

## Blind Date 271

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Held as Hostage

Wyatt arrived at the Russell Group as expected.

With a fair and youthful appearance, he spoke politely and endeared himself to many of the employees. Since Josie was giving him a personal tour of the Russell Group office, people naturally became curious about his identity.

Who is this?

Josie handed Wyatt a glass of water in the pantry. "We'll be working together from now on," she said. "I hope we get along well."

Wyatt, who was involved in venture capital, wasn't part of the design department. He smiled warmly and accepted the cup from Josie. "Thank you, Josie," he said.

Josie felt her heart race. "You can call me Ms. Warren. Let's keep things professional in the office."

Wyatt slowly nodded his head.

However, Josie would find a cup of hot coffee on her desk every day at the office.

Alice was also feeling confused. "It's not me," she said.

She decided to check the security footage and realized that it had been Wyatt all along.

The next day, she left a sticky note at her table that read, 'I don't drink coffee in the morning. Thank for the thought.'

As expected, there wasn't a cup of coffee on her table the next day.

you

It was a hectic day in the meeting room. Josie and Wyatt were both present, and the project involving the residents of Althem City was assigned to Wyatt.

The receptionist burst into the room, her voice shaking. "Ms. Warren," she stammered, "there's someone here to see you."

Josie remained collected, her gaze steady on the receptionist. "Who is it?" she asked calmly.

The receptionist shook her head, her eyes awash with conflicting emotions. "I'm not sure who he is," she said, "but he was insistent on seeing you. He brought something a..."

Wyatt stepped out of the meeting room to see what was happening. Suddenly, people started screaming at the top of their lungs. The knife pointed at Wyatt, and Josie felt her whole body tense up in fear.

The receptionist faintly continued, "... a knife."

Josie sensed something was wrong. She stood up and walked over to the door. As she got closer, she saw the person standing behind the knife.

A man in a leather jacket and jeans stood in the doorway, a cigarette dangling from his lips. His buzz cut was unkempt, and his face showed the wear and tear of a hard life. He looked like a rocker who had seen better days.

The man looked like a rocker at first glance, but the illusion was shattered when he opened his mouth. "Which one of you is Josie Warren?"

Wyatt had never seen such a crude man. The glint of the knife in his hand made her eyes water. She was too afraid to move.

As the air was thick with painful silence, Josie pulled Wyatt away. "I am," she announced.

"F\*ck!" He spat on the floor, then grabbed Josie's collar with a bruising grip. The man's knife hovered just inches from Josie's neck. "Are you the one who wants to take away our home without paying us?"

He must be the family member of a homeowner in Althem City who was unwilling to sell their house.

Josie stared at him and, feigning indifference, uttered, "Are you Moses?"

She had looked through the details of every household. One of them had a son who went overseas to study at eighteen. He squandered his parents' money by wandering around the city. Now that his family was in financial trouble, he finally returned.

Josie had a strong impression of him as he was a wanderer. He was a rare sight, a wanderer from a poor family.

Moses pressed the knife against her neck; his teeth clenched in anger. "Tell me what I should do now?" he growled.

A bloodcurdling scream pierced the air as someone spotted him in the building.

Wyatt felt his anxiety spike as he could hear his pulse throbbing in his ears. He dropped his phone on the floor and scrambled to pick it up. "Stay calm," he said to Moses, trying to sound calm and collected. "How much do you want? We can pay you. Please don't hurt her."

Josie was close to him, and she noticed the glint in his eyes.

She glared at Wyatt. "I can handle this," she said, her voice strong and determined. "Don't tell your brother."

Alice frowned, unable to follow her train of thought. "What do you mean? His knife is..."

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### Gangster

Before she finished her words, Josie reached out and grabbed the knife. Moses was momentarily stunned, and at that moment, she swiftly snatched the knife and threw it to the ground.

Without a scratch on her, Josie remained indifferent, as if she were merely an outsider. "Is this knife brand new? It doesn't seem sharp at all. Can't even cut a lemon with it."

With the resounding thud of the knife hitting the ground, Moses was flooded with a whirlpool of emotions. Those who were expecting a frightening hostage-holding scene were left dumbfounded. Little did they expect it was just a bluff from a cowardly troublemaker.

Bryce immediately put away his phone.

Moses straightened his posture, maintaining his tough appearance. "I don't care. No one leaves if you don't give me a way out today."

Josie leaned against the side. "What can you do?"

"I can't do anything," the man responded self-righteously.

"Then what do you want to do?"

"Well," Moses stepped back and casually sat on someone's desk. His long legs swung freely as if he were on a beach vacation. He reached out his hand and continued with a serious tone. "let me work here; any position will do. I'm only asking for thirty thousand a month. Not too demanding, right?"

Josie did not respond to his ridiculous demands.

Alice couldn't help but say, "You might as well go rob the bank!"

Bryce chimed in, "How is this any different from robbery?"

Josie smiled nonchalantly, "It's not impossible, but let your father come and talk to me."

If she agreed to this request, the stubborn tenants wouldn't have the audacity to refuse their offer anymore.

She returned to the conference room and instructed Alice, "Find the security guards and throw him out."

"You!"

Several security guards escorted the young man out, leaving him utterly embarrassed.

Moses stood alone outside the Russell Group building and looked at the towering structure. His tongue pressed against the inside of his cheek, and his eyes narrowed into slits. Well done, Josie, he thought.

Eventually, Dexter came to learn about the incident as well.

At the top floor of the Russell Group building, a secretary poured a cup of hot water for Josie. Dexter leaned against the side, flipping through documents, and asked, "So, Moses Chakov?"

Josie remained composed. "How did you find out about this?"

The man didn't answer-an indecipherable emotion was hidden deep in his eyes.

A few days later, Josie received a response from the stubborn tenants. They were finally willing to let go of the plot, but on the condition that she would help their son find a job. Of course, it wouldn't be as extravagant as Moses' demands. As long as he could make a living, it would suffice.

At that time, Dexter had just received all the information about Moses. Moses had attended MIT but went astray afterward, leading an unruly life with few good deeds. The list of misdeeds filled two pages.

On that evening, Dexter appeared near the house where Moses currently resided.

With his own eyes, he witnessed a disheveled young man stumbling out of his house, looking lifeless. He paused for a moment upon seeing the luxury car, and then, in silence, he picked up a large stone from the ground and raised his hand, ready to smash the car.

Fortunately, the driver's quick reflexes stopped him. "What are you doing?"

Moses glanced at him and let out a yawn, appearing as if he had lost interest, and dropped the stone. He confidently stated, "What am I doing? This is my house. You parked your car here, blocking my way. Do you think that's appropriate?"

Dexter observed his actions quietly and then rolled down the car window.

Their eyes met."

Moses raised an eyebrow and challenged, "Who are you?"

Dexter remained calm and surveyed the surrounding environment before asking, "Are you content with your life?"

Moses remained silent, his long-dead determination slightly stirred by the man's words.

## [Chapter 273](#)

### Hiring A Bodyguard

"To support your education, your family has exhausted their wealth. Unable to stay abroad any longer, you were forced to return to the country. Since your return, your friends have avoided you, and those with money are afraid of being associated with you and becoming a target of ridicule. Everyone wants to bring you down, to quash your ambitions. Finally, now even you have given up on yourself."

Dexter's words were precise, striking directly at the depths of Moses' mind. He stared at the other man's eyes, on the verge of erupting in anger.

He had a thousand words at the tip of his tongue, but no words could make their way out.

He couldn't find the confidence to refute-not when this man seemed to know him inside out, including the dire situation he was in and the lingering thoughts in his head.

"Who are you? It must be amusing for you, huh? Coming specifically to ridicule me?"

The secretary couldn't bear watching more. The two men stood together, similar in age but utterly different in status.

Moses seemed like a teenager going through puberty.

Dexter calmly handed him a business card and uttered, "If you want to change, I can give you an opportunity."

Perhaps it was because it involved Josie-he didn't want her to be bothered by the mess.

Ultimately, he was the one that had gotten her involved in the project.

He wanted to help, so he extended a helping hand to Moses to spare Josie from repercussions.

Moses glanced at it briefly. "You want me to go to your company?"

Pretty clever, Dexter thought.

"Why?" Moses couldn't think of a reason for this man to voluntarily lend help.

Dexter crossed his hands and replied slowly, "The woman you held at knifepoint a few days ago is my wife."

Moses furrowed his brow, looking suspiciously at him. "You want to be my savior by giving me an opportunity? Sure, but I won't go to your department. I want to work for your wife. The secretary was wondering if he was in his right mind.

Dexter was starting to catch on with the situation. He asked, "Why?"

Moses leaned in quietly, resting one hand on the car window. "I can help you keep an eye on your wife! Can you trust her with that beautiful face? What if she cheats on you?"

The secretary anxiously stared at Dexter's expression, wishing he could knock Moses to his senses and stop him from spouting more nonsense.

An ambiguous smile lit up Dexter's features. Unexpectedly, Moses continued, "Of course, only if you give

me a lot of money."

Moses' profile mentioned that he had a level nine black belt in Taekwondo.

Surprisingly, Dexter looked at this energetic young man and didn't refute his outrageous demands. After a while, he finally responded, "But I have one condition."

"Mr. Russell!" the secretary couldn't help but exclaim. If he worked for Mrs. Russell, wouldn't it be more risky?

Moses himself was confounded by Dexter's compliance and asked doubtfully, "Are you really okay with me working for your wife?"

Dexter was not concerned about being cheated on because he knew that Josie was not that kind of person.

He had other concerns.

Later that very same day, Josie received Dexter's message: As long as he doesn't cause trouble, let him work for you and help you with odd jobs."

Moses was hired into the Russell family's company with a salary of three thousand.

Alice and the others also noticed that Moses was showy and had a sharp tongue. Apart from his old habits and brazenly arrogant attitude he bore as a child from a rich family, he was pretty good as an assistant.

Moreover, after he joined the company, the issue of the stubborn tenants was quickly resolved.

#### [Chapter 274](#)

##### Partnering With the Carters

Josie didn't ask him why he did it. She half-jokingly said. "You took away the talent I personally recruited, and then you brought in such a troublemaker. Mr. Russell, I'm at a loss big time."

Dexter took her into his arms on the bed and absentmindedly played with her hair. "That Kevan is coming after you. I had to be cautious," he said possessively with an eerie tone.

Josie lowered her eyes slightly. She had long known that freedom was nothing but a luxury as soon as she became his wife.

After the Lunar New Year, work gradually resumed. Dexter shifted all his focus onto the internet industry. particularly the e-commerce sector. He even collaborated with the Carter Group.

In this regard, Carter Group was a pioneer with experience and capability. The collaboration between the two companies was a win-win situation. However, Josie could tell that Arnold might be the biggest winner, and she wondered what Dexter had given up for it.

For... Xanthe?

In the pantry on the 32nd floor, Bryce poured a cup of coffee for the woman.

"Josie... no, Ms. Warren, we have shifted our focus to e-commerce projects in recent investments. Do you have any objections?" Bryce remained gentle and patient as always.

Josie tried to look relaxed and took a sip of coffee before addressing firmly. "There are many people within the company who have opinions about this reform, and many are curious. Of course, I would want to be informed as well."

"Are you one of the curious ones or one of those with objections?"

Their eyes met, and the dynamic between them was far from benevolent.

The corner of Josie's lips lifted slightly, but her eyes remained indifferent. She raised her guard as she responded, "Of course, I'm on the same side as your brother."

Bryce nodded. "Good to know."

Russell's family had built its foundation through industrialists and had relied on it for many years. With such a sudden reform, the board members were unlikely to remain calm. Yet Bryce had no objections. indicating that he had aligned with Dexter's goal.

This wasn't within Josie's responsibilities, but Xanthe's words that day made her heart race. She feared that Dexter might do something irrational.

After much thought, she paid a visit to Carter Group.

Upon hearing Josie's words over the phone, Arnold asked Lilian to pour him a cup of coffee.

Since that day, Josie didn't leave his side and has since become an increasingly proactive negotiator between the two groups.

When the call ended, Lilian leaned over. "How long have you known each other?"

Arnold was in a good mood today and reached up to touch her chin. "Guess,"

Lilian smiled. "I won't guess. But I want to see what nickname you have set for her."

Arnold handed over his personal phone, and Lilian cheerfully started scrolling.

There was no nickname for Josie, and only a few people had been given nicknames, seemingly insignificant individuals.

A glimmer of disdain flashed in Lilian's eyes. Of course, a woman like Josie couldn't hold onto Arnold's heart. They were from entirely different worlds..

Lilian returned the phone to Arnold.

However, just as she turned to leave, she suddenly turned back and grabbed the man's collar, standing on tiptoe to kiss him.

She had intended to steal a kiss and then run away, but Lilian was stunned because Arnold didn't push her

away.

She widened her eyes slightly at his acceptance, and with a firm grasp, she continued to kiss him. The softness of his lips fascinated her, and she felt his hand resting on her waist.

She whimpered with pleasure.

Unbeknownst to their intimate bouts, Josie walked into the room and caught sight of the both of them.

She immediately turned to walk away. Just as her body shifted, her secretary passed by and noticed her standing outside the room. "Why aren't you going in?"

"...I'd rather not look at what's happening there."

## [Chapter 275](#)

### Give It a Try?

Several minutes later, Lilian ran out with her hand covering her mouth, her face flushed. Josie gave them some privacy and only entered the room after she saw Lilian walking out. Arnold was putting on a scarf just as she walked in. "Mr. Carter seems to be in a good mood today. Must be nice keeping an assistant around to have affairs, huh?"

When Arnold saw her, he gestured at Josie. "Help me tie it."

Josie was initially reluctant, but she remembered that she needed something from him, so she approached him. "That girl has quite the charm. You like that type, huh?"

Arnold smiled faintly. "Not compatible in bed, though."

Josie had nothing to say. She forcefully lowered his head to catch his gaze. "I heard Mr. Carter is quite skilled in bed, capable of captivating women. Can she not handle it?"

"Want to find out? You can give it a try." Arnold said while putting his hands on her waist.

Josie's body stiffened, and she immediately pushed him away. "Why did Dexter do that?"

Arnold wasn't upset about being pushed away. He placed his hands behind his back. "Xanthe's company wants to enter the domestic market and needs Series-A funding. She doesn't have the money, so she will inevitably have to negotiate for partnerships and attend social events."

"He has no reason to help her."

"Businessmen prioritize profits. Dexter is paving the way for Russell Group, not just helping her," Arnold's body shifted, and he continued, "but Xanthe is taking too much. She needs to give something in return."

"What does she need to give?" Josie raised her guard.

"Guess?" Arnold revealed a mysterious smile and walked away, informing his secretary on the way out, "Arrange Lilian's resignation today. I don't want to see her again."

"Understood."

As Arnold said, Russell Group devoted significant efforts to its e-commerce ventures in the following period. Josie checked and found that most new media companies were concentrated in Rivonia. They had started investing in the internet industry in its early days and achieved significant profits.

Compared to them, Russell Group was clearly far behind in that field. However, they had a partnership with Carter Group to support them in their endeavors.

Bryce was the main person in charge of this project.

He was one of the Russells, young and willing to take responsibility. Josie thought it was reasonable that Dexter was willing to support him.

Within the next few days, with Dexter away on a business trip, Josie mustered up the courage to ask Bryce to let her join in to learn more about the project.

Bryce agreed with partial reluctance.

Not long after, Moses yawned and told Dexter tiredly, "Oh my god! Your wife is such a workaholic!"

Dexter smiled without saying a word.

At the same time, Josie had Moses book her a flight ticket. She was going to Rivonia with Bryce



+ Bonus

Bryce announced with a solemn tone, "Dex said earlier that we must achieve a nine-figure profit within six months. If I can't do it. I'll have to resign my position."

No wonder, Josie thought.

In the following days, Josie followed Bryce. She engaged in numerous discussions with cunning business partners, talking about collaborations and funding flows, racking her brain to learn how to maximize their interests, just like Dexter.

On the other hand, the Carter Group team worked tirelessly to develop the best products. They would have to start all over again if they miscalculated just one error with the data. They were racing against time and had to be both efficient and creative.

Josie assigned Moses as her assistant. He didn't have to handle too many important tasks, just had to take care of some trivial matters. Dexter was pleased to hear this because it made it very convenient for him to supervise her.

The secretary felt he was a bit pathological, finding all sorts of ways to control Josie.

She mustered up the courage to ask, "Mr. Russell, aren't you afraid... that Moses might have bad intentions. toward Mrs. Russell?"

"He won't." Dexter was highly confident. In more than twenty years of his life, he considered himself good at reading people. Someone like Moses, even though he appeared to be struggling now, had received a good education since childhood. Just like his previous attempt to use a blunt knife to hold Josie hostage, he's mentally an immature child. He wouldn't do anything wrong-he was a good person.

Moreover, Dexter had given Moses a large sum of money, more than enough to spend. He was brilliant. and had no reason to go against money.

## [Chapter 276](#)

### Wanting to Help Him

Moses fulfilled his duties conscientiously, providing Dexter with comprehensive and accurate reports on every movement and detail concerning Josie.

Josie ran into Arnold at the airport as she made her way to Rivodia.

It wasn't a mere coincidence. Arnold spoke into his phone, "I'm flying to London tomorrow. Can we meet now?"

Josie hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to do. "I'm actually at the airport right now. My flight leaves in forty minutes."

"That's fine. I'll come over right away."

As Arnold made his way over, he noticed Josie seated in the airport lounge, casually enjoying a bowl of noodles. Her side profile exuded a sense of grace and composure.

Seated beside Arnold was Moses, to whom Josie had not been introduced yet.

Just as Arnold was taking his seat, Dexter called.

"I heard you've been keeping tabs on Wyatt lately," he calmly remarked.

Josie felt a pang of guilt, but she had mentally prepared herself for this moment, knowing that he would eventually find out.

"Uh, yeah... We're actually working on a project together, heading to Rivodia," she replied.

Dexter didn't get angry and asked, "Do you need my help?"

Josie looked at Arnold, playing with a set of Catholic rosaries, and said, "Nah, everything is fine now."

Dexter smiled, "I'll be waiting for your good news in Wavery."

After hanging up the phone, a waiter brought a bowl of beef noodles and placed it in front of Arnold. He poked at it with his chopsticks and ranted, "Seriously? These beef noodles cost me 188 bucks, and there's only two tiny pieces of beef. They might as well go rob!"

Josie rubbed her forehead and glanced toward the restroom. "Mr. Carter, what is it that you want to tell me? Please stop wasting my precious time."

Unperturbed, Arnold slurped a mouthful of beef noodles and said, "Xanthe isn't in Wavery, so there's no need to go."

"Oh?" Josie was surprised. "But all my intel told me she'll attend this meeting in Wavery."

Arnold gave her a teasing look. "Do you honestly think Dexter would let you navigate through all of this when there are things he doesn't want you to find out?"

She furrowed her brow. "What do you mean..."

He continued slurping his noodles.

Arnold implied that all the information Josie had received was carefully orchestrated and leaked to her. Dexter was the mastermind, pulling the strings behind the scenes. He knew about her involvement and deliberately allowed her to be part of the situation.

Realizing this, Josie felt somewhat defeated. "I don't understand why he wouldn't trust me enough to share everything. I only... wanted to help him."

Arnold pulled out a tissue and chivalrously wiped his mouth. "Gotta go. My flight is leaving soon."

Meanwhile, Wyatt emerged from the restroom and noticed her sitting in a daze. "Ready to go, Josie?"

"...Mm, let's go."

Since she was already at the airport, ready to board the plane, she decided to take it as a well-deserved vacation for herself, considering the hard work she had put in over the past few days.

Wyatt had been diligently preparing, crafting various plans and strategies, and foreseeing the potential challenges that could arise with the investors. Josie was poised and steady and didn't encounter Xanthe as expected.

However, she was taken aback when she spotted Yanis at the evening banquet.

Standing not too far away, the spirited elderly man, wearing a hat that revealed a few strands of gray and using a cane for support, flashed Josie a smile that was contagious in its warmth.

hair,

She dressed in a stunning off-shoulder evening gown, and her steps faltered when she laid eyes on Yanis. It never crossed her mind that she would encounter him in this place. Why was he here? Confusion swirled in her mind, leaving her unable to make sense of it all.

She realized this trip might present more challenges than initially anticipated.

Josie had just finished conversing with another president and was about to take a sip from her wine glass when she heard that slightly weathered voice that startled her.

"Hey, Jo!"

## [Chapter 277](#)

### She Has Another Son

Josie turned around and reciprocated Yanis with a superficial smile, "Hi, Uncle Yanis What a coincidence. I was supposed to come around and say hi to you, but I had.

Yanis waved off her concern and flashed a smile. "What brings you here? I see Wyatt came along with you'

"Yeah."

From the corner of his eye, Yanis noticed Moses, who had been following Josie, casually indulging in dessert. Catching Yanis's gaze, Moses indolently lifted his eyes and locked gazes, showing no hint of fear

"Why didn't you inform me about your visit to Rivodia? I could have made arrangements for you. And what about Dex? Did he come with you too?"

Josie flashed a smile but didn't utter a word. At that moment, her understanding of Yanis deepened. He wasn't as gentle as he portrayed himself; he was clearly a wolf in sheep's clothing. I'm only staying for a few days. And Uncle, I thought you were supposed to be recovering in Wavery?"

Rumors had it that Yanis had already retired, so why was he attending such a dull and insignificant event? Could he still have other business ventures under his belt? Moreover, considering his age, why would Yanis personally grace such a mundane banquet?

Rumors were circulating that Yanis had already retired, so why was he attending such a dull and insignificant event? Could he still have other business endeavors in progress? Moreover, considering his age, why would Yanis bother showing up at such a mundane banquet?

“Shall we have a chat?”

Yanis’ gesture implied that he was willing to answer her doubts.

Josie tightened her grip on her cup, a flicker of emotion passing through her eyes as she acquiesced to his

request.

The conversation took place in a tea room, with Moses left outside. Yanis wore an indifferent expression, clearly defining his role as a spectator.

“Dex is treating you well. Some things that others can’t achieve even after ten years of hard work, you effortlessly obtain,” Yanis personally poured tea for Josie, who quickly reached out to accept it, sensing a trace of bitterness in his words.

“Uncle, you should know that having influential connections can sometimes come in handy.”

Josie’s comment had a teasing tone, prompting Yanis to squint and chuckle.

He pointed with his finger, “Heard you came to Rivodia today for some financing?”

Josie remained silent, bringing the teacup to her lips and blowing gently.

Yanis showed no embarrassment or fear in revealing his intentions, as if he were confident that Josie wouldn’t divulge their conversation to anyone.

“Jo,” the old man sighed softly. “I’ve heard about Dex’s mother.”

“You’ve got keen ears. Heard about something that happened so long ago.”

“If I want to know something, nothing can stop me.”

“Anything else?” She suppressed her smile.

“That woman is conniving and crude. Dex shouldn’t have helped her and gone through all this trouble for

her son.”

Josie narrowed her eyes and stood motionless. “Her son?”

“Don’t you know? Dex isn’t her only child.”

Josie was left speechless, utterly shocked. Xanthe had another son... Could that be the reason why Dexter kept this information hidden from her?

“Where is he now?”

Yanis simply smiled, refusing to provide any further answers.

After a brief moment, Josie tilted her head slightly, catching the delightful aroma of the tea with a touch of bitterness. She flashed a smile and asked, “Uncle, what kind of tea is this?”

Yanis wasn't clueless and finally broached the subject. "Did you know that most of the guests attending the banquet today have business ties with the Carter family?"

Josie raised an eyebrow. This was news to her.

If true, Arnold wouldn't easily allow the Russell family to secure their financing. Dexter knew in advance that Wyatt was coming to Rivodia. So why didn't he intervene? Did he deliberately let them go through all this trouble for no apparent reason?

## [Chapter 278](#)

### Ambitious

"I don't blame Dex. He had his reasons for putting you and Wyatt through this, the elderly man sitting across stated, "and it's not a bad thing for him to test and challenge both of you. But... don't you feel exhausted?"

She could sense a keen perception and an understanding that surpassed words in those eyes.

"You shouldn't have gotten involved in this affair," Yanis added.

Josie understood his implication. She leaned forward slightly and asked, "Uncle, what do you have in mind?"

"Form a strong alliance," he uttered.

Eventually, Josie left the tea house with a smile.

Moses leaned against the wall, smoking, exchanging glances with Yanis' associates. When he saw Josie emerge, he immediately followed her.

As Josie walked, Yanis' final words echoed in her mind, "You're always welcome to come back and delve into the secrets of tea leaves with me."

"That day may never come."

The pace of development in the 21st century went beyond anyone's wildest imagination.

In under an hour, Josie received a call from Dexter. He was probably still up, buried in paperwork, or just finishing a conference call.

"I've heard about Yanis' deeds in different places, and it's surprising how he manages to gather supporters despite not being the sharpest tool in the shed," Josie remarked about Yanis.

Dexter chuckled and said, "It's all just a facade he puts on. He can't turn back time, can he?"

Dexter filled Josie in on more of Yanis' story during their journey to Russell Mansion.

Back in those days, the Russell family had two sons. Dexter's father was the eldest, and Yanis followed in line.

That was where the perpetual battle began. Yanis and Grant were the only ones constantly at odds. After Grant's passing, Dexter took on his father's role and carried on the rivalry against Yanis. They've

had numerous secretive conflicts, competing for control over the central power. Yanis never ceased his efforts, always striving for greater influence.

He was an incredibly ambitious figure.

However, Dexter could never have anticipated that Yanis would have the guts to target Josie and the Russell Group.

Yanis had gone rogue!

Dexter couldn't help but wonder if Moses hadn't spilled the beans to Josie, would she have actually agreed

to team up with Yanis? Truth be told, the offers and perks Yanis presented were quite tempting.

But there were no ifs, ands, or buts. At least for now, she showed no signs of defiance while talking to Josie.

Dexter's voice remained as gentle as ever. "Go back to Wavery tomorrow."

Although Josie had declined Yanis' proposition, it didn't mean she dismissed everything he said as completely unfounded.

At the very least, Dexter deliberately made her trip a waste, which held some truth.

Feeling a sense of guilt, he personally went to the airport the following day, waiting for her in the VIP lounge.

From a distance, he caught sight of Josie. As they closed the gap between them, something felt off. Even though they had only been apart for a day, it felt like they hadn't seen each other in ages. He felt a mix of shyness and excitement.

Dexter took Josie's luggage from Moses and held her hand. However, Josie, pretending not to notice, tucked her hand into her coat pocket. Yet, her gaze toward him seemed innocent, "What's the matter?"

Behind them, the secretary and Moses witnessed Dexter's affectionate gesture and his vulnerability, "This isn't right."

Then, a barely audible apology slipped out. Only a few people caught it. They knew how Dexter would make it up to his wife.

Josie continued to feign ignorance, "What do you mean by 'this isn't right?'"

It was like dealing with a child; he smiled helplessly, "Jo..."

Josie knew Dexter had his boundaries and didn't dare to push any further.

Because every time he played this game in front of others, he would always make it up to her in bed. This man had a mischievous side as if she had done something wrong.

## [Chapter 279](#)

### Father's Physical Reaction

In the evening, Dexter made a reservation at a seaside restaurant. The sea roared and churned outside while starlight shimmered on its surface, creating a poetic ambiance.

After much deliberation, Josie finally mustered the courage, "I found out something, but I'm not sure if I should tell you."

She had figured it out. Dexter knew her so well he could easily guess what she had discovered and what she had been up to. Instead of getting caught, confessing proactively and maintaining her integrity was better.

Dexter took a bite of the tender steak and remained composed. "Oh? What is it about?"

Josie looked at him, choosing her words carefully. "Yanis told me that your mother... has another son."

His expression remained unchanged as he confessed honestly, a slight smile playing on his lips. "He's five years younger than me and residing in a different country."

Just a little brat, probably without much experience or skill. No wonder Xanthe paved the way for him like

that.

"Have you met him?"

"When he turned eighteen. I happened to be on a business trip to Italy and coincidentally ran into him." He said lightly as if it didn't bother him.

Josie couldn't imagine how he felt at that time... How did you take it back then?"

"Nothing special. In fact, I had a hunch beforehand. Meeting him was just a confirmation from her."

It was clear whom he referred to as 'her.'

"What's he like?"

"He's such a cheerful and energetic young man, always flashing a smile when he sees me."

With a few words, Josie could paint a rough picture. Her heart clenched.

This was so unfair to Dexter!

The glass lamp above illuminated the composed and sophisticated man before her. Unconsciously, Josie felt a surge of empathy toward him.

She shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant. "Tsk. He's just a kid, nothing like you. Just ignore him!"

Dexter put down his utensils, laughter escaping him. "You really suck at comforting people."

Josie stuck out her tongue. Consoling others was never her forte. If she had to say something, it would be the usual clichés like, "Don't cry, don't be sad, things will get better..."

To state the obvious, these words were insincere and unconvincing.

Josie straightened her posture, “Anyway. I’m on your side. If there’s anything I can do to help, just let me know, Mr. Russell.”

The woman’s playful nature made Dexter’s smile deepen. “Just don’t bail when things get tough.”

“Are you kidding me? Not a chance!” Josie believed that her journey to Rivodia this time clearly demonstrated her sincerity.

After finishing their meal, they headed back to Mason Garden.

As they arrived at Mason Garden, they noticed Moses still lingering around.

Glancing at her watch, Josie exclaimed, “Why are you still here? Do you have something to take care of?”

Moses leaned against the car, impatience evident on his face. “You didn’t tell me I could leave, did you?”

She coughed, exchanging a perplexed look with Dexter beside her, “This is the assistant you assigned me. If I didn’t know any better, I’d think he’s the one calling the shots.”

It was hard to read Dexter’s mind.

He flashed a faint smile, “You can leave now. You don’t have to follow as long as she’s with me.”

Moses responded with an ‘oh’ and gave him a meaningful glance before turning away. “You should have told me earlier. It’s expensive to get a taxi at this hour.”

“This guy is such a rebel. It’s rare for him to comply. I’m surprised you managed to make him listen to you,” Josie resignedly shook her head.

Upon returning to Mason Garden, she headed straight to see her father. The servant who had been keeping watch eagerly reported the situation to her.

“You’re finally back, Mrs. Russell! We’ve noticed several physical reactions from your father over the past. few days!”

“Really?” Josie exclaimed in astonishment, her hand instinctively covering her mouth.

## [Chapter 280](#)

### Improved Condition

The servant showed Josie the surveillance footage

In the surveillance footage. Paul’s finger moved a few times. Josie’s face lit up with delight, and she quickly saved the clip to send to Matthew to ask about it.

“Okay, I’ll send Dad to the hospital tomorrow so the doctors can examine him. It’s the first time he’s reacted in so many years!” Josie twirled around in excitement. After a while, she ran to the master bedroom. Dexter had his laptop open and was about to work.

“Why did you run here?” He looked up to stop her.



Josie stood at the spot, and her eyes sparkled. She said excitedly. "Dexter, my... my.. my dad responded!"

She stuttered but was close to tears because of her joy.

Dexter was calm. He reached out to pull her into an embrace. "Tell me slowly."

He roughly understood after hearing what she said and agreed with her decision. "I'll arrange for it in the morning."

Josie took a breath, and she reached out to hug him. "Thank you, Dexter."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"If not for you, my father wouldn't have received such good care at this time. Also, the medical team you

dad felt previously arranged for tried their best. Thank you so much," Josie said sincerely, "perhaps my that I'm living well now, so he's going to wake up."

Dexter stroked her head. He only paid attention to what she said at the end. "Do you think you're living well with me?"

Josie was momentarily silent after he said it. Am I not living well? I'm pretty happy most of the time. But am I really living well? I don't know.

Even now, as she looked at the man hugging her so gently, she wasn't sure if he loved her.

But she was sure she had feelings for him.

After a brief silence, Dexter's initial kind gaze dimmed, and he understood something. "Go and take a bath. It's time to sleep."

Josie opened her mouth. "... Dexter..." She wanted to say something but couldn't.

He opened his mailbox filled with emails he had to deal with. He was engrossed as he read them and stopped paying attention to Josie.

Early the next day, Paul was sent to the hospital. Matthew was also delighted. "This is a good sign."

While waiting for the check-up results, Josie was lost in thought in the corridor. Matthew sat beside her after he was done.

Improved Condition

"What's up? Are you upset about something?"

She leaned against the wall and stared blankly. "Matt, what is considered living well

Matthew muttered. To ordinary people, having a healthy family and enough money. Having a partner would be good too. I think that would be living well. But of course, it would be great to have love too

A healthy family. Josie didn't have family members other than her dad. Those in the Russell family seemed relatively healthy.

Having enough money. Dexter's wealth ranked first in Forbes' lists. She had more than enough. Dexter spent extravagantly and treated her well.

But Josie wasn't sure if he loved her.

She wanted to ask but suddenly stopped when she saw Matthew's distressed gaze.

"Matt..."

Matthew smiled bitterly. "You shouldn't ask me this question, Jo. After all, I'm still unmarried."

Josie felt slightly embarrassed. She never knew how to respond to the way he treated her differently.

She could only apologize.

The results from the check-up were released in the afternoon. It showed that all of Paul's signs were good, and it was possible for him to wake up. Dexter's medical team exclaimed that it was a miracle.

She was delighted.