

## **The Epic BD 21**

### **Chapter 21 Resignation**

Josie had completely come back to her senses when she returned to her room. Still, her head was throbbing painfully.

She massaged her temples as she tried to recall what had happened. Mr. Davidson brought me to dinner, and I drank a lot.

At that point, she forgot about her headache.

Why am I here? How did I come back?

She lowered her head to look at her clothes. Thank God I'm still wearing them. But how did I come back here?

She tried to remember, but nothing came to her. In the end, she gave up and lay down in bed. Shortly after that, she fell asleep.

The next day, someone knocked on her door.

"Ms. Warren, I made something to help with hangovers. Here you go."

Josie was completely sober. She quickly got up and opened the door.

"Good morning, Julie."

Julie smiled at her and passed a bowl of soup over. "Here, eat it while it's warm."

A surge of warmth passed through her heart.

"Thanks a lot, Julie."

She took the bowl of soup and gulped it down. After finishing it, she asked, "I can't remember much of last night's events because I was drunk. Do you know how I got back?"

Julie smiled upon hearing that.

"Mr. Russell brought you back, of course."

Josie was stunned to hear that.

"What? He brought me back?"

How is it possible? What is going on?

"Ms. Warren, I know I shouldn't be nosey, but alcohol is bad for our health. It's best if you control your drinking. Don't get drunk again."

Josie scratched her head and nodded.

"Thanks, Julie. I know."

Julie decided to be honest with Josie because she liked her a lot.

After Julie left, Josie paced the room. She was curious about last night's events.

Why did Dexter send me back? Did something happen?

She still didn't have an answer when she arrived at the office.

However, she noticed that the atmosphere was slightly off.

"Have you heard? Mr. Davidson resigned," Alice whispered.

Josie stopped her work and looked at her in confusion. "What? He resigned?"

Alice nodded.

"He came early this morning to submit his resignation. None of us know what has happened."

Josie's heart sank. Something is wrong.

"Anyway, it's good that we can start over. I'm sure our time here will be better now that he's gone," Alice said hopefully.

Josie sighed. "Hopefully so."

As soon as she finished her sentence, she heard someone walking toward them in high heels.

Then, Samantha showed up with a dark face. Something was off when she looked at Josie.

Josie met her gaze boldly. In the past, Samantha would have already given her a hard time. However, she went straight to her table quietly this time.

"What's going on, Samantha? Why is Josie in the office today?" One of their colleagues asked in the pantry.

Recalling her brother's words, Samantha frowned.

Chapter 22 The New Manager

"Alright. Don't bring her up again."

The colleagues exchanged gazes and remained quiet. However, Samantha was even more sullen. She wanted her brother to take revenge for her, but he ignored her.

Josie is such a thorn in the \*ss. I'm going to make her life so hard – just she waits.

Patrick's resignation changed the atmosphere of the design department; it wasn't as depressing as before.

The manager from the human resources department walked over.

“Hi guys, I’m here to announce a new manager.”

Everyone looked at her.

Samantha walked over with a smile.

“We have decided to make Samantha the interim manager to complete our current projects.”

Samantha lifted her chin haughtily. “Thanks for understanding, everyone. I will lead our department in a better direction.”

Alice resented the new change.

“Why is she the new manager? She acts all high and mighty even after stealing Josie’s designs. Isn’t she worried about karma?”

“Alice, it doesn’t do you any good to badmouth her. Be careful of crossing our new boss,” another colleague said.

Alice lifted her head and looked at Josie, who was not far from her.

Josie was looking at her laptop solemnly.

“What’s wrong, Josie?”

Ever since the virus attack, her laptop had not been functioning well. It was a virus that couldn’t be killed by a regular anti-virus program.

“My laptop is not working.”

“Isn’t it fixed?”

She shook her head. Obviously, the thief wouldn’t want to leave her a workable option. Because of that, her job was affected.

“Don’t worry about it. I will find someone to fix it after work. It should be fine.”

With that, she shut it down. Suddenly, Samantha appeared and threw a bunch of documents on her desk.

“Josie, tidy these documents up today. I want them on my desk before the end of the day.”

Samantha turned around and walked away without even giving her an opportunity to reply.

Josie was speechless. Since Samantha was her boss, Josie had to take her orders.

Samantha’s sidekick was impressed to see that. “Wow, Sam. You’re the only one who can do that here.”

Samantha beamed widely. “Take note of how you address me.”

“Yes, Ms. Robson.”

Samantha was elated. She still had no idea why she was promoted to manager; many other candidates were more qualified than her. She couldn’t believe her luck.

Nothing can stop me from being lucky now.

“Let’s have dinner with the girls tonight.”

“Sure, Ms. Robson.”

Josie dealt with the paperwork the entire morning. Finally, the height of the documents was decreased by a third. She stretched and looked at the time – it was already lunch hour.

“Let’s go for lunch, Alice.”

Alice quickly shut down her laptop and went to the office canteen with Josie.

The atmosphere at the canteen was different from usual, but Josie was oblivious.

After taking the food, she saw Dexter eating at a table just as she sat down.

### **Chapter 23 Sudden Appearance**

Dexter was enjoying his lunch slowly, but he stood out among the crowd.

“Why is Mr. Russell here?” Alice asked, surprised.

Josie pulled her arm. “Let’s sit there.”

Not wanting to sit close to their boss, they went to another desk without hesitation.

Josie wanted to disappear into thin air as soon as she recalled the events from last night.

Argh, forget it! She finished her meal as quickly as possible.

Just as she put the dishes away, she met him.

Speak of the devil.

“Hello, Mr. Russell,” Josie and Alice said in unison.

Dexter shot a glance at Josie and nodded.

At that moment, the elevator arrived. Josie wanted to wait for the next one, but Alice pulled her in.

As the three of them stood in the elevator, Josie felt oppressed.

Please go faster, she prayed internally as the elevator ascended.

Finally, when they reached their floor, Josie pulled Alice out almost immediately.

Looking at her hasty figure, Dexter followed her.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Russell.”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Russell.”

Everyone in the design department was taken aback when they saw him.

“What brings you here, Mr. Russell?” Samantha quickly walked to him and asked amicably.

He stopped walking and looked at her. When he saw her badge, he asked, “Are you the new manager here?”

It was out of Samantha’s expectations that he knew her. Feeling important, she said, “Yes, Mr. Russell. I’m Samantha Robson.”

Dexter recognized her as the gossip one the other day, not because she was the new manager.

“What a young manager. How impressive,” he commented sarcastically, but she thought he was praising her.

“It’s my duty to contribute to the company. I will do my best.”

“Hah,” Dexter snorted. “Does that include backstabbing your colleague?”

Samantha’s expression changed immediately. She looked at Dexter in confusion.

“What do you mean, Mr. Russell? Have you heard some rumors? They must be far from the truth – you mustn’t believe them.”

“Alright. Don’t worry about it, Ms. Robson. It’s not a big deal.”

Samantha heaved a sigh of relief and realized her back was wet with sweat.

“I was startled by your claims, Mr. Russell.”

“I see. It’s fine. I’m just walking around. You can continue your work.”

Samantha felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders and quickly retreated.

When the other colleagues saw that she had been speaking to Dexter for quite some time, they assumed that her becoming the manager was because of her connections with him.

Otherwise, how could she be promoted so quickly?

Dexter walked around the department. Finally, he spotted Josie, who sat in a corner, buried in a pile of documents.

She was so busy with her work that she didn’t even notice him.

He rubbed his nose. Since when have I become so inconsequential?

He walked to her and knocked on her desk.

## **Chapter 24 It’s You**

She raised her head and gave a start.

“M-Mr. Russell.”

He was baffled upon finding her working on some insignificant documents.

Isn't she also a designer? I've seen her work – it's pretty good. Why is she doing admin work here?

"Show me the latest design for the food packaging project."

Josie froze for a moment before returning to her senses. "Sure. I'll get it now."

With that, she recalled that Samantha had stolen her designs, and she hadn't cleared her name yet.

Hence, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Russell. I'm not in charge of that project. If you want to look at the designs, you'll have to ask Ms. Robson."

A flicker of doubt flitted across Dexter's eyes.

"You're not a part of it?"

"Nope," she replied, sitting down. "Ms. Robson is leading the project. It's best if you talk to her about it if there are any problems."

Knowing that Dexter wanted to check on the design department, Samantha went to him. "Mr. Russell, the designs are in my office. You can take a look there."

Dexter initially intended to walk around after lunch to see what Josie was busy with. He asked that question because he previously saw her taking the project's lead.

Since he brought the subject up, he couldn't abandon it halfway.

When they arrived at Samantha's office, she showed him the designs immediately.

"Mr. Russell, this is the confirmed design. Our clients are happy with the results."

Initially, Dexter was not interested, but his gaze dimmed after seeing the screen's design.

Only Samantha's name was shown in the bottom left corner.

Recalling Josie's upset expression, he suddenly understood something.

"Did you design this?" he asked.

Samantha replied with a straight face, "Yes, Mr. Russell."

He smiled. "Elaborate more on your idea."

Samantha was momentarily stunned, but she quickly replied, "My idea came from the project itself. I accumulated the upsides of the product and used bolder colors..."

All the years she had dabbled in design were not wasted; at the very least, she still had some skills and techniques.

After she finished explaining, she looked at him earnestly.

"But these are just my two cents. Do let me know if you see any room for improvement."

He raised his head and looked at her.

“This idea is quite creative but doesn’t have any substance; it’s very surface level.”

Samantha froze.

“Ms. Robson, are you sure you came up with this idea alone?”

Samantha didn’t understand his implied meaning. “Yes. Mr. Russell. I did it myself.”

Unexpectedly, he said, “Is that so? It’s a coincidence that I’ve seen the same design from two different people.”

Samantha was incredulous to hear that.

She looked at him with her mouth agape, at a loss for words.

“Ms. Robson, would you like to explain what is happening?”

“M-Mr. Russell, t-this is my design,” she said, clenching her clothes tightly.

I can’t tell him the truth, or I’ll be ruined.

“I’m not sure where you saw the other copy. If that’s the case, someone must have stolen my work. I have the right to report plagiarism.”

## **Chapter 25 Laptop Fixed**

“Since that’s the case, I will fulfill your request.”

With one last gaze at her laptop screen, Dexter walked away disdainfully.

Samantha shivered as she looked at his back. Anxiety rose within her as soon as she recalled his cold gaze.

What does he mean? From his tone, he seems to know the truth. Could Josie have told him her side of the story? No, she wouldn’t do that. Her laptop is not working anymore, and there’s no evidence to support her claims. Mr. Russell won’t believe her.

She paced around the room anxiously. Though she had a foolproof plan, she still couldn’t stop worrying.

Meanwhile, Dexter walked to Josie, who was still busy with the documents.

He frowned and knocked on her desk. “Bring your laptop to my office.”

She raised her head in a daze. Before she realized what was going on, he had already left.

If I remember correctly, he looked grim when he left.

“Why did Mr. Russell call Josie into his office out of a sudden?”

“She’s not in charge of any projects lately.”

Alice also scooted over and asked softly, “Could it be that Samantha complained about you, and he’s going to fire you?”

“Help,” she yelped, but she didn’t think she would be fired. “We’ll see.”

She grabbed her laptop and caught up with Dexter, looking like she might die a heroic death.

On the top floor of Russell Group, Josie's laptop was placed on Dexter's desk.

He switched it on and typed away even though the screen was blue with indecipherable code.

"Mr. Russell, my laptop is infected with a virus. The technical team has tried fixing it a few times, but it's still not working," she reported tentatively.

Could it be that his laptop broke down, and he wants to use mine? No, that shouldn't be the case, she speculated internally.

It was within his expectations. He massaged his temples, recalling Samantha's indignance moments ago. Then, he looked at Josie, who took on everything alone.

Suddenly, anger flared within him.

"Are you a punching bag for others?"

"What?"

He didn't reply to her. Instead, he took out his phone and made a call. The other person said something, and he replied, "Be in my office in ten minutes."

Josie was baffled by his actions. "Mr. Russell?"

He ignored her.

"Dexter!"

As soon as he looked at her, she forced a smile. "Mr. Russell, I was just saying I'll leave your office now if there's nothing else to talk about. I have a lot of work to do."

"Just wait here."

Josie could only wait quietly.

Ten minutes later, a rather wild-looking man arrived. "Dex, I never thought you would need me."

Dexter turned the laptop to him. "Can you fix this?"

He crouched and examined the laptop closely. "Easy. Just give me half an hour." He smiled widely.

They're gonna fix my laptop?

Josie looked excited. "The technical team said this is the most potent virus abroad. Not many can fix this."

That man snorted out laughing and looked at Josie. "Well, look closely then. Because I'm one of those that can."

Woah... Dexter's friend is really confident in himself.

Half an hour later, he finished typing, and the laptop resumed its normal state. He passed it to Dexter. "Check if anything's missing."

Before Dexter could react, Josie excitedly snatched the laptop and located her designs. When she saw them, she almost cried tears of joy.

“This is great! I can finally prove that I didn’t copy her work!”

Dexter’s friend was perplexed to see that. He looked at his best friend smiling at Josie, who was dancing around.

This is a miracle.

## **Chapter 26 His Friend**

Dexter felt his gaze and looked at him warningly.

Josie was overjoyed, holding her laptop in her hands. Now that it’s fixed and I got back my original drafts let’s see if Samantha still dares to ask me to provide evidence.

She bowed deeply to Dexter. “Thanks a lot, Mr. Russell!”

“Instead of thanking me, you should work smarter,” he ridiculed, but without contempt. Instead, there was a smile on his face.

No wonder this idiot hasn’t stood out after all these years. Others bully her.

Josie was used to how he spoke; she knew very well that he had a good heart and cared about his employees.

“What are you guys doing, thanking each other? I’m the one who fixed it. Me! Can you see me?”

Dexter’s friend waved at them incredulously.

Josie returned to her senses and thanked him. “I’m sorry. Thanks a lot! You’re amazing, and you saved my life.”

The playful tone in her voice made him feel as though they were friends. An employee usually wouldn’t be this casual in front of their CEO.

The man arched his eyebrows and extended his hand. “Hmph, now you know. I’m Calvin Barrett, Dex’s friend.”

When he said Dexter’s nickname, his gaze was focused on Dexter and Josie.

“M-Mr. Russell’s friend? Nice to meet you. I’m Josie from the design department.” An uneasy look appeared on her face.

“You work here?”

Duh, of course. What else should I say? That I’m technically his wife, and you should call me Mrs. Russell? That’s too much.

Just thinking about it made her feel like she would die from embarrassment.

“Do you know that this is the first time Dexter asked me for help because of a woman? You are the first one,” Calvin said playfully.

Sure enough, she froze. T-The first...

Dexter pursed his lips. He could tell Josie felt awkward hearing that, so he saved her from the conversation. "Aren't you busy?"

Josie immediately returned to her senses. "Oh, right. I'll get back to work now."

With that, she escaped from the room. There was a playful smile on Calvin's face. He sat in front of Dexter's desk. "I don't know you care about your employees so much, Dex."

Dexter remained quiet in his chair. He was not planning to explain everything to Calvin. "The files in her laptop are important; that's about it. You're not needed here anymore – you can leave now."

"She looks familiar, though. I felt like we've met somewhere," Calvin muttered, ignoring Dexter.

"Ivy, walk him out."

With that, a slender lady with exquisite makeup in formal attire entered the room. "Mr. Barrett, this way, please."

Calvin narrowed his eyes at Ivy Miller, Dexter's assistant. "You're such a heartless person. We've met many times, yet you still refuse to speak up for me."

There was a perfunctory smile on her face. "I booked your favorite restaurant, Mr. Barrett, just in time for lunch."

Calvin smiled and waved at Dexter. "Bye."

"See you."

As soon as Calvin left, the smile on Ivy's face disappeared. I've worked for Mr. Russell since graduation, and I've never seen him help any employees. He even asked his friend to help her out. Could it be...?

She shook her head. Impossible. That employee has no background. How could he take a liking to her? Perhaps the contents of the laptop are critical to Russell Group.

## **Chapter 27 Wolf in Sheep's Clothing**

When Josie returned to the design department, she looked crestfallen. Upon seeing that, Alice quickly asked, "What happened? What did Mr. Russell do?"

A figure appeared at the manager's office. Josie saw that and sighed tiredly. "He wanted to see my designs, but my laptop broke down, so he gave me a scolding."

Alice looked sorry for her. "Sounds like hell. From your account, I could visualize the situation. I'm so sorry for you, Josie."

Everyone around them was paying attention to their conversation. After hearing Josie's explanation, they finally got confirmation that Dexter didn't have his eye on her. Instead, he probably didn't even like her.

Josie sat down at her desk and sighed. "I think it's better to get back to sorting these documents. I'll have enough to suffer if I don't finish this by tomorrow."

Samantha snorted out laughing. Nothing went wrong, it seems. Perhaps Mr. Russell saw the original drafts somewhere, but I bet he didn't expect Josie's laptop to break down. In that case, there's no evidence, even if he has suspicions about me.

Samantha's mood took a better turn. When it was time to knock off, she gracefully walked out of her office.

In the evening, the lights at Mason Garden were turned on.

When Dexter returned from a business dinner, Josie was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Josie?" he asked Julie, who helped him out of his coat.

"After dinner, she went to her room. She said she's cooking a mysterious plan."

Dexter frowned upon hearing that. She must be preparing to take revenge.

Her door was slightly ajar. When passing by her room, Dexter stopped and peered through.

She typed away on her laptop, giggling to herself. "Hehehehe..."

His frown deepened. I must be going bonkers to spend time watching this idiot entertain herself.

The next day, Samantha needed to submit her designs to be examined. They would only sign the contract with the client after making sure there were no problems.

"Where's your energy? You guys are still so young; how could you be so tired? You're ruining our image!" She lectured everyone as soon as she walked into the meeting room.

Alice rolled her eyes and whispered to Josie, "Hmph. She doesn't have any true skills; she only knows how to act like a manager."

Josie spun the pen in her hands calmly.

"Since everyone is here, let's start the meeting, Ms. Robson."

Samantha glared at her.

The designs were shown on a PowerPoint, and Samantha repeated her source of inspiration to Dexter again.

"If there are no other opinions on this, we will sign the contract."

At that moment, Josie slowly raised her hand. "I have something to add."

Samantha spoke through gritted teeth, "Josie, what are you doing?"

"Why? Can't I say something?"

Under everyone's stares, Samantha was unable to reject her.

"I think your idea is too shallow." Josie stood up. "This design has a deeper layer of meaning to it. Apart from bold colors, the lines are also specially designed. If you look closely at the logo in the middle, you will notice that the tenth anniversary of the company is hidden there."

The people in the room hummed in surprise upon hearing that.

## **Chapter 28 Innocent**

A chill crept down Samantha's spine. She took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Oh, I forgot about that. You have an eye for details, indeed. Take a seat, Josie."

Josie remained immobile. "Don't you want to hear how I knew about that?" Josie asked innocently.

Fear slowly snaked around Samantha's heart. She seemed to be losing to Josie's calm and steadiness. The corners of her lips twitched, but she remembered that Josie had no evidence.

"How so?"

"Because I'm the designer."

"Nonsense. You can't just make a claim like that without any eviden—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Josie turned her laptop around, showing everyone the design.

Instead, Samantha stopped short and started sweating.

When did she fix her laptop? That is impossible!

There were audible gasps in the room.

"Let me have a look. Josie created this a week ago, and Ms. Robson's is... obviously later than hers."

Samantha quickly retaliated, "This proves nothing! I've been editing the designs. When this was created is no evidence. Not only did she plagiarize my work, but she is also throwing unfounded accusations on me!"

Josie nodded and typed on her keyboard. "It's true. The dates don't matter. But Ms. Robson, since you kept making changes to the design, didn't you notice anything peculiar?"

Samantha turned to her design and looked through it quickly, not knowing what to reply.

Alice also quickly appraised the design and muttered, "I don't see anything either..."

Josie crossed her hands in front of her chest and walked to Samantha. Then, she pointed at the top right corner.

If one didn't look close enough, one wouldn't have noticed that – there was a tiny watermark with the initials 'J.W.'

It was Josie's habit to leave a watermark on her work to avoid plagiarism.

Everyone was stunned to see that. It was as clear as day who was the original creator.

Samantha fell into her chair in despair, losing her composure.

"Before submitting my work, I would usually remove the watermark. This time around, you took my work before I could do that. I forgot about it until I got my laptop fixed."

Josie was worried about her carelessness, but this time around, it helped her out.

“Tsk! I was just wondering how she could become a manager. What a loser.”

The colleagues talked among themselves, shooting disdainful and commiserating looks at Samantha.

Josie emerged as the winner this time around.

“I told you I would find evidence.” Josie pursed her lips firmly. “Do you remember what you told me? ‘I understand you would like to be promoted, but you can’t fake it’ – that’s what you said, and I return the same sentiments to you now.”

Samantha’s face was as pale as a ghost. Even her lips were trembling. She wanted to clear the air but couldn’t utter a word.

The humiliation after being discovered had ruined her image.

When everyone criticized her, a few security guards entered, followed by a formidable-looking man in a suit.

“This is Phil Yves, the human resources department manager.”

“Get her out. A dishonest person has no place here,” he instructed.

## **Chapter 29 Revenge**

Samantha struggled against their grip maniacally. “I’m not leaving! I’m the manager of the design department. Unless I hear it from Mr. Russell, no one can make me leave!”

She had forgotten that she had once offended Dexter.

“How do you call yourself a designer when you copy other people’s work? I can’t believe you dare to stay here. We have the right to fire you immediately, you know!”

With bloodshot eyes, Samantha ran to Josie. “You’re behind this! You set up a trap for me!”

Josie took a step back and said calmly, “Just leave as Mr. Davidson did.”

“Bring her away!” Phil commanded.

The security guards caught hold of Samantha and dragged her out of the building in an embarrassing manner.

Alice couldn’t stop laughing. “Everyone in the office now knows that she’s fired. Jo, you finally got your revenge!”

Josie heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. Indeed.

After the episode, the rest of the colleagues left, speculating about who the next manager would be as they walked away.

“You informed Mr. Yves beforehand, didn’t you? You told him that there would be drama here. Impressive...” Alice was still thinking about what had just happened.

Josie was deep in her thoughts. I didn’t inform Mr. Yves, but... I told Dexter about this.

She woke up early in the morning and asked Julia to bring him a note: 'If you like drama, come to our department later.'

Dexter saw that, but he didn't show up. Instead, he told Phil, who had the authority and was more appropriate to handle the situation.

Undeniably, it was the best arrangement.

After that, everyone knew that Josie was not someone to cross with, and no one dared to bully her anymore.

At the same time, sunlight poured through the French windows and shone on Dexter's face in a meeting room on the top floor, making his facial features even more attractive.

"Mr. Russell, your coffee is here." Ivy put the coffee down. She glanced at his laptop screen without meaning to and froze.

"Are you looking at the surveillance cameras, Mr. Russell?"

He closed the window without even looking at her.

"I'm just checking some stuff."

Ivy dared not pursue the topic further and walked out in a daze. It seems to be... the design department on level twenty-seven. What was Mr. Russell looking at?

As her suspicions grew, she called a number. "Hey Lucy, it's me. Did something happen at the design department today?"

In the parking lot, Josie was talking to herself.

"Mr. Russell, I sincerely thank you for everything you've done for me. Do I have the honor of inviting you for dinner tonight? Wait – how much will that cost? Let's change it... Eh-hem! Mr. Russell, you are Russell Group's beacon of hope. I'd like to make dinner for you to show my appreciation. How about that?" She smiled happily. "Sounds good. The cost is low if I cook myself. I'll say that instead!"

She constantly avoided other vehicles as she waited before a black Porsche. However, Dexter was nowhere to be seen.

After watching her for quite some time, Dexter walked out from the shadows. As his expensive leather shoes rang on the floor, he said, "There's no need for that."

Josie froze. As he walked toward her, she thought, Even if a hole miraculously appeared in the ground right now, I wouldn't have the guts to jump in.

"Mr. Russell, when did you get here?"

"Since you started showing your admiration for me."

### **Chapter 30 Discharge**

"How could you listen in?" she said in annoyance with a blush on her face.

How could he do that?

"If my memory serves me right, you are standing right in front of my car." He enunciated every syllable clearly, leaving her dumbfounded.

Since she was at a loss for words, she clapped her hand and showed the results of her practice moments ago. "Since you heard everything, do I have the honor to cook for you?"

"No."

How ruthless.

This time around, Josie honestly had no reply for him.

Since she was young, her father taught her to always repay one's kindness.

She remembered how Dexter had helped her all this while. If he didn't ask Calvin to fix her laptop, she wouldn't have been able to take revenge on Samantha.

However, after mustering her courage, he rejected her offer.

Slightly crestfallen, she was about to nod and escape the awkward situation.

Suddenly, he spoke. "We're going to the hospital tonight."

"Are we visiting your grandfather?"

"We are fetching him home today."

In the car, Josie finally knew that he had fully recovered and was whining about going home, but Dexter had been busy. He only had some free time to fetch Henry home in the evening.

"Are you the only grandson? Where are the—" she blurted out but managed to catch herself halfway.

His eyes were shut. The neon lights from the surroundings outside reflected onto his exquisite face.

"My grandfather only has a son – my father. He passed when I was little. Grandpa is the one who brought me up, so it must be me to take care of him. I feel uneasy if other relatives took over," he explained coolly, as though it was unrelated to him. However, the words 'it must be me' asserted his dominance.

Josie nodded and didn't dare to ask about his mother.

Since he's unwilling to talk about her, something terrible must have happened.

Before entering the ward, he stopped her and gave her his hand. She was momentarily stunned before grabbing it.

His cold hand sent a jolt through her, but he quickly held her hand tightly.

"Remember to call me Dex," he reminded.

Henry had been in the hospital for some time, so he couldn't wait to go home. He was overjoyed when he saw Josie.

“You’re the best, Jo. At least you came here to pick me up, unlike someone else...”

Dexter took the luggage prepared by the nurses.

“Grandpa, you’re so biased. Am I invisible to you?”

Josie smiled at him to cheer him up. “Dex has been talking about picking you up for the entire day. Please forgive him, Grandpa.”

“Alright. I’ll do that for you,” he said willfully.

Henry looked much better, and his voice was steady.

Josie read through his report – it was a disease that was very difficult to cure. It seemed he had gotten better simply because Dexter had found a wife.

Russell Mansion – the ancestral home of the Russells – was near the mountains and a lake. It was like a little kingdom in Wavery, where every inch of land cost a bomb.

It was Josie’s first visit; she tried to suppress her surprise when she saw the mansion. Rich people’s lives are so different!

However, the buildings looked familiar to her.

“Jo, if you like this place, feel free to come over anytime with Dexter. Just treat it as your own home. You don’t have to care about pleasantries here.” His warm voice soothed her fears.

“You’re the humblest millionaire I’ve ever met,” she said with a smile.

Henry laughed out loud, and even Dexter had a small smile.