

Blind Date 201

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Recruiting Employees

At night, Josie couldn't sleep well. She lay on Dexter's arm as she lay awake in the dark.

"Dexter, why did you take me to the celebration dinner today?"

After a momentary silence, the man turned to the side and hugged her tighter. "You don't like such occasions.

The role of Mrs. Russell is too demanding. I'm afraid I can't bear it. You didn't tell me I must carry out such duties when we signed the marriage certificate."

Dexter laughed lightly when he heard her taunting him. "Didn't you argue with me about Jesse because of

this?"

This hit Josie's sore spot, and she was slightly startled in the dark. She wanted to say, do you think it's because of this? Instead, her lips twitched, and she said, "You gave in to me so easily. How considerate."

"If I can compromise, you should too.

Josie didn't say anything else. She felt slightly cold for the whole night.

After being promoted to design department head, Josie was busier than usual. She was still a so-called corporate slave when she returned to work, not Mrs. Russell.

The design department always lacked manpower. They needed newcomers who were talented and ingenious. Josie had interviewed a few people for the past few days.

"Ms. Warren, this is a postgraduate student that graduated from Wavery's famous design institute." A staff member handed her two sheets of paper. "On the other hand, this person doesn't have a great educational background and went to a vocational school, but he seems very creative."

"Both have great qualities. See who does better during the interview."

Josie glanced at the papers. The first had a great résumé, but the second had an attractive design style. She took note of the person's name. He was a twenty-three-year-old man named Kevan Quiring.

"Have they passed the second round of interviews?"

"Yes"

What remained was the third interview with her.

Their task during the interview was to design on a whiteboard. Josie gave them their challenge before the two interviewees started their design on the whiteboard, She would evaluate their design reasoning according to their performance.

Kevan looked honest, amiable, and composed.

Two hours later, Josie discussed with other colleagues and chose Kevan. He wasn't surprised. It was as though victory had always been within his reach. The other interviewee was upset. As Josie was leaving, he rushed to her. "Why was he chosen? He graduated from a vocational school!"

Jovie smiled indifferently and explained. "Academic qualifications don't matter in design,"

After that, she felt a blazing gaze from Kevan. He admired her but also felt curious about her.

At this time, a figure suddenly entered from the outside. "What about me?"

Everyone looked over in astonishment to see a tall woman in a green haute couture outfit with a Chanel bag. She walked in casually, looking very arrogant.

The woman from yesterday... Laura Brandel...

Josie suddenly felt annoyed. She stood upright. "Did you come for an interview? You're not on the list."

"Interview? If I were to work here, I'd be the boss." Laura walked to Josie. "You're not good enough for me."

Josie didn't understand what Laura wanted, and Josie raised her brows in frustration. "Ms. Brandel, I suggest that you look for Mr. Russell if you want to make trouble. It's unfavorable for either side if anything happens. What do you think?"

Laura didn't answer Josie at once. Laura walked to Kevan's design on the whiteboard and picked up a marker pen. She drew on Kevan's design. "In my opinion, this is the optimal solution for the design."

Everyone looked over. No one imagined that Kevan's design would look better after she drew on it. She was proficient in this field.

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Being Challenged

"Ms Warren, the talent you recruited is average, just like you"

Josie stood on the spot. It seemed like Laura was so confident because she had investigated everything about Josie

"Yes. It's a shame that I'm the head of Russell Group's design department. No one can change this fact."

Laura raised her brows and said haughtily. "Let's see who calls the shots."

After that, she walked to the elevator before everyone and pressed the button to the highest floor.

Some people were discussing Laura. Where did this woman come from? "Ms. Warren, do you know her?"

Josie smiled bitterly. "I just met her yesterday."

She paused and walked to Kevan, who had an embarrassed expression. "Don't be discouraged. You're new, so you can't compare yourself to her. She has a good grasp on the basics."

Kevan felt warm toward this gentle woman. He looked down. I've been arrogant, but I feel like I'm only mediocre."

"How can that be? Are you questioning my foresight?" Josie said half-jokingly.

"No. Ms. Warren, as far as I know, Russell Group's design department is dominated by people with good educational backgrounds. Why did you choose me?"

"I said that academic qualifications aren't important in design. Don't undervalue yourself. Come in for onboarding on Monday. You will learn a lot here and outdo that woman just now." Josie took a deep breath as she smiled and consoled Kevan.

Kevan felt a lot better, and his gaze was warm.

ing a busy morning, Josie was about to go for lunch when she suddenly received Dexter's c. 'Come up!

She held her cell phone tightly and felt slightly heavy-hearted. In the end, she walked to the elevator. She wanted to know what had happened.

Dexter had recorded her thumbprint in his personal elevator. She could come and go as she pleased. No one other than the staff on the highest floor knew about it.

Not many people were around during noon.

When she went up, Dexter was unexpectedly still meeting with executives of external companies that Russell Group was working with. It was an important meeting.

When Dexter heard the noise, he looked out and waved Ivy over to speak to her. Not long after, Ivy, who had been taking meeting minutes, walked out. "Ms. Warren, Mr. Russell is still in a meeting. Please wait for

a moment."

Ivy was polite enough, and Josie didn't answer. Josie didn't care that Ivy had called her 'Ms. Warren! Ivy seemed to be deliberately avoiding something. However, it wasn't important.

Ivy led her to the greenhouse. Many fresh flowers and plants were freely growing in the upscale office.

After the food was sent over, Ivy was about to serve it when Josie stopped her. "I'll wait."

I'll wait for him.

Josie casually grabbed a book on a small bookshelf and looked down while flipping through it earnestly. Her thoughts flickered quickly. Didn't Laura come up just now?

"Josie." Ivy didn't leave. She stared at Josie.

Josie looked up from the book and said with a forced smile, "Is something wrong, Ms. Miller?"

"As Mr. Russell's wife, you shouldn't interfere in his work."

Ivy was solemn, but Josie was nonchalant. Josie sat on the swing in the greenhouse and swayed absentmindedly. "Are you referring to Jesse? I didn't ask him to terminate the partnership."

“Do you dare claim that you’ve said nothing? Mr. Russell isn’t an emotional person when it comes to making decisions. The project with Jesse was already starting, but Russell Group had to pay a penalty of millions because of you.”

“Millions. My humiliation wasn’t in vain.” Josie waved her fingers as she counted.

Ivy laughed in her rage. She quickly taunted Josie. “Don’t be too pleased with yourself. Mr. Russell won’t change his mind because of you unless something is wrong with the person. Do you know that Jesse is being investigated for illegal conduct? Wavery News will release this in a few days.”

[Chapter 203](#)

Confidently Introducing Her

Josie didn’t expect it. She was caught off guard and thought about what Arnold had said. I advise you to differentiate whether he’s doing it for you or for profit. Don’t get trapped

As it turned out, he was referring to this.

Ivy was satisfied when she saw Josie’s awful expression. Ivy turned to leave the greenhouse

On the other end, Dexter wasn’t very focused in the meeting. The other executives had a glimpse of the graceful figure just now, and they caught each other’s eye with a smile. That must be Mr. Russell

They heard Dexter had publicly announced his marriage at yesterday night’s celebration dinner. This made them more curious about what his wife was like.

From a quick glance, she seemed great.

When the meeting ended. Dexter got up to send everyone off. He passed the greenhouse and saw Josie sitting on the swing through the transparent glass. She looked down to read, but her gaze wasn’t on the book. She was holding up her head with one hand as she stared blankly. The warm, late autumn sunlight fell on her, reflecting her gentleness and beauty.

He didn’t know what she was thinking about.

The corners of the man’s mouth curved unconsciously. Josie felt his gaze, and she looked up. She saw them looking at her from the outside.

Dexter waved at her and gestured for her to come out.

Josie was slightly unsure, so she moved slowly. He didn’t signal for her to stop, so she put on a bold face and walked out.

He held her hand appropriately, and his gaze was warm. He smiled. “Let me introduce my wife to everyone. This is Josie Warren.”

He suddenly felt like he would never tire of saying the words ‘my wife.

All the executives were astonished by the temperament of the girl before them. She was calm, collected, and well-matched with Dexter when they stood together. None of the pretty vixens outside could compare with her.

No one expected the person in charge of Russell Group to be so infatuated with his wife.

They greeted Josie. "Hello, Mrs. Russell."

Josie never thought Dexter would present her to people in the business world. What does this mean?

But since he had introduced her to outsiders, she had to live up to her role.

Josie politely shook each of their hands under Dexter's guidance. She greeted them warmly and smiled appropriately.

Shortly after, someone praised Josie as they were leaving. "I'm sure you must be a good match for Mr.

Russell if you married him. I never thought that I would have the chance to meet you. I think you're amazing and elegant."

Josie thought that their compliments were insincere. She had a fake smile. "Thank you"

After sending them off, Dexter signaled her to enter his office with him. He asked, "I just heard that Laura was making trouble for you at the dinner yesterday."

It's no wonder she was upset yesterday.

Josie followed him. "Your sources are quite slow, Mr. Russell."

When the sensor doors opened, they saw Laura sitting in the visitor's lounge. She immediately rose when she saw someone entering. "Mr. Russell!" She stopped abruptly and gritted her teeth when she saw Josie.

Josie waved at Ivy provokingly. "We meet again, Ms. Brandel."

"You!"

"Laura!" Dexter shouted. "Apologize."

Laura's eyes widened. "Why must I apologize to her?"

you forgotten what you did yesterday?" Dexter put both his hands into his pockets. Everyone was and no one dared to say a word.

She infuriated me first."

"What did she do to infuriate you?"

Laura was dumbstruck and couldn't answer. After that, she took a breath and walked to Dexter with tears in her eyes. "But, Mr. Russell, how could you do this? You got married quietly. We weren't prepared at all."

[Chapter 204](#)

The Man Saving the Damsel in Distress

Laura was good at acting, and Josie was amused Josie was tired from standing in her heels, so she leaned against the wall.

“Getting married is my personal matter. Don’t you know now?” Russell didn’t seem to understand. He took a napkin and wiped Laura’s tears,

“What’s the point of finding out now? Laura pointed at Josie. “It’s her. She doesn’t have any status or good looks. How can she marry you? Are you roleplaying as Prince Charming from Cinderella, Mr. Russell!

Since Laura was pointing at Josie, Josie didn’t care. She stuck out her tongue at Laura and answered in low voice. “Because I’m shameless,”

“What the heck!” Laura heard it. She wanted to scratch Josie’s face with her freshly manicured nails.

Dexter held Laura back, and his expression was no longer relaxed. “Where are your manners?”

“Mr. Russell!”

That’s enough. Do you not have anything to do? Just take care of yourself. Leave.”

Laura saw Dexter defending Josie, so she stamped her feet in a fury. She said, “I’ve told Summer about this.”

Josie tried to recall how often she had heard Summer’s name.

Dexter casually took out a pack of cigarettes while asking. “Are you threatening me?”

“No... I just think you shouldn’t be with this woman.”

“Even if it isn’t Josie, it won’t be Summer.” After that, he shouted, “Ivy, send her off.”

Ivy opened the door and entered shortly. “Ms. Brandel.”

Laura took a deep breath. She was almost out of breath from her rage but didn’t dare to say anything. She walked to Josie and gritted her teeth. “Watch out!”

Josie didn’t care.

She didn’t expect Laura to raise her voice suddenly. “Even if I were to apologize, I would apologize to Mr. Carter. The alcohol was spilled on his suit. It was nice for the man to save the damsel in distress. Mr. Russell, your pampered wife is quite capable,”

Josie’s heart immediately thumped. She subconsciously looked at Dexter’s tall and straight figure.

After Laura left, Dexter turned. The cigarette was between his lips, and he signaled for her to take a lighter.

Josie slowly came to her senses. She picked up a lighter from the table before lighting his cigarette. She felt nervous.

When she was about to pull back, he caught her hand. “Rescuing the damsel in distress.”

The Man Saving the Damsel in Distress

Josie shivered slightly. “It was a coincidence. Arnold happened to see me.”

Dexter examined her, and his gaze was unclear. "Why didn't you tell me yesterday?"

"It seemed like you knew her well, so I didn't dare to say anything. I didn't want to make more trouble." Josie stood upright forcefully so she would still look poised.

"Arnold treats you quite well." Dexter didn't say anything else. Josie didn't know how he felt.

Josie didn't dare to ignore him. She went closer. "Are you jealous?"

Dexter puffed on the cigarette harder than usual and only explained after a moment, "Laura is the daughter of a long-time family friend. She's connected to me in a few ways and like a younger sister."

She never imagined he would explain on his own accord and was slightly surprised. "I'm guessing that she must be close to Summer. Mr. Russell, do you think that the woman will destroy me?"

This amused Dexter. He held the cigarette in his mouth between his fingers and raised her chin. "If something like this happens to you again, come to me."

Josie nodded at once.

"Have you eaten?"

"No."

"Let's eat."

Dexter held her hand and led her to the break room.

He saw the woman behind him ambling, seeming very unwilling. She wasn't like the calm and collected. Mrs. Russell just now. She seemed more like a child.

Dexter could only console her good-naturedly. "Those people you met just now are in high positions. They won't spread rumors."

[Chapter 205](#)

On the Verge

At the height of how things were developing, only a few people had met Mrs. Russell up until now. Josie feared that not only would they spread rumors, but they would also exaggerate and praise her to the high heavens. But because of Dexter's position, no one would dare to gossip and meddle for the sake of their future and prospects.

An office housekeeper from the secretarial office came to serve them and was slightly surprised when she saw Josie. The office housekeeper looked calm because she was professional, but in reality, she was overwhelmed.

Isn't this Ms. Warren from the design department? She's pretty incredible. She got into an accident because of a project. and news about it spread in the company for a few days.

The assistant was different from the executives just now. She was astonished when she found out that Josie was Mrs. Russell. She also thought to herself. Oh. It's no wonder Josie constantly appears. It's because of this.

Lunch was sumptuous, but Josie was preoccupied. She looked at the time out of habit, and the man saw it. His annoyance surfaced. "It's still a long time until work ends."

Dexter saw through Josie, so she looked away resentfully, wanting to finish her lunch quickly.

She feared more people would be on that floor and in the elevator. It would be difficult to explain if others saw her.

When she saw the man in front of her slowly getting angry because of her impatience, she tried to appease him. "What do you want to eat tonight?"

Dexter glanced at her. "Are you going to cook?"

"If I..."

"Barbequed ribs, sweet tea ribs, chili-glazed ribs, grilled ribs." Before Josie could finish, the man brazenly listed out a few dishes.

Josie was startled. Since when does he love ribs so much?

In the end, Dexter was the first to crack. He looked at Josie's slightly dull expression and broke into laughter.

He stroked her head and heard her ask, "Since when do you love eating ribs?"

The man's smile finally relaxed. He signaled for her to eat. "I was kidding."

Despicable!

Josie ignored him and looked down as she dug into her food.

She wanted to leave after lunch, but the man held her hand and led her to sit in his lap. As she faced him in his arms, his voice was hoarse. "There's no rush. Why don't you take a nap with me?"

It wasn't that Josie had impure thoughts. It wouldn't end well if he kept clinging to her.

Dexter ignored her. He buried his head in her collarbone, and his short hair pricked her soft skin. It was slightly painful and itchy.

As Josie held his head, she laughed aloud as he nuzzled against her. "Hey! The door isn't shut."

Dexter raised his head, and it seemed like an entire galaxy was in his smiling eyes. "They won't dare to come in."

In their current position, Josie towered over him slightly. Josie was slightly above him, and the man raised his head to seek her kisses. She lowered her head lightly. Her lips brushed his soft and thin lips.

Once they touched, a fire was ignited.

Every time they kissed deeply, their lips and tongues intertwined. It was hard for them to break apart. Josie found it hard to breathe shortly after, but he still didn't want to let her go. He sustained her with his breath.

His hands were sneaky as he caressed her all over. He wasn't a solemn business executor at that moment.

When she felt the warmth of his hands, a video that Josie had previously watched appeared in her mind at the wrong time.

Someone had asked, "Why do men like to touch women's bosoms when they kiss?"

The answer was, "Because they have nothing to do with their hands. They have to hold on to something."

What a lewd trick.

Josie almost couldn't take it. His hands were skilled, and his lust was hard to extinguish. She escaped from his arms with some difficulty. She gasped. "There isn't much time...."

[Chapter 206](#)

An Accident at the Construction Site

Therefore, Dexter didn't push it.

After a while, the Landon case was settled, and Landon merged with Russell Group.

It was the first snow of Wavery. The ground was covered in white, and the calm sea was far away.

Small clouds of fog appeared when people breathed.

During her lunch break, Josie left the greenhouse after she finished her book. She looked out of the French windows and saw the scenery from over seventy floors up. The snow kept falling, and everything before her was a dazzling white. Snowflakes fell on everyone unrelentingly.

She stepped out of the greenhouse and took the initiative to walk to Dexter's office. It was empty. She guessed that he was probably at a meeting.

She waited for a while, but he didn't appear.

Therefore, she looked around his office from top to bottom for the first time.

Documents were stacked neatly on his desk, and a thermos cup sat beside his notebook. It was the typical desk of a CEO.

The essential information should have been on his computer, but he had many. Josie didn't know the passwords to them.

A dazzling lineup of books was on a bookshelf behind his desk. If this were anyone else, Josie would have thought they were pretentious. Still, she understood the man whom the office belonged to. He must have read all the books. She took one book at random and saw notes in his own handwriting.

A few cactus pots were on his desk, along with some plants she didn't know. There were no flowers.

Josie put her hands behind her back and pondered momentarily. She turned and walked to the greenhouse, taking two pots of jasmine flowers with her. She replaced some cactus pots on his table

with flowers. The jasmines were fragrant. If he were tired from working and looked up, he would relax slightly after seeing the beautiful flowers.

Dexter still hadn't returned..

She decided to leave.

She went down as usual. Unfortunately, she bumped into Kevan today.

She didn't know where he had come from. He tapped her shoulder and asked, "Where did you go, Ms. Warren?"

Josie was caught off guard. She was momentarily astonished before answering, "The rooftop....."

Kevan was surprised. "Rooftop? Then I must have been mistaken. I thought you came out of Mr. Russell's personal elevator. I was taken aback."

Josie said nothing. She started perspiring in the heated room, feeling slightly fearful.

Kevan was quick-witted. "But why were you on the rooftop?"

Josie walked to her office and waved her cell phone. Her expression didn't change as she lied. "To take photos of the snow."

Kevan suddenly became interested. "I took many photos today too!"

"It's snowing at home too, but the office looks better. Do you want to see my pictures?"

He's pretty talkative, Josie didn't reply, and Kevan quickly changed the topic. "Since it's snowing. I will buy everyone a meal at the pasta restaurant. Do you want to come, Ms. Warren?"

He asked tentatively.

"You started working not long ago, Kev. Do you have the money?"

"... Since I'm new, it's a good chance to meet with everyone."

"I'll have to see."

When it was time to get off work, a group of people energetically followed Kevan to the elevators. Josie deliberately slowed down and only walked out once they left.

She had been coming and going with Dexter for the past few days. She had to inform him.

She was surprised to find Dexter's car gone in the parking lot. She walked around but couldn't find it.

At this time, she received a call from Dexter. The man's voice was deep, as usual. "Have you come down?"

"Yes."

"I'll get Mason Garden's driver to pick you up. He's on the way. Can you wait for a moment?"

Josie noticed something and was astonished. "Where are you?"

“Something happened at the Sylmark construction site. I’m going to the hospital now.” His tone didn’t change.

[Chapter 207](#)

A Chance Encounter

Work at the Sylmark construction site had started not long ago and was supervised strictly. How can something happen out of a sudden?

Josie immediately furrowed her brows. “Is it critical?”

“The hospital is trying to save the victim. I don’t know the severity yet. I have to go to the hospital to check.” On the other end, Dexter seemed to have lowered his car window. The sound of wind blowing into the car was slightly loud. “You don’t have to worry. You just have to return to Mason Garden safely

He was worried about her because the roads were slippery since it was snowing.

Josie could only answer, “Alright.”

The driver arrived quickly. After she got into the car, he asked, “Are we returning to Mason Garden, Mrs. Russell?”

She was looking at her cell phone, and Kevan had sent the location of their restaurant. She thought of his warm invitation from just now and wanted to go for his sake. She pondered and said, “Not yet.”

Since it was snowing, it was nice to eat warm pasta. The team sat around the table with wine and hot plates of pasta.

“Congratulations on passing probation, Kevan. Continue working hard,” Josie said with a smile as she raised a glass to him.

Kevan clinked his glass against hers and thanked her gratefully.

After three rounds of wine, everyone relaxed gradually and started gossiping about other departments.

“I believe the year’s biggest news belongs to none other than Claire. Russell Group forbids office romance. How did she dare to date Mr. Yves? How reckless of her.”

As the person said it, they nudged Josie with their elbow. “As a matter of fact, you’re pretty lucky, Ms. Warren. You wouldn’t be the head if Claire didn’t go on the wrong path.”

“Yeah, right. Two department heads left consecutively. It seems like this position was destined for Ms. Warren.

This sounded malicious, and it was clearly taunting Josie. Alice couldn’t take it and wanted to answer, but Josie held her back. “I’m lucky, but you need to learn to grab opportunities that come. Isn’t that right?”

They looked at each other and said nothing more. However, they resented each other.

Josie understood that people would be dissatisfied with her since she was in a high position. She wasn't interested in proving either of them right or wrong. Colleagues were just colleagues at the end of the day. They wouldn't become friends who understood each other.

Kevan saw the tense atmosphere and said, "So Russell Group forbids office romance....."

Someone couldn't help but laugh, and the attention was on Kevan. They started talking about it.

Josie was distracted. She looked down at her cell phone and wanted to text Dexter asking him how things were. But she thought he might not be in the mood to reply, so she didn't message him.

Alice saw it. "What's up with you today? Is something wrong?"

"It's nothing. I don't quite like gathering like this." Josie looked for an excuse. At this time, the waiter served them tiramisu.

"I'm sorry to disturb you. Since this is the first snow day in Wavery, here's a complimentary slice of tiramisu for everyone. We hope that it will bring you luck."

Wavery was in the south, and eating tiramisu on special occasions was customary. Everyone liked its significance, so they quickly scarfed down the cake.

Josie looked out the window. It was snowing. An apartment was opposite the restaurant, and few people left their homes at such a time. But at this time, someone opened the doors. A woman dressed thinly walked out, and an unusual man followed her. He looked familiar.

Arnold Carter?!

Why is he here?

Josie was lost in thought. She stared at them attentively. Perhaps it was because of how entranced Josie was looking at them. Arnold happened to look up, and his gaze met hers.

"What are you looking at with such focus?" Alice also looked over, baffled.

Josie snapped out of it. "Oh, it's nothing. I saw someone familiar."

[Chapter 208](#)

A Special Assistant

When she subconsciously raised her head again, she was astonished that Arnold hadn't left. He stood under the streetlight, leaning against it as he lit a cigarette. He looked lonely and miserable as he stood in

the snow.

Her blood froze, and she said to Alice softly, "I'm going out for a while. I need to do something."

She opened the doors of the pasta restaurant, and the coldness overwhelmed her. She made her way to Arnold and only realized that the woman hadn't left when she approached. She stood nearby, looking weary as she looked at them with a frown.

Josie was in disbelief. "Why are you here?"

Arnold smiled with a cigarette between his lips. "I see that you knew I was waiting for you. You came out so quickly."

Josie couldn't take it. She stepped to the side and blocked half his view. "Don't talk nonsense. What are you doing here?"

She wasn't so self-obsessed to think that Arnold had followed her here, so her gaze fell on that woman.

Arnold introduced her calmly. "This is my assistant, Lillian Hauptert."

Josie didn't quite understand. "Your assistant is quite special, Mr. Carter."

He didn't get angry. He looked highly relaxed, and the corners of his mouth curved. "Not everyone is as indifferent as Dexter. The office is boring enough. Why would I hire someone equally boring?"

Josie folded her arms. She was slightly cold. "If there's nothing else you want to say, I'm leaving. I'm having a company gathering."

"Josie," Arnold called after her, "let's walk together."

shrewd. Josie was surprised. But when she looked at the pasta restaurant, she wasn't interested in returning. As for the woman who was standing at one side, she had left. The woman was pretty

"... We've been walking for twenty minutes."

It was slippery and hard to walk. The initially short journey took a long time.

Arnold seemed a little tipsy. He started telling Josie about how he had met Lillian.

The first time he had met Lillian was at a bar. The girl had heavy but beautiful makeup and played craps in a booth. If she won, all her expenses would be free. Her voice was as delicate as a nightingale. From the looks of it, she looked like a college student who had yet to graduate. After she won, she shrieked and finished her strong drink quickly without flinching.

Arnold had been at the bar for work that day. He was intrigued by Lillian.

He had many women around him and various tricks up his sleeve. She was like a wild card and seemed to enjoy her youth.

The pretty girl looked up and saw that Arnold was staring at her, so she smiled widely at him. She raised her glass and nodded at him.

The following morning.

Arnold woke up in Lillian's rented room. The two were fully clothed. He was drunk the previous night, so he stayed in her room for the night. Nothing had happened.

Lillian had almost rolled off the bed while wrapped in her covers. She woke up with no makeup, and she stretched. Her lips were pale, and a freckle was on the tip of her nose. When she saw that the man beside her had yet to come to his senses, she jumped up while grabbing her hair and rushed into the washroom. "Hold on. I'll take you out to eat once I wash my hair."

She spoke freely without knowing his identity. It made Arnold feel at ease.

“You stay here?”

“Yes. Look out the window. I go to the college across the road.”

“Oh, a vocational school?”

“Are you looking down on vocational schools?”

“No.”

Ultimately, Lillian led him down the stairs in sandals with soaking wet hair. She had a coffee in one hand and a bagel in the other. Under the lamppost, she turned around, looking indifferent yet energetic.

[Chapter 209](#)

An Expert on Romance

But of course, when Arnold’s assistant came to fetch him to his office shortly after, the girl immediately went from energetic to reserved. Are you a big shot?”

Arnold was fascinated by her astonishment. He finished the bagel in his hands and gave her a name card. “You can apply for a job at my company if you’re interested.”

He thought a girl like her was rare to come by after meeting many hypocrites.

After that, Lillian came to apply for a job, and he hired her. He placed her by his side.

Josie was slightly surprised when she heard it. She teased him. “You really are fond of women. Mr. Carter. It’s no wonder Mr. Russell says you’re an expert on romance.”

“Compared to these people, I like your tenacity more, Arnold said flirtatiously.

Josie couldn’t take it and dared not look at his bright eyes. “You think too highly of me. Mr. Carter. I’m just an ordinary woman. Don’t put me up on a pedestal.”

Arnold looked at her closely. “You’re ordinary indeed.”

It was pretty rude. Josie almost choked.

“But I like it. Josie, I wasn’t just testing Dexter when I asked him for you the past few times.”

This made Josie vigilant. Before she could say anything, a loud honking noise suddenly rang behind them. Arnold reacted quickly and shouted, “Be careful!” He pulled her to the side.

The roads were slippery since it was snowing. The two fell to the ground and were covered in snow. A car lost control and drove into the railing. It was trapped, and there was smoke.

Josie was trembling in fear, and she couldn’t come to her senses for a long time.

Arnold breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that she was okay. He lay back in the snow, relieved.

“Thankfully, I have quick reflexes. Dexter would kill me if you died when you were with me.”

Smoke was billowing in front of them, and Josie shut her eyes at once. Thank you. I will remember that you saved me."

Arnold smiled. He looked up. "Will you agree to everything I ask you to do?"

This person is fearless. Josie poked his chest viciously. "I won't do anything that goes against my principles!"

Arnold winced. "You owe me a favor. I will redeem it from you when I need it."

Josie regretted it. She had just wanted to go for a walk but now unexpectedly owed Arnold a favor.

The fire and police departments arrived quickly, and Arnold immediately led her away. "It's very troublesome to be interrogated. I don't want to waste time."

It was windy at night, and few people were on the road. He held Josie's hand and ran wildly to the end of the road. His heart beat furiously.

Josie was forced to follow him. She could only see his figure from behind as she gasped. She suddenly felt that she was back in her teens.

After a long time, Arnold stopped running. He let go of her hand. "How are you going home?"

"The driver is waiting for me." Josie looked down and quickly walked to the car. She turned back halfway. "Arnold."

He listened calmly.

"You're not allowed to sensationalize what happened today. You can't take advantage of me." She was worried that she would trouble Dexter.

Arnold's smile dimmed. He said in a low voice, "Are you so worried about Dexter? Don't worry. I'm not him. I'm not so despicable."

"You're the vile one," Josie retorted softly. After that, she quickly ran to the driver waiting for her. The driver asked, "Did your gathering go on for so long, Mrs. Russell? Mr. Russell has called and asked if you've returned home."

Josie's heart sank. "What did you say?"

"Just like you instructed, I said you're home."

[Chapter 210](#)

Hemorrhage

She breathed a sigh of relief.

Back at Mason Garden, she took a hot bath first. Her mind was filled with scenes of Arnold's carefree boyishness. She couldn't help but think of someone. She shook her head. Certain people kept appearing in her mind. She was really in a muddle.

It was still early, and it wasn't twelve yet. Josie didn't have good vision at night. She casually grabbed a pair of Dexter's daily use glasses from the bedroom before secretly slipping into the kitchen to make something.

Dexter had just messaged her to say he was about to reach home.

When Josie was in the process of making it, the noise of a car was heard outside. She rushed out of the kitchen, and the fatigued man was just entering the house. He was in a black trench coat and looked exhausted.

The man looked up and saw Josie wearing his glasses. The corners of his mouth curved, and a smile appeared on his indifferent face. He walked to her and took it off her face. "Why are you wearing my glasses?"

"I took it since they were there." Josie rubbed her eyes and asked, "How is the employee?"

"A rock fell on him while he was supervising, and he had a hemorrhage. He's out of danger now."

"A hemorrhage?" Josie was startled. How could he be okay if he had a hemorrhage?

"The blood didn't gush out, did it?" Public opinion would be tough on such an accident on the construction site.

Dexter subconsciously patted her head. "Don't worry. I'll deal with it."

After that, he saw coffee powder on her hands. "What are you doing?"

"I'm making tiramisu. It's nice to have tiramisu on a day like this." She looked up and smiled sweetly at him.

Dexter seemed to understand. He pulled her hand and walked to the kitchen. His smile deepened when he saw her progress. "Let's do it together?"

"Sure." Josie was delighted.

He washed his hands and folded his sleeves to his elbow. He started dipping the ladyfingers into the coffee. Josie wanted to help, but he stopped her. "Just watch me.

Josie wanted to say she knew how to make tiramisu too.

But it was evident that Dexter was skillful. After spreading the mascarpone cream on the ladyfingers, he touched Josie's face with his coffee-soaked fingers. "There's a coin in my pocket. Help me take it out."

Josie wiped the cream off his face and stared at him. She knew what he wanted to do. "You're superstitious?"

"Occasionally"

It was lucky to find a penny in the tiramisu.

Josie did this annually with the Warren family. Josie's mom usually only hid one coin in the tiramisu and made it obvious. When cutting the cake, her mom put it on Justin's plate. Therefore, Justin always found the lucky penny every year.

Over time, Josie stopped looking forward to getting the coin.

They put it into the fridge and let it chill for a while.

However, Dexter didn't make it obvious. In the end, he found the penny while eating. At that moment. Dexter was both amused and annoyed. He didn't understand how he was so lucky.

Josie suppressed her laughter. To be honest, Dexter's tiramisu wasn't as fancy as the pasta restaurant's, but she had a big appetite and ate two servings.

After eating so much, she was distressed. "I want to go on a walk to aid my digestion."

Dexter was putting the plates on the kitchen counter. He turned her down without looking up. cold. No way."

"It's too

Josie did not utter a word.

Dexter raised his head when he felt her emotions. His wet hands touched her face again, and he suddenly approached her. "It's not that you can't do anything to aid your digestion. Let's do something else?"

Josie understood what he meant in a split second. Before she could run, the man forcefully trapped her in his arms and kissed her.

She was forced to accept it.

The two were intertwined as they gasped ruggedly.