

The Epic BD 91

Chapter 91 Exposing Her Identity

Josie was still shocked to discover that Calvin owned Heaven on Earth. As she was still thinking. Mr. Lane returned to his seat and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "Mr. Lane is quite impressive."

Josie lighted his cigarette with a lighter and willed her hands not to shake. "Yes, we won't be here if not for him."

"Miss, want to come home with me tonight?" Mr. Lane leaned close and was about to kiss Josie's cheek. He seemed pretty pleased with her.

Josie skillfully avoided him and whispered, "Of course, if you offer the right price."

Mr. Lane was happy with her response. Josie reached for a glass of beer. However, she accidentally leaned over too much, causing a card to slip out of her pocket and fall onto the carpet.

"What is that?"

Josie was stunned and almost forgot to breathe when she saw Mr. Lane pick up that card. He placed it under the light to look at it more closely.

Oh no! I forgot to remove *it*!

"Heaven on Earth guest card?" Mr.

Lane raised his voice incredulously. Then, his face twisted with fury as he glared at Josie, "You're not Mr. Barrett's staff!"

Josie's thought was a mess. She was too afraid to move. "I... I must have taken it by accident."

Mr. Lane grabbed a knife from the table and retreated a few steps. He seemed fully alert. "You there! Call that girl now!"

His subordinates rushed to find a phone and called Josie's number. Luckily, Josie had silenced her phone, so they could not catch her with a ringing phone. Still, Mr. Lane refused to give up and ordered, "Search for her!"

Everything was so sudden that Josie had no time to find an excuse to escape. A group of people rushed to her and searched all over the body. They found the phone in her pocket and unlocked the screen to find two missed calls.

"Damn woman! How dare you trick me?" Mr. Lane yelled and threw her phone against the wall, shattering

its screen.

Josie nearly blacked out from fear.

"Mr. Lane, I came here to negotiate with you. There's no need to go that far, right? Moreover, you only gave me a few hours. How am I to get five hundred thousand?"

She had lost all her sense of playfulness from before and retreated as she spoke. It took all her will not to

cry.

The knife gleamed in Mr. Lane's hand. He spat and said, "So you thought to seduce me to write off the debt? Look at yourself in the mirror. You think you're worth five hundred thousand?"

He grabbed Josie's long hair and dragged her to Justin. "How dare you two trick me?"

The ruse had been exposed, so Justin knew things were hopeless for him. He cried so much that he almost fainted and could not speak.

Mr. Lane forced Josie to kneel on the floor, hurting her knees. At the same time, he gripped her hair tightly, forcing her to look up. Then, he placed his knife against her face. "How dare you use a honey trap on me? You are the first person to attempt it. Should I press the knife harder? Can you imagine being disfigured?"

Josie thought she would die. She shuddered fearfully and said, "Please, let's talk about this, Mr. Lane. I was wrong. I'm sorry for what I've done."

However, Mr. Lane smiled manically. "Are you scared now? I should *try* then."

With that, he pressed the sharp tip of the knife into the left side of her face, leaving a red line on her snow-white skin. Soon, blood dripped from the wound. Josie panicked but did not dare to struggle.

"Kill me! You might as well kill me!"

"Kill you? You don't deserve it. It's too..."

"Stop right there!" A cold and intimidating male voice interrupted Mr. Lane before someone kicked down the door.

Chapter 92 Going Berserk Over Her

Everyone in the private lounge shuddered fearfully at the noise.

Mr. Lane turned around and saw a tall figure standing at the door. The man had an overwhelming and threatening aura, prompting Mr. Lane to frown and drop his knife in fear.

Josie slowly glanced toward the door. Blood continued to flow from her face. Her vision gradually cleared, allowing her to see the furious and intimidating Dexter.

Dexter immediately found Josie and focused on her. He noticed the despair in her eyes as she kneeled on the floor. It seemed like she was trapped in the depths of hell. Seeing her like this sent stabs of pain into his heart. She looked even more despondent than when someone snatched her credit at work.

"Dexter Russell?" Mr. Lane called out in disbelief. He never expected to see Dexter here.

On the other hand, Dexter stood at the door and glared at Mr. Lane coldly. He did not bring anyone with him, which made him seem even more dangerously insane.

Dexter pushed up his sleeves and strode forward. He did not give Mr. Lane any time to react. He pressed Mr. Lane to the floor and punched him hard, sending blood spluttering from his nose.

Mr. Lane weighed at least two hundred pounds, but Dexter quickly overpowered him. The veins on Dexter's neck throbbed. He looked so ferocious that it seemed he would kill Mr. Lane.

Mr. Lane wailed desperately. His subordinates wanted to help him, but Dexter's threat stopped them in their tracks. "Come at me if you dare!"

Although Dexter was only a young man, everyone feared his threat.

Mr. Lane covered his nose and eyes and screamed, "Stop! Don't come near!"

After Dexter had enough of beating him, he picked up the knife from the floor and asked Josie, "Which hand did he use to hurt you?"

Although Josie was somewhat rational, she could not help but tremble severely as she looked at Dexter in this state. "Right... Right hand."

Dexter forcefully restrained Mr. Lane's right hand on the floor before bringing the knife down resolutely. 'Crack!' Warm blood splattered on Justin's face. He rolled his eyes and fainted on the spot.

Mr. Lane's scream of pain could be heard throughout the building.

Dexter not only attacked fast but was quick to clean up his tracks. He took some tissues to wipe his fingers clean. Then, he bent down to carry Josie, stepped over the unconscious Mr. Lane, and left the private lounge.

Calvin had been listening outside for some time. He saw Dexter leaving the room and complained anxiously, "You have gotten too far. Have you any idea how much trouble you caused!"

Dexter's face darkened threateningly. "Step aside."

Calvin followed them and said, "I've dealt with this level and the underground car park. You can drive my car later, and this is the key. I will deal with the top floor."

After saying that, he caught a glimpse of Josie's face and was stunned. *Wow, no wonder Dexter acted so recklessly.*

Josie was in so much pain that her consciousness was blurring. The last thing she remembered was grabbing Dexter's arm and saying, "Jus... Justin."

"Calvin will deal with him," Dexter replied coldly.

Dexter moved fast and carried Josie to the car. He helped her put on the seatbelt and started the engine. Calvin knocked on the car window and asked, "Do you want me to delete the surveillance footage?"

"No, he won't dare to do anything." Dexter was sure Mr. Lane would not dare to call the police.

He brought Josie to a private hospital. The doctor was shocked to see them. "This... This..."

Dexter responded in an even but firm tone that no one dared to disobey, "I have only one requirement. Nothing can happen to her face!"

Josie lay in bed as the doctor pushed her toward the emergency room. She tried her best to open her eyes but the remaining tears made everything in her sight glimmer like crystals.

She saw Dexter covered in blood and the collar of his shirt unbuttoned. He looked sexy even in such a disheveled state. He noticed her looking at him and met her gaze. His eyes flashed with paranoia.

The wound was shallow, so the doctor soon finished bandaging it. Then, he ensured she had no other injuries before pushing her out of the emergency room.

Chapter 93 Her Face is Valuable

Dexter washed up and sat in a chair by the bed. He rested his elbows on his legs and hunched while thinking about something. At the same time, his face was shrouded with a shadow, making his expression unclear.

Josie was still asleep from the effects of anesthesia. Her lips were pale, and her face covered with bandages. She looked defenseless.

He looked at her for a long time until his phone rang in his pants pocket. He let it ring for some time before heading to the balcony to answer it.

Josie slept through the night. The effects of the anesthesia finally wore off the following day. She opened her eyes and found Julie looking at her worriedly.

"Mrs. Russell, you're finally awake. I've prepared some beetroot soup. It's good for recovering from blood loss. You should eat it while it is still warm" Julie was glad Josie woke up and brought her a warm bowl of

soup

Josie shook her head. "Wasn't I in the hospital?" *Why am I in Mason Garden?*

"Mr. Russell brought you home this morning."

Josie touched her face and felt the bandages. "Where is he?"

"Mr. Russell is in the study with a guest."

Josie's mind was still foggy. She got off the bed and looked at herself in the mirror. The bandages covered half of her face and looked ugly on her. She remembered Mr. Lane left a long wound on her face.

"Mrs. Russell, don't worry. The doctor said your wound is not too deep and will heal soon. It won't leave a

scar."

"But my skin scars easily," Josie said sadly. *I bruise* easily whenever I bump into anything. It would take nearly half a month to heal. This wound will take even *longer*.

Moreover, no man will want me *if* my face is disfigured.

Josie slumped to the floor in despair. It's all Justin's fault. I got myself disfigured to save his useless a*s! I wouldn't have helped him if I knew this *would happen!*

Josie felt agitated as she thought about Justin. *No, I must look for Dexter.*

"Mrs. Russell!" Julie was shocked to see Josie runoff in bare feet.

The study's door was not closed properly. Josie pressed herself against the wall and heard the voices. inside. She could listen to Calvin speaking.

"Martin Lane is furious to discover that you caused his younger brother's hand to be disabled. He said he would rather give Landon to Arnold than collaborate with Russell Group. There are spirited discussions about this in the business circle,"

Calvin sat on the couch and crossed his legs. He had an unbothered tone as if he was a mere spectator to the ruckus.

"Dex, you were too reckless. Alex Lane has been a money lender for many years and is backed by powerful

people. How could you hurt him like that, especially during such a crucial point of the acquisition process? It's a heavy price to pay."

Dexter held his phone and scrolled the screen casually. He seemed calm and uninterested.

"If Martin is as powerful as he claimed, I wouldn't have been able to beat up his useless brother so easily."

Calvin asked curiously, "Why? Is Josie's face that valuable? Is it worth giving up Landon for?"

"It's worthless. Moreover, Landon will eventually be mine. It's only a detour," Dexter put and sounded confident. It seemed that what happened last night did not affect him.

Calvin snorted and asked, "What should I do about Justin?"

down his phone

"Let him stay at your place and put him to work so that he can slowly pay off the debt. Inform Alex about this and say this is my compensation to him." Dexter smirked sinisterly, sending chills down one's spine. Then, he continued, "Tell him I'm sorry for hitting him too hard."

His tone was devoid of any remorse. Instead, it sounded like he regretted not hitting Alex harder.

Josie was too engrossed in eavesdropping to move away. Suddenly, Dexter glanced at the door and asked "Have you listened enough?"

Josie shuddered. She gripped the doorknob and accidentally fell into the room.

Chapter 94 How Are My Acting Skills?

"Mrs. Carroll sent me to inform you guys the food is ready." Josie mumbled sheepishly.

She was obviously lying.

Calvin laughed in his usual, unruly manner. "Ms. Warren—1 mean—my dear sister-in-law, were you cavedropping?"

Startled by his address, Josie instinctively looked at Dexter, who remained silent.

"Don't look at him. Dex almost tore down my turf, for your sake. I would be a fool if I couldn't tell your relationship." Calvin explained. Then, he cupped her face. "Besides you, I bet no one in Wavery dares to provoke Alex Lane. You're famous now!"

Josie smiled ruefully, causing her wound to reopen. She grimaced in pain and said, "Thanks to you leaving me in the lurch, I'm disfigured now."

Calvin laughed at her sarcastic remark. "Please don't blame me. I need to run my business. I'm kind enough to get Dex there."

Josie rolled her eyes and paused briefly. "I'm entrusting my brother to you. We're even."

"Don't worry. I'll discipline him properly and return an obedient brother to you in a few years."

Calvin patted Josie's shoulder and waved to Dexter. "I'm leaving first, then." He closed the door thoughtfully when he left.

Josie overlapped her toes subconsciously as nervousness crept in. "Your friend is slick with words. It's better to cut ties with him sooner."

Dexter didn't move but stared at her. "Does it still hurt?"

Stunned, Josie shook her head. "I'm just worried that it'll leave a scar."

"Yet, you had the guts to go to Heaven on Earth. Dexter commented indifferently while taking out a cigarette.

for

Josie was fearful of Dexter. She mustered her courage and walked up to him. "Mr. Hallway threatened me with Justin's life. I had no choice."

Dexter didn't light up the cigarette but fidgeted with it. "Why didn't you call me?"

"How could I?" Josie blurted.

Dexter shot a glare at her, which caused her to flinch. She bit the bullet and explained, "I mean... You're not obligated to help me. I shouldn't trouble you all the time."

Dexter smirked as if he had heard a joke. "You've already troubled me quite a bit."

"But I figured out that we're from different worlds. We should only take what we need from each other, but interactions more than that are inappropriate." Josie straightforwardly conveyed her thoughts after pondering upon them for a few days.

Dexter's gaze fell on her bruised knees. His craving for nicotine had passed, so he kept the cigarette back in the box.

"You're still angry about what happened in the meeting. Dexter made a statement.

So, he knows. Josie remained silent briefly before mumbling. "Not exactly

"What is it, then?" Dexter's tone was tinged with coaxing

He gestured for Josie to come close. "Come here."

Josie couldn't tell what was on Dexter's mind. She trotted slowly toward him. Suddenly, Dexter grasped her wrist and pulled her close. The faint smell of cigarettes wafted into Josie's nose.

Dexter turned on his laptop. The footage of her and Alex in the private room was on the screen. Her voice emerged from the laptop.

"Please let me serve you and make you happy tonight."

"You're my first guest tonight."

"I'll do whatever you want tonight..."

Josie wanted to flee when she heard the first sentence but to no avail because Dexter seized her.

She slumped onto the ground in despair. "I was driven to the corner and had no choice. How are my acting skills? Pretty good, right?"

Dexter wore a half smile under the dim light. "I didn't know you could be this flirty."

Chapter 95 Determined

Josie's face reddened in anger and embarrassment. T... Of course, I can't compare to your extensive experiences!"

"Who told you I have extensive experience?"

Josie was about to retort but was taken aback at the same time. It's hard *to* believe he's not a pleasure seeker. But to think of it, I've worked *in the company* for three years *but have* never heard of scandals *about* him and other women. At most, there were some baseless rumors *about* him and *Ivy*. Since *we* married, I've not seen him be close with other women.

While Josie was lost in her thoughts, Dexter looked down upon her from a close distance.

She lifted her face and was caught off guard by the close proximity. Before she could say anything. Dexter stroked her face gently.

"How capable of you. You nearly caused me to lose a business opportunity."

"I..." Josie trembled as she couldn't stand the increasing temperature from their physical contact. "I did know you were there too."

In fact, it wasn't his plan to head to Heaven on Earth. Yesterday, he was about to leave his office when he received a call from Ivy informing him that the senior executives of Landon planned to meet up in Heaven on Earth. So, he changed his schedule, not expecting to bump into Josie.

"Do you know how you would end up if I wasn't there?"

Josie shivered under Dexter's touch. "Will I die?"

"On this earth, there are means far more brutal than making you die." Dexter growled threateningly when Josie's bloody look last night resurfaced in his mind.

Only

then did Jose realize how fortunate she was. She stood frozen momentarily, realizing how harrowing last night had been. It was her first time experiencing the closeness of death. At that moment, she understood that nothing was more important than her life.

At that thought, she held Dexter's warm hand.

"I'm legally your wife now. You'll protect me no matter what, won't you?" Josie mumbled with watery eyes, looking pitiful. She was a good actor and knew that the best way to control a man was to gain his sympathy.

Dexter retracted his hand after staring briefly at Josie. "You may be excused from work before your injuries recover."

Josie fluttered her eyelashes and asked cheekily, "Will you help me apply for leave?"

"Mm-hmm."

"And under which identity?"

"What do you think?" Dexter didn't intend to bother with her, so he took his phone and walked out of the room.

Josie slumped onto the ground as darkness crept in. Caressing the gauze on her face, she was determined.

to cling to the powerful Dexter at all costs.

Perhaps, Josie could no longer separate her life from his ever since they were married. His world was complicated – getting rid of a notorious loan shark was a piece of cake for him. Josie would have died a terrible death if it weren't for him.

When Dexter called Phil from the Human Resource Department to apply for leave on behalf of Josie, Phil was surprised. "You're Ms. Warren's husband?"

Dexter let out a cough and concealed his original voice. "Yeah. She just had surgery."

"What surgery is that?"

“An appendectomy.”

Phil chuckled. “I see. Alright.”

Dexter wondered why Phil was amused by his answer.

Just then, Josie carefully passed a bottle of water to Dexter from behind after opening the lid to have some water?”

He didn’t receive the bottle but looked at her bare feet. “Aren’t there slippers at our home?”

cap. “Would

Josie was used to walking barefoot at home. She had a complicated feeling when she heard Dexter mention ‘their home, but she smiled frivolously and uttered. “Why don’t you carry me to get a pair of slippers?”

“You might be able to seduce Alex Lane with that look, but not me.”

Chapter 96 Is He Your Husband?

Josie’s intention was so obvious that Dexter saw through her easily and shot a contemptuous glance at her.

Embarrassed, Josie hurriedly went to put on a pair of slippers and didn’t notice Dexter’s subtle, delightful expression.

The next few days, Josie stayed at home to rest and recover. When she went for a check-up in the hospital, the doctor said it was a superficial wound and would recover completely by applying ointment after the gauze was removed. As such, no scars would be left behind.

Josie was glad to hear that. While prescribing the medication, the doctor asked casually. “Miss, is the man who sent you here that day your husband?”

Josie was surprised. Dexter seldom made public appearances, so people outside the business circle. she wouldn’t be able to recognize him. “Was it that obvious?” She asked tentatively.

“Of course! He was extremely frantic when he brought you in that day as if he wanted to get all the doctors in the hospital to treat you. I almost wanted to call the police when I saw your body covered with blood. It turned out you only suffered some superficial injuries.”

The doctor’s description sounded extravagant. Josie had never expected outsiders to have such an impression of Dexter.

“I’m so sorry for the trouble caused.” The truth was the blood was Alex’s, not hers.

She had not seen Dexter for a few days. The latter seemed to be busy and had been coming home late at night. After parking his car in the courtyard, Dexter lifted his head to see Josie sitting on the bedroom’s balcony.

When he entered the house, Josie came downstairs in her slippers and helped Dexter to hang his coat. “What would you like to have for dinner? I asked Mrs. Carroll to prepare several cuisines. There must be something to your preference.”

Dexter arched an eyebrow doubtfully, does that have to do with you since the food is prepared by Mrs. Carroll?”

“I helped with seasoning!” Josie squealed.

Dexter wore a suspicious expression while Josie pushed him to the dining room. “I’m a patient, so I can’t cook yet. Please be more understanding. Try some, alright?”

—

Dexter was forced to sit in the main seat. He wasn’t particularly interested in the table full of delicious food because he had had dinner it was an appointment with Martin at Heaven on Earth, in the same private room.

While they were playing cards, Martin uttered with a fake smile. “Mr. Russell, it was ruthless of my brother to mess with your woman. I apologize on his behalf.”

Dexter’s expression remained indifferent. “I was too impulsive. Nonetheless, I wouldn’t have meddled with the matter if it wasn’t Russell Group’s employee.”

Looking shrewd, Martin shrugged. “I reckon she’s not just an employee. Rumors have been running wildly, saying you were all worked up for that woman because she might be your future wife.”

Martin wasn’t fabricating lies. Calvin was right – Dexter’s action had attracted others’ attention. Recently,

the circle had been buzzing with speculations about who the woman was. However, they could only find out that she was an employee of Russell Group and nothing else.

The fact that Dexter strictly suppressed the news was suspicious.

“Those are just rumors. I’m far from Arnold, who is popular among women. You should know that, Mr. Lane. Dexter filled his glass. “Please take this toast as an apology to your brother. Besides, I’ll send one million cash to his villa.”

With that, he chugged the wine.

Martin narrowed his eyes and refused to buy into the superficial apology. In contrast, he perceived that Dexter was provoking him – one million was a drop in the bucket for Dexter.

“Let’s not beat around the bush. Mr. Russell, as a final settlement for the matter, I hope you can increase the acquisition price of Landon. It shouldn’t be hard for you.” Martin lit up a cigarette and smoked it. “As of now, your plan has not been made known to Arnold. Otherwise, when he returns from his business trip and discovers the matter, the acquisition of Landon might turn into a cut-throat competition. I’m proposing this for your good.”

Chapter 97 Would You Divorce Me?

“Correct me if I’m mistaken, Mr. Lane, but just a few days ago, you made it clear that you would rather hand over Landon to Arnold Cartier than give me a chance, Dexter chuckled softly, his face clouding over in the dim lighting.

Martin swallowed, narrowing his eyes. “Mr. Russell, let’s be honest here. I could easily use Alex’s injury assessment to take your employee to court. You won’t even have the time to contend with me anymore.”

Thinking of Josic, Dexter’s usually expressionless face changed slightly. He set down his cup and asked. “Mr. Lane, do you know where your brother took Justin Warren out from?”

“Who is Justin Warren?” Martin couldn’t even follow where Dexter’s question was leading him to.

“He is the person that started all these, Dexter reminded.

“Where?”

“My hotel, Mandarin Oriental. Dexter, the man always under control, revealed a sinister smile. “Your brother has been doing all the illegal deeds. He has blood stains all over his hands from all these years, not to mention usury. I could expose him with the proof of him engaging in violence and debt collection alone.”

Martin hadn’t been handling things personally for years, so it wasn’t surprising that he was unaware of Dexter’s capability. He snorted, “Mr. Russell, don’t forget. I have connections.”

“Mr. Lane, there’s a reason why Mandarin Oriental has steadily stood its place in Wavery for so many years, Dexter spoke faster, exuding a compelling momentum that silenced people.

That night was destined to end in discord, and the conversation ended with his face completely darkened.

“Now I wonder if Mr. Lane’s people can save you from the charge of embezzling public funds.”

The waiter came in with tea, and Dexter stepped forward, walking past him and out of the private room. Ivy, who was waiting outside, immediately followed. “Mr. Russell, isn’t this too radical? We haven’t secured Landon yet. What if they managed to save Martin?”

“It won’t happen,” Dexter replied decisively.

Ivy was slightly stunned. She had followed this man for years and rarely saw him being irrational. However, she had already witnessed him losing control so many times in this project, and all of it was related to that woman.

“Make sure to clean up the mess at Mandarin Oriental, and don’t give anyone a handle,” Dexter reminded in a low voice.

“Got it. How about the situation with that employee? Should I go on behalf of the company to offer condolences?”

"No need, Dexter said, tilting his head and glancing at her.

Stunned, Ivy pursed her lips, a wave of jealousy thrummed through her.

"What has Arnold Carter been up to recently?"

"There was an incident in his project, and someone died. Public relations hadn't been handled properly, so

he went to deal with it. He's been stretched thin in Wavery recently."

"Alright."

Dexter snapped out of his recollection, and his gaze fell on Josie, who was half-leaning on the table. She had poured a bowl of corn rib soup and brought it to him.

"It's sweet. Want to taste it?"

She smiled sweetly, not caring whether he had eaten or not.

Dexter took over the bowl. His eating manners were elegant, sipping it in tiny mouthfuls, and he quickly finished it. "Did you remove the bandages at the hospital today?"

"Well, there's still a scar, and it's really unsightly since it's not healed properly," Josie said.

"The wound is not deep. It will be fine in a few days," Dexter reassured her, gently pinching her chin as he examined her scar under the bright light.

Josie felt uncomfortable with the physical contact; her body tensed, and her gaze fixed on him. "Dexter, would you divorce me if the scar on my face wouldn't heal?"

Chapter 98 Rewards And Compensation

Josie was self-aware and knew he cared not because of who she was but who she resembled—the girl in the photograph.

Dexter let go of her chin. "I didn't marry you solely for your appearance."

His cryptic response had Josie chuckle as she mockingly acknowledged her audacity. She gestured towards the bowl. "Aren't you going to eat the meat?"

"Are you that eager for me to eat it? Did you poison it?" Dexter nonchalantly unbuttoned his cuff.

If I could, I would have done it long ago."

Dexter glanced at her and casually remarked, "You were quite daring at Heaven on Earth, pouring an entire pack of sleeping pills into the wine. That was a ruthless move."

Josie's lips parted in silence surprise. "How did you find out?" She had indeed drugged the wine, hence her eagerness to make Mr. Lane drink it, but she hadn't anticipated the interruptions.

She was surprised that he had discovered her attempted scheme. It seemed that Calvin had more skills besides repairing computers.

Dexter remained silent in response.

"I had no other choice. It was the only option I could think of," Josie explained carefully, not wanting to upset Dexter.

"It's not bad to be daring when you're my wife," he suppressed his emotions and continued, just try not to attend such events in the future. You can't handle it."

Having only attended an extravagant event once in her twenty-plus years of living, which nearly cost her her life, Josie dared not venture into such a situation again.

Compared to the fury he had displayed that night, his emotions had dissipated. He appeared calmer than ever, but she missed his rage. Dexter seemed more human-like when he expressed his feelings openly.

"My injuries have already healed; it's just the scar showing. Can't I return to work?" Josie understood well that missing a day of work meant earning one less penny.

"No, the scar would attract too much attention, and people would draw connections, Dexter explained.

Unaware of Dexter's reputation in the industry. Josie felt discontented. "Great. My credit was taken away, and my salary was cut in half. The bonus I received wouldn't even cover the loss here. I really shouldn't have run those errands for nothing"

Dexter lowered his gaze. Observing her fiddling with the chopsticks on the table, he suddenly asked, "Do you want some ice cream?"

Josie was taken aback by the question. "Huh?"

Dexter instructed Mrs. Carroll to get two ice cream boxes from the fridge.

Josie grew cautious, her eyebrows twitching as she inquired, "What are you doing? You said those were for me."

The two boxes of ice cream were placed on the table, and Dexter smiled lightly, "I'm not taking them from you, it's for you to eat."

"...Didn't you say it's a reward for work, and I could only eat it when I made progress? But I haven't made any progress." Josie was confused.

"Well, it's a reward," Dexter said as he opened the lid and scooped a bite. He brought the spoonful of ice cream to her lips. "No matter what the others think, you were the one that secured the project with Keaton. The bonus is the biggest proof of your progress. So, how can you say you haven't made any progress?"

Josie was surprised that he remembered those things. She took a bite of the ice cream hesitantly, the coldness of the ice cream aching her teeth. "I thought you were on their side since you didn't say anything that day."

She had been dwelling on his attitude on this matter until then. It was as if she needed his acknowledgment to believe she had succeeded.

Seeing that she had a grip on the spoon. Dexter let go of it.

“And what’s the reason for the other box of ice cream?” Josie licked the ice cream, moaning in satisfaction as she thought to herself that expensive food always tasted better.

“Compensation.” Dexter said indifferently, taking out a cigarette box. Pausing momentarily, he decided not to smoke and played with it in his hand. “Alex Lane is a well-known figure in Wavery. He can be intimidating for some, but you attended the event independently, showing bravery and strategy. It’s just a pity that your face got scratched. So, it’s compensation.”

Chapter 99 Tying His Tie

Josie bit her inner lip. For some reason, she detected a hint of sarcasm behind his words.

“Thank you so much. Mr. Russell.”

Dexter went upstairs with the box of cigarettes in hand.

As the man disappeared from view, Josie asked Julie to keep the second box of ice cream back in the freezer. She could not finish all of it immediately and planned to savor it the next time Dexter suffered losses.

But the sweet taste made her forget all her displeasure. As *expected*, humans *are* not made to bear bitter things.

Now that she did not need to work, Josie slept in every day. Because of her injury, the maids did not dare to wake her up, even if she slept into the afternoon.

She finished off too much ice cream and spent the entire night making trips to the toilet. Exhausted, she spent the rest of the day sleeping to make up for the loss of sleep. It was evening when she finally woke up. She stretched and headed downstairs to find Dexter on the sofa with black-framed glasses as he worked on his laptop.

She paused in the middle of her step and glanced at the time. “Is Mr. Russell back from work, or did he not go out today?” She whispered to a maid.

He was usually not home at this hour.

“Mr. Russell stayed home today.”

Thinking that she had depended on him, Josie felt guilty. She hesitated and decided to idle her room. Just as she turned around, the man called out. “Josie.”

She could not just leave and turned back sheepishly. “What is it?”

There was a frosty look on his face. “Wash up. You’re going out with me.”

away back in

She was unsure about it. "The scar on my face hasn't healed yet. It will be embarrassing for *you*."

"That's not a problem." He shut the lid of the laptop and put it aside.

"Then, how should I dress?"

"As long as it is suitable for going out, that will do."

She understood that he had no expectations. It seemed that they were not going somewhere particularly important.

She went upstairs and put on a plain dress she usually wore for grocery shopping. Without realizing it, the clothes in the closet had begun to pile up, and the room was no longer foreign as she had stayed there for a relatively long time.

Dexter had already changed into a suit when she stepped out. He picked out a tie, and the maid was about to tie it. Josie stepped forward. "I'll do it."

He gave a look, as it was unexpected of her.

She took the tie from the maid and tiptoed while circling it around his neck. She smiled. Is there anything wrong with a wife tying her husband's tie on him?"

Her womanly scent wafted to him. He kept silent and let her do as she wanted.

Her deft hands brushed against his Adam's apple, seemingly unintentionally. She watched as it moved up and back down. It was captivating. The last trace of timidity disappeared, and a yearning for him took place.

"Dexter, you're stunning."

He lowered his eyes and stared at the bowtie. "Did you put on perfume?"

"Yeah. It's white tea. Does it smell nice?" Her greed took over.

She gave him a coy smile. As the light shone at her at that particular angle, she looked nothing like Leanne.

"It's nice, but don't put any on next time." He stepped back to create distance between them and headed to the door.

She followed him, gasping for breath. "I'm not done with your tie yet. Wait!"

She did not expect him to move aside swiftly and grasped her thin wrist. He stepped closer and stared at her from above. Their breaths intermingled.

"What are you doing?"

She was caught off guard by the sudden change in the air and forced a smile. "I'm testing if I can seduce you, Mr. Russell."

Chapter 100 Bringing Her to the Casino

When she saw Dexter's slim and unapproachable figure standing there earlier, she had a random urge to see other expressions on his face. Anger, insanity, and lust. Any other emotions would do.

He quirked an eyebrow. "I told you, it doesn't work on me."

As he finished his sentence, Josie leaned forward. Their lips would touch if one of them spoke. She leaned back the tiniest bit. "What a shame."

His gaze darkened, and the air around them turned cold. He released his grip on her hand. "You don't need to go anymore."

I've crossed *the line*. Josie immediately stopped. It had been too long since she went out. She could not let the opportunity go.

"I won't do anything else."

He kept silent and strode out. The driver, waiting next to the car, went to open the car door when they appeared. Josie followed behind Dexter hurriedly. After all, he did not insist on not letting her go.

At half past seven, the Porsche stopped at the entrance of the Mandarin Oriental Hotel. Dexter threw a face mask at Josie. "Put that on."

She was reluctant. "Why didn't you just say so if you thought that I was hideous."

He did not explain himself and stepped out of the car.

Dozens of luxury cars, evidently extravagant, were parked at the entrance. Guests were entering and exiting the place. A woman waiting in the lobby immediately moved forward when her benefactor arrived and accompanied him upstairs.

A middle-aged man was among the people in the lobby. He quickly walked toward Dexter when he spotted them. His gaze flitted to the woman wearing a face mask behind Dexter. "Mr. Russell, it has been a while."

"How has business been?"

"Same old. All thanks to you, our revenue has not declined at all." The man took a glass from an attendant and passed it to Dexter. "I assure you the mistake from the past few days won't happen again. Alex Lee is a sly fox. I didn't even realize that he had taken the person away."

Josie stood quietly in the elevator behind them and analyzed what she had heard.

Alex mentioned Mandarin Oriental Hotel the other day. It turned out that it was Dexter's territory, and Justin was caught at this place.

"Have you wrapped up all loose ends?" Dexter swirled the untouched glass of liquor.

"Don't worry, I've handled it. We caught a few moles and dealt with them."

"Has Mr. Yves been here recently?"

“Mr. Yves is a regular. He came last week and held a small gathering.” The man said with high spirits.

Dexter turned to Josie and gestured for her purse. He gave her a few things before they left.

“Were these people at Mr. Yves gathering? He pulled out a photograph of a group.

The man studied the photograph and nodded. “Yes. These people came for several of Mr. Yves gatherings. Particularly, this one.” He pointed at a person.

Dexter hummed in reply as he had a rough idea of the situation.

Josie took back her purse, and the elevator stopped at a floor. The man said respectfully, “Mr. Russell, what do you have in mind tonight? I’ll ask the staff to prepare.”

They were on the top floor, which was vibrant and buzzing. Men moved about with women in their arms. Attendants walked in and out of rooms with casino chips and briefcases.

Mandarin Oriental Hotel housed the largest casino in the entire Wavery. It was built in a ring shape. There were sayings that one game night would cost at least ten million. Yet, it was nothing more than just another place that deluded people into thinking they could strike gold.

“Do you want to play?” Dexter suddenly turned to a dazed Josie and asked in a teasing tone.

“Are you kidding me? Where am I supposed to get money from?”