

## **The Epic BD 617**

### **Chapter 617 No Wonder He's Smitten with Her**

"Alright, that's enough!" Arnold scolded in a firm yet restrained voice.

Summer's expression contorted with displeasure at his reprimand.

Josie took a deep breath and stepped forward, navigating her way through the crowd.

"Mrs. Carter, I see that you have other guests to entertain. Why don't you leave this to me? I'll make sure she learns her lesson while you take a moment to compose yourself."

Summer furrowed her brow, casting a skeptical glance at Josie, "You?"

Josie maintained a composed demeanor and reminded Summer of her priority. "We must handle this properly."

Whispers circulated among the onlookers, drawing attention to the uncanny resemblance between Heather and Josie.

Unwilling to extend the public spectacle in front of the city's socialites and elites, Summer fixed Heather with a fierce glare before striding away.

Arnold exchanged a meaningful glance with Josie and quickly followed after Summer.

As the crowd was dispersing, Josie approached Heather and extended her hand. "Come on."

Amid the chaotic scene, Josie stood before Heather. With the former's poised and distant demeanor, she appeared like a guiding presence in front of Heather.

Heather hesitated momentarily before firmly taking Josie's hand to lift herself off the ground.

"Thank you, Mrs. Russell."

"So, you still remember me," Josie commented, tilting her head slightly.

"We met in Spain," Heather recalled, reminiscing about their previous encounter where Josie had stirred up some trouble while seeking information.

Josie nodded and approached the counter. "A cup of hot cocoa, please."

The waiter swiftly prepared the beverage and handed it to Josie, who then extended it to Heather.

"Here, this will help warm you up."

As the chilly winter wind blew, they stood facing each other, Heather appearing somewhat lost. "Mrs. Russell, I truly appreciate your help today. I wouldn't know what to do without you."

Observing Heather's submissive and hesitant demeanor, Josie smiled slightly, "Aren't you afraid that I might cause you trouble?"

"No. You're not that kind of person, Heather replied with confidence.

Her certainty piqued Josie's curiosity. "You seem to know me quite well."

"With the few encounters I've had with Mr. Russell, he had mentioned you, Heather explained.

Upon hearing this, Heather looked at Josie cautiously, analyzing her expression.

Josie nodded.

"I want to clarify that the incident in Spain was not a deliberate attempt to cause trouble. If you have any lingering dissatisfaction or frustration, please direct it towards me."

Heather was taken aback by Josie's words. She responded swiftly, "Oh, no! Mrs. Russell. you're in a whole different league while I'm just a nobody. How could I even imagine venting frustrations to someone like you?"

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Josie hadn't fully realized it before, but now she felt the weight of her new status as Mrs. Russell.

I'm just an ordinary person who happened to capture Dexter's attention and become Mrs. Russell. The privileges and wealth that come with it shouldn't be romanticized." Josie expressed with unwavering clarity.

Josie's words hit home, leaving Heather with a bitter taste. "No wonder Mr. Russell is so smitten with you...." she muttered under her breath.

"So, now that you're no longer working for Arnold, why are you working at a coffee shop?" Josie asked, noticing Heather's attire resembling that of the waitress.

"Oh, it's my day off today, and I picked up a part-time job. I never thought I'd run into Mrs. Carter..." Heather expressed her embarrassment.

"She didn't mean any harm with her actions earlier."

I understand. It's because I let my emotions get the best of me."

"Are you struggling with money?" Josie asked, cutting to the chase.

"You know... People like us aren't allowed to complain about not having enough cash. I'm not a local here in Wavery, and if I want to make a life here, I still have a financially,"

Heather confessed bashfully.

"Arnold isn't tight-fisted. He must have given you a considerable amount during the Spain. trip," Josie replied nonchalantly.

Heather looked up abruptly, panic flashing in her eyes. "Mrs. Russell..."

Josie maintained eye contact without saying a word.

"I didn't mean it," Heather referred to the video incident.

“I know. I watched the whole thing, so I won’t blame you,” Josie’s smile didn’t quite reach her eyes.

“Arnold must have spent a significant sum hiring you, am I correct?”