

Blind Date 241

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Technical Issues

Josie turned to Kevan. "What's wrong?"

Kevan took a piece of popcorn from her bucket and popped it in his mouth. "Which character do you prefer? Between the two girls, who do you like better?"

He was suddenly eager to discuss the film.

Josie glanced at the screen and answered softly, "I prefer the girl who is now scolding the other one."

"Why? I thought you would prefer the quieter one."

Most people would like her. She seems timid, like a rabbit. However, she secretly entered a relationship with the guy while maintaining her crumbling friendship with lies. How is she any different from the despicable male lead? Still, her good girl act must have helped endear the audience to her.

Josie smiled and explained, "Nothing would have happened if this girl did not take the initiative. Then, the drama wouldn't have been so tragic. It is a misconception to say that love is beyond control. In actuality, love is controllable. However, what drove her to do all these was not love but the sense of vanity deep within her. She used love as an excuse for her actions. It probably stems from her low self-esteem."

Hearing her, Kevan was unsure whether to nod in agreement. He did not expect Josie to make such a deep analysis of the characters.

His palms broke out in cold sweat. Suddenly, he shouted, "Ms. Jo..."

Josie grunted in response. Her thoughts were clear at this moment.

Suddenly, the cinema turned pitch black. Even the light on the screen was gone. The other audience began voicing out in panic, "What's going on?"

The cinema had a sudden blackout in the middle of the movie.

Kevan took the opportunity to hold Josie's hand. "Don't be scared."

Soon, the staff entered the hall and turned on the light, brightening the place. Someone announced, "I'm sorry, everyone! Our film projector is damaged, and we can't continue to screen the movie!"

"What? We paid for the tickets!"

"Please calm down, everyone. If you leave this hall now, our staff will give you a gift as an apology. Also, please remember to keep your tickets. We will have another free screening of this movie at the same time

tomorrow."

In actuality, the audience did not lose anything. Moreover, it could not be helped since the projector suddenly broke down. Unfortunately, not everyone would have time to make it to the replacement screening on the next day.

Josie, for one, would not be joining.

After understanding what had happened, the audience grumbled and left the cinema.

Kevan felt sorry for what had happened. "What bad luck. The cinema has technical issues on the rare chance that we came out for a movie."

Josie pursed her lips and removed her hand from his hold. She glanced at the time and saw it was still early.

"Want to go downstairs to..."

"I can't," Josie refused straight away. "I have to deal with some matters at home, so I can't go out too long." Then, she paused before continuing, "Thank you for inviting me to a movie tonight."

After that, she bid him goodbye and turned around to go downstairs. However, Kevan suddenly pulled her hand. There was slight redness in the corner of his eyes. "Ms. Jo!"

Josie paused. "What's wrong?"

"I..." Kevan stuttered. "Happy New Year."

Josie smiled. "Happy New Year."

She went outside and found herself on the street full of luxury goods flagship stores.

It was snowing mildly. The pure white snowflakes fell gradually under the illumination of the street lamps. They landed on the dusty ground and soon became dirtied by people trampling on them.

Josie walked for a while and thought of finding somewhere warm to rest. She considered her family home, the hospital, the office, and so on. In fact, she considered everywhere except Mason Garden.

She paused and stood still to think.

"Welcome! How may I help you, Miss?"

It was a cold and snowy night, so few people came out to shop. The shop assistants seemed listless.

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A Shopping Spree

The shop assistant was sharp and instantly gauged the price of Josie's clothes.

She was astounded to discover that her clothes were not from high-end brands but were specially tailored for her. They were a level of luxury above high-end brands.

The shop assistant perked up immediately.

Josie wanted to try spending extravagantly like how characters did in the novels she read. She kept the supplementary credit card Dexter gave her in her purse.

She was not sure if he canceled it yet.

It took courage to go on a spending spree. She took a deep breath before pointing at the row of merchandise and instructed indifferently, "Pack these up for me. I'll pay with my credit card."

The supplementary card did not require pin codes.

The shop assistant happily swiped the card. Josie was surprised that it worked.

She was unable to stop after that.

"Can you send the things to this address? Someone will be there to receive them."

Then, Josie went from store to store along the street and emptied the shelves in each place. She walked out empty-handed, but delivery vans left to send her purchases to Mason Garden.

She had set out to annoy Dexter.

Meanwhile, Dexter's secretary received a call from the bank, saying that Dexter's credit card had an odd number of transactions that night.

The secretary immediately reported it to Dexter.

Dexter was dealing with work in the car and looked up briefly to read the message from the bank. He twirled his fingers and looked emotionlessly at the traffic jam ahead.

He had wondered why Josie kept visiting various flagship stores.

It turned out she was spending his money.

He instructed indifferently, "Tell the bank to raise the spending limit of her card. Then, she will see what a real shopping spree is."

On the other hand, Josie was surprised that Dexter never called her. By now, she had shopped until the end of the shopping street. The card seemed to have no limit.

-She had seen numerous shop assistants smiling from ear to ear and thanking her in various manners.

However, those gave her no joy at all. Instead, she felt even more depressed than before.

The snowfall grew heavier as she stood at the end of the street. She tightened her coat and headed toward the five-star hotel across the street.

Once she checked in, she called Arnold and said, "I'm in a hotel near Russell Group. My room number is 1356."

Arnold was probably outdoors. She heard the wind whirling and howling on his side.

Josie was not interested in listening further and hung up the call. She fell onto the soft bed before getting up again to bathe.

"Mr. Russell... Mrs. Russell checked into a hotel." The secretary, tracking Josie's movements, looked at Dexter bewilderedly.

Why did she suddenly enter a hotel alone?

Dexter pressed the corner of his eyebrows and speedily typed an email to a subordinate. Then, he shut his laptop and saw a Cayenne speeding down the street, rushing toward the hotel.

Dexter narrowed his eyes. "Find out which room Mrs. Russell is staying in."

He knew who was in that car. Only one person in Wavery owned a blue Cayenne.

Meanwhile, Arnold left a business gathering and sped down the road. A snowflake fell on his brow, and he seemed in high spirits.

The door was not locked.

It opened with a slight push and revealed a brightly lit room. He saw Josie's coat on the bed and heard sounds of running water from the bathroom. Arnold's heartbeat quickened slightly... No, it was beating rapidly.

Suddenly, an attendant entered with a meal cart. "Good evening, sir. This is the dinner you ordered."

Arnold noticed the lighted red candles and a bottle of red wine on the cart.

He wondered if the hotel prepared them for Josie or if they were things she specifically requested.

The attendant placed the food on the table and looked at Arnold ambiguously before leaving. He even closed the door for them.

Soon, Josie came out of the bathroom wrapped securely in a bathrobe. She saw Arnold and nodded calmly. "Let's have dinner."

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She Used Him

Arnold stood still. He wore a light brown coat and looked suave as he leaned against the cable

"You called me out of a business negotiation just for dinner?"

Josie was no longer afraid of him and looked up with a smile. "You took advantage of me many times it wrong for me to do the same?"

Arnold snorted softly before pulling out a chair and sitting down. He played with an expensive-looking rosary in his hand.

"I was in a nine-figure business negotiation. You better have something important to discuss with me" Josie sipped a little red wine. The candle flame flickered as she laughed. "Arnold, do you like me

A subtle emotion flashed in Arnold's eyes before disappearing immediately. Then, he behaved playfully usual. "Didn't I tell you that I've always liked you? Why? Have you finally decided to divorce Dexter?" "What if I don't divorce him?" Josie asked daringly. "Will you still want me if I don't divorce him?" Arnold finally stopped playing with the rosary. His pupils darkened with desire. Although Josie was not considered beautiful, she had spirited eyes. One could not help but be mesmerized by them.

He looked at her and could not hide his curiosity. "What happened?"

Seeing that he could still reason, Josie gave up on the question. She looked at the snow outside the window and finished her plate of steak.

Arnold did not move but quietly waited for her to finish eating. After around fifteen minutes, something in Josie snapped. She dropped her cutlery and suddenly leaned toward Arnold to kiss his lips.

Arnold lost all the little rationality he had left. Desires burst from his heart.

Josie gently placed her hand on the back of his head. She left a fleeting kiss on his lips before moving slightly. Their faces were close as they looked into each other's eyes. Her gaze seemed gentler than the candlelight.

Josie... Do you know what you're doing?"

She gave him another kiss and moved away immediately. "You haven't answered me."

Arnold felt his desires stir. He could see her bare skin from the front of her bathrobe.

Her skin was fair and smooth as a pearl. His throat tightened, and his breathing increased in urgency.

Suddenly, Josie's phone rang. Arnold felt her hand trembling slightly. Her gaze became alert, and she let him go.

It was a call from Alice. "What's wrong?"

Alice sounded urgent. "Have you seen the email I sent you? Why haven't you replied?"

"I will deal with it right now."

Due to the interruption, the passion from before disappeared without a trace and could not be reignited.

Josie looked at the door and sensed no movements outside. It seemed no one would come to stop her even if she continued what she was doing with Arnold,

The realization filled her with brief frustration.

Still, it did not bother her for long. She knew she would not lose to anyone when it came to patience.

"Josie." Arnold looked at her solemnly.

Josie pursed her lip. "I have to leave. Something urgent came up with work."

"I'll send you."

"That won't be necessary. I will go downstairs to call a taxi. It will be here soon."

She went to the bathroom and put on her clothes. When she came out, Arnold already called a ride for her through an app. It was waiting downstairs.

He watched Josie walk away and called to her. "Should I pretend nothing happened tonight?"

Josie smiled and made a hand gesture, indicating to him not to treat what had happened as a fact.

"Miss, where to?"

Josie put on the seatbelt and read out Mason Garden's address.

She had arranged with Alice before Arnold arrived at the hotel. Alice was to call her in half an hour and pretend there was something urgent.

[Chapter 244](#)

Humiliating the Tabloid Girlfriend

It was late at night, and the servants in Mason Garden were finishing up work for the day.

Julie opened the door and was surprised to see Josie. "Mrs. Russell."

Josie demanded expressionlessly, "I want to see Dexter."

She did not wait for Julie to respond and entered the house. "I know he's here."

His car was parked outside.

Julie immediately blocked her way. "It's not the right time. Mrs. Russell, please let me inform him first."

Josie glared at her for the first time. I'm his wife. Why do I need you to seek permission to meet him?"

However, Julie still refused to let her through, prompting anger within Josie. She shoved Julie's hand away, leaving a big red mark on it.

There was no one in the master bedroom.

Josie rushed around and stopped before the study, noticing the door open. Josie looked at the servant's expression and knew something was going on in there.

Before she could ponder further, a voice sounded, "What's wrong?"

Josie could not see the speaker, but her voice sounded familiar.

Soon, a woman in a black dress came out of the study. She carried a book and appeared dignified and relaxed. Josie had seen her before. She was the person the tabloid claimed was Dexter's girlfriend, an entrepreneur called Ms. Sharp.

"Ms. Sharp."

Ms. Sharp looked at her arrogantly and asked, "Who are you?"

Josie calmed her fury immediately. She did not answer her but walked past her into the study.

Unexpectedly, there was no one in the study. She pushed open the lounge door and saw that it was empty.

Julie rushed to Josie and answered. "Mr. Russell is not at home."

"He has invited Ms. Sharp here as a guest."

Dexter had called to inform Julie about this, so she did not hesitate to invite Ms. Sharp to wait in the study. Moreover, Ms. Sharp was charming.

Her words made Josie think Ms. Sharp frequently met with Dexter in Mason Garden while she was absent. -She approached Ms. Sharp intimidatingly. Then, she glanced at Ms. Sharp's hand and realized she was

holding the interior design book Dexter had bought for her.

Josie snatched the book and smiled stilly. "Ms. Sharp, this is Mr. Russell's study. He doesn't simply allow anyone to enter here. Since you're a guest, I hope you conduct yourself with manners befitting a guest."

She waved the book and opened the cover to show her the title page. "Please refrain from touching other people's things."

Ms. Sharp's expression darkened. Her expression changed completely, losing all traces of her previous charm.

"You!"

There was a name written on the page. Josie Warren.

It was Dexter's handwriting. He wrote with such force that he left an imprint on the page below.

Josie had a habit of writing her name on her book since she was a student.

Dexter had beautiful handwriting. Thus, she pestered him to write the title page and joked that if they divorced, she might be able to provide for herself using his signature.

Seeing Ms. Sharp's furious expression, Josie realized her effort to coax Dexter to write on the page had paid off.

Josie had waggled the title page before her eyes. Ms. Sharp knew by now whose book this was.

Ms. Sharp narrowed her eyes. "Who the heck are you?"

Meanwhile, Dexter stood grimly outside room number 1359 and looked at the opposite room, room number 1356.

An attendant came out of the room after tidying it. "Sir, how may I help you?"

"Is someone inside?"

"The guest has already checked out."

Dexter's secretary trembled fearfully and explained, "Mr. Russell, it was an accident. I didn't realize I made a mistake."

If the bodyguards keeping watch outside hadn't called to inform that Josie had left, Dexter would have burst into fury after searching the wrong room. He might even tear down the hotel.

Then, he would kill his secretary.

[Chapter 245](#)

A Sense of Trepidation

Now that he received accurate news, Dexter could calm down from his fears gradually.

The good news

Luckily, she did not dare to cheat on him. Otherwise, he would have killed her and turned her into a specimen.

It was not a threat but a certainty.

Ms. Sharp's question was met with silence.

Now that Josie was calmer, she reflected on her actions and wondered if she had gone overboard. She entered the study and returned the book to its place. Then, she checked Dexter's computer and essential documents and found nothing wrong.

She reprimanded the servants as she walked past them, "Please do your job properly."

Ms. Sharp shook with fury. She noticed from Josie's actions that she was familiar with this place. It seemed she lived here. Even Ms. Sharp would not dare to speak to the servants in Mason Garden in the tone Josie used.

Julie realized her mistake. After Josie left, she said, "Ms. Sharp, please follow me outside."

"Don't be so careless next time." The secretary ended the call in the car and immediately sensed a sharp gaze from the back.

A cold voice sounded, "Who called?"

"It was from a servant in Mason Garden. She said Ms. Sharp met with Mrs. Russell."

Dexter suddenly recalled that he had invited Ms. Sharp to Mason Garden to negotiate business matters.

He felt Ms. Sharp was quite capable and desired to collaborate with her. However, he was too preoccupied with Josie that he forgot about her.

"What happened next?"

"Mrs. Josie humiliated Ms. Sharp..."

Dexter's stern expression thawed slightly, and his lips curved into a slight smile. He leaned against the car with a hand on the window and briefly closed his eyes. Then, he asked

May is the design department in Cong subsidiary will bring

secret speedily recalled the relevant information and implied. "Yes"

Den shut his eyes and was greeted with darkness

Trifer Kevan there once the holiday is over.”

“”Yes, sir

Joe slept till morning. She immediately woke up and headed to the bathroom, only to realize the door would not open.

She woke up completely and knew Dexter had returned.

Before she could do anything, the door suddenly opened. Dexter had just finished a bath, causing the warm steam to gush out of the bathroom. He tied a towel around his waist, leaving his firm and muscular chest bare. Water dripped down his abs, prompting Josie to blush.

Dexter dried his hair with another towel and looked down at her. “You’re awake.

Josie looked down and did not know what to say. “Yes...”

She could not help but feel awkward now that they were suddenly talking again.

Josie stepped aside and gave him space to walk. Dexter asked languidly, “You bought so many things. Don’t you want to see them?”

She suddenly realized her purchases had been sent to the closet and arranged properly.

Still, she refused to give in and grumbled softly, “Arrogant, wealthy people.”

Dexter snorted and pulled her over to him. He sat and ordered, “Help me blow my hair dry

“Why should I?” Josie protested.

Dexter looked up upon hearing her, prompting her to back down immediately. “I’ll do it.”

His hair was coarse and felt prickly as she brushed her fingers through them. Josie dried his hair with a hairdryer and said softly, “You were here last night, right?”

Dexter put on his pants. “Your voice is too soft. I can’t hear you.”

Josie resisted the urge to scold him and repeated her words loudly.

Dexter sneered and asked, “What do

you think?”

Josie formed her conclusion once she finished drying his hair. She set the hairdryer aside and hesitated for a long time. Then, she observed Dexter’s mood before saying, “Erm, can you hug me?”

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Her Heart Ached For Him

Arching his brows, Dexter reached out his hand to pull Josie into his arms. Josie was relieved, thinking she could cling to him even if he became mad again later.

"I'm sorry, Dexter. I didn't do it on purpose that day. I asked because I was worried about you. I have no bad intentions." Josie babbled quickly, worrying Dexter wouldn't buy her words.

Dexter was no longer hostile like the other day. He placed his hand on Josie's waist and didn't answer her directly. "Did you meet up with Arnold yesterday to irritate me?"

Josie was reluctant to admit her childish act.

Perceiving her acquiescence, Dexter caressed her hair. "You can rest assured that I'll not harm you. Neither do I have a disposition for violence, so don't worry."

"I'm not worried about that." Josie quickly said. "I just... feel sorry for your experience."

Although Josie had lost her mother, she knew how much a family's behavior could impact the children. She couldn't imagine how traumatized Dexter was to be beaten up badly by his own mother and even hospitalized.

She could understand why Dexter was always cold and hostile.

Dexter was surprised to hear Josie's words. There's actually someone in this world who feels sorry for me.

Josie hugged him. "Please don't take it to heart, Dexter."

Dexter stood rooted on the ground as complicated emotions arose in him. At that moment, he found Josie like a wildflower, simple yet attractive.

Dexter got a hold of himself. Feeling Josie's warm breath, Dexter suddenly placed his hand on her chest and teased, "Your heart's pounding, huh? Are you that nervous to draw close to me?"

Josie shot a glare at him but didn't deny it. She knew he deliberately teased her.

So, she didn't bother with him but remained silent like an upset little girl.

"You must be happy to be with your rumored girlfriend the past few days."

Josie's remark pleased Dexter. Sitting beside her, he pulled up his sweatpants, revealing his appealing ankle.

Her Heart Ached For Him

He peeled a grape and sent it to Josie's mouth, but the latter turned her head away and rejected it.

"

"She's just a business partner. The footage of us appearing together in a hotel is a result of video manipulation."

"I see." Josie hummed aloofly.

Dexter continued, "I'll send someone to fetch your father here today. Grandpa will be here too, and we'll celebrate the New Year together."

Josie paused her action and finally engaged in conversation with him. "Really?"

“Mm-hmm. The servants can help to take care of your father.” Dexter answered casually.

Josie uttered with a smile, “Thank you, Dexter.”

Dexter peeled another grape and put it in his mouth. Then, Dexter unexpectedly pulled Josie over and pressed his soft lips against hers.

The sugary grape juice flowed from Dexter’s mouth into Josie’s, enhancing the sweetness of their kiss.

Josie was forced to accept his kiss, yet Dexter reached to feel her heartbeat again and started caressing her more presumptuously.

Josie attempted to avoid Dexter, but Dexter was relentless in his pursuit. Her voice became hoarse as she muttered, “It’s daytime now.”

However, Dexter refused to stop. He wiped away the juice at the corner of her lips and hummed, “I’ve missed you so much the past few days. That woman’s company wants to use me to create a sensation. I’m not related to her in any way.”

“It’s daytime now.” Josie repeated.

Dexter had his limits despite his fervent desire, so he calmed down slightly. Nonetheless, he was experienced enough to see through Josie’s superficial rejection.

The next second, he carried Josie in his arms and walked toward the bed.

[Chapter 247](#)

A Lively Home

Josie’s phone fell from her hand onto the ground.

That afternoon, dark clouds loomed over the city, followed by a raging thunderstorm.

Being pressed underneath Dexter, Josie could only submit, knowing her resistance was futile.

Dexter was extraordinarily passionate that day; Josie found his foreplay irresistible.

She clung to him tightly and closed her eyes, wallowing in the pleasure.

It was two hours away from dinner time when it ended.

Josie lay beside Dexter and asked carefully, “What kind of person is your mother?”

After remaining silent briefly, Dexter held Josie’s hand and fidgeted with her fingers insouciantly.

“She’s very dominant.”

Her name was Xanthe Quorn, and she was influential in the business circle.

Dexter’s father passed away when Dexter was still a child, so Xanthe single-handedly raised him in the treacherous Russell family and experienced countless schemes and betrayals.

Russell Group was once under the control of Yanis and went through a turbulent period. thereafter. It was Xanthe who took the lead and leveraged the power of her original family to stabilize the situation. Ten years later, Dexter made a solid return to Russell Group and became the sole authority.

After that, Xanthe left the Russell family uninhibitedly and dissociated herself from family affairs.

Many regarded Dexter as their idol for his charismatic leadership, but those who analyzed the situation would know that Xanthe played a vital role in Dexter's success.

Most businesswomen were domineering. However, she didn't love Dexter and refused to acknowledge him as her son.

Dexter stopped talking about that, while Josie didn't ask further.

One could hardly imagine such a woman to be mentally ill.

Dexter kept his promise and fetched Paul to Mason Garden. Soon, Henry and Marilyn arrived and had dinner together after visiting Paul.

The rare occasion allowed Josie to feel the long-lost atmosphere of a family reunion finally.

The next day, the servants started their duties just as the sun rose.

The chef was astonished when Josie appeared in the kitchen. "Mrs. Russell."

Josie gestured for the chef to lower his voice and asked, "What are we having for breakfast today?"

Every morning, the chef would prepare a variety of American breakfasts and Continental breakfasts.

"I'll prepare the American breakfast. Can you teach me if I made any mistakes?"

The chef was caught off guard. "Mrs. Russell, I can't let you prepare

Josie signaled for him to keep quiet again.

The chef fell silent, hesitating if he should give in.

breakfast..."

Josie was a skillful cook, and her prepared dishes were visually appealing. The kitchen was filled with the aroma of the pastries she baked. Besides, she prepared smoothies with fresh fruits and milk.

The petite lady bustled around the kitchen, working in an organized manner despite being busy. Even the chef was impressed by her cooking skills.

While praising Josie, the chef thought Dexter had married a decent woman.

Ten minutes later, Dexter woke up and realized Josie was not in the room. He sobered up when he reached out his hand and felt the empty bed.

When he went downstairs, Josie was walking out of the kitchen with a plate in her hand. She accidentally scalded herself and rubbed her ear with her fingers.

When she looked up and saw Dexter staring at her with a frown, she was startled and instinctively hid her hand behind her back.

Dexter strode over and held her hand to examine it. He was relieved after ensuring Josie was not injured.

“When did you wake up?” He asked.

Josie pushed him away and did not answer his question. “I smell from cooking.”

[Chapter 248](#)

Good News

Dexter looked at her in resignation and was moved when he saw the variety of dishes on the table.

He reckoned Josie must have sneaked out secretly and didn’t want to be discovered, so she was embarrassed now that he bumped into her.

Dexter attempted to tease her, so he drew close and uttered, “Are you nervous because this is your first time spending the New Year at my place?”

Having been seen through, Josie looked at Dexter sheepishly and mumbled. “That’s not true.”

Dexter laughed and embraced Josie in satisfaction.

Henry had a regular routine and woke up shortly after. He didn’t expect Josie to be awake this early and invited her to sit with him.

Dexter sat down and said, “Grandpa, Jo woke up early and made all these.”

Henry was surprised. “That’s impressive! Let me give it a taste.”

“I hope you like them,” Josie answered shyly.

The next few days, Josie and the servants decorated the villa with fresh flowers, bringing life to Mason Garden. While she was bustling around, Dexter and Henry sat in the yard and had tea.

Henry smiled, “Dex, I’m so happy to see you marrying a wife like Jo.”

“Grandpa...”

“The past has passed. You should cherish the present and let go of Leanne’s matter, alright?” Henry exhorted seriously while looking into Dexter’s eyes.

Dexter’s eyes were filled with complicated emotions as he gazed at Josie, who was plucking flowers in the yard.

“I understand.”

At ten o’clock that night, the news press and media companies under Russell Group received a set of pictures simultaneously. The picture captured Dexter and Josie in Mason Garden, but their faces were not revealed.

The picture was captured while Josie was working on the balcony. Dexter came out to the balcony and acted intimately with Josie. Then, they seemed to have an argument, which made Josie stand up and leave, but Dexter quickly hugged her fawningly.

The editors were flabbergasted. They knew Mason Garden was heavily guarded, so the paparazzi must have been given permission to be able to capture these pictures. Although Dexter was the conglomerate's president, the editors reckoned the pictures would not be suppressed. It was even possible that they were deliberately released!

Dexter's assistants received countless inquiry calls that night as the recipients' curiosity brewed. They acknowledged that the woman in the picture was Dexter's official girlfriend and allowed the media companies to release the news.

The embellished pictures and content caused a great commotion after they were released.

Many were convinced that the news couldn't be fabricated. Since the pictures were released to openly, along with the PR statement, they guessed the owner of Russell Group was getting married soon.

When Dexter's assistant boldly asked him if Josie would be upset at how he unilaterally announced their relationship to the public, he smiled mysteriously and answered, "She won't know."

Indeed, Josie rarely surfed the Internet and wouldn't browse the gossip news even when she needed to access the Internet for work purposes. She wasn't someone who was interested in buzzes, which was beneficial because the Internet could be filled with malicious comments from all kinds of people. It wasn't a suitable environment for her.

However, Dexter overlooked that Josie's friends would also browse the Internet.

"Oh my goodness, Jo! You won't believe what I saw on the news today!" Alice exclaimed on the phone.

"What is it?"

"I saw news of Mr. Russell dating someone! The girl in the picture looks like you!"

Josie nearly choked on the apple she was munching. "Stop the nonsense..."

"I'm not lying! Let me send it to you. The statements are exactly the same. All media companies under Russell Group seem to have gone all out!"

Josie checked her laptop and realized the news was already in the headlines.

Rendered speechless, she couldn't question Dexter because he was not home yet. Does this, announce our relationship to the public?!

[Chapter 249](#)

New Year's Eve

Mason Garden was filled with a festive mood on New Year's Eve.

Josie dragged Dexter along early in the morning to hang up some decorations at the entrance. Dexter was tall and could easily put them up. He turned to ask Josie if the angle was appropriate.

Josie observed carefully and said, "Hmm.. Slightly to the left. Yeah, yeah. Looks good now"

Marilyn, who was watering the plants, said to Henry with a wide grin. "Dex has never helped to decorate the house all these years. Only Jo could persuade him."

Dexter complained, "Ms. Marilyn, I was busy the past few years. You make it sound like I'm lazy"

That's true. When have you not been busy? I'm glad that Jo is around this year. Marilyn looked at Jo and gave her a thumbs up.

Josie blushed in embarrassment. Henry beckoned her over. "Come here, Jo. This is my new year's gift to you. Keep it

It was an envelope filled with a pile of cash. Josie rejected it immediately. "I can't accept it, Grandpa. I'm a working adult now, so I shouldn't receive this money from you."

However, Henry insisted and forcefully shoved the envelope into Josie's hand. "That's not an issue at all. No matter how old you are, you're still a child to me. Moreover, you are my new granddaughter-in-law. Just take it as my blessing to you."

Josie looked at Dexter, who nodded, signaling her to accept it.

Later, when there were only two of them, Josie whispered, "That's too much money. I should return it to you."

Dexter chuckled. "It's a gift from Grandpa. You may keep it for yourself."

"Alright, then. Since you said so, I shall take it." Upon perceiving Dexter's noncommittal stance, Josie was assured and kept the envelope away.

After breakfast, Josie went to check in on Paul. Paul was taken good care of by the servants, who were more dedicated than the caretakers. Not only that, she could visit him whenever she wanted. So, she was extremely grateful to Dexter for that.

"Dad, can you feel it? The Russells treat me well. Don't worry about me." Sitting beside the bed, Josie held Paul's hand and mumbled, "Please wake up soon. Dexter's grandpa is old and lonely. If you regain consciousness, he must be glad to have someone to chat with. Last time, he asked me what your occupation was before you fell ill. I told him proudly that you were a great doctor who has served the poor and sick for many years."

"By the way, you might not know that Dexter's father passed away long ago. Dexter is a cold person. How great it would be if you could show care to him as a fatherly figure."

Josie continued talking to Paul until a servant came to knock on the door. "Mrs. Russell, the car is ready. It's time to go."

By tradition, the Russell family would head to the ancestral hall for ancestral worship on New Year's Eve. Josie's identity as Dexter's wife was no longer a secret, so she would naturally have to attend the event.

"Coming." Josie left the room and did not notice Paul's finger move.

She returned to her room to pick a suitable outfit. Then, she wore the bracelet Henry gave her. The other family members might not readily acknowledge her as the new daughter-in-law. As such, the bracelet. could help to make her presence known.

During the two-hour journey, Dexter spoke rapidly to inform Josie about the family's history and its members to prepare her mind so that Josie could handle the situation even if he were absent.

He made a clear statement. "Josie, remembering is not enough, but I need you to act it out."

Josie understood the deep meaning and importance of Dexter's exhortation.

Dexter rubbed the ring on his finger until he could feel its warmth. He was gradually getting used to wearing a ring.

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Rituals

The car made a turn Josie could no longer recognize the road. All she knew was that the Russell family's memorial hall was a well-kept secret in Wavery.

The tires crunched over the dried leaves on the ground as the vehicle came to a stop.

"Don't be afraid. Follow me," Dexter said in a low voice.

As Josie stepped out of the car, the first thing that struck her was not the extravagance of the place but the exquisiteness. There were multiple compounds with buildings, fusions of old and modern. The area was spacious and held many people around it. Yet it was not unpleasant to the eyes as everything was meticulously designed.

The place was brimming with history.

Dexter hung his coat over his arm, leading the group with wide strides. Those that passed by him greeted him with respect. He was dressed in a black shirt. As he unbuttoned a couple of the sapphire buttons near his neck with one hand, the air around him seemed imposing.

Josie followed him and was surprised no one looked or paid attention to her.

Her impression of the place improved.

Not long after, a man that seemed to be a butler came out to report to Dexter. "You're back, Mr. Dexter. Mr. Yanis is waiting for you and your wife up ahead."

Dexter nodded.

The butler greeted Josie with a smile as she passed by.

Dexter turned back to her with an open palm as they headed up the stairs. "Here."

The Russell family's power was shared out. The man the butler had mentioned was one of them with power.

Yanis Russell.

Dexter mentioned the man in the car. He was the director of Russell Group. When Dexter defeated him, and took over, Yanis took the back seat and stayed at the residence in a life of retirement.

Josie thought that as a Russell who had dealt with Dexter, he would be unapproachable.

But he was not.

Yanis had a gentle appearance. He wore plain clothes with a pair of canvas shoes. He seemed to be in his fifties or sixties but was sprightly.

Yanis smiled and got up from his seat when he saw them. Dexter gestured for him to stay put. "Please sit,

Uncle."

Yanis gestured toward the steaming cups of tea on the table.

Dexter wrapped his arm around Josie's waist, seemingly on alert. Yet a smile was seen on his face. Jo, mert Uncle Yanis"

"It's a pleasure to meet you."

Yanis rose from his seat His eyes were smiling Tve heard good things of you from Father'

"Thank you."

They took their seats, and Yanis turned his attention to Josie. He did not mention her family or job as though he was aware. He even told her to be comfortable as it was fate to be family.

Josie felt touched by the interaction. He seemed miles apart from the cruel man Dexter had mentioned. She stole a glance at Dexter. He sipped his tea elegantly without showing any emotions.

The room was gradually filled soon after they had arrived.

A well-mannered man had people move a display case to the room. Yanis introduced. "Wyatt, meet Josie."

Josie recalled what she knew. Wyatt was Yanis' only son who was studying at a university.

The young man smiled while holding out his hand. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Wyatt. Nice of you to visit."

"It's good to meet you, Wyatt."

Josie noticed that despite the pleasantries, there was a hint of stiffness as he did not accept her as a part of the family.

Everyone in the room seemed amiable on the surface.

"You're cold, Dexter. How can you only tell us you're married half a year later?" Wyatt smiled. "I thought it was weird you hadn't visited me for a while. Turns out it's because of your wifey at home."