

The Epic BD 401

Chapter 401 Interrogating His Son-In-Law

Josie took a nap and slept until the afternoon. Opening her eyes, she realized Dexter had awoken and was working on the couch.

“Are you up?”

“Mm.” Her eyes weren’t fully open.

“Let’s go to the hospital after you freshen up.”

“Mm.” Josie was in a daze but quickly came to her senses. “Hmm?!”

She wanted Dexter to go to the hospital and visit her dad with her. Still, she never thought he would initiate it before she even mentioned it.

In the evening, Josie and Dexter walked into the hospital room together. They seemed to be laughing and chatting with each other.

Dexter was handsome, and he had gifts in his hands. It was an astonishing scene at one glance.

It wasn’t the head nurse’s first time seeing him. She was very friendly. “Ah, you’re here again, Mr. Russell How thoughtful.”

Dexter was courteous and polite. “I came to visit my elder.”

The word ‘elder’ was vague.

The head nurse’s gaze fell on his hand that was holding Josie’s. She paused and continued smiling.

She moved away, and Paul, resting on the hospital bed, saw Dexter.

Dexter leaned over and shook Paul’s hand with a smile. “Mr. Warren, I’m Jo’s husband. I’m sorry for coming so late. I’ve been busy recently.”

Paul had been delighted when he learned his daughter was married, but his pupils shrank when he saw Dexter’s appearance. It was as though he saw something unimaginable. The grip of his handshake tightened. “You”

Dexter looked at Paul cautiously and furrowed his brows. His feigned kindness faded.

Paul shivered at Dexter’s gaze.

Josie was already nervous. She subconsciously wanted to walk forward when she saw the two silent.

At that moment, Paul smiled. “Hello. I heard Jo mention it. Are you a Russell?”

“Yes. Dexter Russell. You can call me Dex.

Paul had a radiant smile.

Josie felt anxious. Not many called Dexter ‘Dex. Now, Dexter added her dad to the list.

"Alright." Paul pointed at Josie. "Leave for a while. I want to talk to Dex in private."

Dexter smiled in response.

"Huh? What are you going to talk about?" Josie didn't know what her dad wanted to say, but the head nurse was wise and pushed Josie out of the room. "Don't you understand? Your dad wants to interrogate him?"

Josie subconsciously wanted to enter again when the door shut but was stopped. "What are you doing? Are you so concerned for your man?"

"It's not... Josie couldn't say why. She couldn't think of what her dad and Dexter would talk about. They seemed to be from different worlds.

"Never mind."

She walked to a bench in the corridor and sat down. It was a wonderful feeling. Someone was supporting her, and she was no longer alone.

"I think Mr. Russell is pretty good but doesn't seem ordinary. It's alright for your dad to talk to his son-in-

law."

Josie thought to herself. That's what I'm afraid of.

At that moment, in the room.

Dexter was standing, towering over the old man on his sickbed, because Paul had said, "You're Dexter Russell from Russell Group."

Paul was confident. It astonished Dexter.

"Do you know who I am, Mr. Warren?"

Paul looked at him for a long time and suddenly laughed. "I've been bedridden and can only watch television. I see you on the news every day. How can I not recognize you?"

I see.

Dexter nodded. He was aware that Paul was his father-in-law.

"Don't worry, Mr. Warren. I'll treat Jo well."

Paul's gaze drifted, and he seemed to be using a lot of effort to speak. "How did you two meet?"

Chapter 402 Asking for Their Divorce

Dexter answered in a well-behaved manner, "She's a Russell Group employee, and I fell for her at first sight."

"Which part of her attracted you?"

"You don't seem very confident in your daughter, Mr. Warren.

"You don't have an ordinary identity," Paul said calmly. Although he was in a coma for four years, he was a good judge of character. Nothing Dexter did was ordinary. Paul wouldn't believe it if nothing else was involved in the marriage.

"Jo is now Mrs. Russell. I will protect her thoroughly, whether among the society or the internal Russell family. Please don't worry."

"What about everything else?"

"What?"

"What if I want you to divorce Jo? Can you do it?"

Dexter raised the corner of his eye slightly. He was a little surprised. He seemed to understand who Josie inherited her temper from.

"Is something wrong with me?" He guessed it was because of his identity, and Paul feared his daughter would feel wronged.

"You're the business executor of Russell Group. You can have any woman you want. Jo is gullible. As her father, I have to think about her future.

His words were filled with distrust and doubt.

Dexter adjusted Paul's IV. He guessed that Paul must have seen the tabloids, so he said indifferently, I'm afraid not.

"What do you mean?" Paul was vigilant.

Dexter sat down. It was as though he was in a negotiation. "I didn't sign any prenuptial agreement with her. She will suffer much hardship if we separate someday."

"She is now Mrs. Russell and lives a great life. My grandfather treats her well, and there's no reason to get a divorce."

"I don't want to get into unnecessary details about our relationship. I've fulfilled my duty by coming to visit you today. It's my responsibility. As I said, I will treat Jo well."

This was genuine.

A man was convincing another man and requesting to take care of his daughter.

Paul slowly calmed down. It seemed like he knew he couldn't reverse a desperate situation, so he shut his eyes and kept quiet.

Dexter waited patiently.

Paul finally spoke after a long time. His voice trembled slightly. "I want you to sign a divorce agreement with your name on it, then give it to me for safekeeping."

Dexter's expression changed.

Paul was trying to gain the upper hand on Dexter after awakening from his coma.

Dexter froze for a moment, and his brows instantly furrowed.

But Dexter quickly composed himself. He had a cold and complicated expression.

Paul smiled, and he looked like a kind, older man. "I just want a safeguard for my daughter. Is it too much to ask, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter's gaze was dangerous. He tried to regain control. "If I don't want to, what will you do?"

Paul didn't panic. He didn't see much in this young man, but he could see that Dexter cared for Josie.

"Then I'm afraid there will be a barrier between you and Jo because of me."

Dexter quickly weighed the pros and cons mentally. Perhaps he was already at a disadvantage in some ways.

Dexter left the hospital room half an hour later.

Josie immediately looked up. "What did my dad say to you?"

Dexter wrapped his arms around her delicate waist tightly. Indistinct yet visible resentment was on his face. He said, "He just asked about work."

"What did you say?"

Dexter suddenly had a piercing gaze as he scrutinized Josie's reaction.

She was worried and nervous.

Why is she nervous?

The man had a faint smile. "Josie, are you afraid that I'll hurt your family?"

Josie was momentarily startled.

Chapter 403 Divorce Agreement

This went without saying.

But they were husband and wife. Could Josie say such a thing? She couldn't answer.

The two were silent, and it weighed on their emotions.

"I was just asking. Don't take it to heart." In the end, Dexter reached out to pat her head.

To Josie, it felt like he was coaxing a puppy.

He knew Josie had requested Wyatt to look for a house, so he said, "Since you've asked him for help, you don't have to torment yourself. I will *pay* him. You don't have to worry." He paused. "This includes your dad's follow-up/treatment and rehabilitation. Someone will take over."

Josie leaned against the wall as she listened to him. She looked at him thoughtfully. "Mr. Russell, is this the benefit of confessing my feelings?"

Dexter looked slightly displeased. "These are Mrs. Russell's privileges."

"Oh, privileges. But, of course, not everyone can take up a debt of one billion," Josie said peculiarly, Dexter held her waist. It was a threat. "Russell Group will help Wyatt's project from the inside. Cashflow will resume within a month. It won't take too long to repay the debt of one billion."

Josie's eyes lit up. After she was honest with him last night, he seemed to be different. At this time, she understood what Calvin had said. *I must think about my future.*

The following day, the IT department came to justify their work. Dexter overruled almost everything they said. He was in a foul mood, and they were asking for trouble because they had the nerve to present items of poor quality for Dexter to look over.

His secretary silently sympathized with her colleagues as she stood behind Dexter. They couldn't avoid working overtime for at least one week.

Dexter chased them out and sipped his coffee. His temper didn't seem to have dissipated.

His secretary gripped the documents in her hands tightly. She felt like crying, but she braced herself instead. "Mr. Russell, this is the divorce agreement you instructed me to draft. There are two copies."

The secretary was sure that this document... was the cause of Dexter's bad mood. His expression was icy. But this was a divorce agreement...

"Stop guessing. Josie is still Mrs. Russell." Dexter suddenly looked down and glared.

The secretary hung her head and didn't think about it further. "I understand."

Dexter signed his name with much force. It looked unsightly on the paper.

"Send them to the hospital." Dexter recited an address. "Don't let anyone see this."

He threw the other copy into a drawer in his office.

Dexter generously added other privileges to the agreement besides the reasonable conditions Paul had raised.

If they divorced, he would give three percent of the shares under his name to Josie, including the Mason Garden property, a few villas overseas, and the farm.

It was worth a lot.

The countless zeros showed how well he was treating her.

He was repaying her sincere feelings.

After leaving her job at Russell Group, Josie had been helping Wyatt. It wasn't easy for her to settle down, and she wasn't in a rush to look for a new job. She spent her time with Paul.

After some difficulty, he was discharged, and Josie arranged a house for him. She kept him company as he recuperated every day. Dexter visited him several times but didn't stay long because he was busy.

Paul thought of something and brought up Old Mr. Russell. "Now that I've recovered slightly, is it time to put your wedding back on the agenda?"

Josie was surprised and avoided his inquiring gaze.

"We haven't talked about this with Grandpa yet. Pop, we've been married for over a year. We don't care about such formalities. It's fine.

Chapter 404 Returning A Favor

"Since it's a formality, you can see if he cares for you. Jo, I know you, and I know what he must do to give you a sense of security." Paul pulled her arm. "Is there an ulterior motive?"

No matter what, Josie couldn't be honest. "No... We'll do it later. He's busy recently."

If Summer saw them having a wedding, she would want to kill Josie.

This was no longer concerning just the two of them. It was a power struggle.

Josie received news from Arnold one week later. He told her that his wedding with Eileen was canceled, and the debt of one billion was repaid.

Josie didn't know how he had done it.

"I heard that you're now free?" Arnold's voice sounded relaxed on the phone.

Josie quickly understood what he meant. "I'm not in a rush to work."

"Help me do something since I saved you once."

Josie was dumbstruck.

He wanted her to help Carter Group close a project. There was competitive bidding on a new area in Wavery.

"Don't worry. I'm not Russell Group's competitor this time," Arnold said half-teasingly, but he was considerate.

Josie was relieved. Ultimately, she asked, "How did you save Carter Group?"

"Dexter and I have information on each other." Arnold avoided her question. His voice was cold. "Josie, he can never completely defeat me. No matter how many times he tries, neither side will win."

His animosity was apparent. Josie thought of his father and didn't ask further.

She stayed up late daily to work to prepare the tender document for him because of the favor she owed him.

Dexter didn't ask much when he saw her suddenly getting busy. She wasn't sure if he knew that Carter Group was participating in the competitive bidding. Still, she didn't plan to say anything before he asked.

After a few days, Dexter returned to Mason Garden at eleven at night. He looked for her in the master bedroom and the study room but didn't see Josie.

He asked the servants, "Is Josie back yet?"

"Not yet. Maybe she's still with her father."

Just as Dexter was about to drive out to look for her, Mason Garden's doors were opened. Josie was back with a pile of documents.

Her first reaction was to frown when she saw him. After that, she recalled that he seemed to have called her at noon and told her he would return to Mason Garden tonight.

She was so busy that she forgot.

He was still in a suit, so he must not have returned too long ago.

Josie opened her mouth, but before she could say anything, she lost control of the documents in her hands, and they fell to the floor.

The man's hands appeared in her view. Dexter crouched down and helped pick up her documents before pulling her up. "Why did you bring work home?"

Josie was slightly nervous. "... I've been a little busy recently."

Dexter didn't push, and she quickly finished her work.

Josie tried her best to focus on work! When she finished the last word, a steaming plate of lasagna was beside her.

When she looked up, she saw Dexter's commanding gaze. "Finish it."

A servant poured a glass of water for Josie.

Dexter watched her eat. Perhaps she was famished. Her cheeks puffed up like a chipmunk, and her eyes were/bright.

A subtle smile was in the corners of the man's mouth.

Such a harmonious air was unreal to both of them. It was as though nothing had happened, and they were just an ordinary couple.

Chapter 405 I Can't Afford Your Apology

He picked up one of her documents. When he looked at the first page, he raised his brows in surprise.

"Carter Group joined the competitive bidding for this project?"

Josie's actions stopped, and she was slightly nervous. "I'm returning a favor... This is the last time."

Dexter quickly skimmed through the document, and she didn't know what he was thinking. "Aren't you angry?"

"Arnold used almost two years' profit to survive this crisis. It's hard for me to get angry."

"It seems like you're the final victor of this battle," she teased him softly.

Dexter stared at her plump and fair side profile. He never thought that Arnold would give up the funds in the end rather than go through a marriage of convenience. He was never someone who cared about his own marriage.

He came to his senses and asked a few questions consecutively. "How confident are you? Can you convince the executives to give Carter Group the project? Are you confident with the funds, the current technological measures, or your designs?"

The outline of Dexter's face looked sharp from Josie's point of view. It was his usual shrewdness.

Josie paused. She knew he was intentionally giving her advice.

But in other words, he was undoubtedly saying that her tender document was rubbish.....

She fell silent. "Carter Group has its advantages. Regarding factory prospect planning, other companies may not necessarily be the executives' best choice."

Dexter subconsciously wanted to retort that Carter Group was full of problems, and they wouldn't be chosen in a fierce competition.

But his words were stuck in his throat. He restrained himself from saying anything else.

Josie rose since he didn't answer her. She walked into the master bedroom and shut the bathroom door hard.

Dexter examined the content of the tender document again. He smiled bitterly as he was reading it.

After all, she had worked hard on it.

Josie was upset with him for a long time. After her shower, she sat on the bed and amended the tender document with a pencil. She circled and made notes on it, and its rustling noise sounded like she was angry at him.

Dexter tried to coax her but to no avail. Ultimately, he suddenly reached out and took the document away from her. He threw it on the table with a slight temper. "Stop looking at it."

Josie glared and tried to snatch it away, but the man stopped her. She was in a temper, so she threw the pencil in her hand.

The pencil flew past his ear with a slight breeze.

The man used his strength to push her down below him. **He** said in her ears, "I'm sorry."

Josie was furious, and **she** wanted to destroy the man.

She said nothing, so Dexter repeated, "I'm sorry."

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He was the bigger person. It was moving to see him do such a mundane thing as he acted coy and asked for forgiveness from his wife that he had angered.

Josie's heart raced, and panic streaked across her eyes.

After a while, she hugged his waist and said nonchalantly, "You're so amazing, Mr. Russell. I can't afford an apology from you."

Dexter buried his head in her neck and smirked.

His arms hugged her waist and lingered. "I'll help you edit this tender document."

Carter Group's competitive bid was one week later.

It was calm in the morning, and Josie awoke in the man's warm embrace.

After that, the two didn't talk much. They didn't talk about work at all and only spoke about their mundane everyday life.

She left early and had gone far away when Dexter called after her. He had a coat and carefully put it on her. "It's cold in the morning."

"Relax."

He didn't say anything else. He only said that.

Chapter 406 Don't Disappoint Me

Josie put her hands into her pockets and smiled lightly. "I'm leaving."

The man in a cotton shirt put his hands behind his back as **he** stood on the patio. He watched Josie's car drive further away, and his loving gaze disappeared when the car vanished from view. He became the aloof Dexter Russell again.

He sat at the dining table and continued eating his unfinished breakfast calmly. He asked his secretary on the phone, "What's the schedule for this morning?"

"You have to participate in a meeting regarding the list of board members of the newly listed company on the market under Russell Group. You must also find the time to meet the intellectual property rights president."

"Push everything to the afternoon."

"Alright."

Carter Group's competitive bidding was held in the morning on the tenth floor of a particular hotel.

Josie was attending on behalf of Carter Group. While waiting, she received a call.

It was from Summer. "I heard that your father woke up!"

News had spread fast. Josie kept calm. "I didn't think you would be so concerned about my father, Ms. Olsen. He did wake up."

Summer seemed to be playing with something. Josie heard something knocking into each other on her end. "News about Dex going to the hospital to visit your father was kept confidential. Are you afraid of someone finding out?"

"Because Grandpa doesn't know. If he does, he will rush us to have a wedding." Josie ignored her insinuations and justified the decision.

"Really? You're very thoughtful." Summer sneered. "But since your father is awake, you no longer have to rely on Dex. Isn't it the right time to free yourself? Don't tell me you're too attached and can't leave him, Ms. Warren."

This made Josie freeze. She gripped the proposal tightly. After a moment, she said, "Guess where I am right now, Ms. Olsen."

Summer was dumbfounded and didn't say anything.

"I'm at a competitive bidding on behalf of Carter Group."

It clarified her relationship. She was helping Arnold and competing against Dexter. Summer was intelligent and quickly understood.

"Don't disappoint me. Otherwise, I might do something outrageous."

Josie was in a cold sweat when the call ended.

Paul had woken up, but she didn't dare to relax. Dexter was too fickle, Arnold was too silly, and Summer was untrustworthy. None of them could guarantee her safety. She had to send **Paul** away from Wavery before she could completely relax.

The tenth-floor meeting room was surrounded by French windows. As Dexter stood outside, he could easily see Josie's actions. He was pleased as he saw her go on stage confidently.

It was ordinary competitive bidding, and many were astonished that Mr. Russell from Russell Group was there. No one expected it. A group of people were curious and wanted to watch him, so it caused a ruckus. Dexter's secretary stopped them. "Mr. Russell is busy. Please don't leave a bad impression on him."

When it was Josie's turn to speak, she walked on stage and handed in her tender document before giving an account of Carter Group's stand. She spoke eloquently and acted appropriately. Those who didn't know her would never suspect that she was a newcomer in the workforce.

At this time, someone recognized Dexter and rushed to greet him. "Mr. Russell?"

Dexter raised his hand. "Ignore me. I was passing by and came to take a look."

His secretary's internal monologue was going wild. *I think it was deliberate since you postponed all your work for the morning.*

"Do what you need to. Make sure you're being fair and rational." Dexter coughed lightly into his fist. At that time, his personal cell phone rang.

It was from Mark.

Dexter had a bad premonition. He looked up at Josie before turning to look for a quiet spot.

The man returned to the meeting room and discussed with his colleagues behind closed doors.

Josie took the opportunity to come out for a breath of fresh air and inadvertently saw a figure that resembled Dexter. She wanted to take another look, but it disappeared.

Chapter 407 He's Not Back

The results of the competitive bidding were released half an hour later.

Josie had left the venue, and Arnold's staff called her to inform her. "Thank you, Ms. Warren. We won the project."

Josie smiled. It was what she had expected because Dexter had personally written half the proposal. He hadn't done such a thing in many years. It was unimaginable.

"Alright."

The other party paused. "Mr. Carter wants to buy you a meal to thank you next week. Would you do him the honor?"

A red light was ahead, and Josie's car stopped for a while. "There's no need. Please help me tell him that I've returned his favor. We can act as strangers the next time we meet."

The other party was startled. Josie had hung up.

After that, she typed a message on her phone slowly before sending it. 'Are you free today?'

There was no reply, so she sent another message. I'm going to cook at my dad's place. Do you want to come?'

There was still no reply, so she thought he must have been busy. Her lips curved slightly, and she kept her cell phone. She turned and headed to the supermarket.

Paul was hard at work at his rehabilitation in his residence. He was surprised when he saw her coming in with many bags. "Why did you buy so much food? I can't finish it."

Josie smiled craftily. "It's alright. I'm going to show off my skills today. You haven't tried my cooking in a long time, have you?"

Paul looked at her adoringly, and his eyes were filled with regret. "Yes. It's been a long time."

"It's all your fault. You slept for so long, so you didn't have a chance to try my cooking," Josie said as she started preparing the ingredients.

Dexter sat down and helped her. It was rare for the father and daughter to have alone time, so they cherished it very much.

"You've interacted a lot with Dr. Sander in these four years, right?" He asked half-jokingly.

Josie couldn't help but laugh. "Yes. Matt takes care of us a lot. I wouldn't know what to do without him these four years."

Paul nodded. "So, did you ever like him?"

Their conversation was moving too quickly, but Josie kept smiling. She shook her head.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You like Dex so much?"

Josie paused as she was peeling potatoes. After a moment, she nodded slowly and solemnly. "Mm. Yes."

Paul understood. His daughter didn't want anyone but Dexter. He nodded slowly. "Alright. That's good."

Josie never thought her admiration for someone could turn into love. It was a fascinating process. She wanted to stop, but she couldn't.

She decided to stop being suspicious and jealous. She wanted to talk frankly and openly with Dexter. It would be best if he thought the same.

Josie had great skills. She remembered that Dexter loved Italian food, so she made a variety of piping hot dishes that filled the table. They looked extremely enticing.

But she looked at her cell phone a few times and didn't see a reply from Dexter.

She pursed her lips and walked to the balcony. She called Dexter, but he didn't pick up. The endless beeping made her feel downcast. What is he doing? Is he so busy that he can't look at his cell phone all day?

She sent another message. 'Are you coming?'

She still didn't receive a reply.

The sun had set entirely, and the sky was dark. It was eight thirty at night. The news had ended, and the dishes were getting cold, but Dexter had yet to appear.

Paul could guess what had happened when he saw his daughter's quiet demeanor. He said half-jokingly, "You remembered that I like Italian food. Good job. Let me try."

Josie forced a smile and took some food for him. "Alright, but you can't overeat. The doctor says you shouldn't eat too much sodium because it's bad for you. Just try a little of everything."

Chapter 408 They Look Well-Matched

Paul nodded. He gave her a thumbs up and complimented her after he tried each dish.

Josie was in a better mood after that but didn't eat much. She found to-go boxes in the kitchen and put a little of everything into the boxes. She covered them to stop them from getting cold.

"Pop, leave it there once you're done. I'll come back and wash up." Josie walked to the entrance and changed her shoes. "I'm going out for a while."

"Jo, Paul called after her. He looked distressed. "For someone like him, nothing he does is normal. If you can't take it, don't force yourself. Don't make yourself miserable."

In an instant, the rims of Josie's eyes reddened. She quickly turned away and acknowledged it.

Russell Group was still brightly lit at this time. Corporate slaves lived wretched lives.

Josie had called Dexter's secretary in advance. She said, "Mr. Russell? He's still in his office. Mr. Olsen is here, and they've been swamped today. Other executives started a trade war, and Russell Group was involved. They're discussing strategies."

Josie breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the explanation. "Alright. I understand."

"Should I remind Mr. Russell to call you back?"

"It's alright. Let him work." Josie smiled. She hung up and quickly walked into Russell Group.

A security guard stopped her. "I'm sorry, you can't enter without tapping your card."

Josie was taken aback. "I... I used to work here. Don't you recognize me? It's me."

The security guard was put in a difficult situation, "I do, but you can't enter without a card. This is the rule, Why don't you ask your friend to come and take you in?"

Josie looked for her company ID card in her bag, but it didn't work anymore because she had left. She couldn't admit to being Mrs. Russell either because no one would believe her.

"Never mind. I'll wait here."

Josie sat in a corner and put on a face mask. It would be too humiliating if her ex-colleagues recognized her.

She didn't see a beautiful figure heading to the highest floor in Dexter's private elevator.

Josie hugged the boxes of food and thought to herself. How busy is he? Can't he even glance at his cell phone?

As she waited, the boxes in her hands were no longer warm. When she looked at the time, it was eleven o'clock at night.

Josie felt sore from sitting, so she stood up to move about. The security guard said, "Who are you waiting for? Most people have left at this time. How busy is your friend?"

Josie smiled and didn't say a word.

Just as she turned around, she suddenly saw Dexter's figure outside the Russell Group building. He was shaking hands and saying goodbye to Mark. A dainty woman stood next to Mark. She had such a distinguished demeanor that Josie knew it was Summer at one glance.

Summer smiled brightly at Dexter. She even hugged him, and he didn't push her away.

After that, Mark got into his car, seemingly to give the two alone time.

Josie held her boxes of food and carefully walked closer.

As it turned out, they had come down from Dexter's private elevator. It was no wonder she didn't see them.

"I look forward to the next time I see you, Sum. Dexter's cold voice seemed particularly romantic on this summer night.

Summer turned and smiled. "Alright."

Their conversation ended, and she left with Mark. Dexter put his hands behind his back and watched them drive off. After that, he went to the garage and didn't turn back.

Josie watched for a while until her eyes hurt before she looked away.

It was a beautiful scene when the three of them stood together. It was natural, and nothing looked out of place.

Josie didn't know how she felt, but she didn't call out to Dexter.

Chapter 409 How Did You Offend a Superior?

Dexter's secretary was waiting for him in the backseat of the car in the garage. After she finished reporting about work to him, Moses stopped the vehicle by the side of the road, and Dexter shut his eyes. He looked exhausted.

Before the secretary exited the vehicle, she said cautiously, "Mr. Russell, Mrs. Russell called me today. She seems to have been looking for you."

Dexter opened his eyes almost instantly. His gaze was ominous. "When was this?"

"At night."

Dexter picked up his coat and looked for his personal cell phone. When he turned it on, he saw a few unread messages.

His brows furrowed tightly. "What were the results of Carter Group's competitive bidding?"

"As expected, they won."

Dexter instructed Moses to drive to Paul's house.

It was late, and all the lights were turned off. Dexter waited outside the house and didn't go in. Under the glow of the streetlight, he seemed dignified yet lonely.

Moses couldn't help but ask, "Why don't you explain it to her?"

"I missed the chance to. Anything I say after that is just an excuse." Dexter massaged his temples and sighed ever so subtly.

Josie was on the last train when her cell phone vibrated. It was a text from Dexter. I was too busy at work and didn't look at my cell phone.

After a while, she received another message. 'Sleep well.

She turned off her screen. She knew Dexter was swamped and didn't look at his cell phone. She empathized with him, but their divide seemed to grow for some reason. However, they were clearly trying hard to bridge the gap between them.

The following day, Josie received a call from Alice. "Jo, I heard the security guard say you came to Russell Group last night but couldn't go in. Why didn't you call me? I could have helped you."

Josie paused, and she felt unspeakably pained. "It wasn't important. Thanks anyway."

"Why are you so polite with me?" Alice sighed. "We haven't met in a while. Do you want to have dinner together?"

"... Sure,

When Josie arrived at the destination at night, she never imagined finding Alice and almost everyone from the design department waiting for her.

She was slightly surprised when she saw the scene before her.

"What's wrong? Did you forget us after not seeing us for a while?" Someone joked. "Or are you putting on airs because you won first place?"

It was familiar banter. Josie couldn't help but laugh. She suddenly felt choked up. "I'll recognize you no matter what."

Everyone laughed.

They were at a pasta restaurant again. Eating hearty bowls of pasta in the summer was a perfect combination.

Alice pulled Josie and said, "The design department's head position is vacant and unattended. Everyone missed you, so I asked if anyone wanted to join. I never thought everyone would come."

They had worked together for so long. They had a camaraderie even if they had gone up against each other.

Josie felt choked up, and she opened a can of beer. She raised it and said to everyone, "Thank you for remembering me, everyone. I was immature in the past and might have offended you while I was being rash. I hope you can forgive me and not take it to heart

Someone quickly said, "Nonsense. We went overboard last time and always picked on you. We hope you don't take it to heart."

"That's right. Don't say such things."

"Let's just forget it happened after this drink."

Everyone finished their drink silently.

After that, someone suggested, "Josie, why don't you appeal to the higher level? Come back to Russell Group. The design department can't work without a head."

Josie's cheeks flushed, but her mind was sober. She couldn't return to Russell Group.

"That's right. How on earth did you offend a superior? Why were you suddenly terminated?"

Chapter 410 Josie's Husband

Alice observed Josie's body language and saw that Josie was unwilling to talk, so she quickly stopped the rest from asking. "Why are you so inquisitive? I'm sure she didn't break the law."

Josie smiled gratefully at Alice.

Amid the noise, Alice pulled Josie, "How has your life been recently? Isn't your father in the hospital? Do you have enough money?"

"My father woke up." Josie was only happy when she talked about her father.

"That's great." Alice clinked glasses with Josie. She was happy for Josie. "What about your husband..... Are you two alright?"

Josie sipped her wine, and her face was crimson red. She played dumb. "It's the usual."

At the end of the dinner, Josie was drunk.

Alice bid her colleagues farewell one by one as they left.

Josie lay on the table and spoke in an inebriated stupor. "I want to go home..."

Alice leaned closer. "What?"

It was as though Josie had suddenly suffered a great injustice. She started crying. "I want to go home."
"Go home?" But Alice didn't know where Josie lived.

At this time, a male colleague had yet to leave. He walked to Josie and asked Alice, "Why don't I send her home?"

Alice thought about it and turned him down. She found Josie's cell phone and looked at her call record. She wanted to call Josie's family but couldn't find anyone to call.

She looked at Josie's recent chat, and the person seemed to be Josie's husband, so Alice could only call the number.

The other party only answered after a while and didn't say anything.

Alice stuttered. "Hello... Is this Josie's husband?"

At the same time, Josie was mumbling, and the male colleague asked, "Are you okay, Josie?"

Josie sounded terrible. Her voice was soft, and she clearly seemed drunk. The man on the other end of the call heard everything.

Alice received the man's directions and sat waiting at the spot.

But the male colleague didn't understand why Alice didn't want to leave. He said innocently. "I drove. I can drive you home."

Alice felt awkward and could only say, "It's alright. Nothing will happen with me around. You should go home. It's late."

The male colleague was uncertain. He looked down at Josie, and when he was just about to leave, Josie sobered up slightly. She looked up. "I can continue drinking. I'm not drunk!"

The other two were flabbergasted.

Josie's face was flushed, and she spoke incoherently. She was really drunk.

It was too late for Alice to regret it. She would have stopped Josie from drinking so much if she had known. She consoled Josie, "We're leaving soon. Stop-drinking, okay?"

Josie shook her head.

The male colleague was amused, and he crouched down before Josie. This was his first time seeing her lose self-control. Although he knew she was outgoing, she was usually reserved in front of others. He never thought she would be like this after drinking.

The male colleague deliberately teased her. "Josie, who am I?"

"... Dex... Arnold?" Her vision was blurry.

"Arnold?" He didn't understand. "Are you saying that I look like Arnold Carter?"

Josie blinked and thought about it. "No..."

Her gaze suddenly drifted. She saw something, and her face crumpled. She suddenly started crying.

Alice was surprised and followed her gaze.

A tall and handsome figure stood impressively at the door. He wasn't that much older, and he had a terrible expression. His gaze was weathered yet cold.

He looked familiar, but he seemed out of place. He shouldn't have been in such a place.

Alice's eyes widened, and she gasped softly.

After Dexter arrived and pushed the doors open, he saw an awful scene when he looked up. Josie looked unspeakably upset.