



When Dexter returned to his car, it reeked of alcohol as soon as he opened the door, making him frown involuntarily.

“I can’t drink anymore... No more...”

Josie waved her hands in the air frantically.

“Then don’t drink. Why make yourself suffer?” Dexter muttered.

With that, he shoved her arms away and sat in the driver’s seat.

Throughout the entire journey, Josie didn’t make things easy for him. She tossed and turned, groaning about going home.

When they finally reached home, he heaved a sigh of relief.

She’s usually meek but so troublesome when drunk.

After a moment of hesitation, he helped her out of the car. In the next second, she circled her arms around his neck, and her warm breath landed on his cheeks.

“Hottie, you look familiar.”

With that, she giggled and buried her head in his chest. He wanted to push her away, but she clung to his clothes tightly.

“Don’t leave me alone...”

When Dexter heard that, he froze and felt sorry for her.

He was not used to such feelings.

“Josie, if you are awake, get up and walk on your own. Stop hanging onto me.”

However, she replied to him with heavy breathing.

Having no other option, he held her in his arms and walked into the mansion.

“Welcome back, Mr. Russell. What’s wrong with Ms. Warren?” a maid asked concernedly.

“She had too much to drink. Don’t worry about her.”

With that, he brought her upstairs and threw her on the bed.

Josie turned around, found a comfortable position on the pillow, and continued sleeping without caring how she looked.

Dexter was stunned upon seeing that. Now that she was settled, he pulled a blanket over her and left the room.

In the middle of the night, Josie woke up because of thirst. She got up from bed slowly and went downstairs in the dark to pour herself a glass of water.

When she returned, she went in the opposite direction and headed to the other bedroom.

She opened the door and threw herself on the bed, waking Dexter up.

He leaped up from the bed. When he saw who it was, he lost his temper.

“Josie, what are you doing?” he berated.

Josie was shocked to hear his voice. She suddenly woke up from her sleep and screamed when she saw him.

“Aaah! Dexter, why are you in my room? Get out! Get out!”

Dexter pulled a long face as he switched on the lights.

“Have a good look,” he said coldly.

Josie looked around. Though she was sleepy, she knew she had gone to the wrong room.

“I’m so sorry. I’ll leave right now...” she said in embarrassment.

She left the room as though she had lost the fight.

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