

The Epic BD 391

Chapter 391 Like a Late Friend

Josie was slightly in a daze. She didn't understand why Mark agreed so readily.

"If I may be so bold, Mr. Olsen, what moved you?"

Mark lifted his head slightly and sized her up with the light. "Aren't you happy that I'm investing?"

"I am, but I don't understand."

The corners of his mouth twitched, but he didn't avoid her question. "You resemble a late friend."

As it turned out, it was really because of this.

Josie was smart. At such a stage, she could only accept it wholeheartedly. Everything would be alright if they had the money. She didn't mind that she looked like his late friend. She would even be willing to act as that person.

"It's my honor to resemble your late friend, Mr. Olsen. She revealed a smile.

Josie wanted to ask who the late friend was, but she felt it was too pushy to ask, so she didn't. She instinctively felt that Mark was different from Summer,

She bowed slightly, and Mark was calm. It was a tender yet affectionate scene as they looked at each other. Although Mark was older, he was dignified. She almost forgot his age.

Dexter opened the door of the private room and witnessed such a scene.

"I'm sorry for being late." Many people noticed him when his unique magnetic voice sounded.

Josie froze when she saw Dexter. She could no longer smile.

Mark was still playing with the wineglass and had a thoughtful gaze.

Dexter greeted a few people before he walked to Mark. He took off his coat and gave it to a waiter before sitting down. "You're here too, Mr. Olsen."

Mark nodded. "Wyatt looked for me today."

He was so straightforward. For a moment, Josie didn't know in what capacity she was standing next to Dexter, and she didn't know how to react.

Dexter glanced at Josie. She didn't know for whose benefit he said it. "I'm sorry for troubling you. Wyatt slipped up while Arnold and I were contending. I will deal with it. I never thought he would look for you."
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What a *hypocrite*. Josie thought to herself.

"It's alright. You're both from a younger generation. It's only natural for me to guide you." Mark straightened up and stretched.

At this time, Dexter changed the topic to Josie. "Did you come with Wyatt?"

Josie glanced at Mark. "Yes, Mr. Russell."

"Mr. Olsen doesn't usually meet with people so easily. He was being polite today. Don't be so rude next time." Dexter's fingers touched the wineglass lightly, and the warning tone in his voice was evident. "It's not

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good to think too highly of yourself."

Josie silently endured his admonishing. "I understand.

"Why do you have to be so harsh to your employees? You're being too rigid, Dex." Mark looked closely at Josie again. "I think this girl is pretty good."

Even if Josie was slow to react, she could feel his affection. She subconsciously avoided it.

"She's still young. Don't take offense, Mr. Olsen." Dexter quickly added before he said to her, "Come here."

Josie hesitated for a moment but walked to him. For some reason, she felt very secure at that moment. "I naturally won't mind if you manage your relationships well."

A subtle smile was in the corner of Mark's mouth.

In a split second, Josie understood it. Although he was kind to her today, she couldn't compare to Summer, his biological daughter.

As it turned out, he knew her identity but didn't say anything. It seemed like everyone else was doing the same. It was as though she wasn't Mrs. Russell if no one acknowledged it.

Josie sobered up when she realized it.

Chapter 392 Know Your Place

Dexter filled Mark's wineglass and said, "I heard Sum say that your lower back isn't doing too well recently. I've made an appointment for you with Wavery's best doctor. Go for physiotherapy when you're free."

"Don't bother. It's a recurring issue," Mark said, "it seems like you're close with Sum recently."

"She's in charge of the Russell Group research project in Vaste. We have business dealings," Dexter answered calmly. It didn't sound strange.

Mark understood. "I will advise her."

After they dispersed, Dexter left the hotel. He sent Mark to the car and instructed the driver to drive safely.

Mark sat in the backseat and looked past Dexter to look at Josie. "Come here."

Dexter stepped back darkly while Josie went forward. She said with a smile, "Mr. Olsen."

"To be honest with you, I was astonished when I saw the news." Mark didn't avoid it at all.

Josie's smile froze. "I think you've misunderstood."

"I won't let Sum wreck your marriage, providing you don't hurt her. But if she insists, I will help her as her father. Ms. Warren, I'm advising you nicely to know your place."

This was a warning.

Josie's expression didn't change. "Mr. Olsen, Ms. Olsen's feelings are unrequited."

There was finally a trace of surprise on Mark's calm face for the first time that night. "Sum?"

Josie nodded. She straightened up, backed away, and the driver started the engine before driving away with Mark.

Under such a circumstance, she had no other choice. She could only follow Dexter.

It was peak hour, and the roads were filled with cars. The traffic was terrible. No matter how good Dexter's car was, it couldn't fly. He was powerless as his car was stuck in traffic. It couldn't move..

The air in the car was tense.

Josie sat in a corner and held on to a water bottle tightly as she texted Wyatt. She told him to leave and that the matter was settled.

Surprised, he asked her how she did it, but Josie stopped replying.

Moses was driving today. He sensed that the air was strange, so he made conversation to alleviate the -situation.

"The traffic in Wavery is almost like in the city. Do they want to retain millions of college graduates with such traffic? How absurd."

Josie's grip loosened, and her water bottle fell to Moses' feet. He didn't dare to crouch down and pick it up. She was silent. On the other end, Dexter had an awful expression. He didn't say a word. His ominous

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demeanor made the temperature drop. Josie didn't understand why he was angry. *Shouldn't he be happy to*

see me in such a state now?

"I didn't know you were coming to Mandarin Oriental today. I didn't do it on purpose." She finally said something.

Dexter looked at her coldly.

"I hadn't planned on going to Mandarin Oriental today." His intention was clear. He had gone there for

her.

Josie pursed her lips. "So, are you satisfied now that you've seen me?" *Is he satisfied after seeing me in such a predicament?*

"Did

you harass me for a life like this?" Dexter suppressed his rage. "You're pretty good at acting like a tyrant at home, but you're meek and civil in public. Do you know who Mark Olsen is? He can easily destroy you with the flick of his wrist."

She felt his rage and didn't move.

Josie's mind was still replaying what Mark had said to her.

Mark had humiliated her, so Dexter's words didn't affect her.

She didn't retort or say anything. After a moment, she said, "Are you done?"

Dexter raised his brows.

Josie nodded. "That's right. This is my life now. I don't have the right to resist at all."

Chapter 393 We Won't Have Many More Arguments

His frown deepened.

"Furthermore, his humiliation is only a tenth of how you've humiliated me, Mr. Russell."

There was something else she didn't say aloud.

I'm in such a situation thanks to you. You're an indifferent bully. You have no right to reprimand me.

Dexter ran his tongue over his teeth and stared at her outfit. "Who gave you this dress?"

Josie had yet to realize the severity of the matter, and she continued infuriating him. "Does it look good? Do you think that I look like your so-called late friend too? I like it."

"Josie Warren," Dexter said in a low voice.

She raised her brows. "In any case, I didn't do anything shameful. I'm not afraid. Unlike some people with h..."

"With what?" He put one hand against the car door and grabbed his hair.

Josie saw his sudden halfhearted expression and abruptly felt her heart race. Her lips parted, and she didn't hold back. "With an unrestrained private life."

After she said it, Dexter turned. After a moment, he spoke calmly and enunciated each word. "Say that again."

Josie realized she had said something wrong and didn't say anything else. Dexter sneered and said indifferently, "Let us both not overstep boundaries."

It was as though she was enlightened.

The restlessness in Dexter suddenly rose. At that moment, he slowly came to his senses. The two were playing games, and they felt suspicious and jealous of each other. Neither of them trusted each other.

He said something nasty. "I look at other women, and you look at other men. We just reunite occasionally. Isn't this great? Perhaps we'll spend the latter part of our lives together. So what if this life ends? Don't I treat you well enough? You can't push your luck when I'm being so kind to you."

Even if he was right, he spoke coldly.

Josie held her cell phone tightly, and her hands felt icy. Her heart also felt cold.

The air suddenly turned frosty.

Their conversation ended.

The traffic up ahead cleared, and Moses drove forward. The vehicle sped ahead quickly. Josie fastened her seat belt and didn't say anything.

After a moment, Dexter realized Josie didn't continue speaking, and the rage in his heart increased.

The car suddenly stopped at the entrance of Mason Garden with a screech. Dexter turned to look at Josie. "You're pretty brave."

"You're wrong. Mr. Russell. I lack nothing but courage.

Otherwise, *why would I abandon my self-esteem again and again after being with you?*

"Am I wrong? What was wrong with what I said? Why do I have to be on the receiving end of your anger for no reason? Sometimes I really want to ask. If you were the one who suggested setting this relationship up in the first place, why am I treated like a criminal now?"

After that, Dexter grabbed Josie's face and sneered. "Do you regret it?"

"Yes." She looked at him.

Dexter nodded. "It's a shame that the one billion hasn't been repaid. Don't think of leaving my side if you don't want the people around you to be hurt."

The love that used to exist between them was now used to threaten and take advantage of each other.

Josie shook his hands away viciously. She opened the car door and exited before she walked into Mason Garden. Mrs. Carroll saw her and said, "Mrs. Russell, did you argue with Mr. Russell again?"

Again... Josie scoffed. *If this continues.* "We won't have that many more arguments."

In the car, Dexter leaned back and shut his eyes. Moses couldn't help but say, "Why didn't you explain it to her?"

Chapter 394 Paul Wakes Up

"Explain what?"

“To tell her, of course, that you initially had an important engagement today, but you left everything behind and rushed over when you found out she was with Mark,” Moses said emotionally. “Even I can tell that you lost a lot tonight.”

With the project, Arnold could spontaneously recover since Dexter had abandoned it. It was a massive loss

to Dexter.

But what did it matter? Dexter massaged his temples. “She won’t care. She will think that I deserve it.”

Moses couldn’t help but smile. “Actually, you love her a lot, right?”

“Love?” Dexter thought about it.

He didn’t stay in Mason Garden tonight, so Josie slept on the big, empty bed. She awoke in the middle of the night and reached out beside her, but it was cold. She sighed deeply in the night. At this time, her cell phone on the bedside table rang.

She was startled, and she looked at the caller ID. She was astonished that it was Matthew. She sat up, and her heart clenched tightly. “Matt.”

She heard hurried gasps on the other end. Matthew couldn’t say anything for a while because he was so emotional.

With one hand on her chest, Josie waited until she heard him say, “Your father is awake.”

In an instant, her body burned up. She wanted to say something but couldn’t say a word. She raised her head, and tears fell on her cheeks. The four long years of waiting had been worth it.

She took a deep breath. “I’ll come right away.”

When she got out of bed, she realized her legs felt weak. She fell into a sitting position on the floor. She envied Summer for having a supportive father when she saw Mark yesterday. Her father was still lying in the hospital, where his survival was unknown. She had felt a substantial disparity.

But things were different now. Josie’s father had awoken... Her father was back!

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Josie stumbled down the stairs, and it woke Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Carroll put on a coat and came out of her room. “What’s wrong, Mrs. Russell?”

Before Josie could answer, she opened a drawer and randomly took a pair of ear keys. “I have to leave now!”

“Now?! It’s too late. I’ll call the driver to come and send you.”

But the driver needed some time to come over. Josie shook her head and quickly walked to the garage. "I can go alone."

A dazzling lineup of Dexter's cars was in the garage, and most had rarely been driven. Josie looked for the connected car to the car keys she took before driving away from Mason Garden. Mrs. Carroll's worried figure became smaller in the rearview mirror.

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She lowered the car window and felt the cold breeze to stay awake.

She would no longer be controlled if her father awoke.

The hospital was empty late at night. Josie ran to the hospital room but didn't dare to enter when she was at the door. Her heart beat hurriedly, and she stood on tiptoe to look into the room through the window. At that moment, tubes were still connected to Paul as he leaned back in his bed and spoke to Matthew.

He seemed to be in a much better mental state.

He was really awake...

Josie opened the hospital room door and looked at the scene in disbelief.

"... Dad."

The two looked at her when they heard a noise.

Paul sized Josie up, and his eyes were filled with hot tears, which gradually blurred his vision.

Josie walked forward, and Paul had a smile on his face. "Didn't Matthew tell you not to rush?"

She turned a deaf ear and walked to Paul's side. Her tears fell uncontrollably, and she hit him gently. She sounded exceedingly grieved. "You slept for so long, old man!"

Paul grabbed her hands and seemed to be in disbelief. "Are you... Jo?"

Josie cried harder. "You can't even recognize me!"

Chapter 395 She's Married

Paul shook his head hard and held her hand tightly. "Of course I do. How can I forget you, my darling girl."

Josie leaped into his arms and expressed how upset she had felt for the past four years. "You're the worst. You made me endure these four years alone. Do you know how it has been for me?!"

With her father around, she could complain and throw a tantrum freely. It was as though she found someone to rely on again.

Josie had never felt as happy as she did now.

Paul listened to her and nodded repeatedly. He kept repeating. "I know. It's been tough for you, Jo. It's my fault..."

Matthew left the hospital room. He shut the door and gave the father and daughter alone time out of consideration.

Josie cried for a long time. She rose when she was done. "Take care of yourself. You don't have to care about anything else, okay? Just stay by my side from now on."

Paul nodded. He reached out to wipe the tears on Josie's face and said sincerely, "While I was unconscious for the past four years, she and Justin didn't make things difficult for you, did she?"

It went without saying who 'she' was, Josie was quiet for a moment before she shook her head. "Don't worry. I've been able to stand on my own. I stopped interacting with them."

Paul was intelligent, and he quickly understood what she meant. He didn't criticize her. Instead, he said worriedly, "From what Matthew said, you're already working as the head of a design department. Jo, I'm thrilled you succeeded in the field you like. But it's too exhausting to live alone..."

Josie understood what he meant. She pursed her lips and thought he would find out sooner or later, so she told him. "Pop, I'm married."

Paul froze and looked at her in disbelief. His eyes were dark, and he almost couldn't catch his breath.

Josie immediately held onto him and quickly added, "He... he treats me well. I wouldn't have known how to care for you without him."

Paul recovered slightly when he heard it. "I thought I was out briefly, but years have passed. My darling girl is married in the blink of an eye."

Josie concealed her sadness and frustration.

"No wonder I always heard an unfamiliar man's voice talking to me while I was unconscious."

She smiled bitterly and said, "That's right. Don't worry. I'm doing well."

But Paul didn't believe her. "Why did you come alone in the middle of the night? Where's he?"

"He... he's on a business trip and hasn't been in Wavery recently. I'll ask him to come and visit you once he's back." She couldn't help but lie at this point.

Paul was skeptical. He pulled her to sit down. "How is he like?"

Chapter 396 Residual Effects

She still felt it was unreal before she slept. "Pop, am I dreaming?"

Paul stroked her head. "Don't worry. Go to sleep. I'll be around tomorrow."

Perhaps it was because she slept by her dad's side. It was rare for Josie to sleep so soundly.

next day, she saw her dad leaning against his bed. He was awake. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Pop."

Paul also smiled. Such ordinary days were rare for the father and daughter.

Matthew came to inspect Paul with the nurses and was satisfied with Paul's signs. Matthew told Josie, "It's a miracle that Mr. Warren woke up. He just needs to recuperate and rest well after this. Everything is fine."

Josie was overjoyed, and she thanked him sincerely. "Matt, thank you for the past four years."

After the two had talked things through the last time, Matthew could only restrain his adoration for her. He forced a smile. "It's what I should do. I hope that you won't feel burdened from today onward."

Josie pulled him to one side and asked softly, "Aren't there any residual effects after he was in a coma for four years?"

Matthew was silent as he pondered. He was honest. "His memory might be poor."

"Is it severe? He looks good now."

"Not very. Mr. Warren might not remember very well memories from long ago. You can help to jog his memory." Matthew explained.

Josie didn't quite understand but said, "I'll see what I can do."

After Paul awoke, it alerted many of his old friends. They immediately came with gifts, and Josie was pushed to the corner as she watched them in exasperation.

She thought about it and called the man. The call went through, but no one answered.

Josie called again, and it was answered this time. "Dex.

I'm Summer." The other party was honest. "Dex and I are in a meeting, and his cell phone is with me. Why are you looking for him?"

With the tone Summer used, it was as though she was Dexter's wife.

It was an honest explanation, but Josie could feel their closeness upon closer inspection. Summer must have been someone important to keep Dexter's personal cell phone.

Josie choked. "I understand. May I trouble you to pass a message to him to call me? I have something urgent to tell him."

She was just about to hang up when Summer asked, "What is it?"

"... Family matters."

"Oh. Just remember what I said." After that, Summer hung up.

Josie leaned against the wall and watched Paul surrounded by people. For a moment, she had complex feelings.

She was in the hospital the whole day today. Wyatt called her and thanked her for conquering Mark. "If he's willing to invest money, funding won't be too big a problem once the project is in operation."

Josie was a lot more relieved. "That's good. By the way, can you help me with something. Wyatt?"

"Of course. Tell me."

"Help me... look for a house."

"House? Are you..."

"Yes, for a long-term stay. It would be best if it's suitable for older people to live and recuperate in. It can't be too far from the city center either, Josie continued, "help me look for one. I'll pay you once you find a suitable one."

She still had money that she had saved up. She could rent a house.

Paul wouldn't stay too long in the hospital in his condition. He had to stay in a proper place. It would be impossible to return to the Warren family.

"Don't be so polite. Leave it to me. I'll arrange for it within two days."

She was satisfied by that.

When Jenny heard that Paul had awoken, she insisted on rushing to the hospital. Josie's bodyguards asked Josie for instructions, and Josie said, "Let her try, but don't let her in."

Chapter 397 His Feelings

Paul had learned of Jenny's actions in the past four years. He told Josie, "I'll divorce her once I recover."

His son was nowhere to be seen before his bed. Furthermore, Josie wasn't his biological daughter, but she still cared for him faithfully for four years. Her devotion to him was evident. It would be disgraceful of him if he didn't believe her.

Furthermore, his relationship with Jenny had long fizzled out.

In the evening. Dexter called Josie back. When her cell phone rang, she was eating with her dad. He glanced at her phone and said, "You can answer it."

Josie got up. Dexter must have been in a long meeting because his voice was hoarse. "What is it?"

Josie was dumbstruck. She wanted to say something but couldn't. She had complicated feelings. "I'll be waiting for you at Mason Garden tonight around ten. Can you come back for a while?"

He was silent and only agreed after a moment.

Josie didn't stay overnight at the hospital tonight. She left early and loitered nearby before ultimately going to Heaven on Earth.

Calvin personally greeted her. "What's wrong?"

Josie hugged her knees and sat on the couch. Her long hair fell and covered half her face. She watched as Calvin personally poured her a cup of tea, and the mist slowly rose from its warmth. She said honestly, "I don't know how to face our path in the future. I had no other way, so I came to look for you."

She didn't know why. She had been enduring it for a year but suddenly didn't want to hold on any longer.

Calvin nodded. As someone on the inside, he knew everything better than anyone else.

It was because she cared enough.

A smile was on the corners of Calvin's lips. He said, Josie, do you think Dexter has no feelings for you?"

"Isn't it obvious? Have you seen anyone who is so merciless to the woman they like? He's indecisive between me and her, and he just let me take on the debt of one billion."

Calvin smiled. "If that's what you think, you should get one thing straight before you get confused. You don't actually understand Dexter."

Josie furrowed her brows tightly. She didn't understand what he meant.

"I don't dare to say how much I understand you, but I know Dexter well enough... Furthermore, you're at the end of the road. If you don't hold on to him, it goes without saying how difficult it will be from now

"Let me tell you a story. You know that Dexter has a unique identity. Even while he was overseas, many secretly wanted him. In war, finding someone's soft spot is the best strategy. Back then, everyone thought his soft spot was Summer, and a gang kidnapped her to threaten Dexter. Guess what he did. He was incredibly calm and didn't spend any money. He ignored the other party's threat of killing the hostage and saved Summer by himself. But of course, I'm not telling you that she's unimportant to him. In reality, she's not important enough."

"From what I can remember, Dexter has always been synonymous with being calm and indifferent. But recently, when he stayed here for a few days, he went nuts when fooling around. Although that was the case, he didn't touch any woman. I can see that something has changed in him. Don't doubt me. I have no need to lie to you."

Calvin picked up a teacup and handed it to Josie, smiling nonchalantly.

"When did this happen?" Josie didn't know about it.

"While you were recovering. It was also when Dexter's rumors with Summer were widely reported."

Chapter 398 He's Not Back

"Think about it carefully. Has Dexter ever given you a chance while entangled with other people? He wasn't the only reason you must take up the debt of one billion

Josie felt it was a lot to process, and she looked at Calvin in a daze. She subconsciously retorted, "He said our marriage is purely business."

"Don't listen to him. Look at how you feel."

At ten at night in Mason Garden.

"Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell isn't... at home today, a servant said to Josie respectfully and apologetically.

The confidence she had from Calvin's conversation vanished at once. Josie had imagined Dexter's reactions when he saw her, whether he would look at her coldly or contemptuously. She was ready for all of it. But he didn't even return in the end!

Josie kept a calm demeanor. "Do you know where he went?"

I don't.

Josie hesitated for a moment. She couldn't do anything else. She entered the master bedroom and waited for Dexter's return there. It was already ten o'clock. If he hadn't returned, what was he doing?

There was no change in the master bedroom's layout. His strong scent was in the air. Her heart raced time she breathed in. It made her long for him.

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The bed was messy. Josie clearly remembered that it was neat before she left.

The door to the balcony was open. When Josie walked out, she smelled a strong odor of cigarettes. Josie frowned out of habit. She disliked such a smell.

She composed herself and realized that the ashtray on the table was filled with cigarette butts. Some were extinguished halfway through. The room was silent, and Josie's heart trembled. She heard nothing but the

breeze.

Dexter didn't return in the end. She didn't like feeling cold, so she shivered in bed, only taking up a small

corner

When Josie opened her eyes again, what enveloped her was still the silent darkness. It was ice cold. She found her cell phone in bed. She turned on the screen, and the time showed that it was three in the morning

He had yet to return.

Josie's drowsiness instantly disappeared. She forcefully sat up and slowly bent her legs. She hugged her knees and suddenly felt very defeated and upset. Look you overestimated yourself.

She stayed in that position for a long time until she heard the sudden click of the door opening. She looked up abruptly like a deer in headlights. Unimaginable thoughts played out in her mind, and her guard was up.

In the pitch-dark room, Josie heard careless footsteps from the direction of the bathroom. They walked to the bed, carrying a familiar shower scent. She only heard her heart beating loudly and clearly like a drum.

The other party walked to the bed and stopped in front of her.

Josie felt his burning gaze on her. It was hard to bear.

After a while, the other party finally moved. He suddenly crouched down and reached out both hands as though wanting to hug her. His arms passed through her trembling figure, and she held her breath as she

shivered.

He leaned closer and turned on a nightlight on the bedside table behind her.

There was suddenly light.

Everything came into vision, and Josie widened her eyes in a daze as she looked at what was happening before her. The man was as handsome as usual. At that moment, his face was mere inches away from hers. He was crouched down, kneeling next to her on one knee. Only a towel was around his waist, and she could see everything else. His body was still wet after his shower, and his eyes were eerily bright.

Chapter 399 His Softer Side

He had a silent yet imposing demeanor. Josie's anxiety peaked at this moment, and everything she had prepared to say suddenly vanished.

It was too abrupt. Josie didn't know how to react for a moment.

You're back, Josie said softly when she came to her senses slightly.

But at the next moment, the man exerted force and pounced on her. He forcefully pushed her down. beneath him, and Josie gasped lightly. Her hands pushed against his firm and muscular chest.

The man's gaze was slightly thoughtful. He buried her head in her neck and finally said, "When did you come?"

Josie's heart was still beating furiously. "Don't you know?"

"Were you planning to keep waiting like this if I didn't return today?"

His warm breath sprayed into her delicate ear. It itched slightly.

"I said I would wait for you....

Dexter stirred slightly.

"My engagement was too long, and I was held up," he explained to her.

He thought of how the servant on duty told him when he returned to the villa not long ago that Josie had been waiting for him for a long time.

When he opened the master bedroom's door, the woman was shriveled up on the bed and had fallen asleep. She was sleeping quietly and soundly and only took up a small part of the corner. Her black hair was spread out, and her pale face was slightly flushed.

It was as though Dexter's restless heart had suddenly found its home the moment he saw her. He wanted. to wake the woman, but he stopped. He backed away and sat at one side, silently sizing her up with a dim light.

She seemed to have dreamed of something, and her chest suddenly heaved. She was mumbling and saying something softly.

He leaned closer to hear and was astonished. Josie was saying, "Dexter..."

He understood her thoughts.

Josie had an air of arrogance, but she wasn't stubborn. She was good at giving in and knew how to solve her problems. She didn't have outstanding abilities, but she was good at moving others in small ways.

It's enough. Dexter thought to himself as he pushed her down.

She showed her softer side by taking this step toward him, which hit his soft spot. At such a stage, he didn't hesitate.

His kisses landed on her lips one after another before moving to her shoulders and neck. He quickly warmed her up, and she started to feel hot. He familiarly undid her clothes. Josie didn't understand him. She restrained herself and cried, "I have something to say..."

But she scarcely realized that her soft cries aroused his desires.

Dexter's hand paused for a split second and only a split second. He was fired up again. "Keep it to yourself. I can't guarantee I'll show mercy after you tell me."

In other words, he meant, don't speak if you don't want to be tormented tonight.

Josie wasn't stubborn. She knew his ways, and she stopped resisting.

The sound of her clothes ripping brought Josie back to her senses. She suddenly thought of something, and her eyes widened. Dexter moved faster than her and sat up a little. He looked down, sized up her outfit amid the chaos, and smiled faintly. "Josie Warren, you dressed in such a way to talk to such a dangerous man like me?"

He said the last two words in a higher pitch.

Josie only wore black silk shorts, and nothing was concealed. Under the dim amber light, the woman's porcelain skin was tantalizing. Anything close fitting roused him.

It invoked his emotions, his desires, and his heart.

Josie's face flushed a crimson red. She knew she had nowhere to escape, so she gave up and turned her head away as a sign of silent resistance.

Chapter 400 I'm Sorry

At the next moment, the man quickly removed her hands, and the desire in his eyes was unrestrained. His changes were evident, and his warm body enveloped hers. His voice was gratingly hoarse. "You enticed me, Josie,"

The two bodies that hadn't come into contact with each other for a long time were familiarly intertwined with boundless lust. They went all the way and spent a passionate night together.

What could men entice women with?

Their skills, good looks, and belongings.

Dexter happened to have all of the above.

When it ended, the sun had risen entirely outside. The woman's hair was soaked under him. He narrowed his eyes, and she looked pristine.

Dexter suddenly felt something scratch his chest. It itched. He leaned over and smiled brightly at her. "Good morning.

Josie wanted to push him away but had no strength.

The man felt relaxed even though he had exerted more energy. He picked her up from the bed and carried her into the bathroom.

Dexter gently placed Josie into the bathtub filled with warm water. As he washed her body in the water with a towel, Josie couldn't stand the pressure when he reached her bosom. She grabbed his hand and said, "I have something to say."

That's right. Josie persevered as he conquered her forcefully because she was waiting to speak.

Dexter didn't react. After a long time, he said thoughtfully, "Are you sure you want to tell me now?"

Josie froze and immediately let go of his hand. She said dully, "Yes."

This time, Dexter didn't stop her. He continued cleaning her and said indifferently, "Tell me."

She almost couldn't get the words out when faced with his headstrong attitude.

Calvin was right. Even if she didn't think of herself, she had to think of her future.

She had to hold on to Dexter regardless of the reason.

She took a deep breath, and in a spurt of energy, she spoke extremely indifferently. "For so long, I kept warning myself. You ruthlessly pushed me into the target of criticism and chose to sacrifice me. You treated me poorly, and I wanted to note it down so I could slowly retaliate twofold... but... but I..."

She was being unintelligible, and it was hard to understand her. All her great words were useless at that moment.

Dexter didn't stop. He stood behind her and gathered her hair before tying it into a bun. The marks of his kisses appeared on the back of her neck.

He finally said, "But you can't bear to. Am I right?"

Josie shivered slightly, and she felt that the water in the bathtub had suddenly become bone-chilling. Calvin hadn't lied to her. Dexter was brilliant, and he could see through anyone's deepest emotions. He was like an all-knowing mirror regarding certain things. But he didn't expose Josie as a way of retaining her dignity.

"Although I don't think I did anything wrong this time, I want to apologize for standing on the opposite end and creating trouble for you." Her apology was sincere.

Various emotions surged in Dexter's eyes. He carried her up and put a towel around her like a child. Only her head was seen. Her big and wide eyes were looking at him apprehensively.

"I can't believe you're saying such things. Is it really you?"

"Also, Josie ignored him and continued, "my father woke up."

As he was drying her hair, his actions stopped.