

Blind Date 181

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And Back Again

Someone chimed in. "What were you thinking? Don't you know Jesse is a famous celebrity and Dexter's girlfriend? How did you dare to offend her?"

The question was accompanied by a facade of concern, as if the person genuinely cared about Josie's uncertain future. However, it was a veiled mockery, pretending to extend sympathy while secretly reveling in the spectacle.

Before Josie could react, the person had disappeared into the crowd.

Josie couldn't help but flash a bitter smile in a secluded corner. She even felt a subtle sense of relief. Thank God nobody knew she was Mrs. Russell. Otherwise, the mocking onlookers would have caused an uproar.

Upon reaching the parking lot, Dexter immediately distanced himself from Jesse with a stoic face, "Go on your own. There will be someone there to take care of your hospitalization."

Casting an indifferent glance at her scalded injury, he remarked disdainfully. "Doesn't seem very badly scalded anyway."

Considering the coffee had endured wind gusts and caused only a minor spill, how hot could it have been?

"Mr. Russell!"

Jesse was taken aback by his sudden cold and distant demeanor. Weren't they just sharing a tender moment?

Dexter felt disgusted to even talk to her, let alone hold her now, "Mind your words. You should know when to create a buzz for publicity and when to keep quiet!"

With that, he left without sparing her a glance.

Hastily, he retraced their path as if in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Ivy gave Jesse a meaningful glance and said, "We should go now, Ms. Abbott. Don't delay your treatment."

A mix of emotions swirled within her. Jesse felt beyond furious.

The working crew had dispersed at the filming site, yet Alice had not returned.

Josie had finished cleaning up the mess. As she stood up, she felt a twinge of pain in her waist.

To her surprise, someone swiftly took the box from her as she turned around.

When Josie looked

1. she saw a familiar man with the usual coldness on his face.

She faked a smile and sneered, "Wow, impressive. I see you already whisking your girlfriend away to the hospital, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter didn't respond, casually placing the cardboard box in the corridor's corner. With indifference, he remarked, "Someone will clean it up."

Noticing Josie's hesitance, he turned back and found her staring at him, "I don't get it."

Dexter stood before the backlight, and his expression masked.

Josie maintained a defensive stance, still holding a grudge against his previous actions.

While Dexter was approaching Josie, a sneer formed on her lips. "I spilled and scalded her with hot coffee. Why are you not at the hospital caring for her but here bothering me?"

Josie didn't reserve her sharp retort and sarcasm.

With Dexter standing so close, his masculine aura surrounded Josie, prompting tension in her spine. Her instinct was to step back, but Dexter had firmly gripped her wrist.

He remarked, "Do you know you sounded like a jealous wife?"

His revelation dawned on Josie.

Angry and wanting to conceal her feelings, she quickly rolled her eyes and said dismissively, "How presumptuous of you."

Dexter held her hand tightly and led her along, saying, "Let's go home."

Without further discussion, he led her away. No room for objections.

"You should go to the hospital now."

The man remained silent.

"What are you doing, Dexter? Let go of me!"

Silence, once again.

"I'm still waiting for my friend to come back!"

No response.

Giving up on her struggle, Josie choked when he mentioned Henry. 'Did Grandpa call you? He's at Mason Garden now.'

The news caught her off guard.

It wasn't until they reached the ground floor that Josie realized she was looking disheveled, trying to match his long strides, "What does it have to do with me? I'm not going

back!”

Dexter abruptly stopped, his gaze darkening. “I dare you to say again!”

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Stirring up Publicity

Dexter pushed her into the car and swiftly settled into the driver’s seat, locking all the doors. to prevent any escape attempts from Josie.

Josie seethed with anger and gave him the cold shoulder, refusing to acknowledge his presence.

Temporarily, Dexter didn’t rush to start the car. He rummaged through the glove

compartment and found a collection of spare medicines. He selected an ointment tube and demanded, “Give me your hand!”

Josie hesitated momentarily, observing his flustered demeanor, and reluctantly extended her hand. His anger escalated as he shouted, “The other hand!”

It seemed he had noticed all along...

Josie also suffered a scalding from the coffee spill, with a significant red mark on her hand. Yet, everyone seemed solely focused on Jesse’s well-being, neglecting her pain.

It was hard for Josie to comprehend that Dexter had been aware of her scalding.

Witnessing Josie’s surrender, the man appeared to soften as he gently took hold of her other hand, carefully applying the cooling ointment to her burn. Emotions stirred within him, leaving him at a loss for words.

Navigating cautiously through the challenging weather, the man drove at a slow pace, ensuring their safety on the road.

Stuck in her seat with no escape, Josie leaned back, her mind wandering to memories of her younger days. She reminisced about a time when her father had dabbled in the world of non-religious spirituality, taking her to see a tarot card reader during her high school years.

During the reading, the tarot card reader confidently declared, “The cards reveal that you’ll come across a benefactor who will bring abundance and smoothness to your life,” the tarot card reader confidently announced, leaving Josie’s father delighted by the positive revelation and generous tip as a token of gratitude for the optimistic prediction.

Josie couldn’t help but feel elated by the positive outlook. However, in light of recent events, her heart sank.

Unable to hold back any longer, Josie mustered the courage to confront Dexter, her voice tinged with disappointment, “Why did you help Jesse back there? Don’t you realize everyone thinks something is going on between you both?”

Unlock succeeded

zed, not even

connection with my family. Stirring up a scandal can boost publicity.”

Josie’s eyes widened in disbelief at Dexter’s explanation. She never anticipated such a response.

“Dexter, were all those tender moments between us just illusions?”

+15 Bonus

Had their intimate moments been nothing but a facade? How could he be so indifferent to her emotions?

Dexter pursed his lips, unsure of her meaning. “I’m simply stating the truth,” he retorted.

Josie’s anger boiled over, and she couldn’t help but burst into bitter laughter, tears streaming down her face, “Of course! So, Arnold was right about your so-called ‘truths. You’re nothing more than heartless, unscrupulous, and pompous...”

Dexter’s face flushed with fury as he abruptly slammed on the brakes upon hearing her mention the name, “Say that again!”

Josie locked eyes with him, her determination clear.

“Since you trust Arnold so much, why don’t you return to him now? There’s still time to change your mind!”

Without hesitation, Josie unbuckled her seatbelt. “Let me out of the car.”

Her stubbornness was unwavering, and after a brief standoff, Dexter couldn’t help but crack a smile.

He started the engine again without saying a word. As they approached Mason Garden, Josie clenched the seatbelt tightly, attempting to keep her composure as she spoke calmly to the man beside her, “I can play along with this charade, but remember, there are boundaries.”

don’t Just as she finished speaking, the car jerked forward. Dexter instinctively hit the brakes and then released them. He turned to her, his voice calm and indifferent, “Make sure you mess up!”

Back at Mason Garden, a car echoed through the courtyard. Marilyn and the staff were busy assembling lasagnas.

Meanwhile, Henry sat on the sofa, chuckling. “Well, well, well... Dex, Jo, you guys are early!”

Josie smiled forcedly and smoothly fabricated, “Hey, Grandpa. We hurried back here just to see you.”

While speaking, she rolled up her sleeves to wash her hands. Marilyn glanced at her and quickly advised, “Mix some hot water. It’s too cold.”

She turned on the hot water tap for Josie.

As the warm water streamed over her fingers, an unexpected sense of warmth washed over her heart.

Thanking Marilyn, Josie skillfully proceeded to assemble the fillings. Her movements were graceful and practiced, displaying a familiarity with kitchen work. As she wielded the cooking utensils, a sweet and tender aura surrounded her.

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Mediation

Sitting side by side, Dexter and Henry were captivated and impressed by the woman before them. The family background had never been a concern for Henry when considering a potential in-law for his grandson. Josie's education, poise, and sensibility made her a truly noble woman, and he was delighted to have her join the big family

Josie spoke out of the blue. Grandpa. I'm sorry I couldn't come to see you earlier. I had an injury to attend to. I hope you don't mind that I didn't see you sooner

Dexter furrowed his brow, finding her explanation unnecessary.

Henry immediately smiled and responded, "No worries at all. I really appreciated the gift you sent."

Unnoticed by Marilyn, Josie's hand convulsed as she assembled the lasagna, causing a small amount of ground beef filling to spill onto the table.

Josie frowned. A gift?

She wasn't naive. With a bit of deduction, she could surmise that it was likely Dexter's doing. A flattering gesture aimed at winning Henry's heart and favor.

Although everything was just a charade, Henry had always treated her well.

Dexter sent the gift in her name, ensuring her reputation was flawless. He was always meticulous and tactful when it came to maintaining relationships.

But it was all just a facade...

Josie continued her mechanical motions, but her thoughts were in disarray. Remembering how Dexter had left with Jesse and returned to the filming site earlier if this had happened in the past, she would have been deeply moved.

Noticing her silence, Henry let out a sigh and spoke, "On the day you got injured, you have no idea how worried I was about you. I wanted to visit you at the hospital, but Dex stopped me..."

Josie was taken aback and looked at the man on the sofa, who shifted his gaze away.

"Grandpa, I'm fine now..."

"Thank God you're alright." Henry glanced at Dexter and sensed something off in his expression. He then scolded him in a low voice, "Why the long face?"

Henry knew him well enough to understand that beneath his gentle demeanor, he could be possessive regarding things he valued. Not only that, but Dexter also had the impulsive, compulsive tendency to safeguard those close and who mattered to him.

Dexter had always been authoritative and had his quirks, but his devotion was unwavering. Henry knew there was more to his grandson than meets the eye, and he believed Josie must have witnessed this side of Dexter.

"Did you two just have a fight?" Henry broke the silence, sensing the tension between Josie and Dexter. He approached Josie and said, "What did Dex do to upset you? Tell Grandpa, and I'll set things right."

"Don't worry, Grandpa. It's just a minor disagreement," Josie replied, casting her gaze downward.

Henry turned his gaze towards Dexter, his eyes filled with determination. "Tell me! What did do to upset her? Apologize to Jo right now!"

you

"Grandpa..."

"Grandpa, it's actually my fault." Josie interjected with a forced smile, maintaining her silence for a while.

Tension enveloped Dexter, rendering him speechless.

Henry refrained from saying anything for the time being while Marilyn reached out and held Josie's hand.

Noticing a red mark on the back of Josie's left hand, Marilyn was taken aback, "What happened to your hand?"

Josie snapped out of her thoughts and replied, "...Oh, it's nothing. I've already put some ointment on it."

Marilyn couldn't help but feel sorry for her and murmured anxiously, "You're always so clumsy and careless. How am I going to explain to your parents that you keep getting injured like this?"

Marilyn's words left Josie with a lump in her throat.

The lasagna was now ready, and darkness had settled outside.

The lights in Mason Garden illuminated the surroundings.

Josie and Marilyn displayed their culinary expertise as they sat around the dining table, relishing the rare sense of togetherness.

Dexter occasionally served food to Josie, his actions speaking louder than words. Meanwhile, Josie feigned compliance, but she had no appetite for the exquisite dishes. The wound on the back of her hand tingled, and with the imposing presence of the man beside her, she refrained from touching it.

Noticing their interaction, Henry exchanged a significant glance with Dexter.

Dexter understood the unspoken message and ceased his hand from reaching for more food. setting down his chopsticks "Are you feeling unwell?"

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To Henry's surprise, Dexter remained unfazed, making no further attempts to coax her. However, Henry discreetly kicked Dexter beneath the table to nudge him into action.

In response, Dexter stood up, his expression a mix of helplessness and impatience. He reached down and grabbed Josie's drooping hand, pulling her up. "If you're not in the mood to eat, don't force yourself."

Dexter firmly grasped her arm and led her away.

Feeling a chill in her hand, Josie turned back to look at Henry, "But Grandpa..."

Henry responded with an affectionate smile, giving his permission, "It's alright. Just go with Dex."

Julie stood nearby, witnessing the scene with conflicting emotions. She interjected, "But it's a rare opportunity for you to be here..."

"Julie," Henry interrupted, gesturing for her to join them. "Come on, don't just stand there. Sit down and eat with us."

Julie was pleasantly surprised by the gesture and quickly shook her head, "No, it wouldn't be appropriate."

Henry didn't press the matter further but instead grinned and looked at her, "I'm glad you know what's appropriate and what's not."

Julie wasn't oblivious and immediately grasped the implication, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me for overstepping my boundaries."

It was a warning from Henry.

As a servant, she should stay within her role, do her duties, and not interfere where she has no right to.

In the master bedroom of Mason Garden, the housekeeper quickly brought two tubes of burn ointment. "Mrs. Russell."

As a servant, Marilyn understood the boundaries of her role and shouldn't be nosy when it wasn't her place to do so. Standing outside the master bedroom at Mason Garden, the housekeeper held two tubes of burn ointment and knocked on the door, "Mrs. Russell."

stood on

condition. Josie overheard snippets of the conversation, hinting at an update on Jesse.

Just before he ended the call, he purposely closed the door behind him as he walked away. leaving her isolated.

Shaking off her thoughts, Josie focused on the task at hand, applying the ointment to her scalded wound.

Upon returning from the call, Dexter saw Josie nonchalantly closing the ointment tube and placing it on the table. Taking the initiative, he inquired, "How's Jesse?"

Leaning against the door frame, he tilted his head to study her. His tone was gentler, "Oh, done with your little tantrum, huh? You refused to apologize for your mistake, and now you dare to ask."

Fearlessly meeting his gaze, Josie asserted, "It wasn't my fault."

Dexter raised an eyebrow at her but ultimately said nothing.

Josie had the urge to clarify that it was Jesse who collided with her and that there might be surveillance footage in the commercial district to prove it. However, the words halted at the tip of her tongue. She didn't want to give the impression of what he accused her of-being jealous and disguising her intentions with a loud voice.

Josie didn't want things to escalate in that manner.

She stood up, intending to leave, "Tonight, I'll go back to my original room to sleep."

But midway through her sentence, she paused and added, "You can ask Jess with me visiting her at the hospital. I don't mind going to see her. After all responsibility for her injury too."

As she spoke with an air of arrogance, turning a simple request into an act of clear that when her pride ignited, no one could rein her in.

he's okay

Dexter didn't try to stop her or say anything. He simply turned and entered the bathroom

While Josie waited, she sat in the living room with her laptop, attempting to work on her drawings. However, she couldn't focus and stared at the screen for an extended period. A sour and bitter sensation crept up her nose, and she wept uncontrollably.

When bedtime arrived, Josie struggled to rise to her feet, using the wall to support to alleviate her legs' numbness. She made her way toward her original room but unexpectedly came across Henry on her way out. "Are you okay, Jo?"

To hide her emotions, Josie quickly averted her gaze. She said, "I-I just needed to get something in the room."

With his astuteness, Henry saw through her immediately. He encouraged her to return to Dexter, "Tell me what you need, and I'll get it for you. You should go back and take a chance on getting late."

"But Dex is currently using the shower"

Hasn't he finished and come out already?"

Henry glanced past Josie, who turned around in astonishment and noticed Dexter standing nearby, dressed in silk pajamas, seemingly retrieving something from the room

Public Appearance Together

+15 Bonus

Feeling overcome by resentment, Josie felt as though her soul had left her body upon seeing the sight of him.

Why does he appear at this time?

Hence, she was forced to go back to the master bedroom.

She scratched her head, suddenly understanding why Henry decided to stay the night at Mason Garden.

I can't escape anymore.

"I'll sleep on the couch." With that, she took a blanket from the wardrobe. This should be enough for the night. It's quite warm here.

Unexpectedly, she was pulled backward. The world spun around her before she crashed into the wall.

Her arms were tightly locked together, making her unable to move.

"What the hell are you doing?"

As their breaths entangled, he looked her straight in the eye and demanded, "Why did you cry just now?"

Josie's heart skipped a beat. Different emotions meshed together in her eyes.

How did he see that? she wondered, confused.

It was at that moment Dexter realized how quickly she could switch expressions.

She suddenly snorted out laughing and winked at him flirtatiously. "Dexter, you aren't assuming I'm jealous, are you?"

He merely gazed back at her deeply without giving any inclination to reply.

Bored by his reaction, she dropped the act and added indifferently, "You misread the situation. I wasn't crying."

He gazed at her intently to catch any hint of abnormality but discovered nothing.

Is that so? Perhaps I've been overthinking. Yeah, she is such a stubborn person. How could she ever

Unlock succeeded

Dexter suddenly recalled something and loosened her arms. He opened the wardrobe and looked at the huge womenswear collection all hand-picked and sent by the brands' ambassadors.

—

"Choose one that's appropriate for the dinner."

Josie's mind went blank upon hearing that.

—

“We are going to celebrate the success of acquiring Landon. Come with me you can see how Arnold reacts in the meantime.”

Dexter’s sharp gaze was on her the entire time he talked, trying to detect a hint of disappointment or anxiety. However, all he saw was shock, followed by a look of cool understanding.

Indeed, she doesn’t know about the acquisition of Landon.

Ever since Arnold went abroad, they had no contact whatsoever. Why would Dexter think we are hooking up with each other?

Josie was lost in her thoughts, which was not a good sign in front of Dexter.

Without any notice, he held her up easily. Her blank eyes suddenly came back in focus as she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck to regain her balance.

When she came to her senses, she instantly let him go.

“What are you doing?”

He smiled at her frigidly and let his breath out near her ears. “Arnold was so sweet to you. How does it feel to watch him fail?”

She glared at him furiously with an urge to bite him. Nevertheless, she dared not resist his forceful embrace as Henry was still there.

Knowing that Dexter had misunderstood the situation, she played along nonetheless.

“It’s excruciating!”

Dexter stopped walking when he reached the edge of the bed and suddenly dropped her onto the soft bed.

He lowered his gaze to see her. From his view, she looked alluring and innocent.

“Have you gone mad?” she questioned with wide eyes.

He closed in upon her like a predator and pinched her chin ferociously.

In a menacing tone, he said, “Well, that can’t be helped. Please be present for that event, Mrs. Russell, and I hope your acting will be as good as today.”

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Fell Asleep

What does he mean? Not only is he attending, but he is also bringing me along as well? Is he announcing our relationship?

Incredulity colored her eyes. She got away from his grip and announced, “I won’t go.”

“Try it.”

With that, he left the room resolutely and slammed the door lightly.

The lighter he closed the door, the more furious he actually was.

Left alone in the room, Josie couldn't fall asleep. It was only around dawn that she finally slept, but countless worries still lingered in her mind.

The next day, she was woken up quite late in the morning.

She felt embarrassed about it, especially because of Henry's presence.

He didn't blame her at all. Looking at the dark circles under her eyes, he said, "Looks like you didn't sleep well last night."

It was impossible for her to leave the house alone with him there, so she got into Dexter's car and left with him to Russell Group.

She shut her eyes to rest; partly due to her lack of sleep, and the other to avoid speaking with him.

Unexpectedly, she dozed off in the warm and cozy car.

She had no clue how she was able to sleep for so long without any dreams. But when she woke up, it was dark around her, and the seat was lowered down completely. She noticed a blanket on her body which kept her warm.

She rubbed her eyes as she slowly sat up. After looking around her surroundings, she noticed she was still in Dexter's car, but he was nowhere to be seen. The car key was still in the ignition, perhaps left there on purpose to allow her to leave easily.

She patted her forehead, annoyed and relieved that he didn't lock her in the car.

When she looked at the time, she was surprised that it was already in the afternoon.

Josie took the keys and locked the car while thinking resentfully, Why didn't he wake me up?

future development was held.

Dexter was sitting at his desk with a row of experienced managers in front of him. While they were discussing the subject, their drinks were being refilled by the secretaries. constantly.

However, Dexter seemed distracted by another screen showing the footage of his car. Josie was still sleeping soundly in the car, occasionally turning around.

I increased the temperature in the car before leaving and left the window slightly open. There wouldn't be any problems, would it? He then looked at the time. It's almost lunch hour soon. How is she still asleep?

The managers noticed that he was growing visibly more irate. Interrupting his thoughts, they said, "Mr. Russell, are you still with us?"

Dexter cleared his throat and repeated what they had just reported despite being distracted momentarily.

Noticing they had just committed a faux pas, the managers stopped questioning him. Fortunately for them, Dexter was in a good mood that day.

“Let’s call it a day,” he concluded.

As the managers filed out of the room, Ivy stopped taking the meeting minutes and asked, “Is it time for lunch, Mr. Dexter?”

He closed the cap of his golden-plated fountain pen and placed it on the table. Just when he was about to get up, he saw Josie being stirred awake from the screen.

She seemed confused and dazed upon awakening but soon folded the blanket and placed it neatly aside. Then, she took his keys and got out of the car like a confused squirrel.

Ivy saw a small smile creeping up on his face, one he probably didn’t even notice himself. The genuine smile broke through the indifferent mask he usually put on.

After two seconds of pause, the mask resumed as he announced, “Let’s go.”

Josie also went to the company cafeteria directly. As soon as Alice saw her, she waved.

“Ms. Warren!”

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Go Home Alone

Josie stumbled. “Please don’t call me that! It’s embarrassing!”

“Ms. Warren,” Alice teased. “Aren’t you taking today off?”

Josie sat down with a frown. “A-Am I?”

Alice choked on her drink. “Are you experiencing memory loss because of all those all- nighters? You posted the message in the group chat.”

Josie took her phone to verify the information. She read the message that was sent under her name.

I’m taking the day off. Put the rest of the documents on hold.

There was a torrent of replies after that message.

‘What’s wrong?’

‘Did something happen?’

‘Is everything ok?’

Josie sighed as she knew who actually sent the message. Who else has access to my phone? And the commanding tone...

Josie dug into the meal as she silently cursed herself for falling asleep.

Why did he take the day off for me? Does he really think I can sleep for the entire day?

On the other hand, Jesse was on the trending page again, using her injury to gain popularity. However, surprisingly, she didn't mention Dexter anymore.

She mentioned it was just an accident in her post, but she couldn't deter the netizens from being Sherlock Holmes.

'It's clearly done by someone else on purpose!'

'I feel so sorry for her. Who's that sick perpetrator?'

Alice flared up when she read the post. 'What a b*tch!'

Soon, #JesseWasScalded was trending.

Upon seeing that, Josie decided not to pay Jesse a visit. We are even now.

"What did Arnold want from you yesterday?"

Alice looked slightly shy. "He asked about the entire story. It looks like he is quite concerned about you.

Do you think he likes you?"

Josie choked on the soup she had been drinking. "Stop your wild fantasies."

When it was time to get off work, Ivy suddenly appeared at Josie's office. In an unfriendly tone, she said, "Mr. Russell has another dinner tonight. The driver will be with him, and he asked me to pass this key to you, along with the message – "Take care when you drive home."

Josie didn't care about the message at all. To her, Dexter was merely doing that to avoid getting a lecture from Henry. She nodded and flashed a fake smile at Ivy. "You're not planning to kill me, are you?"

"I'm not that stupid," Ivy replied through gritted teeth.

Josie drove slowly in the rain, but her mind was cluttered with different thoughts.

It never rains but it pours. Against her wishes, she got into an accident.

Thud!

She slammed the brakes immediately as her dazed eyes shifted into focus. Then, she got out of the car in a fluster.

To her dismay, she accidentally bumped into the car in front of her.

The other driver was a young man. In fact, he was only a teenager, to be more accurate.

He crossed his arms as he looked at the huge scratch on his car.

"Are

you blind? How did you get your driver's license? Are you blind?" he bellowed.

Josie was stunned after being yelled at. When he stopped, she replied apologetically. "I'm sorry. This is completely my fault. Have you called the police? I'll pay for all the damages."

She was lost in her thoughts just now.

"Of course I did." He looked at her car disdainfully and rolled his eyes. "Do you know how much my car cost? This is the latest model from BMW – a gift from my grandfather! Do you have the money to pay me back?"

His rude demeanor made it difficult to have a level-headed discussion with him.

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Minor Car Accident

Josie rubbed her temples. It had been a while since she interacted with someone as uncivilized as him. She was never one who would pick fights, so she merely let out a sarcastic snort as they stood in the rain. "How amusing. I already told you I will pay you back. Don't you want that? If not, I'm leaving."

Infuriated by her remarks, that man pulled her hair ungraciously. As she felt pain tear through her head, he cursed, "You knocked into me first. How are you still so indignant?"

She couldn't get rid of him, and the pain made tears well in her eyes. When she finally broke through, he had bits of her hair in his hands.

The stress throughout the entire day had taken its toll on her. Tears were mixed with the rain on her cheeks.

Feeling that she couldn't take it anymore, she escaped into her car and locked it while he was distracted.

Then, she quickly called a number while he kicked the car repeatedly.

"What the f*ck? Get out of the car, b*tch!"

She wiped her face as she waited for her call to get through. The moment felt like forever.

"Hello?" A cool voice rang in her ears, so melodious that her heart skipped a beat.

Josie was suddenly at a loss for words. All Dexter could hear was her breathing.

It was quite noisy on his end, but the sound of the rude man kicking her door was loud enough to pierce through the noise.

Soon, Dexter realized that something was wrong and raised his voice. "Say something!"

His nonchalance slowly turned into annoyance.

She asked reluctantly in a small voice full of grievances, "Can you come over? I bumped into someone else in your car."

The soundproof windows could not block the string of curses from the man.

The swear words made their way into Josie's ears as well as Dexter's on the other end of the car, who was in a business meeting. The line of his mouth tightened a fraction more, and his eyes narrowed into slits.

wrong.

After a long silence, they asked hesitantly, "Mr. Russell?"

Josie also heard that and quickly explained, "I already called the police, but I don't have my driver's license with me so the situation is a bit tricky. If you are busy, just ask someone else to come over..."

She gasped between sobs, trying to fit words in when she could. She seemed completely different from her stubborn insistence the day before.

"What is going on now? Stay in the car," Dexter commanded coolly. Josie was unable to detect the emotions in his voice.

Soon, the man stopped kicking the car and switched to knocking on her window. Each thud sent fear down her spine.

Her temper started rising upon seeing how unreasonable the man was. She ignored Dexter and rolled down the window slightly. "You switched lanes unexpectedly and were going over the speed limit just now. If you didn't do that to begin with, how would I bump into you? And we have already called the police. What else do you want? I can't possibly disappear in front of you!"

The man glared at her, but Dexter raised his voice again before he could yell back. "Josie!"

"Wow, I can't believe how you are so righteous after bumping into my car. Do you know who my dad and grandpa are? If you don't resolve this to my liking, your life will be ruined!"

Josie adjusted the car window again, trapping his hand that was trying to reach into the car.

"Hah! Try it! I'm curious who they are you guys are a bunch of scum! Ten BMWs won't be a problem, let alone one!"

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1'll Be Right There

The commotion attracted the attention of various passersby. With his hand stuck in the window, the man groaned piteously. "Look at this b*tch! After crashing into my car, she trapped my fingers here!"

Josie took a deep breath. This was the first time she was insulted by a stranger. She wanted to retaliate, but Dexter commanded in her ears, "Let him go now, Josie! And don't you talk back to him! Do you hear me?"

Dexter's usual composure was completely lost as he lost check of himself. Everyone around him heard his raised voice and exchanged awkward stares with each other.

Worried about his abrupt behavior, Ivy asked him, "Mr. Russell, is something wrong?"

Dexter replied tartly to Josie, "Send me your location. I will be right there."

Josie reluctantly rolled down the window to let go of the man. She remained silent while the drama continued outside the car.

Dexter seemed to have gotten into his car. He softened his tone exasperatedly, "Don't hang up until I'm there."

Josie lowered her head, revealing her beautifully smooth neck. She grabbed her seat and replied meekly, "Okay."

Silence then ensued. Only their breathing and some background noises were heard.

Suddenly, he asked, "Are you wet from the rain?"

She replied after a pause. "Yeah."

"The car has a drying function, and there's a towel in the backseat. You can dry yourself."

"... Alright."

Josie carried out his orders stiffly as though she was a puppet being pulled by his strings. The final strand of logical thinking told her this was unusual behavior from him as she busied herself.

She placed the phone aside before drying her damp hair.

The tension between them over the past two days was resolved with this incident. Though they still acted indifferently toward each other, their voices were layered with warmth.

Unbeknownst to them, this warmth seemed to have sprouted a seedling between the

After a while, Josie plucked up her courage. "Actually, you don't have to come. Just ask Ivy--"

"Josie," he interrupted warningly.

She stopped speaking and pouted. Suddenly, she said, "Be careful while driving."

Dexter couldn't help teasing. "Don't worry. I'm not as stupid as you."

The traffic police arrived before Dexter could make it.

He evacuated the crowd and pulled the man aside before knocking on Josie's window. "Miss?"

"The policeman is here," she reported to Dexter.

"With the police around, I suppose that guy can't do anything to you. Talk to the police first; I'll be arriving shortly."

Josie sniffed and unlocked the car, holding the phone as she got out.

While the policeman assessed the situation, Dexter's voice came on the other end, "I'm here."

A ray of light seemed to have announced his arrival. Sure enough, another car was parked behind her when she turned around to look. He opened the door and walked out with an umbrella and a black coat. Then, with an imposing aura, he steadily and firmly made his way to them amidst the rain.

Seeing his tall figure cutting through the crowd, a sense of ease settled on Josie's heart. She felt safe, as though an armor had been wrapped around her.

A journalist once wrote about Dexter: 'He is so reliable that you would want to dive into his arms as soon as you see him, and he will definitely take good care of you.'

Their eyes finally met one another, and their gazes lingered on each other. It seemed as though they were communicating through their eyes that the rest of their lives would be intertwined with each other.

Dexter was briefly distracted by her before he placed his palm behind her head to calm her down.

[Chapter 190](#)

Revenge

Josie no longer felt the rain, for it was blocked by the umbrella.

Meanwhile, Dexter shook hands with the policeman impassively. "Talk to me about the situation."

Josie froze and looked at him.

On the other hand, the policeman had a sharp eye from his years of experience on the road. At a glance, he could tell that Josie and Dexter's cars were much more invaluable than at BMW.

Apart from that, he could also tell that Dexter was no ordinary man from how the latter carried himself.

The policeman felt sorry for the other driver.

He took some notes in his notebook and issued a fine for both of them.

"You went over the speed limit just now," he told the BMW driver.

Then, he turned to Josie, "You're fined for not having a driving license with you. Should you discuss the cost of the accident between yourselves, or do you need me to mediate?"

guys

The BMW driver flew into a fit after hearing that. "How could you do that? Look at her! Does she look like she can pay? And look at my hand – look at my condition now!"

Frustration and rage coiled in her heart, leaving her speechless to argue back.

Dexter gently patted the back of her head with his hand.

The policeman retorted, "Both of you are responsible. You also made dents in her car by kicking it just now."

Seeing that the situation was unfavorable to him and that Josie had another person to back

the BMW driver panicked and stomped his foot.

her up,

“Do you know who my dad is? If I tell him about this, all of you are doomed!”

The phone in Dexter’s hand lit up. It was a call from Ivy.

He glanced at the impetuous man as he picked it up and turned on the speakers.

creating trouble all day, but the news has been suppressed. I supposed he’s right in front of you now.”

The man widened his eyes incredulously. Even the policeman glanced around in shock.

He’s the son of the deputy director? And this other guy found out about that in such a short time. Man, this case is not as insignificant as I thought,

The BMW driver’s arrogance immediately dissipated without even a word from Dexter. I’m probably in trouble, he thought in remorse.

“You....”

Ivy added, “It seems like Mr. Mullins is aiming for a promotion this year.”

Mr. Mullins’ son looked thunderstruck.

Dexter smiled coldly. “As a high-rank officer, it’s his failure to have such a son.”

The word ‘failure’ weighed heavily.

“Since he can’t even teach his children good manners, it doesn’t seem fitting for him to fill that position.”

Ivy understood his intentions. “I understand. Don’t worry.”

A pregnant silence filled the air.

Josie was trembling due to the cold.

Dexter hugged her closer unknowingly and handed the umbrella to her. He set her aside, put away his phone, and leaned forward to the BMW driver.

“You were saying that she can’t pay you back?” he asked calmly, but the other person not reply.

dared

“Wait!” Josie walked to him, but he entered her car and shut the door loudly before she could stop him.

Then, he started the engine and slammed on the accelerator, slamming into the car.

‘Boom!’

The other driver was dumbfounded. Smoke came out of the back of his car. The car turned into a pathetic state, no matter how you looked at it.

Dexter got out of the car safely with a cruel glint in his eyes. He took the bill from the policeman and pulled Josie back to his car.

“Let’s go home. Someone else will handle this later.”