

Blind Date 131

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Chicken Soup

Josie was about to be late, so she didn't turn Chris down. She got into the car.

On the way to the office, she thought about Matthew's words. Will I get a divorce if Dad wakes up?

In the beginning, Josie would have gotten a divorce without hesitation and escaped Dexter. But now, the two were entangled. It seemed like they would still be intertwined after a divorce.

The meeting was tomorrow. Josie sorted out her designs earnestly the whole day, and she immediately packed up when it was time to leave work, preparing to go to the hospital.

Alice called after her. "Why are you in a rush? What are you doing? Are you done with the project?"

Josie stuffed her laptop into her bag, and she looked tired. "Almost. The doctors operated on my dad yesterday and said I must think of a way to wake him up. That's why I must go to the hospital today."

The entire design department knew Josie's father was in a vegetative state. Other people sighed when they heard it, and someone interrupted, "Why don't you ask your husband to take care of him? You're also working overtime. How can you bear all these on your own?"

When Josie heard it, she trembled in fright. She didn't have the nerve to ask Dexter to care for her dad.

Alice added, "That's right. The meeting is tomorrow. You should be cautious. It's alright to ask your husband to take your place for a day."

Josie was dumbfounded. "He... he..."

Alice lowered her voice and said, "Why? Is it inconvenient?"

It's very inconvenient! Josie's lips twitched. "He... Didn't I tell you? He's not feeling well too. It's fine. It's just a little more tiring for me."

After that, she walked to the elevator guiltily.

People started discussing behind her back. "Pffi, what a shame. Josie is quite pretty, but she married such a man. It will get tougher for her in the future."

At this time, Claire returned and bumped into Josie. She sized Josie up strangely. "Are you done?"

Josie had a headache and sounded tired. "Yes, thanks to you, Ms. Wilcher."

Claire sneered and raised her brows. "You better make sure there are no mistakes. Not only will important leaders be there for tomorrow's meeting, but government officials will be there to monitor too. Don't embarrass the design department."

Josie looked away. She couldn't be bothered to argue with Claire. She walked past Claire and left.

Claire gritted her teeth as she watched Josie's figure. She felt slightly nervous. She wouldn't let Josie get promoted!

Dexter didn't go to the hospital with Josie today. He left Chris for her so she could come and go as she pleased.

Although he didn't say anything, she felt his effort.

He was cautious. Chris deliberately parked away from Russell Group, and Josie walked to him without attracting attention.

"Is Mr. Russell very busy today, Mr. Sorby?"

Chris raised his head. "It seems like it. He has a dinner party today, so he should be quite busy. Don't blame him, Mrs. Russell."

Josie couldn't help but laugh. "Calling me Mrs. Russell is like second nature to you."

If people kept calling her 'Mrs. Russell, she would think that she was indeed Mrs. Russell.

It was better to not think of anything rather than have such delusions.

Josie stayed in the hospital room and took care of Paul. Mrs. Carroll sent over food and clothes from Mason Garden.

"Mrs. Russell, here's some chicken soup. I added vegetables that I got from the farmers' market. Drink it while it's hot so you can regain some strength."

Josie took the bowl and drank a mouthful. Sure enough, it was fragrant and delicious. "You have great skills."

Mrs. Carroll smiled kindly. "Mr. Russell specially instructed me to deliver it on time so you won't get hungry."

Upon hearing it, Josie burned her tongue on the soup. "He instructed you?"

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Birthday Present

"That's right." Mrs. Carroll didn't feel anything strange.

Josie was slightly lost in thought. How is he so attentive?

Mrs. Carroll left late at night. Josie lay on the couch. She tossed and turned but couldn't fall asleep. Josie took out her cell phone and wanted to play games but wasn't feeling it. In the end, she opened her chat with Dexter. What is he doing now? Is he still at the dinner party?

He should be drinking, right? Did he drink too much? No, he's always had his limits. No one can force him to drink if he doesn't want to.

Josie was actually quite nervous when faced with the meeting tomorrow. This was her first time in charge of such a big project. She could make a name for herself, and many important figures would be present...

Josie suddenly thought to herself. Would Dexter be nervous if he were in my shoes? I don't think so. He's experienced a lot.

Today, Dexter was at Leo's birthday party. Leo had invited many friends, and everyone was having fun. It was lively. Leo, who was from a wealthy family, liked famous figures and Internet celebrities, so a few were invited.

Dexter didn't quite like such occasions. Leo almost jumped with joy when he saw Dexter. "I thought you wouldn't come. Mr. Russell!"

"It's your first birthday after returning to the country. How could I not show up?" Dexter leaned to the side and gave a box amid the noise. "It's a present for you."

Leo

Leo's eyes lit up, and he opened the present at once. A pair of car keys were inside.

"You kept asking me to remodel the car before you left the country. I held back because you were still underage back then. I can give it to you now."

Dexter had been wild when he was young. He was well-versed with race cars and tattoos, and Leo had always worshipped him. Leo even dreamt of owning a Mercedes AMG G 63 that Dexter had personally modified.

Leo was so excited that he was close to tears. "You treat me so well, Mr. Russell."

Dexter smiled faintly.

After that, he sat in the corner and lit a cigarette. He looked at the lively younger people with the dim lighting and didn't seem to want to participate.

A few Internet celebrities wanted to approach him and offer him a drink. The man had such a different demeanor. He was unrestrained yet dignified. Those Internet celebrities had met many wealthy people, but not someone who was both rich and charming.

But Leo stopped them and warned them. "Don't try to flirt with Mr. Russell. He won't be interested."

They could only give up and peek at Dexter reluctantly.

He sat in the corner for a long time. He didn't smoke or play with his phone. He spaced out, lost in thought and slightly distracted.

At this time, his cell phone on the table rang. He saw something and answered the call quickly but didn't move.

Josie heard the noise in the phone, and she wrinkled her brows. "Are you at a nightclub?"

Dexter never thought she would take the initiative to call, so he subconsciously asked, “Did something happen at the hospital?”

Josie was silent and answered after a moment. “... No.”

Both of them were silent. Josie heard the noise on his end and felt awkward. “Actually, it’s nothing much. I’m just bored by myself. Are you free?”

Dexter raised his brows. “I can’t come to the hospital if you want me to.”

Josie laughed when she heard it. She wondered if she could ask for such a thing. “It’s not that. Can you talk to me for a while? I’m slightly nervous.”

She didn’t know why, but she felt more nervous after she summoned the courage to make this call. She felt anxious when talking to Dexter.

At this time, Ivy came in. She hesitated when she saw that he was on the phone.

Dexter indicated for her to speak.

Ivy leaned close and spoke softly in his ears. “There is an investigation team at the scene in plain clothes. They’re on the left. I just received the information.”

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Tracking the Culprit

Dexter nodded, and he held his cell phone in his other hand. “You can start sending out the information.”

Ivy nodded, expressing that she understood. She quickly left the private room.

Josie faintly heard some noise on the other end, but it wasn’t clear. “Is that Ms. Miller?”

Dexter got up and walked out of the noisy space. He found a hidden spot where no one would notice him. “Yes. Today is Leo’s birthday, so I came to give him a present.”

Josie acknowledged it, although she didn’t fully understand what Dexter was doing. But after the last time, she vaguely felt he wasn’t sincere toward Mr. Ardon.

“Did Ms. Miller accompany you?” Jose asked affectionately after she thought about it for a while.

“Why? Are you jealous?” Dexter leaned his elbow against the railing. As he looked down, he saw a group of uniformed police officers enter.

“Yes. There are rumors in the office that Ms. Miller is the only woman by your side, and she will be the future Mrs. Russell.” Josie lay on the couch and deliberately acted coy.

“What do you think, Mrs. Russell?” Dexter put his hand on his forehead casually as he saw the group of people enter the elevator.

Josie smiled. “They said that Russell Group wasn’t at its current scale in the early days. It was Ivy who helped you build it up. Is it true?”

"Ivy is loyal, dependable, and skillful. It's only natural for me to trust her."

Nearby, the elevator rose as it went up.

Josie didn't quite understand. "If that's the case, I'm curious why Ms. Miller didn't catch your heart. She's pretty. You could have asked her to marry you."

"She's been with me for too long. Grandpa wouldn't have believed it." Dexter wasn't very interested. "Did you call me at this time to criticize me, Mrs. Russell?"

Josie was startled by his mild teasing, so she explained dully, "I'm slightly nervous about the meeting tomorrow."

The elevator doors opened, and the uniformed officers walked out. The servers retreated when they saw the police officers.

Dexter smiled. "You had quite a vicious demeanor when you exposed Samantha's plagiarism. I thought you were brave."

"How is that the same... Wait, were you there at the time? How do you know?" Josie mumbled. I heard about it."

At this time, she heard shrieks and various frightened screams from his end.

"What's happening?"

The person in the lead took out a document. "Police inspection. Please cooperate."

After that, a group of people poured into the private room. Everyone in the room panicked. but none were allowed to leave.

Dexter turned, and he stopped thinking about it. He loosened his tie with one hand and said to Josie, "I will be at the meeting tomorrow."

Josie furrowed her brows and was silent for a moment.

"Did something... happen to Leo?"

The elevator was going down, and Dexter didn't have good reception, but Josie could still hear the noise clearly. Dexter raised his brows. She's pretty sharp.

"How did you guess?"

Josie never thought that it was really the case. Her throat closed up in a panic. "... I heard police officers there. From what I understand, Leo is younger than you. If you attended his party personally, it must not have been to merely give him a gift."

It was to... make a move...

Dexter said coldly, "His father is very influential in Wavery and conspires with many officials. It's not that I wanted to make a move. He gave me the opportunity to do so."

Josie knew Dexter wanted to mess with the Ardon family, but she never thought he would move so quickly.

"Is something wrong with Leo?"

"Yes, but not much. Everything depended on Leo."

Ivy stood waiting at the entrance. The night was cold, and her legs were bare. She was tottering slightly and looked weak.

She thought it was strange and furrowed her brows when she saw Dexter still on the phone

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The Person He Groomed

Josie was terrified. She thought that the city officials were untouchable. Still, she never imagined that Dexter could make a move against someone so influential.

"So you didn't actually go to give him a present, but to..." Make things difficult for Leo. "Leo likes you. He would hate you if he found out."

Dexter got into the car, and Ivy followed. He looked down and casually picked up a coat placed at the side. He threw it on her legs. Ivy was pleasantly surprised.

"I can only guarantee that if something happens, he won't have a hard time in the future." Dexter held his cell phone in his other hand. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

After talking to him, Josie suddenly felt that what was happening tomorrow wasn't a big deal, and she naturally felt less nervous. "I'm going to sleep now. Um, Dexter..."

The man waited, and he heard her say, "Be careful."

After that, she hung up at once. Dexter heard the dial tone in the phone, and a subtle smile appeared in the corners of his mouth.

Ivy noticed his smile and unconsciously guessed who was on the other end. Was it Josie?

"Where is she?"

"Mrs. Ardon has been waiting for a long time," Ivy answered quickly.

"Tell her to come in."

The car door opened, and a woman with exquisite makeup entered. When she saw the coat covering Ivy's legs, she smiled at the man with his eyes shut. "You treat your assistant well, Mr. Russell."

Ivy gripped the coat tightly and said coldly, "Get on with it."

The woman spoke wearily. It was a bit of an occupational hazard. "With the current situation, I'm unsure if I can keep it to myself. If you can protect me, Mr. Russell, I will serve you. faithfully."

Dexter had yet to open his eyes. He smelled the scent of perfume on her and furrowed his brows slightly.

Ivy spoke nastily. "We've groomed you for so long. Are you trying to take us for granted?"

"Watch your words, Ms. Miller."

The Person He Groomed

Ivy was dumbfounded.

"Why should I protect you?"

The man's voice was icy. It was as bone-chilling as snow in winter.

Mrs. Ardon stared at his ethereal face, and her hand slithered up his leg. "Westin Ardon abused his public position to attain personal gain. I have a list of people who conspired with him, including Martin. I don't know if this stepping stone will move you, Mr. Russell."

Ivy glared at Mrs. Ardon's hand.

Dexter still hadn't opened his eyes. His leg twitched, and he shook her hand off. "Where's the name list?"

Mrs. Ardon's hand shivered. She had experienced a lot, but she couldn't conquer this man. "How can I simply bring such a thing with me? This is part of a video. Would you like to take a look. Mr. Russell?"

He still didn't move. Ivy intuitively took it and glanced at it. She said, "It's real, Mr. Russell."

Dexter slowly opened his eyes and finally looked at Mrs. Ardon. She had deliberately dressed up today and was in a tight dress that exposed her bosom. He glanced at her and looked.

away.

"What do you want?"

"Twenty million. And my freedom."

"I'll give you an additional ten million. Report it under your name. After that, I will guarantee your safety," Dexter said indifferently yet solemnly.

Mrs. Ardon was moved by the figure. "How will I know if you will really protect me?"

Ivy said, "Think about it. If we don't protect you, what if you turn on Russell Group?"

Mrs. Ardon came to her senses when she heard it. "But... Westin is already on alert recently. He doesn't even let me enter his study room."

[Chapter 136](#)

Accident

Josie ran to a bike-sharing station nearby and got on a bicycle. It was faster than staying in the cat.

It took twenty minutes to get to Russell Group. Since she had a bag with her and had to go through traffic lights, she would still be delayed, but the meeting would start one hour after she had to clock in. The worst-case scenario was that she would be late to clock in. It wasn't too bad.

Josie paid attention to the traffic. It was terrible during peak hours. Everyone was in a rush, and it was slightly dangerous to cycle among cars.

After she started cycling, she suddenly realized that there seemed to be a car following her

It was a black Mercedes Benz.

She wasn't sure, so she took two consecutive turns, and the car followed her. It would have been fine if they were both heading to Russell Group to work, but the other party's motive was clear. It followed behind her from the start until the end. It sped up and slowed down when she did.

Josie furrowed her brows tightly. She couldn't think of who would want to target her.

She didn't know what the other party wanted. She cycled with one hand and took out her cell phone with some difficulty to call Alice. When the call went through, Alice started shouting. "Oh, my god. Do you know that it's one minute to clock into work? You better be downstairs Josie's head hurt. "I can't make it. I'm still on the way. How's the situation at the office?"

"The meeting room is ready, and many leaders will arrive soon. Should I help you stall?

"Yes, please. I'm in a fix. I'll try to get there as fast as I can." After that, Josie stared at the turning before her. It was an alley, and a car couldn't fit.

She gritted her teeth and swerved to the side, leaving her initial path. She entered the alley and stopped. She stood with one leg and turned to see the Mercedes Benz suddenly stop at the alleyway. It had nowhere to go.

Josie smiled. "Trying to mess with me? Dream on."

She didn't know who the other party was, and they seemed to give up and leave. She continued cycling as she made her way through the alley. She would arrive at Russell Group after turning a corner.

On the way, Josie was distracted as she thought about who was in the car. They couldn't have been sent by Dexter. Chris was still stuck in traffic.

But she had no enemies. Can it possibly be Arnold?

After she left the alley, she could see the logo of the Russell Group building when she raised her head. She smiled. Hope lay ahead.

As she crossed a boulevard and cycled to the road, the Mercedes Benz suddenly appeared from her left like a predator waiting for its prey. It focused on its target and drove straight at Josie.

Her pupils widened. The Mercedes Benz had a clear target and was fast. Josie had no way of avoiding it. She couldn't avoid it even if she braked. At the next moment, there was a massive crash. She was hit and fell to the ground, and her body distorted. She was in pain.

Josie fell to the ground, and her laptop fell to the side. After that, she saw fresh blood and people gathering around her.

Her hope completely vanished. She wanted to move but didn't have the energy to do so.

"No..."

At Russell Group.

Claire was pacing outside the meeting room and stared straight at the elevator. Her palms were sweaty. "What's going on? Why hasn't she arrived yet? The meeting is about to start."

Claire spoke softly and even felt slightly weak.

Many leaders had arrived and gathered in the meeting room. Alice gritted her teeth as she brought coffee in. "I'm going to entertain the leaders. Please hold on, Ms. Wilcher. Josie will make it. She's on the way!"

Alice ran into the meeting room as she served everyone drinks. She explained that traffic was terrible and Josie was still on the road, so she hoped everyone would wait.

At ten o'clock, Dexter came down from the top floor. Ivy followed him. "Mr. Russell, you don't have to attend the design department's minor meeting, do you?"

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Solved It for Her

He put both hands into his pocket. "There's no harm. I'm going to take a look."

It was a minor meeting, but the woman had been a nervous wreck yesterday. Dexter couldn't help but smile when he thought of Josie's tone.

On the twenty-seventh floor, a group of people were gathered at the entrance of the meeting room. He stopped. "Has the meeting started?"

Claire looked at Ivy, who was behind Dexter. Claire was sweating profusely. "Mr. Russell? Why are you here?"

"I'm asking you a question."

No one thought Dexter would attend the meeting, so they left one by one.

Jo... Josie isn't here yet." Claire didn't dare to raise her head.

Ivy stood upright and asked in surprise. "What did you say? It's ten o'clock. Where is she?"

At this time, Alice came out of the meeting room. Her legs immediately felt weak when she saw Dexter. Oh no. Josie is done for this time.

Claire immediately pulled her. "Since you're the closest to Josie, tell us. Where is she?"

Alice had no way out. "She... Twenty minutes ago, she told me she was on the way and asked me to stall."

“What nonsense! Is she playing around with such an important meeting?” Ivy rebuked furiously.

Dexter’s face darkened, and he told Alice, “Call her.”

“I... I tried... She’s not picking up.”

Dexter’s expression changed completely, and his mystifying eyes became dark and fierce. He walked out and used his personal cell phone to make a call.

“Where is she?”

The other party was surprised. “What? Hasn’t Mrs. Russell arrived at the office?”

“What do you mean?” Dexter’s voice slowly deepened.

He hung up shortly, and there was a coldness around him. He walked past everyone and opened the meeting room’s doors. His awful expression instantly became serene.

“We meet again, Riley.” Dexter extended his hand.

“Why are you here, Mr. Russell?” Riley Spence, who was in charge of the Sylmark project, stood up, surprised upon seeing Dexter.

Other leaders around Riley also stood up. Most of them felt impatient from waiting but never expected Dexter to appear.

“How is our coffee? We’re sorry for making you wait.”

Riley shook Dexter’s hand and sighed with a laugh. “Your employee must be important since we must wait for her, Mr. Russell.”

Dexter admitted it with a faint smile. “The employee suddenly met with a mishap, so she can’t attend today’s meeting. I apologize on her behalf. I will buy everyone a meal next time to make amends. I hope you can understand.”

Everyone cried out in surprise. “A mishap? What...”

Regardless if the reason was valid, Dexter had personally appeared to solve the matter. They had no reason to get angry, for Dexter’s sake.

“I will send someone to deliver the design tomorrow. We will make it an online meeting.” Dexter said politely. He continued patiently, “I hope that this episode today won’t affect our partnership in the future.”

No one dared to say a word after what Dexter said. It was advantageous for them to owe Dexter a favor.

“It’s alright. Our health comes first. I hope that your employee can get well soon, Mr. Russell.”

After leaving the twenty-seventh floor, Dexter rushed to the parking lot while Ivy ran to catch up with him.

His cell phone rang. "Mr. Russell, we found Mrs. Russell. She was involved in an accident on the road in front of Russell Group. Her injuries aren't fatal, and she's currently being treated at City Hospital. It was a Mercedes Benz who ran into her. The identity of the car owner is currently being investigated."

"Continue investigating and detain that person!" Dexter's voice echoed in the parking lot, sounding intense and murderous.

Ivy couldn't help but cower. She didn't dare to say anything the whole way.

Dexter didn't intend to hide Josie's identity in front of her any longer.

[Chapter 138](#)

An Eye for an Eye

Outside the operating theater, a light was lit up above him. This was his third time standing here.

The first time was for Grandpa, the second was for Paul, and the third was for Josie.

Dexter took out a pack of cigarettes and wanted to light a cigarette. His hand trembled slightly, and he struggled momentarily before lighting his cigarette.

Ivy stood behind him and wanted to say something but stopped. She never thought that Dexter was already treating Josie like this.

He was actually frightened... Ivy had been with him for many years, and they had experienced various troubles, but this was her first time seeing him with such emotions....

After an hour and a half, Dexter had puffed cigarette after cigarette. He was shrouded in a smokey fog and had a nasty expression.

At long last, the doctor exited the operating theater while wheeling Josie out. "Who is her family?"

Dexter got up and said, "I'm her husband."

Ivy's heart sank.

"I will inform you of her condition. Your wife has fractured her arm, so we put a splint on it. She has to rest for a while. Other than that, she wasn't hurt badly. She just has some minor injuries."

Dexter looked over. Josie was lying unconscious on the hospital bed, and her left forearm was in a cast. There were also bruises on her face. She didn't look angry. Instead, she looked like she was on the brink of death.

His heart tightened.

"You have to deal with her admission procedures after this. She has to stay for observation for a few days."

Ivy gripped her constantly vibrating cell phone tightly. She said with difficulty, "Let me go, Mr. Russell."

Dexter was in disbelief. His cigarette continued burning, and it burnt him. He came to his senses. "She was in an accident. Have you done a full body check-up? Is there anything wrong internally?"

The doctor gave him a form to sign. "We have. There are no other problems, but she's in a poor mental state. She woke up a few times during the surgery, mumbling that she needed to go to the office. Your wife is really a workaholic."

Dexter froze as he held the pen. His heart tightened.

Ivy arranged for a VIP hospital room. Dexter sat by Josie's bed in the room and watched her as he was lost in thought.

Someone came to the door shortly with a file. "Mr. Russell, here's some information."

Dexter took it and quickly opened it. A stack of photos spilled out. There were a few pictures of Josie lying on the road as she was under the bicycle. Her bloody state was unpleasant, like a broken porcelain doll.

"There was an accident from the hospital to Russell Group, which caused a huge traffic jam. Mrs. Russell exited the car and rode a bike-sharing bicycle while someone followed her. The driver was a hoodlum released from prison a few days ago. According to him, he just wanted to take revenge on

society. We've reviewed the surveillance cameras and found that he has followed Mrs. Russell for the past few days. He did it deliberately. Someone must be inciting him behind the scenes."

realized someone was following her. Hence, she

In some of the surveillance footage, ill hit.

deliberately went into an alley but was still hit.

Dexter sneered as he flipped through the person's information. "Does the hoodlum drive at Mercedes Benz?"

Dexter's subordinate was startled. "Did Carter Group... Should I investigate Arnold?"

Dexter had a fierce and vicious side profile. He concluded, "It isn't him. He wouldn't use such simple and vulgar ways."

"It was today out of all days..." He hit his knee with the file absentmindedly. "What were their motives? Did they not want Josie to attend the meeting?"

He looked at Ivy, who was at the side. He had already come up with a preliminary conclusion.

"Investigate within Russell Group."

She pursed her lips. "... Alright."

As Dexter spoke to his other subordinate, his voice was fierce. "Keep watch over the driver. Once the investigation ends, I want to make him pay. An eye for an eye."

[Chapter 139](#)

Distance Between Life and Death

Josie had a dream. She dreamt that she had arrived at Russell Group safely, and Alice pulled her as they ran forward. Alice was grumbling that Josie was too slow. Then, Josie pushed the meeting room doors open as she apologized to the leaders. Josie hurriedly turned on her laptop, explained her reasoning behind the design, and analyzed everything thoroughly. Everything went smoothly as she had imagined.

Ultimately, her design was successfully approved, and everyone clapped for her. She smiled as she looked around when she suddenly saw Dexter standing at the entrance and smirking at her.

She quickly awoke from her dream and suddenly opened her eyes. She saw a white ceiling and a nurse standing beside her bed, adjusting her IV.

"You're awake? I'll call the doctor."

Josie was startled as she sized up the things in the hospital room. She saw a coat on a chair. It belonged to Dexter.

She cried out to the nurse, "Miss, what happened to me?"

"You were in an accident. Don't move. Get up only after the effects of the anesthetic have worn off. I'm going to call the doctor."

Soon, the nurse returned with the doctor, who examined her. The doctor had a grave expression. "Other than your fracture, you weren't injured badly. Rest well for a few days, and don't move about."

Josie only saw that her arm was in a cast at this time, and she instantly recalled that she had been hit by a car. Her elbow was the first to break her fall when she fell to the ground. It was no wonder that she suffered a fracture.

That's right. I fell at the entrance of Russell Group, and I missed the meeting...

Josie grabbed the corner of the nurse's outfit. "Miss, who sent me to the hospital? Where is the owner of this coat?"

When Josie said it, the nurse's smile deepened, and she was slightly shy. "The police sent you in, and your husband was dealing with your procedures. He was just here. Take a look." The nurse took out a mirror and put it in front of Josie. "He personally cleaned the bruises on

face. He said you're vain and would panic if your face had a scar."

your

Other than the slightly red bruises on her face, her face was free from sand or dust.

Josie couldn't explain her feelings. It was hard to imagine someone like Dexter patiently

Distance Between Life and Death

cleaning her face. It seemed like he also cared for her face.

"Are you unhappy?" The nurse realized she had said too much. The hospital director had instructed that the patient in the hospital room was different, and the nurse had to take good care of the patient. Don't tell me their marriage isn't as beautiful as it seems.

Josie was feeling downcast. "Where is he?"

"I think he went to take a call."

The nurse only packed the equipment and left after Josie's IV was completed. Josie was momentarily lost in thought as she lay on the hospital bed alone with a dull and lifeless expression.

"Mr. Russell." Two bodyguards stood at the door.

Josie was startled. She looked to the side and suddenly saw Dexter walking in casually with his cell phone in his hands. He said, "You're awake?"

Josie didn't know why, but she started shivering when she saw him. Her eyes reddened, and she slowly vented her suppressed feelings. "Dexter, I thought I was going to die. I really thought I would die when the car hit me."

Her trembling voice made Dexter quickly walk to her side. "You're alright now."

The lingering fear came in waves. Josie looked up at him tearfully. "I don't have Who wants to kill me?" any enemies.

He pursed his lips, and his voice was deep. "We're still investigating. The driver is a hoodlum. and has been detained. Someone must be inciting him behind the scenes."

Someone inciting him... It must be premeditated. Josie didn't dare to think about how long someone had been watching her. She grabbed a corner of Dexter's shirt. "I felt that someone had been following me for the past few days. Is it the same person? Can you ask people to check the surveillance footage?"

[Chapter 140](#)

The Ardon Family's Rage

She was in agony.

"It's alright." Dexter pulled her into his arms as she shivered. His hand stroked her hair gently. "I've been investigating, and we will have results in a few days. Just rest well, okay?"

Josie buried her head in the man's warm embrace and smelled the clean aroma of detergent. on him. She slowly calmed down. "I always thought that I wasn't afraid to die until the moment when I was hit. I finally felt the gap between life and death. Dexter, I don't want to die..."

Her tears soaked his shirt, and it made Dexter freeze. The bitterness in him grew, and his expression was nasty.

"You won't die with me around."

After a moment, she said, "... What happened to the meeting? Did I mess it up?"

with

Dexter didn't let go. "I said you won't mess it up. my support."

Warmth flooded into Josie's fearful heart. "Does everyone have a bad impression of me?"

"If you want to make up for it, quickly gather your energy. There will be an online meeting tomorrow."

When Josie heard she could make up for it, she finally stopped crying and pulled away from him. "Really?"

Her face was still soaked with tears. Dexter took out a napkin and wiped her tears dry. "Yes." Josie was just about to say something happily when she suddenly noticed a figure standing at the door through the corner of her eye. Josie suddenly froze. "Ms. Miller?"

Ivy had documents in her hands. They didn't know how long she had been standing there. She had a dark and vague expression.

Josie realized something was wrong and quickly pulled away from Dexter. His hands froze mid-air, and he lowered his gaze as he sat down. "What's up?"

Ivy nodded and walked in. She wanted to say something when she saw Josie on the bed but stopped.

Dexter knew what Ivy was thinking about. "She's one of us. You can speak plainly."

Ivy gritted her teeth. "Leo's trouble has spread to Westin."

Dexter opened the files and glanced at them. He was well aware of the situation. "Where is he?"

"He was captured on the way to the airport, and he's been sent to trial. He doesn't know much. He signed the divorce papers last night."

"What about Mrs. Ardon?"

"She's also at the police station."

"Ensure she's safe before this ends."

Josie leaned against her pillow and carefully sized up Ivy's expression as she discussed work matters. Ivy was surprised when she heard it. "You're really ensuring her safety? Mr. Russell, think of the butterfly effect. What if she does something to harm us..."

"You don't understand a mother's heart. She won't." Dexter put the documents back together grasp. as he glossed over them. It was as though victory was within his

Ivy left, and the door shut. The hospital room was silent once again.

Josie composed herself, feeling more rational, but her voice was still hoarse. "You discussed something so important in front of me, Mr. Russell. Aren't you afraid that I will expose you?"

He was slightly against the light, but his side profile seemed extremely gentle now. He smiled. "Even if I allowed you to reveal it, would you dare to?"

Josie was at a loss for words, and she seemed rather distressed. "Aren't you afraid that something will happen after Ms. Miller discovers my identity?"

“She won’t do anything.”

Josie didn’t say anything else. The next day, Ivy brought Josie a laptop so Josie could attend. the online meeting.

When Dexter left with everyone else, he saw Josie exhale nervously out of the corner of his eye.

“How are the investigations going?” He held a cigarette in his mouth and wanted to light it, but he didn’t bring a lighter. Ivy took one out of her bag and lit it for him.

“The Mercedes Benz was rented at a car rental shop. I’ve investigated the culprit’s identity, and he’s not connected to anyone in Russell Group. I don’t think someone in the company did it.”