

Blind Date 121

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A Trap

“Who is it?”

Dexter asked in his deep and gravelly voice.

Josie appeared from the dark and slowly walked into his office’s soft glow of light. “Are you always this alert, Mr. Russell?”

Her canvas bag was slung over her shoulders, and her work outfit was simple. Nonetheless, the office was large and luxurious, with a high ceiling and an open view of the city. Josie felt like a small fish in a big pond.

Once he saw her, the scowl on his face faded. “Why didn’t you return to Mason Garden?*

Josie put her bag down and went closer to him. Her finger rested on his furrowed brows as she said, “I was on my way back, but I decided to wait for Mr. Russell as I saw the lights at the top floor were still on.”

Dexter grabbed onto her hands without losing the frown on his face. “I see you’re no longer afraid of getting caught.”

Josie shook her head. “Isn’t it thrilling to have an office romance?”

She leaned in closer to him, leaving almost no gap between them. Dexter narrowed his eyes when he sensed a familiar smell from her body..

“You’re still a little blunt. You love to call me Mr. Russell whenever you seduce me.” Dexter pushed her away softly with a look of disdain masking his face. “A man’s desire cannot be easily awakened with stiff flirtation.”

Josie had no intention of seducing him. Instead, she tilted her head slightly and asked, “I feel this is right up Mr. Russell’s alley. Or else, why would you let me handle the Sylmark project?”

She had her cards out on the table, but Dexter seemed uninterested. He stared at the antique clock in his ” office. It was five–hundred–year–old antique worth hundreds of thousands. Its design was marvelous.

“There’s no one better fit for this position than you. You shouldn’t act naive when you’ve got what you wanted easily.”

Josie fell silent. This must be why he doesn’t have any friends. Who would want to be close to him when he has such a wicked mouth?

“Is it truly because I’m the best fit?” Josie stood behind him and looked at him in confusion. “It’s reasonable for me to save Justin. No one would doubt my intentions. But Mr. Russell, you must’ve set up a chess game and made us your pawns you could control anytime. Am I right?”

Dexter finally turned around and calmly stared at her. "I don't understand what you're saying?"

Josie smirked at his feigned indifference. "It's rare Mr. Russell can't understand such simple words."

She was fully alert, like a porcupine ready to defend herself.

"The Carter Group and the Russell Group have been enemies for a long time, and you're clearly not on good terms with Arnold Carter. He racked his brain to find your weakness, so he set up a trap for you in Wavery, even though he was in Rivodia. He used me to test you, and you fell into his trap. My face was thus ruined by his scheme."

Josie continued in a composed manner. "So you assigned me the Sylmark project as a way to compensate me. I can't deny that Mr. Russell still has some humanity."

Dexter finally understood what she meant. He finished his cigarette and threw it into the bin.

"A businessman wouldn't make decisions that do not profit them. So what did I gain from this?"

"You took advantage of the opportunity to get closer to Martin Lane and gain more insight about Landon. This would make it easier for you to defeat Arnold Carter."

Dexter lowered his head and grinned. "You met Arnold Carter."

He made a statement without needing an answer from her.

Josie felt a surge of anxiety creeping within. This has been happening for a long time. I guessed it myself."

'Dexter immediately exposed her lie. "I could smell La Romance Conti from your body. Only Arnold Carter owns this wine within Wavery."

Josie never would've imagined she would be exposed by the red wine she didn't even drink. How is he so

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The Excitement in the Elevator

Dexter slowly walked to her and grabbed her face in his hands. "Let me guess. It wasn't a brief encounter. I suppose!"

Josie could no longer deceive him as he had her in his grasp. "I saw him in Sylmark while I was surveying the grounds on-site. It was a coincidence. I had no choice"

Dexter's eyes were as sharp as an eagle. Nothing could go unnoticed under his watch.

"Sylmark." Dexter clenched his jaws as he repeated. Suddenly, he connected the dots. "The south of the city. It must be today."

Josie's face was flushed. His eyes sparkled, and he didn't look furious. Dexter released his hands and said, "If you know this is a trap, then do you know what Arnold gains from this?"

After he released her, she gasped for air and tried to speak. "Him? I don't know?"

"After Arnold exposed my weakness and Alex Lee was injured, every executive in Landon looked at us with suspicion and distrust. The ones who were initially on our side also ended up supporting the Carter Group. I put in a lot of effort to win the favor of two of the executives. Josie, how would you pay me back for this?"

Josie carefully mulled over his explanation. If he was telling the truth, it would be a significant loss for him. "I know you've found the key person needed to take over Landon. If he's defeated, the other executives would have no say over the acquisition."

"It's not that easy to defeat him. Besides, I never had to go through such a difficult pathway initially

Dexter's eyes were serious and unwavering. The redness in her face has slowly faded away.

Josie furrowed her brows without saying anything. After a moment, she looked up at him with a wide grin. "Mr. Russell, you mentioned that Arnold had found your weakness. Does that mean your weakness is me?"

Dexter shifted his gaze, baffled by her comment. He quickly took his coat from his seat and left his office. Josie quickly took her bag and followed behind. "Why aren't you answering me? Am I your weakness?" Dexter wouldn't turn around to look at her. "It's the identity of my wife. Not you."

"Am I not your wife?"

Josie suddenly wrapped her hands around his arms. He stayed still and didn't push her away as he pressed the button for the lift.

"Aren't you embarrassed?"

Josie's mischievous smile was spread across her face. "Did you assign me the Sylmark project because you

like me?*

Dexter walked into the elevator without answering her.

Once the doors closed, she leaned closer to him. "Are you ignoring me?"

The elevator was large and mirrored, reflecting their every move Josie's arms wrapped around his waist, slowly trailing her fingers along his abs. "Dexter, this is your personal elevator. Would anyone monitor us

from the CCTV? If we did something here, no one would notice, right?"

He has abs even with the heavy workload? He must be really disciplined.

Dexter tilted his head, and their faces were almost touching. At the slightest movement, their lips would touch.

His eyes were cold and distant. He grunted coldly, thinking of what happened the last time, "Don't move so close to me."""

“Don’t you like the thrill?” Josie’s hands continued trailing along his abs. He felt a shiver down his spine when she reached his lower abdomen and grabbed her hands. “Stop moving

Josie was lost in her thoughts, excited to mess around with Dexter.

Their clothes were messy, and their reflections in the mirrored walls were anything but innocent. Dexter ‘didn’t respond to her tease, but his eyes looked captivating to her.

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Exceed Fifty Percent

Josie was charmed by Dexter’s dark, intense gaze. “Dexter, she whispered.

She felt herself drawn to him like a moth to a flame.

At this moment, the elevator door opened, and they reached the parking lot.

Dexter immediately kept his composure and pulled away from her. “That’s enough”

Josie lost her balance and almost fell on the floor. She turned and looked at Dexter’s back, his shoulders stiff and unyielding. She stomped her foot in anger, feeling betrayed and hurt.

As a driver took them home, she didn’t dare to act recklessly. Eventually, she fell asleep in the car.

Josie slept soundly as the driver pulled up to Mason Garden. Dexter hesitated momentarily before sitting down again and whispering, “Josie, we’re here.”

Josie slept soundly, her face peaceful and relaxed. A single strand of hair had fallen across her check, and she didn’t stir as it tickled her skin.

Dexter felt frustrated but ended up carrying her out of the car.

The maid opened the door. When she saw her in his arms, she lowered her voice and asked, “Is Mrs. Russell asleep?”

Dexter nodded slightly. He later pushed the bedroom door open with his feet and laid her on the bed.

Dexter looked around the bedroom and saw that it was filled with all her belongings.

He paused when he found a stack of sketchbooks on the bed frame. The first sketch he saw was a caricature of him with the words: The Devil.

Dexter sneered softly as he rested his gaze on the woman on the bed.

She was good at drawing but wasn’t a professional.

He continued to flip through the sketches. They were no longer caricatures. Instead, they were weird sketches of money, ice cream, an injured face, and a hand covered with blood.

There was also a sketch of the picture of him with Leanne.

It was a picture from the Russell Mansion.

Dexter's fingers gripped tighter onto the piece of paper. He felt his mind racing as he looked at the person sleeping on the bed.

After the door closed, Josie opened her eyes amidst the silence that filled the room.

Josie inhaled the cool, musky scent of Dexter that still lingered in the room. She turned to look at her sketches, which were neatly stacked on the bed frame.

She thought it was impossible when Arnold asked her to get fifty percent of Dexter's interest. But right now, she felt as if she could exceed fifty percent.

Even though Claire was supposed to be her assistant for Sylmark's project, she kept her hands off the project entirely, leaving Josie to rush over the designs by working late into the night.

"Ms. Miller?" Claire noticed Ivy waiting for the elevator when she was about to leave work.

Ivy nodded at her. "You're leaving now. Ms. Wilcher?"

"Yes." Ivy was Dexter's assistant, so she didn't dare to act rudely.

"The Sylmark project is a project important to our corporation. Ms. Wilcher must be really busy these days, Ivy asked with a polite smile.

Claire felt her rage boiling. I'm merely an assistant. The workload is alright, she sneered.

Ivy slowly shifted her gaze to the back and noticed Josie typing hastily on her keyboard. "I'm not sure how the executives decided on it. Everyone is aware of Ms. Wilcher's outstanding ability. How did you end up "as the assistant?"

"Ms. Miller, you have a good eye for talent. Someone must've used petty and filthy tricks to be in charge of a project they're not qualified for. What bad luck!"

They took the elevator to the ground floor together. Ivy bought two cups of Americano and gave one of them to Claire. "If she's not qualified, we shall make her resign."

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You Can't Let Her Win

Claire felt stifled. I. I know what to do.

Ivy was pleased. She was even more satisfied when she saw Claire walk away weakly.

She took a sip of coffee. The bitter taste dispersed in her mouth, and she furrowed her brows. Many years had passed, but she still couldn't drink Americano as Dexter did.

Ivy had forgotten a document in the office and had hurriedly returned to take it yesterday. night. That was when she saw the wench, Josie, hanging around Dexter. Although the latter looked impatient, he still patiently told her about Landon and Arnold.

Ivy had never been treated like that!

And their actions were intimate....

Although Josie made the first move. Russell didn't push her away.

The hatred in Josie's heart increased when she thought of that scene. She wanted to destroy Josie viciously!

After one week.

Josie worked at the office until dawn daily for the Sylmark project. She kept discarding designs and starting from scratch because she was unsatisfied. It wasn't easy for her to come with a proposal she was satisfied with, but it was almost the day of the meeting when she

up

did.

Claire put one hand on Josie's workstation. "Take the blame and resign if you can't come up with anything. Don't be too hard on yourself."

Josie's hands left the keyboard. She leaned back to confront Ivy. "If I remember correctly, the two of us are a team. Will you also take the blame and resign like me if I can't come up with anything, Ms. Wilcher?"

Claire glared at Josie. "I won't be in such a state if I were the main designer in the first place."

"It's a shame you

"You! aren't."

"May I offer a bit of advice, Ms. Miller? Instead of criticizing me, think of ways to help me in the meeting. It's such an important project. Many significant leaders will be there."

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His Heart Is Failing

Josie calmed down when she saw Claire's face red from anger.

"I don't care! You're the main designer, so you're responsible. It has nothing to do with me." Claire seemed defeated. She rushed back to her office angrily in her heels.

Josie sneered after Claire left.

But Josie was running out of time. She had to work overtime to finish the design, and it wasn't easy to draw on the bus. Josie had tried it a few times, but it was inefficient. And for some reason, she felt someone following her, but she wouldn't see anyone or anything when.

she turned.

Is it Justin? But he's now with Calvin.

Josie felt that she was going mad from working overtime, so she decided to hitch a ride with Dexter for the remaining days.

It just so happened that he only left work late at night. No one would bump into them in the office.

In the car, Josie smiled while holding onto her laptop. She chatted happily with the driver. "Thank you, Mr. Sorby."

The driver, Chris Sorby, glanced at the man's dark expression in the rearview mirror and didn't dare say anything. "You're too polite, Mrs. Russell... You can call me Chris."

Josie ignored him. She turned on her laptop, and the modeling page popped up.

Dexter massaged his temples. He disapproved of her actions. "What kind of a design can you come up with by working at the last minute?"

Josie didn't even raise her head. "Mr. Russell, it's best for you not to comment since this isn't your field."

Dexter narrowed his eyes. He couldn't be bothered to argue with her further.

The Porsche drove quickly at night and raced past the city's neon lights. The car was silent. Dexter was replying to emails. There was a rapport between the two as they tapped on their keyboards.

At this time, the piercing sound of a phone ringing broke their rhythm.

Josie took out her cell phone. When she saw that it was a call from Matthew, she immediately answered in fright. "Matt?"

Dexter stopped typing.

Matthew's voice was loud and panicked. "Jo! Quickly come to the hospital. Your dad's heart is failing, and he suddenly stopped breathing. We're trying to save him now!"

Josie's hand started to tremble, and her throat tightened. "I'll come now!"

She ended the call, shut her laptop abruptly, and looked at Dexter, who was beside her. He said decisively, "To the hospital!"

Josie clenched her hands tightly and took a sip of water. She looked entirely lost.

"My dad has never been in such a situation all these years that he's been sick. Is he..."

Dexter's calm voice suppressed her anxiety. "No. It's normal for patients in a vegetative state to experience heart failure. It's alright if the doctors can save him."

Josie's eyes met his. "What if... they can't..."

"Josie, Dexter stopped, and his voice softened, "that won't happen."

The car stopped at the hospital entrance, and Josie immediately exited the car before running in. Dexter slammed the car door, and he followed her quickly and urgently.

It was like a hundred-meter dash for Josie because she was so nervous. She bumped into countless people on the way and apologized to them numbly until she reached the theatre.

operating

The outside of the operating theatre was empty. A nurse rushed back and forth with medical equipment, and Josie suddenly grabbed her. "Miss, how is my dad?"

"We're still trying to save him now."

Dexter had arrived. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. He said to the nurse, I'm sorry. You can go ahead."

Josie had lost all sense of propriety, and she fell into his arms weakly. She heard his voice from above. "Calm down. Everything will be fine."

The words 'In Surgery' were brightly lit outside the operating theatre. It made Josie tremble.

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Josie sat on a bench in the corridor and hugged her knees. She felt very insecure.

"Do you smell that, Dexter? It's the smell of disinfectant. I hate this smell. It's so suffocating." she said softly.

Dexter's throat rumbled. He had never comforted such a vulnerable woman, so he didn't know what to say.

Josie was still speaking. It seemed like she could only soothe the panic in her heart by talking.

"How did you feel when your grandfather was sick? Were you upset?"

Dexter sat beside her and spoke softly. I was nervous, just like you. Although I didn't need money, I understood clearly at that moment that we can't defeat illnesses"

Josie shut her eyes. She felt the same today. "Everyone advised me to give up treatment for my dad three years ago. They said he would be as good as dead if he continued living. Not only would I run out of money, but he would also become a burden. More importantly, he would be in a lot of pain."

"But I wanted him to stay alive, and I didn't care. He had to survive. He's my father. He raised me for many years, and I haven't repaid him. She took a deep breath, and her tears fell.

Dexter put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her into his arms. His chin rested on top of her head. "Your dad persevered so many years because of you. He will understand."

Josie looked up with tear-filled eyes, searching for approval. "Really? Will he really not blame me? Then why did such a thing happen today? Is he in pain? Does he want to leave?"

Dexter raised his hands and wiped away the tears on her face. He must be angry because you haven't visited him in a long time."

Josie paused and quickly nodded. "That's right. That must be the case. I haven't spoken to him in a long time, so he's angry and blames me."

When Dexter saw her repeat it to herself continuously, his heart ached for her. All their so-called boundaries disappeared without a trace. At that moment, he just wanted her tears to stop.

But at that moment, the doors of the operating theatre opened. Matthew was at the front, and a few doctors in white gowns were behind him.

“Matt! How’s my dad?” Josie tottered forward.

Matthew looked away from the man behind her. His brows wrinkled slightly, and his voice was gentle. “Don’t worry. We saved him. He’s out of danger.”

Josie felt weak, and she patted her chest. “That’s good. Why did such a thing happen today?”

Matthew took off his gloves and explained patiently, “Mr. Warren has been lying on the hospital bed for three years. With the medicine he’s given, it’s normal for his heart to fail. Although we saved him, he will be in bad shape in the future if he doesn’t wake up.”

Josie listened solemnly. “Alright...”

“Your family has to work hard in this aspect and try your best to wake him up.” Matthew looked at her from the start until the end. “Jo, there isn’t much time left.”

Josie understood, and she nodded furiously. “Alright. It’s good that he survived. I will try harder after this.”

After they finished talking, the doctors behind Matthew stepped forward and greeted Dexter respectfully. “Hello, Mr. Russell.”

They were the medical team that Dexter had arranged.

Dexter looked up. His voice was indifferent yet restrained. “Spare no effort for the following treatment.”

Matthew pursed his lips and looked at the dignified man. “Jo, this is?”

Josie came to her senses. For a moment, she didn’t know how to introduce Dexter.

“He...”

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A large hand fell on her shoulder as soon as she spoke, and Dexter’s voice was heard. “I am Jo’s husband, Dexter Russell.”

It was a bolt from the blue.

Matthew’s scrutinizing gaze turned vigilant. There was also very subtle malice.

Josie raised her head, baffled. Tears were still in the corners of her eyes. She never thought Dexter would admit it in front of the medical team and Matthew, an outsider.

“It’s you.” After a long time, Matthew laughed lightly. He reached out to shake Dexter’s hand. “I’ve heard Jo mention it.”

In other words. Matthew was implying that he and Josie were good friends who knew everything about each other. Or perhaps they were more than friends.

Upon hearing it, Dexter looked down. "Oh? I didn't know that Mrs. Russell had such a good relationship with Dr. Sander."

The grip on Josie's shoulder tightened, and her blood froze. However, this wasn't the place to explain.

Thankfully, nurses pushed Josie's dad out of the operating theatre at this time. Josie found an excuse to leave. "Dad is out. I'm going to see him." Since Dexter had started this mess, he could deal with it himself.

Dexter was six feet tall and towered over Matthew slightly when they stood opposite each other. Dexter spoke in a deep voice. "Dr. Sander, I heard that you requested to join Paul's medical team. You used to be his attending physician, so I approved of it. Thank you for your hard work."

Matthew looked to the side and saw Josie looking closely at her dad. "It's my duty as a doctor. You're very

devoted too, Mr. Russell. The medical team is excellent. But it's my first time seeing you in three years."

A smile appeared on Dexter's face. "You've never met me, Dr. Sander, but I've seen you previously."

Matthew frowned. He didn't remember. "Where have you seen me, Mr. Russell?"

"At the business district near the hospital. You were eating with my wife at the time. What was it?" Dexter thought about it earnestly. "I think it was Italian food."

Matthew's expression changed. He never imagined Dexter had seen him eating with Josie alone.

"What tone are you using with me, Mr. Russell? I've known Jo for three years. Is there anything wrong with us having a meal together?"

Dexter's lips curved. "Of course not. I hope you can have a meal with both of us next time. It'll be on me."

Matthew held his tongue and didn't answer. He stared in Josie's direction, looking captivated by her.

Dexter silently blocked Matthew's line of sight by stepping to the side. "Jo and I got married in a rush. I haven't had time to come with her to the hospital, but I will come frequently after this. Dr. Sander, you can also talk to me if you need to speak with Jo."

It was a marriage agreement, but Dexter used his identity as Josie's husband to mark his territory. Matthew was slightly perplexed.

Josie's dad was pushed into the hospital room, and Josie followed up with the nurse. Matthew suddenly appeared behind her, examining Paul's physical signs skillfully. He said casually, "Is he worried that I will publicly reveal his identity? Is that why he's acting as a good husband before me?"

Josie was confused. She stood up and saw Dexter's figure at the hospital room door, talking to someone on the phone as though dealing with work.

"What did he say to you?"

Matthew sounded slightly angry. "He said I can also speak to him if I need to speak with you."

Josie also felt that what Dexter said had overstepped a boundary. Dexter shouldn't have been so open about his identity, but her mind was a mess at this time. She didn't notice anything strange, so she said, "Yes. He's afraid you will make it public."

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Matthew kept his equipment and said solemnly, "You know I won't do anything to harm you."

Josie was touched, and she nodded frantically. "I do. Matt, I'm very thankful for you, as always. Sometimes, I feel like you're a brother to me."

Matthew wasn't happy when he heard it. His lips twitched. "Nice try. Stop trying to take advantage of me. I don't want to be your brother."

Josie didn't think much of it. She felt slightly embarrassed.

Josie only sat down when the medical staff left. She held her dad's bony hand and couldn't say anything for a long while. "... What do I have to do to wake you up?"

She stayed in place of the care worker that night. Dexter had walked over after he ended his call, and he didn't react when she told him. "I'll stay with you."

Josie was surprised. Although the VIP hospital room was nice, it wasn't a place for someone of Dexter's stature to stay.

Upon seeing her open her mouth in surprise, Dexter patted her head. "What's up with your expression? Getting old, sick, and dying is only natural. It happens to everyone, and it isn't a unique experience."

Josie was comforted by what he said. She asked, "Did you say that to Dr. Sander just now because you're worried he will expose us? Don't worry. He won't. He's not that kind of person."

Dexter leaned against the window and took out a pack of cigarettes. He unwrapped it. "Do you know him well?"

"He's basically my father's savior."

"I have this floor covered. Nothing will be leaked. As for Dr. Sander, I also trust that he won't say anything." Dexter lit the cigarette between his lips and said casually, "Because he likes you."

Josie's eyes widened when she heard it. "You're mad. Matt is like a brother to me. How can that be?"

He opened the window to let the smoke out. "How do you think he thinks of you?"

"There's no way. If he likes me, why didn't he tell me..." Josie couldn't accept it.

Unlock succeeded

argue with her.

This was the first time Josie had heard of such a possibility, and she thought it was absurd. But her thoughts wavered when she recalled the moments she interacted with Matthew. Josie never had the time nor dared to have such thoughts. Now that she thought about it, it seemed likely.

"I'm ordinary, and I have nothing. I only have a sick father. Why would he like me?"

When Dexter heard her muttering, he ridiculed her. "Yes. I never thought I would marry someone like you, either."

Josie didn't seem to hear him. She stared at the man on the hospital bed and was lost in thought.

"Dr. Sander doesn't like me. He treats me like a friend. Don't tease me. I'm thinking of how to make my dad wake up."

Josie had tried everything when her dad had first gone into a coma. She had tried staying overnight with Justin, and she tried talking a lot to her dad. One year passed, and her dad didn't move at all. Gradually, she could only get her life in order first and work hard to afford his medical bills.

Dexter's eyes closed slightly, and he extinguished his cigarette. "Let nature take its course. You can't force life or death."

Josie's figure stiffened. She didn't turn around. "You're ruthless."

His actions paused. Josie suddenly asked, "Dexter, have you ever been unwilling to let go of anyone? Other than your grandfather."

Dexter sat near the light, and his face was half lit. After a moment, he answered indifferently, "Yes."

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"Were you sad at the time? You must have been upset, right? Perhaps the person treated you well. How would you allow them to leave your life suddenly?" Josie wasn't implying anything. She was immersed in her sadness.

"Sad?" Dexter said slowly. He thought of the endless rainy season back then.

The woman, who had always been intelligent and graceful, had hit him frantically that day. She slapped him mercilessly. "If I could, I wish that I never met you. Do you know you're a vile spawn that ruined my life?!"

Servants rushed forward and pulled her away, shouting for Dexter to leave quickly.

Dexter, who was seven years old at the time, stood frozen on the spot. His mouth was filled. with blood, and he had looked at her numbly. "... But Mommy, I love you very much."

He was still young, and he hadn't known how to express his feelings at the time. He only knew how to say 'I love you.'

The woman turned manic. She felt agitated by what he said. She viciously picked up a cup on the table and threw it at his face. "I don't need you to love me! Why don't you

die?!”

For a moment, blood flowed profusely. The boy had stood on the spot and didn't say a word. while the entire villa went into turmoil.

Dexter composed himself and took a deep breath. “I was too young. I can't remember well.”

He only remembered that he never expressed his feelings after that incident.

Josie didn't know what he was thinking about. It was an ambiguous answer.

She seemed to be talking to herself. “My father means a lot to me. He would never desert me even if the world had abandoned me. Back then, we were poor, and he had frostbite on his hands. He was unwilling to buy a pair of gloves for himself, but he was willing to buy me ice cream after school every day. He didn't even buy ice cream for Justin.”

“After I grew up, I had everything other girls did. He was young but worked two jobs because of me and ended up sick.”

Dexter said nothing as he listened to her. He seemed to have thought of something.

Her voice choked up, and she said, “I'm going to take my laptop from the car.”

After she left, the hospital room felt cold and quiet. Only dust floated in the air, making Paul's face seem unrealistic. Dexter slowly sighed.

He sat closer to Paul, and after a long time, he said, “Hello. I'm Josie's husband.”

It felt strange, so he added, “Perhaps it's only temporary.”

There was no response.

Josie's dad lay on the hospital bed without moving. Only the dripping of Paul's IV reminded Dexter that Paul was still alive.

Dexter rarely said anything emotional because he didn't like to. Although he was still aloof at that moment, his voice softened. “It hasn't been easy for her for the past few years. Don't worry. From now on, I will do everything I can to protect her. But you are her only wish. If you don't want to burden her, please quickly wake up.”

After that, Paul still didn't move. Dexter didn't expect him to, either. Josie hadn't been able to wake him for the past three years. How could he wake Paul after talking to Paul for the first time?

When Josie went downstairs to take her laptop, she realized a few more bodyguards were on duty. There were also bodyguards by Dexter's car. She furrowed her brows. “You...”

Chris quickly said, “Mr. Russell arranged for them.”

It made sense. With his stature, sensational articles would be released if reporters saw him in the hospital.

Josie returned to the hospital room with her laptop and found Dexter sitting at his spot. He looked up at an elm tree outside the window. Dexter had a strange expression that was hard to figure out. Josie didn't know what he was thinking of.

Someone like him shouldn't have been here, but he chose to stay. It was hard to argue with him.

Josie composed herself. She turned on her laptop and put it on a table before the couch.

When Dexter heard the noise, he asked her, "Are you working?"

Josie didn't raise her head. She was focused on amending her design. "The meeting is approaching. If I can't submit a design, I will voluntarily take the blame and resign without Claire forcing me."

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He Will Let the Cat Out of the Bag

Dexter said nothing. He suddenly realized that she was doing her utmost to keep her job. She was persevering.

After a long time, Dexter sat beside her on the couch and examined her design. "How much do you have left?"

Josie was exhausted. "I'm almost done."

Dexter said nothing. He leaned back on the couch. When he saw it clearly, he asked, "School district housing?"

Josie burst out laughing in disbelief. "You spent so much money on this project. Don't you know what it's about?"

Dexter didn't know. His initial goal for the project was for her to practice her skills.

But she didn't seem too happy.

"Take your time. If you can't make it, I will find a way to postpone it," Dexter said in a low voice. He picked up his pack of cigarettes and seemed slightly distracted.

Josie paused. She turned and looked into his cloudy eyes. "Are you trying to let the cat out of the bag?"

"So what if I am?"

He answered honestly and innocently. Josie was dumbstruck.

After a moment's silence, a smile quietly appeared in the corners of Josie's mouth. She used to think Dexter didn't have many feelings because he was cold and indifferent. But in reality, he downplayed his kindness to others. He was silently compassionate to others without them realizing it.

Once Josie noticed it, the feelings in her heart flourished.

Josie didn't push herself. When she was almost done, she lay at the side and slept. She only woke the next day when Matthew came to do his rounds in the morning.

up

No one was beside her. Dexter had left.

For some reason, there was a coat draped on her. It was from Dexter's suit.

Matthew examined Paul with the nurses, and a care worker entered the room. Josie packed up and was about to go to work.

He Will Let the Cat Out of the Bag

"Jo," Matthew called her.

Josie turned. She didn't know why, but she felt strangely toward him since Dexter said Matthew liked her.

"Matt."

Matthew pursed his lips tightly. Rays from the rising sun landed on him, making him seem warm and gentle.

"I thought about it the whole night. Every move your husband makes isn't ordinary. He has eyes and ears on the whole floor and smart tricks up his sleeve. Keep yourself safe. You can call me if you're in danger."

Josie was startled, but it made sense when she thought about it. Dexter didn't appear in public often. It was only natural for Matthew to feel wary about him. But... she wasn't in danger.

She forced a smile. "Matt, I know you care for me, but he won't harm me. Don't worry."

Matthew wrinkled his brows. He looked like he wanted to say something but stopped. "It seems like you know him well?"

"Not really. Just think about it this way. It's a mutually beneficial relationship. He won't harm me."

Matthew was still apprehensive. "Jo, are you going to get a divorce when your father wakes up?"

Josie thought about what Dexter had said when she saw Matthew like that.

Does Matt really like me?

"Matt, I'm going to be late. I'll be leaving. I'll come at night." She pointed at her watch. nervously before running out to the corridor.

Matthew was lost in thought as he watched her stumbling figure.

Josie ran downstairs and suddenly discovered that Dexter's car was still around, and so was Chris. He said to her respectfully, "Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell instructed me to send you to the

office.”

Josie was surprised. “What about him?”

“Mr. Russell left in another car. He intentionally ordered me to stay back.”