

The Epic BD 81

Chapter 81 Losing Her Temper on Him.

Josie spread her hands. "After all, people who understand you will more or less figure out our relationship when they see me. Mr. Russell, it seems like there's no use hiding."

Many things were clear after the truth was revealed. It was why Dexter's friend, Calvin, had pondered when he saw her. Today, Arnold had cleverly guessed her identity. It was because she resembled Leanne.

Dexter poked the inside of his cheek with the tip of his tongue. He was displeased with what she said. He sneered. "Are you losing your temper at me, Josie?"

Josie picked up her bag and was feeling slightly tipsy. "I'm not losing my temper. I'm just saying it like it is."

She opened the private room door and realized Ivy was still standing there. Josie saw that Ivy's gaze wasn't very friendly.

Josie didn't care. She walked out in her heels while tottering and swaying.

"Mr. Russell, Ms. Warren has had too much to drink. It's dangerous for her to go home alone. Let me send her." Ivy turned and peered at the man's flickering expressions.

Dexter answered forcefully as if enraged. "No need."

Ivy froze. She never thought he would turn her down. The atmosphere inside wasn't exactly friendly, but Dexter was still protecting that woman! She gritted her teeth but didn't dare to insist.

Josie was feeling tipsy. She wobbled out of the restaurant while a group of men stared at her. She drove under a tree at the side of the road.

She felt humiliated. She had grown up in Waverly but didn't have a trusted friend. A friend that she could call to pick her up while she was drunk. What a miserable situation she was in.

A few men who wanted to flirt with her approached her, but Josie pushed them away with her bag. She saw many people were waiting. She was the ninety-ninth

in line. She took out her cell phone and wanted to hail a cab, but she was

in line. At this time, a Rolls-

Royce pulled up in front of Josie, and the door opened automatically. Dexter's side profile wasn't friendly. "Get in."

Josie wanted to be stubborn, but her remaining sanity told her she might have to wait here until dawn if she didn't follow him.

Once she got into the car, the driver was smart enough to raise the partition.

Dexter was expressionless. He opened the fridge in the car and took out a water bottle. He opened it and put it to Josie's lips. His actions were instinctive.

Josie stiffened. After a long time, she turned to the side. "I'm not thirsty."

Dexter's strong arm froze in mid-air. The next moment, Dexter forcefully squeezed her cheeks and forced her to raise her head. "Mmph..."

Dexter had a dangerous expression in the dark. He narrowed his eyes. "Haven't I been kind enough to you, Josie Warren?"

Josie wasn't used to his aggressiveness. She suppressed the fear in her heart and said nothing.

He exerted force and fed her water. Water splashed everywhere, and Josie started coughing violently. Her teeth felt frozen.

She struggled with all her might and even swung her bag in Dexter's direction. "Don't touch me!"

Dexter's bare arms were red from being hit with her bag, but he didn't loosen his grip on her. He put two fingers into her mouth and gagged her.

"You screwed things up for me tonight, and you still have the nerve to disobey me? I've told you to know where you stand and your limits. Did it go in one car and out the other?" Dexter's voice deepened towards the end, and he wanted to destroy her in his rage.

Josie wouldn't have done such an irrational act under normal circumstances. Still, perhaps it was the effects of the alcohol or the grievances she had been holding in for the past few days. She still said nothing and didn't give in.

Josie felt light-headed, and her face flushed. She was about to pass out from being choked. After a long time, Dexter suddenly let go of her and took out a wet tissue to clean his fingers one at a time.

"If this happens again, I'll personally deliver you to Arnold."

Chapter 82 Participating in the Regular Meeting

Josie covered her chest as she coughed violently. She shivered when she heard what Dexter said. She didn't know if she was frightened or cold.

Dexter made a call. Investigate Arnold's capital flow and his recent banquet. I want a detailed list of attendees."

It seemed like he was determined to succeed in acquiring Landon

The Rolls-

Royce stopped at Mason Garden. Josie got out of the car with some difficulty. She had just taken Two steps when she heard the car leaving behind her. Dexter was leaving. He wouldn't be staying in Mason Garden tonight.

When Mrs. Carroll heard the car, she immediately ran out. "Oh my god, Mrs. Russell. Why did you so much?"

Josie waved her hands and laughed at herself. Two glasses weren't enough to make amends."

drink

Mrs. Carroll didn't know what had happened. She helped Josie into the villa and made her hangover tea.

"I made a mistake today, Mrs. Carroll." Josie lay on the sofa and realized her hair smelled like Dexter. It was the faint scent of tobacco and detergent. "He didn't give in to me. It was what I had expected, but..

Josie couldn't complete her sentence.

Mrs. Carroll brought out the tea and put it to Josie's lips. "You and Mr. Russell are a couple. I'm sure he doesn't really blame you. Couples never stay mad at each other overnight."

"A couple?" Josie sneered. "Mrs. Carroll, you see us every day. You should know that we're not a real couple."

Mrs. Carroll sighed. "I don't know much about the matters of rich families, but from what I can see, Mr. Russell has some feelings for you."

Really? It's a shame that those feelings aren't *for* me. *They're for* the girl who looks like me.

Josie slept poorly that night.

She woke up with a splitting headache the next day. Josie paused, and everything felt unreal to her. She shut her eyes, and yesterday's scenes played in her mind. Josie immediately felt a chill. She had lost her temper at Dexter!

Not only had she lost her temper, but she had also gone against his wishes.

She was dumbfounded as she buried her face into the blanket. She wanted to disappear, and she vowed never to drink again! It was too easy to lose her common sense!

At Russell Group.

"Why does your face look so swollen today?" Alice asked curiously when she saw Josie's dispirited face.

Josie waved her hands. She lay on her workstation without moving. "I drank too much yesterday, so I'm planning on slacking off today. Don't talk to me."

"Kennon has transferred the money, and we've just received it. Our superiors are delighted."

Josie sprang up, and her lips widened in surprise. Really?"

"Yes. There's a regular meeting today. Claire might even bring you along." Alice told her softly. Alice was happy for Josie.

"If the higher level is happy, does that mean my bonus will double?"

"How money minded of you. However, it's possible."

Josie suddenly felt energetic. She sorted out the information from the past few days. Sure enough, Claire left her office shortly with a dark expression. "Follow me."

There was a large meeting room on the thirty-second floor of Russell Group. Every Wednesday, the head of each department would gather and summarize their work.

Josie followed Claire as she saw various elites file into the meeting room. She was slightly tongue-tied. The cream of the crop had gathered.

Claire glanced at her. "Pick your jaw up off the floor. Don't embarrass the design department."

Josie stuck out her tongue and made a face behind Claire's back.

After everyone sat down, an aloof figure walked into the meeting room one minute before the meeting started. The man wore a black suit today and a white shirt inside as usual. His proportions were perfect

Josie faintly heard soft gasps. Even Claire blushed and hung her head.

Chapter 83 Stolen Credit

Josie looked down because she didn't know Dexter would attend the regular weekly meeting! Josie silently raised her file and tried to hide her face. She wouldn't have come if she had known! With how recklessly she acted last night, she thought Dexter wanted to murder her!

Ivy put everything in order and said to the man in the seat of honor, "Mr. Russell, everyone is here."

Dexter silently tapped the pen next to him slightly unrestrainedly. "Let's start."

After that, each department reported methodically about their work for the week. They spoke succinctly and concisely and occasionally introduced new outstanding department members. As Dexter listened, he commented and talked about upcoming plans sporadically. His voice was clear, and his every action made him seem mature.

Fifteen minutes had passed when it was Claire's turn. She seemed nervous in the enormous meeting room. Her fingers were on her laptop, and she couldn't speak well. "Mr. Russell, the design department's insults, um, I mean, results from this week are as such..."

She stuttered, and the heads of other departments smiled. The manager of the HR department, Mr. Yves, teased her. "Ms. Wilcher has just taken up this role and seems nervous. It's alright. Take it easy."

Dexter played with a pen with one hand. His indifferent gaze fell on the woman covering her face with a file.

Claire nodded in embarrassment. She was about to cry when faced with Dexter's analytical gaze. Josie had given up. With Claire's presentation skills, Josie couldn't double her bonus.

At this time, Alex, from the venture capital investment department, suddenly said. "The design department is quite capable. I heard they recently completed a project with a company we've been following up on and researching for a long time. The company has the potential to grow. If there's an opportunity to invest, it would be a dream collaboration for both companies."

His honesty suddenly alleviated Claire's awkwardness.

She looked at him gratefully, "Yes. I did the early research on Kennon. They do have the potential to grow."

Josie raised her head, perplexed, but she stayed silent.

What else did Claire do besides hitting a snag a few times and discovering that the IP copyrights were with

Shannon?

Alex was interested. "Oh? You have pretty good insight, Ms. Wilcher. I heard that this was a difficult project. You're amazing for completing it in such a short amount of time."

Claire's smile widened. "It's my duty to work for the company. I had to try, no matter how tough it was.

Thankfully, it worked out. If the venture capital investment department needs any information at a later stage, we can help you out."

Alex nodded and led everyone in applause.

Claire looked very proud. She looked confidently at the seat of honor and hoped for the man's approval. However, his face was expressionless. His eyes were deep as if hiding something.

For some reason, she felt slightly fearful.

Josie buried her head lower. The hope in her heart burned to ashes. What's done was done. She couldn't come out and tell everyone she had completed the project.

She felt angry, annoyed, and grieved that Claire had taken credit and stolen the limelight, but she couldn't say a word.

The voices grew further away. After a long time, the meeting finally ended.

Everyone made their way out. Josie sat at her spot for a long time. Claire wasn't in a rush to leave either. She

said provokingly, "Your contribution belongs to the design department. I was just telling everyone on your behalf. The bonus is still yours. You don't have to be upset."

After that, she quickly left with her laptop.

Chapter 84 A Risky Acquisition

At this time, Josie realized that what Claire cared about wasn't the bonus. It was the sense of achievement from trying hard.

Ivy's voice rang faintly. "Mr. Russell, the board of directors is waiting for you."

Josie looked up and saw the man in the seat of honor. He buttoned up his coat, and his gaze met hers. He frowned subconsciously, and he felt slightly uneasy.

"Let's go."

"What? Claire really said that?" Alice cried out in surprise back at the design department. She didn't shy away from criticizing Claire. "Who does she think she is? How shameless of her to brazenly take credit!"

Josie pulled Alice's arm. "It's fine. What's done is done. It's enough that I can get the money."

"How can it be fine? Your hard work has gone down the drain again. Don't tell me you want to spend the rest of your life as a subordinate in the design department? You clearly have a better future!" Alice said resentfully.

"What else can I do? Should I look for Mr. Russell and argue about it? He has to attend to numerous affairs every day. How would he have the time to deal with such a minor issue?" Josie said sarcastically. She lay on her desk and shut her eyes. "I'm going to take a nap. Let's not discuss it further."

Alice was dumbstruck.

When Josie shut her eyes, she saw Dexter's emotionless face in her mind. He had been with her as she completed the project, but he said nothing just now. He had silently acknowledged Claire's actions.

For a split second, she felt that she was so upset because of his attitude.

"It's too risky to acquire Landon. You will need half of Russell Group's capital flow. It's too risky, Dex."

The elderly man before Dexter kept trying to convince Dexter. The man smoked one cigarette after another and came to a conclusion.

Dexter lifted his cup and tasted the tea. It was slightly bitter. He didn't like it.

"Granduncle, you're old. You should be enjoying retired life at home. Who asked you to convince me? Tell me. I'll deal with it."

The old man Dexter called 'Granduncle' tapped his walking stick forcefully. "No one asked me to do anything. I'm a part of the Russell family, so it's only natural for me to advise you. You're risking everyone's jobs!"

Upon hearing that, Dexter put down his teacup, and it made a sound on the table. "Without taking risks, Russell Group wouldn't have become what it is today!"

The old man, who had been through countless hardships, was intimidated by Dexter's imposing manner. He was momentarily dumbstruck.

"Granduncle Wesley, you don't have to care about such things. If you're free, keep Grandpa company. He's ill and needs people to be with him. After that, Dexter stood up. "Ivy, send him off!"

“Dex! Dexter Russell!” Wesley Russell raised his hands and stopped Ivy from approaching. “I’m telling you that I firmly oppose your acquisition of Landon. Don’t forget that I still own shares I can team up with the other shareholders and overthrow your decision. It’s not necessarily out of the question!”

Dexter laughed when he heard it. There was a smirk in the corner of his lips. “You can try

The old man left in a rage. He didn’t allow anyone to help him.

Ivy returned, slightly worried. “Mr. Russell, it is quite risky to acquire Landon. Besides Arnold eyeing it covetously, Landon’s debts are also a big problem.”

Dexter looked to the side and glanced at her. “You’re becoming more problematic recently. I don’t like it.”

Ivy immediately hung her head and kept quiet.

Dexter picked up his coat that was hanging from a chair. He left his office and didn’t allow anyone to follow him. His VIP elevator stopped at the twenty-seventh floor. He walked closer and saw that the particular workstation was empty. He wrinkled his brows.

An employee passed by and was frightened by the sight of him. “Mr... Mr. Russell?”

“Where’s Josie?”

The employee was Alice. She was flustered as she tried to cover up for Josie. “Jo... Josie received a call from the hospital. Something must have happened to her family, so she left work early.”

In an instant, the man’s gaze changed.

Chapter 85 Requested to Join the Medical Team

“I miss you, Dad.”

Josie sat by the bed in the VIP hospital room. She used a wet towel to wipe the old man’s arm. Josie’s dad had been lying in bed for too long, and his muscles degenerated. Even his skin was aging. He didn’t look like he was in his forties. Instead, he looked like he was in his fifties or sixties.

Josie was distressed when she looked at her dad. He had been healthy but had aged in the past three years.

“Dad, quickly wake up, alright? I’ve been feeling very miserable at the office recently. Listen to me, then pat my head, alright?”

“Things aren’t going too well at home either. Justin’s madness knows no bounds. Wake up and deal with him. He fears you the most.”

The wet towel was wrung dry repeatedly. Josie was exceptionally patient. She kept talking to herself while constantly paying attention to see if her dad was reacting.

After wiping his entire body, Josie’s dad still didn’t react. Only the pulsating lines on the ECC proved that he was still alive.

Josie felt weighed down. She sat at one side and was lost in thought.

She hadn't actually received a call from the hospital today. She just felt depressed and wanted to see her dad.

After the incident with Justin, it had been a long time since she had come to the hospital. She felt slightly guilty.

She stared at her dad's aged face and thought to herself. *If he wakes up, he must feel distressed about my sacrifices over the years. It's a shame he's asleep. No one else in this world will ask me if I'm happy. No one.*

"Jo?" The room of the hospital door suddenly opened. Matthew was in white, looking gentle and dignified. Josie immediately stood up. "Dr. Sander."

Matthew indicated for her to sit. "Why do you keep calling me that? You used to call me Matt in the past." Josie didn't know why. It seemed like she kept a distance from other men after she married Dexter.

"It's alright that I came without warning today, right? Has there been any changes with my dad recently?"

"Of course. You're the patient's family. It's only natural for you to visit." Matthew's hands were in his pocket. He was watching Josie from the start until the end. He wanted to say something but didn't. "I'm not your father's attending doctor, but I followed up with his medical team. According to them, he's stable for now. Don't worry, Jo."

"That's good..." Stable. It meant that there wasn't any improvement. Josie was slightly disappointed, but she

didn't show it.

"I heard you were here, so I came to see you." Matthew took out an orange from his pocket. "The head nurse gave me this. I heard it's sweet. Do you want it?"

Josie smiled. "The head nurse gave it to you. It's not nice for me to eat it."

Matthew also smiled. He took out a pocket knife to cut the orange, revealing its slightly orange flesh. He said. "I recently requested to join your father's medical team. After all, I've followed up with his medical condition for three years. I know his condition well."

Josie was slightly surprised, but she was also delighted. "That's great. I will feel reassured if you're part of my father's treatment team."

She trusted him.

"Everything is still in the process. I don't know if the higher levels will approve, but I will try to fight for it." Matthew cut the orange into slices and put one near Josie's lips. "I don't have time to eat. Help me try it."

Josie froze. She was almost swept away by Matthew's gentle and affectionate gaze. She opened her mouth and bit into the fruit. "Mm! It's sweet! Try it!"

Upon seeing her eat it, Matthew put one slice into his mouth.

"You called me some time ago and asked me to look out for Justin. You didn't come to the hospital after that. Why? Did something happen?"

Chapter 86 You Still Have Me

He was very perceptive. Josie put her hands on the table behind her, increasing their distance. She felt slightly uneasy.

"Something happened at home, but it's been solved. You know what it's like. It's the same old problems. She forced a smile and pretended everything was alright.

But Matthew could see the exhaustion on her face. "You've been tired recently."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement.

"Aren't you a physician, Matt? Why do you sound like a psychologist? You're so insightful, Josie said half-jokingly. She didn't want the atmosphere to turn too solemn.

Matthew threw the orange rind into the trash. "Let me act as a psychologist and guess why you're tired. Is it because of life? Work? Or is it your salary?"

"Close enough. Josie smiled bitterly in exasperation. "All of the above. I have nowhere to go. I'm feeling slightly bothered."

"Jo, why don't you cut yourself some slack if you're exhausted? You don't have to bear everything alone."

Josie didn't understand what he meant as she listened to his advice. "If I don't bear it, who would help me share this burden? As you know, I have no one on my side."

"That's nonsense, Matthew blurted out quickly.

Josie didn't understand.

"I'm saying that you still have me by your side. I will help you take care of your father." Matthew coughed and spoke slowly. He was afraid of scaring the woman before him.

Josie didn't fully understand. She was just about to answer when the head nurse opened the doors. She was slightly surprised when she saw them. "You're here too, Dr. Sander."

Matthew stepped aside when he heard it.

"Jo, come and sign this. I haven't seen you in a few days." She handed a form to Josie.

It was about medication instructions. Josie had signed countless forms for the past three years. She was familiar with the head nurse before her.

"I'm sorry. I've been slightly busy recently."

"It's alright. Dr. Sander is here." The head nurse had a playful expression as she teased the two.

Josie didn't find it strange and answered, "That's right. I don't know what I would do without Dr. Sander. Thankfully, he's here to help."

The head nurse wanted to say something, but she saw Matthew's expression and kept quiet.

Josie chatted with the head nurse for a while more when her cell phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and shot the two apologetic gazes before she went out to answer the call. "Hello."

In the hospital room, the head nurse patted Matthew's shoulder. "You have a long way to go."

Matthew had a faint smile from the start until the end. He looked at Josie's figure outside the door. "There's no rush. I can take my time."

It was an unknown number.

"Ms. Warren, I'm Nicole!" A woman's voice rang on the phone.

"I know. I saw the area code and guessed it was you."

Nicole hadn't contacted Josie in a long time. Nicole must have settled in another city since she took the initiative to call Josie.

"I told my parents I'm on an extended business trip and will be away for some time. They didn't ask further, so they probably haven't been harassed by Justin. Ms. Warren, was it because... you and Mr. Russell did something behind the scenes to help?"

Josie paused. "Mm... It's Mr. Russell." It had nothing to do with her.

Nicole started thanking Josie and told Josie that she was doing well where she was. Justin hadn't found her. "I'm just worried about Wavery, Justin hasn't been making trouble for you, has he?"

He had not. It was thanks to Dexter.

But she had been alone for the past few days and hadn't seen Justin. This was slightly strange. It was as though he had vanished into thin air in Wavery.

"He hasn't."

"That's good." Nicole talked to Josie for a while before ending the call.

Chapter 87 High Interest Loan

Josie leaned against the wall and pondered. Shortly after, her cell phone rang again. It was an unknown number, but it had a Wavery area code. She furrowed her brows.

"Who is this?"

A man's voice came from the other end. It sounded sinister. "Ms. Warren, do you want your brother to live?"

It was a threat. Josie was startled, and her eyes immediately widened. Justin!

She gripped the corner of her clothes tightly and tried calming herself down. "Don't threaten me! If you've done your research, you'd know that I'm not Justin's biological sister. I won't save him!"

"Oh?" Laughter came from the other side. There seemed to be many people there. "Did you hear that? You're so useless that even your sister doesn't want to save you!"

There was the sound of a knife slicing. Justin cried out miserably, "Sis! Help me! Sis!"

Josie froze on the spot. "Who are you? Where are you from?"

"What do you think? Your brother owes us over half a million. I'm giving you half an hour. Come to Heaven on Earth and help him pay it off. Otherwise, I'm going to kill him!" It was Justin's debtor!

Half a million...

"No way! I've seen his credit report. It's only around two hundred thousand. Don't lie to me!"

"Haha, two hundred thousand!" The people on the other end roared in laughter. It was as though they had heard a hilarious joke. "Do you know which loan your brother took up? It's a loan with very high interest! The interest goes up to a few thousand daily. His debt reached five hundred thousand a long freaking time. ago!TM

High interest loan... It was no joke. When members of organized crime were enraged, nothing could stop them!

stop

Josie's palms were sweating. "I don't have money, and I can't save him. You're just in time. I was worried that I had no way to punish him. You can help me do it!"

After that, she immediately hung up!

At this time, the door of the hospital room opened. Matthew and the head nurse walked out together and saw Josie with a pale expression. She was in a cold sweat. "What happened? Are you feeling unwell, Josie?"

Matthew reached out to feel her temperature. He was worried.

Josie stayed still and looked at her dad lying on the bed between their figures. His face looked like he had been through a lot.

"It's nothing! Something urgent came up. I'm leaving! Josie suddenly flung Matthew's hand away. Her footsteps were hurried, and she started running as she disappeared at the end of the corridor.

As it turned out, Justin had been missing for such a long time because the mafia had captured him!

The sky was getting darker outside. Josie hailed a cab to go to Mason Garden. The vehicle drove steadily, and she rested her head against the window. She tried to calm down. Justin had done many evil things, so he deserved to suffer and be treated violently.

But her dad's face kept appearing in her mind. When she was young, her dad often advised her. Although

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don't have blood relations, *you're* better than *blood*-related siblings. *Never* let *there* be bad *blood* between you two.

you

Josie wanted to treat him as her brother at first. It was a shame that his mother went too far in bullying her. The two had basically been strangers for all these years.

Justin's wails and Mr. Warren's advice kept replaying in her mind. Josie shut her eyes forcefully and almost had a breakdown. "Mister! I'm changing my destination, I want to go to Heaven on Earth!"

Heaven on Earth was in a reputable red-light district in Wavery. She had heard rumors that the mafia was the driving force behind it!

Josie stood outside the beautiful and spectacular venue. She gritted her teeth and ultimately conceded.

She had brought nothing with her. No matter what they did to her, she couldn't come up with five hundred thousand.

She called the number that had called her. They answered quickly. "What's up? Have you come to your senses, Ms. Warren?"

"Which room?"

"It's good that you have. Room 307. Say Mr. Lane's name and come up at once!"

Chapter 88 Mr Lane

Josie took a deep breath and walked through the doors apprehensively. The servers stopped her and sized her up. "Who are you looking for?"

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Mr. Lane on the third floor."

The servers put their hands down and gave her a card. They had a vaguely contemptuous gaze. From the looks of it, they must have seen many women like her.

Josie took the card but didn't go straight to the third floor. She looked for a washroom and took off her coat.

She was wearing a long dress that cost around forty or fifty. It wasn't of excellent quality, and she could tear it easily. She tore off the lower half of her dress, revealing her fair and slim legs. She also pulled out the straps and stuffed it into her dress. Her long dress was immediately transformed into a racy, short dress.

Josie fixed her hair and put on red lipstick. The woman in the mirror suddenly became extremely sensual and charming.

Women walked in and out. They weren't surprised by Josie's actions. It was as though it was a common occurrence.

She had no other way. Other than money, the only other way to deal with men was by charming them.

Servers carrying alcohol came and went in the corridor. Josie took a bottle of red wine and used her teeth to open it. She took a big gulp and made her way to Room 307. She looked fearless.

Josie clenched her fingers into a fist and knocked on the door. A bald man peeked out. "Who are you?"

Josie had a charming smile. Her arm slithered around his neck like a snake. "The manager told me to come here."

The bald man turned. "Mr. Lane, the person Mr. Barrett told us about."

The private room was filled with colorful and blinding laser lights. Inside, Mr. Lane only wore a sleeveless shirt while holding a bottle of wine in one hand. He looked rough and coarse. From the looks of it, he seemed like a difficult person who had been in the mafia for many years.

"Mr. Barrett? Who called for a girl?" Mr. Lane stood up and wanted to take a good look at Josie's appearance.

Josie moved quickly and immediately slipped into the shadows. She fell into his arms and stuck to him. "Mr. Barrett said that you're a regular, Mr. Lane. He sent me here today. You will be pleased with my service."

Her voice sounded flirty. The man felt her soft skin and didn't want to let go of her.

"Mr. Barrett is so smart. It's no wonder that Heaven on Earth has had such great business for so many years! Haha!"

Mr. Lane turned and sat on the couch as he hugged Josie, pleased.

Josie suppressed the nauseating urge to retch. At this time, she saw Justin tied up and kneeling on the floor. His hands were covered in blood, and he was unconscious.

He was better left unconscious.

"No matter how great our business is, it's because of our clients. We have such success thanks to you, Mr. Lane. Mr. Barrett especially urged me to make you drink more!"

Josie put the drink in her hands to his lips. Mr. Lane reeked of alcohol but wasn't in a rush to drink it. He squeezed her chin and looked at her carefully. He asked vigilantly, "What's your nickname? I've been here for so many years. Why have I never seen you?"

Josie's heart beat furiously. She didn't know about the nicknames here!

"... My name is Jasmine. I'm new. You're my first customer."

After briefly doubting her, Mr. Lane laughed out loud and stroked her back. "You're so smart even though you're new. Mr. Barrett is getting better! Since I'm your first, are you still a maiden?"

'Josie almost punched his greasy face.

"Of course! You can do whatever you like tonight, Mr. Lane!"

Upon seeing that he wasn't drinking, Josie put the drink down and lay in his arms.

Chapter 89 Got Him Out of Mandarin Oriental Hotel

"Did you hear that? Guys! This girl is such a flirt!" Mr. Lane laughed as he pointed to his henchmen in the private room.

"That's right, sir. We never thought that such a great thing would happen today. While waiting for money, a woman even delivered herself to you!"

Perhaps it was because of the loud noise, but Justin awoke, surprised. He opened his eyes in a daze and saw the woman in Mr. Lane's arms. Upon further inspection, he opened his mouth wide in disbelief.

Thankfully, Josie had been paying attention to him. She immediately mouthed silently. Shut up if you want

to live.

Justin closed his mouth and looked at Josie with a complicated expression. He never thought that she would really come to save him!

"Mr. Lane! This stupid fellow is awake!" It was the bald man. He was shrewd.

Josie's back was stiff. Her hand holding the wineglass froze once more.

Mr. Lane turned to the side and saw that Justin had really awoken. He immediately pushed Josie to the side and picked up a knife at the side that was covered in blood. He used it to lift Justin's chin. "You're a tough nut to crack. You woke up so quickly. I wonder if you can hold on until your sister comes to rescue you!"

Justin's eyes were bloodshot. He knelt on the floor and bowed to Mr. Lane. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lane. Please give me two days. I will get the money!"

"Why must I extend the deadline for you? Just wait for your sister to come!"

Justin looked at Josie from the corner of his eyes and trembled nervously. "She... She lied! She used all her money for my dad's medical fees. She doesn't have any money!"

Mr. Lane lightly sliced the knife on Justin's neck. Blood flowed at once. "It's not up to you to tell me if she has the money. Your sister has to tell me personally!"

"Baldy! See where she is! Why isn't she here yet?!"

Justin whimpered and sobbed as he hung his head dejectedly.

Josie took a sip of water. As she adjusted the hem of her dress, she pretended to ask casually, "Mr. Lane, what did this fellow do to owe you five hundred thousand?"

"I'm in this business. Mr. Lane threw his knife to the side and made a gesture of counting money. This fellow borrowed more than one hundred thousand from me and said he would pay me back within one week. He delayed for one month and made me look for him! I found him in Mandarin Oriental Hotel with some difficulty and worked hard to get him out of there!"

Mandarin Oriental Hotel was the biggest casino in Wavertree. Mr. Lane was powerful enough to get him out

of the casino!

Josie was still racking her brains. At that moment, his subordinate asked, "Mr. Lane. It's strange. Mandarin Oriental is huge. Why did they keep a small fry like him locked up? Why didn't they want to let him go? It took us so much effort."

"I was just thinking about that. Who knows what disaster this fellow has caused?" Mr. Lane used his foot to lift Justin's chin. "Did you hear that? You have to thank me for bringing you out. You would have died if you stayed there any longer!"

"Thank you, Mr. Lane! Thank you!"

Josie could no longer watch. She picked up a wineglass and hugged Mr. Lane, indicating *for* him to sit down. "Why must you bother yourself with such a person? Sit down and have a drink with Jasmine. Wouldn't that be more enjoyable?"

Mr. Lane's smile widened, and he kept touching her face. "Pretty women are so good at serving customers. Give it to me."

Josie gave him the wineglass. This time, he had almost put it to his lips, but someone opened the door from the outside.

"Mr. Lane." It was a lazy and unruly voice of a young man.

The man was against the light, so he couldn't see inside the room, but everyone could see him. Josie's hand trembled while she held the wineglass. Calvin Barrett?!

"Hey, Mr. Barrett. Why are you here?"

Mr. Lane immediately pushed Josie away and went up to Calvin.

Calvin made his way closer as he endured the pungent smell. He smiled indifferently. "I heard that you're having something special in Heaven on Earth today, so I came to look."

Chapter 90 Calvin's Territory

"That's not true. It's only the usual fare. My subordinates must have alarmed you unnecessarily with their ignorance."

Calvin remained calm as ever and swept a glance over the private lounge.

He narrowed his eyes upon noticing a woman seated on the couch, concealing her face with her hands.

"I only wish to remind you that the authorities have kept a tight watch on us recently, so don't cause any trouble," Calvin replied indifferently and asked the waiter behind him to bring in a dozen bottles of beer

.

"Of course I won't, Mr. Barrett. You showed me such good hospitality and even sent a woman to me. Why would I want to cause you trouble?"

The woman covered her face more securely. Seeing that, Calvin smirked and replied, "I wish you an enjoyable time, Mr. Lane."

After Calvin left the room, Josie closed her eyes in despair. She never expected Calvin to own this place.

Josie could

tell from how Calvin looked at her that he recognized her. Yet, he did not say anything. It meant he feared Mr. Lane and wanted nothing to do with her.

Perhaps he would only consider helping her if she mentioned Dexter's name. However, Josie could not say anything at the time for some reason.

"Mr. Barrett, what's the matter?" the waiter could not help but ask when he noticed Calvin walking fast.

"Mr. Russell has a business gathering on the top floor, right?" Calvin sounded tense.

Dexter had just arrived and met with a group of people who enjoyed this kind of place. He had no choice but to join them.

Most of the people from Landon had arrived. Each senior director had a woman in their embrace. Only Dexter sat alone in his seat, fiddling with his cards.

He pulled out a card and tossed it gently on the table. The police are keeping a close watch these days. I was quite surprised by the phone call.

"I bumped into Mr. Carter at Southeast Reservoir last week. He also said something similar." A portly man also tossed a card onto the table. "Seems like you and Mr. Carter have a tacit understanding."

"That's not true. Arnold will be bored if I don't compete with him for what he wants."

Dexter calmly indicated to the server to increase his bet

"Martin Lane has nearly done transferring his properties. Once that happens, he will be charged with embezzlement. I'm afraid it means trouble to you and Arnold's plan to purchase Landon."

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Dexter appeared unfazed. It seemed as if the matter was within his expectation. "There is a solution to everything. Martin is dense. He's the reason for Landon's decline. It's easy to deal with foolish people, and there are plenty of ways to choose from. Still, thank you for reminding me, Mr. York."

"Dexter. The man called Mr. York continued frankly, "I've always favored you over Arnold. If this matter succeeds, we will be in the same boat. I want a portion of Landon's wealth."

Dexter pursed his lips and was about to speak. However, Calvin suddenly opened the private lounge door

and rushed into the room. He apologized to the guests, I'm sorry for the interruption."

Then, he leaned toward Dexter's ear and whispered, "Something happened."

Dexter's expression changed. He knew something severe must have happened to make Dexter anxious.

Thus, he revealed his cards and placed them on the table, saying, "Gentlemen, I've won."

Then, he got up and left the private lounge. The other guests whispered and discussed amongst themselves as he left. "What's going on?"

Calvin observed Dexter's expression and said, "Josie is on the third floor."

Dexter's usually indifferent expression had turned dangerously intimidating. He ignored Calvin's confusion and voice worriedly, "What is she doing here?"