

## **The Epic BD 561**

### **Chapter 561 Winning the Bet**

Dexter was awakened by a faint and elusive fragrance. As he opened his eyes, he realized that the soreness in his body had finally subsided, although he found himself drenched in sweat. He rubbed his forehead and sat up, his gaze falling upon several white water lilies delicately arranged on the bedside table.

Sounds were coming from the small kitchen in the room. Dexter glanced over and saw Josie standing there, seemingly simmering soup, her back turned to him.

Dexter curved his lips, not wanting to disturb this tranquility.

Quietly getting up, he entered the bathroom to take a shower.

When he came out again, Josie was no longer there. Dexter wondered if he had been caught in a dream, unsure if the serene scene he had witnessed before was real or a figment of his imagination.

But the soup she had stewed was placed on the table, a tangible reality.

Josie hadn't left anything behind, and Dexter instinctively looked toward the windowsill. Still, there were no signs of it being touched.

Using a towel to dry his hair with one hand, he sat at the dining table and scooped himself a bowl of his movements somewhat sluggish as he slowly sipped it.

Her culinary skills were excellent, and it had been long since he tasted such a delectable meal.

Despite the mouth-watering meal filling his stomach, a sense of desolation washed over him.

Dexter closed his eyes.

Suddenly, he stood up, not wearing his outer coat, and dashed out the door.

Larry, who was standing outside the door, was startled by Dexter's sudden appearance. Watching the man's figure swiftly disappear, he shouted, "Mr. Russell, please put on your coat! You haven't fully recovered yet!"

There was no response from Dexter.

Larry stomped his foot in frustration and returned to fetch Dexter's coat before following him.

Josie was standing by the roadside, looking around the surroundings as she waited for a car.

soup.

The surrounding was bustling, but she stood still, her beautiful yet wistful figure drawing the attention of those around her.

Dexter's footsteps stopped as he observed her figure from a distance. Her hair, still damp from the shower, framed her face delicately, adding to her gentle aura.

-Sensing his intense gaze, Josie slowly turned around, meeting his eyes directly, and spoke, "I was taking a

gamble just now. If you manage to catch up to me, I'll agree to your conditions."

Dexter pursed his lips and grabbed Josie's hand, walking ahead without uttering a word.

"So, you won the bet."

Josie lowered her gaze and followed beside him, not resisting.

She spoke deliberately softly and said, "I haven't eaten yet."

Dexter's steps faltered slightly. Looking around, he saw a night market close enough.

He led her there, tightly gripping her hand, occasionally loosening his grip, afraid of hurting her. Night markets were always crowded, bustling with people brushing against each other.

Dexter, who was accustomed to more luxurious settings, didn't show the slightest hint of disdain.

Josie picked a barbecue stall, ordered several skewers, and handed the menu to Dexter. "I didn't bring any money, so I might need you to pay later."

Her innocent doe eyes seemed particularly harmless amidst the swirling smoke.

Dexter patted his pocket, realizing his wallet and phone were not with him. He looked up, and Larry stood behind them, guarding the car. He had driven it over.

Dexter smiled warmly and nodded.

Josie wiped the table and chairs with a tissue. As she did, she finally disclosed, "I've been staying in the mountains for the past two months and haven't had any meat."

Dexter sensed that she had something on her mind. She ordered two boxes of beer, which made him furrow his brows slightly.

Josie opened a can of beer and took a sip, her face scrunching up from the bitterness.

Chapter 562 We Would Still Have Kids

Dexter reached out to grab it, but she skillfully dodged, smirking at him. His elongated frame seemed out of place.

That shirt he wore was worth a fortune.

Dexter's face looked pallid from his illness, yet he still exuded a captivating aura.

"You are ill. You can't drink or eat skewers. You can only watch me eat," Josie said curtly.

"I am not going to eat. Dexter replied, unfazed by her reluctance.

"I've made soup."

"No time for that. You're leaving in a bit.

Josie pondered and agreed with his statement.

She drank from the soda can, sip by sip. She scowled at the bitter taste, but it left a lingering sweetness as an aftertaste. Despite the alluring aroma and steam rising from the sizzling skewers, Dexter refrained from taking a single bite.

He secretly watched as the delicate woman fearlessly devoured the skewers and gulped down beer.

It was a sight he rarely witnessed from Josie.

After getting married, she shed her carefree spirit and embraced the role of a composed and poised Mrs. Russell.

Amidst the billowing smoke, his gaze lingered on Josie, enraptured by her reveling in newfound joy and freedom.

A bitter pang surged through him. He fumbled in search of a cigarette, only to realize he had none.

Dexter asked cautiously, "Was what you said true? Will you allow me to assist you in your studio?"

Josie's face flushed, and replied, "Why don't you ask me why I was in the mountains?"

Dexter earnestly said, "I was told that you had gone to Rivodia. My team searched for extensively but couldn't find you. So, you stayed in Wavery, is that right?"

He had an inkling that Rivodia was a mere diversion.

you there

Though Josie didn't know how he discovered her presence in Rivodia, she could only imagine his immense frustration after an exhaustive yet futile search. He would likely have turned Rivodia upside down in his pursuit.

She smiled and nodded, "I was in the church in Sousturham."

A sudden realization struck Dexter. He could never have guessed that Josie went there.

"I spent two months there, observing strict vegetarianism and reciting scriptures, mourning our first child's loss."

Dexter's whole body stiffened; a sour tinge traveled in his nostrils.

Josie sipped her drink and continued, "This child was not meant to stay. So, I won't blame you for it. But I can't forgive myself for giving him such misery."

Dexter's sickly pale face grew even paler. "It's my fault. I wasn't fit to conceive. Don't blame yourself."

His excessive social engagements, accompanied by heavy smoking and drinking, had contributed to the ectopic pregnancy. He bore some responsibility.

Despite successfully quitting smoking, he found it challenging to maintain sobriety.

"Jo, despite losing our first child, we will have a second, a third child as long as we are together," he spoke gently, hoping to alleviate her from self-blame.

“Will we have more children?” Josie’s discomfort was reflected in her strained expression as she scrutinized. “Dexter, you are a good man, but I fear I am not worthy of being your match.”

Dexter grew unsettled by her words and was about to respond when Josie continued, “In recent times. I’ve witnessed your triumphant resurgence. You stand confidently in front of the media, seemingly invincible. But as you stand before me, I ask myself, can we continue?”

### **Chapter 563 We Won’t Get a Divorce**

She paused, and Dexter held his breath, awaiting her following words.

“But at that moment, my mind went blank. I didn’t know,” she confessed.

“Do you know who I met at the church? Mrs. Hadey, who is none other than Claudia Hadey.”

That one sentence awakened Dexter.

It all made *sense*.

“I never imagined that Claudia Hadey is Summer’s mother,” Josie lamented and closed her eyes, “She is a very gentle woman. I even told her I wished she were my mother, but alas...”

She couldn’t continue.

She could never heal from the pain of never receiving a mother’s love.

Dexter frowned; the muscles along his **jaw** tightened.

“Social class erects lifelong barriers that cannot be overcome.”

Josie opened her eyes and added, “I thought I was your first wife and genuinely liked you. But the reality is harsh, Dexter. Sooner or later, we will end up divorcing Your ideal partner should be a sophisticated and educated woman from a wealthy family I cannot fulfill that role. How will I live my life if I can’t move on?”

Josie had spoken so much that her face flushed, and Dexter reached out, cradling her face warmly.

Little did she know, a wave of anger raged in his heart.

Gradually, Josie fell silent, collapsing into Dexter’s embrace. She gently touched his face, asking, “Did I cry...? I thought I wouldn’t cry anymore...”

“Josie, we won’t get a divorce,” Dexter whispered, stroking her hair tenderly.

She felt intoxicated, but there was a firm sense of sobriety underneath. “I’ve tried, but there are too many obstacles between us. We cannot reach the end, do you understand?”

Josie had accepted her fate.

Dexter gently caressed her face as his chest heaved with turmoil.

After a while, Dexter finally looked up and beckoned his secretary, Larry, to come over.

He took the car keys from him and ordered, "Go settle the bill."

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He lifted Josie, placed her in **the** passenger seat, reclined it, and fastened her seatbelt before adjusting t  
he

temperature *to* a warmer setting.

Dexter was sober and drove out late at night to find empty streets with few cars.

He continued driving, passing the city hall, Wavery University, and the lengthy coastline, He accelerated as the city **fell** silent. The rushing wind filled his ears, but the weight in his heart remained.

After driving for a while,  
he finally pulled over. **He** was **still** coughing uncontrollably, having not fully recovered from **his** illness.

Turning his head, he noticed Josie sleeping soundly, covered with a small blanket.

What was **she** dreaming about? Was he a part of her dreams?

Josie and Dexter were perceptive about each other's motivations. Josie saw through Dexter's fake illness as a way to reunite, and Dexter figured out Josie's hidden intentions behind her drunken words.

Josie woke up to sunlight piercing through her eyelids. She shielded  
her eyes and saw the car had stopped near Pop's residence.

Dexter, who hadn't slept all night, looked at her and muttered, "Hi, sleepyhead."

Josie stared blankly at him.

The soft, orange glow delicately kissed his face, softened his features, and revealed a glimpse of the yout  
hful man he once was rather than the formidable Mr. Russell he had become.

The steady beat of her heart resonated in her ears.

Josie withdrew her gaze. "Did I spend the night here?"

His expression dulled, "You drank too much last night. I heard many things from you."

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### **Synopsis: The Epic Blind Date with My Boss**

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

instead of thinking about it. "Sure! Let's get married! I will do as you wish and marry into the world of the rich and powerful!"

#### Chapter 564 The Proposal

"I didn't mean what I said," she admitted, her fingers clenched tightly.

Dexter remained composed, his gaze fixed on her. "From now on, I can assure you that no other woman will come between us, and I won't let any pressure get the best of me. Josie, can you trust me?"

Her voice caught in her throat momentarily,

The car radio was left on. The presenter's voice is barely audible, discussing some current events. Dexter pressed, "I, well, never really considered our future. After we lost the child, I quit smoking."

This statement caught Josie off guard. Dexter was a chain smoker, and quitting had seemed impossible. But as Josie recollected their recent days together, she noticed that he hadn't smoked once in her presence.

"You..."

"I want to have a child with you." He enunciated each word slowly, "I want to make things right between

1. us.

With a charming smile, he reached for a small box and opened it to reveal a stunning diamond ring that caught Josie's eye. Dexter then unbuckled

his seatbelt, dropped to one knee, and nervously asked, "Would you do me the honor of starting afresh in our marriage?" His sincerity and optimism filled the air with excitement and joy. D

Josie's stomach flipped as she tenderly brushed against his teary eyes.

Their marriage commenced as a transaction, yet as it neared its end, he knelt before her in hopes of romantically starting anew.

Josie's heart swelled.

After a long while, she asked hesitantly, "Not merely a transaction?"

"A transaction no longer binds us," Dexter said with a gentle smile, his pallid face glowed despite his illness. "I took a detour last night to find an open jewelry store and bought this ring. It may not be as precious as the one I gave you when we first married, but its significance is different. I hope you don't mind." D

How could she possibly mind when such an incredible man was willing to do all this for her?

In the silence that followed, the radio host abruptly interrupted with breaking news-  
"Olsen group announces marriage with Arnold Carter, the executive of Carter Group."

She froze as she stared at Dexter.

The marriage announcement implied that Summer had finally made a compromise.

Summer had decided to marry Arnold Carter. She had based her decision on the rumors of Zach's - domestic abuse and Dexter's public declaration of his relationship with Josie. This path was the one that would benefit her the most.

This alliance will definitely change the dynamics in Wavery.

Dexter waited patiently for Josie's response, unfazed.

"Yes, I do." Josie huffed softly as she extended her finger, knowing that this marriage was no longer a contract.

Dexter's face lit up as he slid the diamond ring onto her left hand, intertwining their destinies.

"Let's go meet your father."

He pressed the central lock to unlock the vehicle and guided Josie by the hand **as** they walked together.

"If you hadn't agreed just now, would you have let me get out of the car?" she asked. Dexter chuckled and replied, "If you hadn't agreed, I would have let you go.

*If you truly love someone, you would have let them go **for** their happiness.*

Josie's muscles relaxed as she uttered with a bright smile lifting her features, "I'm starving."

"What would you like to have?"

"Your homemade soup."

"Alright."

As they knocked on the door, Josie's father looked up. He saw them holding hands, feeling both surprised and relieved. "Come in," he said.

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Chapter 565 Life Seemed Trivial

**A** fiery torrent of wrath and disdain arose in Summer.

Anger thrummed through her veins as she shattered all her objects in the master bedroom.

“How could this happen? I have no interest in Arnold—why did I marry him and spend the rest of my life with him?” She was trembling with rage.

Since

Dexter publicly revealed **Josie’s** identity at her birthday banquet, Summer became the laughingstock of the entire Wavery City, with people accusing her of being a wanton woman trying to break apart a married couple.

Even she couldn’t believe that Dexter would risk offending **her** and the entire Olsen family for the sake of Josie.

*Was Josie really that important?*

Summer was exhausted from her outburst and sat on the floor, panting tearfully.

When Claudia arrived, she found Summer in such a disheveled state that was not befitting of a young, dignified woman of her status. Claudia heaved a sigh softly, “Get up.”

Summer heard the sound and looked up at Claudia’s feet, feeling even more aggrieved. “Why did Father arrange it this way? You both know that I don’t like Arnold Carter.”

She remained

still, so Claudia had to bend down and help her up. “Arnold is a good man. He has been there for you all these years, unwavering. Even if you don’t love him, you should be grateful.”

Summer couldn’t deny her gratitude towards Arnold Carter, the only person who visited her during her time abroad.

“But, Mother, being grateful is not love.”

“Then who do you love? Dexter?” Claudia reached out and tidied her disheveled hair. “Sum, he has already openly acknowledged his wife on your birthday—he doesn’t love or care about you. If you persist, you will ruin your own life.”

Summer listened and gradually calmed down. “But I am unwilling. I can wait for them to get divorced...”

Claudia fell silent and stared at her quietly.

It was demeaning for her to say that, and her voice weakened.

“This marriage is the best for you, for Arnold, for the Olsen family, and for the Carter family. Sum, don’t give up on yourself. You have a long life ahead, and you deserve your own happiness,” Claudia spoke slowly, her eyes filled with compassion for her daughter.

Summer sat opposite her, and **tears** welled up. She suddenly asked, “Mother, I heard from Father that we were surprised when Josie appeared. Why?”

She was desperate for an answer. Thus her **eyes** fixated on Claudia, not daring to blink.

Claudia evaded the question and said, "I was just surprised. I never expected Dexter to marry someone like her."

you

"Really?" Summer probed as her heart shattered.

"Absolutely," Claudia replied calmly, with no hint of a white lie.

"Why did you help her rescue Laura? Wouldn't it be better to let her die in the basement, where no one would know and the Olsen family wouldn't be tainted with scandal, and our father wouldn't send away my brother? Isn't that better?" she murmured.

Claudia, almost furious, looked at her daughter in disbelief and gasped, "Summer, do you even realize what you're saying? That was a human life! Your brother committed a crime! Is a life that trivial to you?! You weren't like this before."

Summer fell silent.

Exasperated, Claudia shook her head and continued, "My dear Summer, though she may seem restless and stubborn now, she has always been kind-hearted since she was little."

Summer choked, "But **have** you ever been with us? Since Liana left, how much attention have you given to me and my brother? It's only natural for him to **go** down this path. So even if everyone blames him, I don't blame him!"

Chapter 566 The Truth Behind Josie's Birth

'Smack!'

Claudia raised her hand and delivered a sharp slap.

"Madam!" The servant gasped.

Summer fell to the ground and held her face in disbelief as she looked up at the quivering woman before her. She continued, "Did I say anything wrong? **It's** like you've lost your soul since she left. You've abandoned me and my brother, consumed by your devotion and prayers. Will reciting God's words and prayers bring her back? It's been so many years, and there's still no trace of her anywhere!"

Those words struck Claudia's heart.

"You've neglected and abandoned your entire family, treating me like I never existed. Would you kick me out and let Liana inherit the Olsen family if she were to return?" D

Summer's voice quavered as tears streaked her face. The lead in her body finally lifted.

"Summer, this is absurd! How can you even say such a thing?" Claudia's voice trembled as she bent over, clutching her chest. "I have dedicated my life to raising you and your brother. Haven't you felt the love I have for both of you?"

“And as for Liana, she is your sister, your own flesh and blood. How can you be so cold-hearted?”

Summer raised an eyebrow, smiling as she said, “I don’t feel that way. I’ve barely seen her a few times. I never considered her as a sister, just a vague figure. I don’t understand why you can’t move on because of her.”

Each sentence that left her mouth continued to pierce Claudia’s heart deeper. She was too furious to speak, her lower lips trembling with suppressed rage.

Summer knelt on the ground, clutching her legs. Her eyes filled with fear and anxiety as she added, “Mother, will you not want me anymore if Liana returns?”

Claudia lowered her gaze coldly.

Anxiety crawled over her body as she uttered, “Is it true? I’m terrified, Mother. I have nightmares every night where you only love my sister and don’t even see me. Will those dreams come true?”

Claudia sensed the **fear** in Summer’s voice. She felt slightly calm as she stroked her head gently and reassured her, “You’re both my daughters. How could that be? You’re overthinking it.”

As Summer held onto her tightly, her mind filled with the recent information the detective had uncovered.

“As for Paul, he used to be a surgeon at Rivodia Hospital, and Josie was adopted by him while working there. His wife was always unhappy about it. Later, he made a medical mistake and was fired from the hospital. The whole family moved to Wavery City,” The detective informed as he presented a stack of documents.

“Indeed, Josie is not his biological child.”

“All the surveillance cameras malfunctioned then, leaving no trace of the missing Liana, in the Olsen family’s search. Over the years, finding any leads has become even more challenging. Without Ms. Olsen providing the crucial clue and aligning the time and location with Paul, the truth of Josie being Liana wouldn’t have been uncovered.”

With everything coming to light, Summer closed her eyes and asked, “If Dexter and the Olsen family investigate Josie, will **they** discover all of this?”

“Highly unlikely, as even Paul himself is unaware that Josie is the child who went missing from the Olsen family years ago.”

“This matter must be kept strictly confidential. Any leakage will cost you your life!”

“Yes... Ms. Olsen, then what about the money...”

“Collect it in two hours.”

Summer opened her eyes as she returned to the present moment. "I'm sorry, Mother. I got carried away and spoke out of turn. Please don't be angry."

Claudia's anger was alleviated. She sighed, "You have suffered much all these years, and Mother is sorry for that."

Summer gently shook her head. "No, I'm doing well. From now on, I will follow the path and live even better. I will marry Arnold."

#### Chapter 567 I'm Not Your Most Beloved Person

The wedding of Summer and Arnold took place at the largest hotel in Wavery, which belonged to the Olsen family.

Both families created an extravagant spectacle. On that day, the two largest airports in Wavery were closed, and security was tight. Planes and private jets arrived one after another, welcoming important guests to the wedding.

The banquet hall had 288 tables, hosting esteemed guests and media from various sectors. The city's top officials personally officiated the ceremony, marking it as the wedding of the century.

How deeply in love can a man be with a woman to proudly and publicly declare her as his to the entire world?

The makeup artist eagerly shared the media's flattering comments in the dressing room while Summer meticulously shaped her eyebrows. Lost in thought, she gazed at her glamorous reflection in the mirror.

of true

Her eyebrows had arched in a beautiful curve; her eyes gleamed like peach blossoms. Her petite face was framed by flowing locks that cascaded softly down to her chest, exuding the enchanting allure Southern beauty. When she smiled, her warmth and intelligence shone through, captivating the hearts of all who beheld her.

Wedding days are often seen as the most cherished and breathtaking moments for brides. Unfortunately, today, this bride married someone who was not her heart's desire.

The bride's gown was worth millions, adorned with meticulous diamonds. A Spanish tailor spent a month crafting this bejeweled masterpiece.

Arnold was awestruck as he saw the dress, taking him back to his youth when he walked home with a girl in her school uniform.

"How do I look?" Summer glanced back at the mirror.

Arnold usually dressed casually, but his wedding suit accentuated his tall and graceful physique.

"You're gorgeous," he leaned in and touched her shoulder. At that moment, he noticed a faint red mark where the wedding dress had gently pressed against her skin.

Noticing where his gaze landed, Summer's jaw tightened, and she quickly muttered, "It's just a slightly tight fit. I can manage."

"I'm sorry," Arnold apologized and quickly withdrew his hand.

"I never expected that the person who knows me best would one day forget my size," Summer tilted her head and gave him a faint smile.

Arnold's heart remained hollow and vacant as her mouth curved into a gentle smile.

He stood up and said, "That day was solely to save someone's life-I never intended to embarrass you. I'm

sorry."

Summer and Arnold hadn't met ever since the day of the birthday banquet. Mark and Claudia orchestrated the wedding arrangements.

Up, laced him directly, and recounted, "On my eighteenth birthday, when my parents were busy with work, you took me out late at night. We climbed the tallest mountain in the city, and when I grew tired, you carried me to the summit. At midnight, we gazed upon the beautiful night view of the city. view. You told me we should always be this happy in the future."

"I knew right then that you liked me."

Her mouth twitched, and she continued, "I am twenty-two now. I threw a birthday party that was more extravagant than ever. Everyone congratulated me, except for you. You were being cold to me."

"Arnold, do you still have any feelings for me?"

The question lingered as Arnold stared at Summer, and a grave hollow filled his heart. His silence grew heavier as he struggled to find the right words to respond.

## Chapter 568 The Wedding

"Many say I'm cold-blooded for ignoring your pursuit all these years, but they don't know that you never liked me. (3)

Arnold stood face to face with Summer and remained silent.

Just then, a server knocked on the door. "It's about time, Ms. Olsen."

Summer smirked. "I have no other intentions. I just want to remind you not to forget about the hatred because of others.

As Summer turned around, Arnold grasped her wrist and pulled her into his arms. He buried his head in her neck and whispered. "Of course, I won't forget it. Sum, I haven't forgotten that we're partners too."

Summer didn't break away from Arnold but embraced him. "Good to know. I'm only left with you now."

Josie had kept Laura in Mason Garden to recover ever since Laura was discharged from the hospital, and Laura had rarely headed out.

She had received the invitation to Arnold and Summer's wedding and was not allowed to reject it. The Olsen family intended for Laura to attend the wedding to cover up the previous scandals.

"Look. Being in a rich family is all about putting on shows." Laura hummed indifferently as she curled up on a recliner, basking in the autumn sun.

Josie knew there was nothing she could do about it. She picked a scarf from her wardrobe and put it around Laura's neck to hide the ugly bruises. "Since it's just for show, all you need to do is to show up. I reckon the Olsens won't give you a hard time."

Laura made no comments as Josie put the scarf around her neck.

"Thanks for taking care of me these days. I have to leave after today."

Josie frowned. "Where else can you go? You can't go back to the Olsens."

"I know." Laura smiled. "Do you remember Dr. Morgan, the psychologist you introduced to me? He's a kind man and helped me find a place to stay. It's convenient for him to come and treat me too."

Josie understood that, given Laura's situation, she needed the intervention of a psychologist.

"Can this Dr. Morgan be trusted? Be careful not to get scammed."

"You're the one who introduced him to me. Why are you worried?"

Only then did Josie remember that Dr. Morgan was introduced to her by Matthew, so there shouldn't be any problem.

"If I continue staying here, someone's gonna detest me, Laura's casual remark reached the ears of Dexter, who was coming downstairs. He was dressed in a white long-sleeve blouse with half of his watch revealed

at his wrist.

He lifted his eyebrows and said, "Since when did you learn to be ungrateful, Laura?"

Laura laughed Josie trotted to Dexter and asked, "What time are you leaving?"

Dexter held her hand. "Let's go together."

Josie was surprised. "I think I better stay back."

Dexter caressed the ring on Josie's finger. "You're my wife. If you don't attend the wedding with me, others might think my wife doesn't care for me."

Josie's cheeks blushed as Dexter teased her. "Laura's here." She muttered in embarrassment.

Laura sensibly averted her gaze. "I didn't hear anything."

Dexter remained smiling and insisted, "Let's go together. There'll be plenty of occasions like this in the future where I'll need my wife to accompany me."

Josie was in a quandary. "But Claudia said she didn't want to see me again." Even though it had been a while, Josie still felt depressed when she thought about Claudia's words.

Dexter bent down slightly and pinched Josie's cheek. "You're not there today to meet her but to tell everyone you're my only wife." D

Chapter 569 No Regrets.

Dexter was so persistent that Josie couldn't reject him further. "Alright then."

Moses dropped Laura at the hotel while Dexter sent Josie to the stylist to dress up.

The stylist tied up Josie's hair and helped her wear elegant makeup. Her lipstick was a deep shade of red, and she wore a golden strapless long dress that exposed her slender shoulder and calves. Her outfit was complemented by a pair of four-inch stilettos, which she confidently walked on.

The stylist couldn't help exclaiming. "I have to say that you look like a natural noblewoman after dressing up."

Leaning against his Mercedes, Dexter smiled as he calmly watched Josie walk toward him.

Josie stood in front of him and became nervous under his scrutinizing gaze. "Do I look weird?"

In fact, she was gorgeous, like a royal princess.

Dexter reached out his hand and said, "You're stunnin

Josie held Dexter's hand and felt its roughness and warmth. With that, the couple entered the hotel.

This was a grand occasion. Josie knew she shouldn't mention the previous conflicts and that her task today was not to embarrass the Russell family and Dexter.

The upper class never lacked handsome men and beautiful women. The guests invited to the banquet were especially outstanding and influential.

However, when Dexter and Josie entered the hall together, everyone else seemed to pale in comparison.

Arnold, who was dressed in a black suit, was standing in the hall greeting the guests.

"Hi, Arnold. Dexter led Josie and walked up to Arnold.

When Arnold saw Josie, he spaced out briefly as he was reminded of the previous time he and Josie attended Zach's wedding. But now, Josie was attending his wedding.

"Welcome." Arnold had no desire to have a small talk with Dexter.

It had been a while since Josie last met Arnold, and she wouldn't have thought the next time they met was at his wedding. She thought this might be a better choice for Arnold, which could be beneficial for his

future.

"Hey, Dexter. Oh, this must be Mrs. Russell." Just then, someone among the guests called out to Dexter.

It was an elder. Dexter did not avoid him but politely greeted the person.

Meanwhile, Josie and Arnold stood face-to-face with each other. Their gazes met for a moment before Josie asked, "Do you regret it?"

They were on opposing sides, yet she could understand his helplessness.

Arnold smiled and cast a side glance at Dexter. "No regrets."

"That's good" Josie took out an envelope from her handbag and placed it in the basket in front of Arnold.

The wedding gift was a thick pile of cash.

Mark and Claudia greeted the guests in the hall while Laura accompanied them solemnly. As such, many guests reckoned the rumors about Laura being abused were false.

"Where's Zach? Why isn't he here for such an important occasion?" Someone asked.

Before Claudia could say something, Laura answered, "He's on a business trip and couldn't make it back in time. Sorry about that. Please allow me to give you a toast on his behalf."

Many deemed Laura's action solid evidence to refute the rumors.

Claudia gave Laura a grateful look.

Soon, the ceremony officially began..

Rose petals were scattered on the thirty-foot red carpet. Summer wore a white rose bracelet and held at bouquet of flowers. As the background music played a romantic wedding march, Mark walked Summer down the aisle toward Arnold, who was at the end of the red carpet, while the flower girls held Summer's wedding dress from behind.

Countless flashing cameras were being pointed at the bride.

Chapter 570 The Ex-girlfriend

Sitting next to Josie, Dexter asked softly, "Do you like this kind of wedding?"

Josie shook her head. "Not really. It's too high-profile."

Dexter took note of it.

As the bride's mother, Claudia gave a speech on the stage. She shed tears as she was delighted for her daughter to marry a good man. Her blessings for the couple were genuine.

Everyone thought Arnold and Summer were a perfect match.

Some guests discussed Josie among themselves. "Is that woman Dexter Russell's wife? The one he announced at Summer's birthday party? Rumors say that she's average-looking, but her appearance is way beyond average."

"She's indeed beautiful. No wonder she managed to seduce Dexter to marry her."

"Even Summer can't hold a candle to her...."

Josie had made Dexter proud and proved that they were the real couple.

Dexter placed his hand around Josie's waist and whispered into her ear affectionately, "Many men have their eyes glued to you, and I don't like that."

Later, Dexter introduced Josie to his business partners. I've heard of you from Dexter several times." Josie clinked glasses with the other parties and said with a courteous smile.

In fact, she had never heard of them.

Dexter mischievously pinched Josie's waist. "You're such a natural socializer. It seems like you can handle it on your own."

Josie glanced around the surroundings and nodded. "I should be fine. Go ahead and meet your other friends."

Summer's wedding was just another major socializing event.

After Dexter left, several provocatively-dressed socialites approached Josie. "Hi, Mrs. Russell. It has been a while."

Actually, they had never met Josie. Some of them were Dexter's admirers, but little did she expect an ordinary woman like Josie to end up becoming Dexter's wife.

They became more salty to see Josie in the spotlight.

Staring at them, Josie tightened her grip on her clutch and straightened her back. "Hi, how can I help you?"

"Nothing. We just want to know how it feels like to go from rags to riches. One of the ladies spoke meanly, which made her appear far from a poised socialite.

Josie took a sip of red wine and carried herself with pride like a true princess.

"I guess you might not know that the ugly duckling can become a swan only because it is a swan, to begin.

with."

"You!" The ladies were exasperated as they were at a loss for words to retort to Josie.

A newly hired celebrity from the Carter Group was invited to play the piano at the wedding. Celebrities were indeed different; they had their unique charm.

Suddenly, Laura appeared and grasped Josie's hand. "How's everything?"

The others were surprised by the interaction between Laura and Josie, not knowing that they were close.

Josie looked at her and asked, "Don't you need to greet the guests?"

"Summer doesn't need me. Don't you think this event is more like a company opening ceremony?"

Josie laughed at Laura's sarcastic remark.

Just then, she unintentionally made eye contact with Claudia. The latter quickly averted her gaze, which disheartened Josie.

Some commented discontentedly behind Josie's back. "So what if she's Dexter's wife now? Dexter once ignored her feelings for Summer."

"Yeah. They'll probably get divorced sooner or later. Dexter's wife is not an easy role to play."

Laura wasn't as tolerant as Josie. She shot a glare at the gossipers and was about to rebuke them when the celebrity on the stage spoke into the microphone. "Let's wish Mr. Carter and Ms. Olsen a blessed marriage!"

Josie asked Laura softly, "Who is she?"

Laura glanced at the woman on the stage and chuckled. "Her name is Xenia Watson, and she's Arnold's ex- girlfriend. She's not a kind woman. Just watch."