



Just as Josie heaved a sigh of relief, she wondered, Where is he heading? Then, she quickly shook her head. It's none of my business. Legally, he's my husband, but that's just a title.

...

Josie didn't want to bump into Dexter the following day since their working hours were the same. Hence, she woke up early and went to the office.

However, she met Patrick Davidson, her manager.

She smiled and greeted him. "Good morning, Mr. Davidson."

He nodded and looked at her. "I'm having dinner with our business partners tonight. You're going to join us as well – remember to dress up. We can't afford to let them down."

"Me?" she asked in surprise.

"Who else is here?" Patrick snapped impatiently. "It's just a meal. You can submit your resignation letter right now if you don't want to go."

Josie hesitated. She didn't want to join such social events. But if I reject him... She shot a look at Patrick.

Forget it. It's just dinner.

"Alright. I'll be there on time."

Patrick's stern expression eased. "Okay. I'll send the address to you later. Don't be late."

With that, he went into his office.

Josie sighed and turned on her laptop. However, she saw a green screen – a virus had attacked her laptop.

She was on the verge of breaking down. My designs for the food packaging are in there! If the system is down, my designs are gone!

“How am I so unlucky? I didn’t get to back up my files!” she muttered. Seeing it was unresponsive, she called the technical team to fix it.

At that moment, Patrick’s voice rang from his office.

“Josie, show me your designs now!”

“Yes...”

Josie was flustered to hear that. It seems like God doesn’t want me to have a good time.

With an uneasy feeling in her stomach, she walked into the office.

“Mr. Davidson, my laptop just broke down. The designs also—”

Before she could finish her sentence, a figure walked past her and placed some designs on the table.

“Mr. Davidson, these are my designs. I printed them out to show you. If you think it’s acceptable, you can use them.”

It was Samantha.

The designs she just handed in were precisely the same as Josie’s.

It was blatant that she plagiarized them from Josie.

Just as Josie wanted to speak up, Samantha turned and looked at her haughtily with her chin in the air.

“Josie, if you haven’t finished your work, just tell us the truth. You don’t have to fabricate such a lousy excuse. Aren’t you just finding excuses for your laziness?”

Josie clenched her fists tightly. “I would like to ask – why are your designs exactly the same as mine?” she demanded firmly.

“Exactly the same? Interesting. Are you accusing me of plagiarizing your work? Where’s your proof? Without any evidence, you are ruining my reputation!”

Anger rose within Josie, but she knew it was not the right time to unleash her fury.

First of all, she had no evidence Samantha plagiarized her work. Apart from that, she lost all her designs. It was even harder to prove she was the original designer.

This must be Samantha’s doing. Back when I first joined, she kept giving me a hard time. But I didn’t expect her to use such an unethical tactic!

Josie pursed her lips with determination blazing in her eyes. “You may be gloating now, but you will pay the price for your actions. I will definitely find evidence!”

Update of Blind Date Turned Proposal

Announcement Blind Date Turned Proposal has updated Chapter 15 with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the

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