

The Epic BD 615

Chapter 615 No Privacy

Josie's response wasn't one of anger. Exuding an air of authority, she calmly retorted, "Those are all childhood memories and things of the past. Mrs. Carter, don't you think it's disrespectful to your husband to bring it up again?"

Josie's gaze locked with Summer's, their eyes entangled as if invisible threads held them.

Summer's lips curved into a cynical smile as she stared at Josie.

"Josie, you may have perfected the art of playing Dex to your advantage, but..."

Confused, Josie interjected, "Mrs. Carter, you're using the wrong terminology. What does winning or losing have to do with me? The union between the Olsen and Carter families was decided without my involvement. I have no part in it, remember?"

As the waiter brought the coffee, Josie accepted and stirred it with a spoon absentmindedly.

"If you're not happy marrying Mr. Carter, perhaps you should express your discontent to your parents and the Carters instead of directing your anger towards me."

Meanwhile, the gentle winter afternoon sun cast a warm and tender glow on Josie.

"Did you happen to see today's headline in Wavery? It claims that 'Mrs. Russell betrayed during the negotiation, causing substantial losses for Russell Group'," Summer remarked, placing one hand on the seat and gently massaging her temple, "Is it true?"

Josie pressed her lips together.

Dexter was right. Being Mrs. Russell meant having every move scrutinized and exposed to the public eye, necessitating caution and vigilance.

Josie cleverly digressed to another topic, "It's interesting how quickly Mrs. Carter got wind of the news, She was cognizant that Larry had kept a lid on the incident from leaking out.

"In addition to being Mrs. Carter, I also happen to be the future heir of the Olsen Group."

Before taking the helm at the Olsen Group, Summer had a background in finance and had fostered connections throughout the industry, making it a breeze for her to gather

information

Asserting her position as the heir of a corporation, Summer aimed to intimidate Josie with her superiority and capabilities.

However, the latter was unfazed.

"As far as I know, this news hasn't reached the public yet. Your attempt to mock me seems premature, don't you think?"

Summer raised an eyebrow, contemplating the idea of leaking the information.

“True, it may not have caused a huge stir yet, but what if I let it slip?”

As Josie savored her coffee, she crinkled her nose in response to its excessive sweetness.

“If you really had the guts, you wouldn’t have invited me here under false.

Josie had a keen understanding of Summer’s motives.

pretenses.”

“Before you showed up, I had no intention of doing so. But now that you’re here, I do.” Summer smirked cynically.

“There’s a rumor claiming the man who betrayed you during the negotiation meeting is none other than Morgan Bastille, the heir of the Bastille family in Rivodia. Interestingly enough, he also happens to be your ex from university.”

Summer’s words sent a shock through Josie’s system. How did the word of her private matters get out so swiftly?

Josie would have been able to tackle the situation if it were just Dexter who knew. But now, even Summer had found out. Goodness gracious! Was there no privacy left?

Josie forced herself to swallow the sickeningly sweet coffee. “So what?”

“Does Dexter know about this?”

Josie remained silent.

“Ah, he knew,” Summer feigned naivety.

“What perfect timing for Morgan to make his entrance, huh?” she smirked.

“Sure, but what does that have to do with me?” Josie responded nonchalantly.

Even though Summer had found out about their connection, the revelation did not faze her in the slightest.

So what?

“Mrs. Russell certainly knows how to work her charm,” Summer said, a hint of intrigue in her smile.

“Let’s see what unfolds in the future.”

patig of unease. Is this why you asked me out? Frankly, I have no interest in getting caught up in your schemes,”

With those words, Josie stood up, but before turning around, she noticed a figure in the distance.

Clad in a sheepskin vest, the man stood tall with an air of elegance that commanded attention.

Arnold nodded politely to the other ladies before making his way toward Josie.

He approached as he greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Russell."

Chapter 616 It's You Again

He rarely addressed her as Mrs. Russell.

Josie locked eyes with Arnold, feeling estranged after they hadn't seen each other for so long, "Mr. Carter came to pick up your wife, huh?"

Arnold lifted his gaze and looked beyond her to Summer, who was lounging in the background, observing his interaction with Josie with a cryptic look.

"Andy, please send Mrs. Carter home," Arnold ordered.

Summer's smile deepened. "Are you done with your work?"

"Yeah, just came down from the meeting. It's so cold. Why didn't you layer up?" Arnold. approached and wrapped the scarf he was holding around Summer's neck.

"Oh? I didn't feel cold at all talking with Mrs. Russell. See you at home." Summer said with a smile, then walked over to Andy.

"See you at home."

"Drive safely," Arnold reminded Andy..

The two of them left together, and only then did Josie divert her

"I suppose I should see myself out now."

gaze.

"I heard about what happened yesterday," Arnold said abruptly, "are you okay?"

He wore an unexpectedly serious expression, catching Josie off guard. "Absolutely. Being his wife, I don't think he would be too hard on me."

Her defense of Dexter was evident, but Arnold couldn't help but scoff. "I heard he recently had an incident with a young female worker at Heaven on Earth, but surprisingly, he let her off the hook."

Josie arched her eyebrows, trying to comprehend the meaning behind Arnold's words. She was confused about who he was referring to, and his intentions remained unclear.

"You know, you're partly responsible for this mess, Josie remarked, subtly blaming Arnold.

Arnold's eyebrow shot up, surprised by her statement.

"She's your assistant. Her misconduct and questionable character are your responsibility. Otherwise, we wouldn't be dealing with this chaos. So, yes, I am holding you accountable!"

Josie asserted, her voice tinged with a hint of resentment.

It dawned on him that Josie was fully aware of everything, including Heather's existence.

He let out a soft chuckle, his hand resting casually on the side. "Looks like Dexter has been an open book with you."

Just as Josie was about to continue speaking, their attention was diverted by shattering glass and ensuing commotion from outside.

They exchanged glances and walked out together, joining a crowd that had already gathered. Summer could be seen forcefully pushing a woman to the ground, spilling coffee all over.

Summer's anger was palpable as she huffed, "Can't you watch where you're going? Are your eyes just for display? If you don't need them, maybe someone else does!"

The woman on the ground kept her head down, biting her lip, appearing distressed and hesitant to speak up. "I'm sorry, it was an accident. I'm willing to pay for the clothes I ruined."

Summer sneered upon hearing those words.

Andy stood awkwardly to the side, exchanging a glance with Arnold. "Um, this... lady accidentally bumped into Mrs. Carter."

"Heather?" Arnold's eyes widen in alarm, his voice filled with surprise.

Josie's attention shifted, and she realized that the woman on the ground was Heather-the same person she had encountered before.

How did she end up here?

Summer raised an eyebrow upon hearing the name. "Oh, it's you again. I should've known I'd run into trouble with someone like you."

Heather trembled slightly. "Ms. Olsen, I'm deeply sorry for the inconvenience. I'm willing to compensate for any damages caused, including the cost of the clothes."

"The compensation doesn't bother me," Summer raised her voice, her tone filled with resentment.

"It's your conduct that does. Consider this a lesson for your own benefit."

Heather was at a loss for words.

Looking at the teeming crowd, Heather felt increasingly humiliated.

Arnold stepped forward, placing himself between Summer and Heather. "That's enough.

There's no need to stoop to her level. We have a meeting to attend, remember?"

"Arnold," Summer teased, a mischievous glint in her eyes, "are you sympathizing with her now? I heard she used to be your assistant."

Heather's expression turned sour at the mention of her past connection with Arnold. "Mr. Carter, I can handle this on my own."