managers exchanged glances and smiled.

“Josie, since you have had too much to drink, we can book a room for you at the hotel upstairs.” With that, Patrick went to help her up.

Josie quickly shoved him away. “That’s fine. I’ll call my husband to pick me up.”

“Oh, I almost forgot that Josie is married,” Patrick sneered. “It takes time for your husband to arrive. It’s better if you rest upstairs first.”

“I-It’s fine...” Josie mumbled as she looked for her phone. Patrick wanted to take it away from her, but she had already made a call.

“Give me your phone, Josie.”

“Hello?” A man’s voice rang from the other end.

Annoyed, Patrick quickly took it and hung up.

Dexter frowned and called again.

Josie’s phone rang again. Patrick was quite annoyed with supporting her, but she took her phone again and picked it up.

“Hello, who’s this?”

Dexter looked at his screen and made sure that it was Josie. “What’s wrong?”

“I-I’m fine... I just had too much to drink...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Patrick took her phone and hung up. This time around, he placed her phone in his pocket.

“Josie, you’re drunk. There’s no need to call anyone. Just head upstairs and have a good sleep.”

This was not the first time Oliver and Alec had done this.

“Patrick, we will head upstairs first. Just... send her to us later.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll be right there.”

When both of them left, Patrick lost all patience. He dragged Josie out of the room into the elevator.

Josie felt dizzy. As soon as she walked out of the room, she felt nauseous.

“Ugh...” She threw up.

Patrick frowned in disgust, but he continued dragging her into the elevator.

The elevator doors reopened right after they shut, with Dexter standing in front of them.