

Blind Date 321

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It Wasn't Her

Laura sat still and answered emotionlessly. "He ran off."

Josie recalled that Laura's father looked like an elegant gentleman. "He ran off?"

It felt cruel that her family secrets were exposed at this moment.

"What about your grandfather? I remember he..."

"He's hospitalized for cerebral hemorrhage. No one knows whether he will survive." Laura's tone remained indifferent as if she was merely a bystander.

Josie was stunned. She did not expect Laura to be going through such severe matters. "How did the family go bankrupt?"

Laura no longer had the patience to answer her question. She pushed herself to stand up. "Why are you here?"

What do you think?" Josie's tone was also impatient. Her predicament was not enough reason for Josie to forgive her.

She stared at Josie before breaking out in laughter. "I don't have time to play a guessing game. You better get straight to the point."

with you.

Josie observed Laura. Her gaze seemed calm and open. There was not a hint of guilt from having done something wrong.

"What is it, Josie? Are you here to laugh at me?" Laura continued through gritted teeth. She seemed on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Josie took a deep breath and sensed something was wrong. "You haven't been to work for many days. As the supervisor, I have to check if something is wrong."

Those words seemed to calm Laura's mood considerably. She looked away and said, "I've been absent from work for so long. Dex must be angry with me."

He's not angry with you at all. In fact, he even got mad at me because of you. Josie thought to herself. Then, she said, "He's not angry, but I am."

"You..."

"Let's have lunch."

Laura stood still and did not move.

"You still have to eat even though your family is bankrupt." Josie glanced at the surroundings. "Or perhaps you have something valuable to guard in this house?"

Laura flushed red before turning pale.

In the end, she followed Josie out of the house. Josie brought her to a nearby restaurant. As expected, everything was expensive in the wealthy neighborhood. Josie felt the pain in her wallet as she ordered food.

"I'm not hungry." Laura remained uncooperative.

"But I'm hungry" Josie picked up a toast and munched on it. "Can you tell me when did it happen!"

"It was two days after Russell Group's tenth anniversary."

Josie calculated in her mind and realized it was quite some time ago. She narrowed her eyes and asked. "Was it due to poor management?"

"Yes" Laura took a deep breath and continued, "He was interested in a project and invested all the family's wealth into it,"

It was clear who was the he' Laura referred to.

She probably did not expect to lose her status overnight and become an ordinary company employee.

Josie suddenly understood why Dexter insisted on taking away the recording device. It was so that Laura would not be left destitute. Josie wondered if he knew about the bankruptcy in advance.

She focused on cutting her steak. "Apart from this, do you have anything else to tell me?"

Laura finally looked straight at her. "Josie, what nonsense is this? I don't owe you anything. You must be happy seeing me in this state."

"Oh, by the way, congratulations on winning the first prize. Did you come here to get me to congratulate you? Isn't that petty?"

Her tone was sarcastic. However, it further confirmed Josie's suspicion that it was not her who peeked at her drawing.

Since it wasn't her, why was Dexter so protective of her?

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Asking to Borrow Money

"You should eat something" Josie placed the sliced steak before Laura but did not explain why she did that. "You will face a lot more challenges from now on. How are you to face them if you won't?"

Laura looked at her suspiciously. "You're strange, Josie. Stop pretending to be nice. Don't you hate me?"

"Honestly, I don't," Josie answered frankly. She did detest Laura a bit, but it was only because she mistook Laura's slandered her for plagiarism. Other than that, she had no reason to hate her.

"Why?"

"Apart from your self-inflated ego, unreasonableness, and arrogance, you are actually quite kind. Otherwise, you wouldn't have gotten yourself injured to save me." Josie smiled. "Perhaps you're a bit dumb, but I don't hate pretty bimbos."

Laura's expression darkened slightly. She could not tell whether Josie was complementing or mocking her

"You're the dumb bimbo!"

Josie rested her face on her hand. "If you're unsure how to handle hospital matters, call me. I might not know much about other things, but I have dealt with hospital matters for years. So, I know a thing or two about every department in the hospital.

Laura reluctantly ate some food. Suddenly, Josie did not seem as annoying to her as before.

"Are you trying to show off?"

"Miss, who would want to show off about hospital matters?" Josie retorted in disbelief.

Laura was stumped. She paused briefly, saying, "Can you not tell Dex about my situation?"

Josie choked upon hearing her. "I don't have to say anything. He probably already knows..."

Laura widened her eyes in realization before smiling bitterly. "You're right. Everyone in Wavery probably already knows."

It was a harsh world and materialistic world. Everyone who had flattered Laura turned on after her family became bankrupt. She must have suffered from their disdain and abandonment.

Later, Josie went outside to wait for her ride. Laura remained in the restaurant and looked at her from the window. Her gaze seemed dazed.

She gripped her phone and hesitated for a long time before dialing a number. The call rang for a long time before someone answered, "Hello?"

Laura took a deep breath before saying. "Is it okay if I borrow some money from you?"

A blue Cayenne arrived to pick her up. Her expression changed slightly as she saw the car.

The driver came out to open the door for her. "Ms. Warren, please come in."

Josie hesitated briefly and was not sure how she should face the man.

Asking to Borrow Money

Arnold wore a black shirt and was engrossed in reading a newspaper. He seemed a perfect image of self-restraint.

He glanced at her and smiled. "Seems like I don't have to buy you lunch."

Josie looked at him firmly. "Is this why you didn't respond for so long?"

Hearing her, Arnold folded the newspaper and set it aside. The Brandel family had deep pockets, but most of their wealth had been squandered in recent years. Laura knew nothing about it. She's like a younger sister that I've watched growing up. I have to give her a hand"

His words made Laura seem like the bad guy.

"Also, she has nothing to do with what happened to you in the competition."

The car traveled steadily. Josie looked out the window, but the spring scenery gave her no comfort.

"Are you and Dexter biological brothers? Otherwise, how did information travel between you two so soon?" Josie said mockingly.

However, Arnold was not angry. He crossed his legs and replied, "I have people in Heaven on Earth." In other words, he already knew everything.

His directness rendered Josie speechless. She glared at him and said, "Aren't you afraid I would reveal your

secret."

"You can tell anyone you want." Arnold laughed.

His laughter angered Josie so much that she desperately wanted to wipe the smug look off his face.

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Plagiarism Exposed

Arnold brought her to a quiet café. Josie refused to go in, but he did not force her

She knew she had no chance of escape. Thus, she remained in the car and took a nap. However, various thoughts would bother her as soon as she closed her eyes. Furthermore, Dexter's face appeared clearly among the fragmented memories.

It caused her to be unable to sleep.

Since sleep was futile, Josie took out a sketchbook from her bag. She glanced around, trying to decide what she should draw. Then, she noticed Arnold was seated at a seat by the window. His hair was slightly messy, but his face looked handsome from any angle. He had a relatively high nose bridge and looked a little foreboding as he pursed his lips.

She could not resist picking up her pencil and drawing an outline of his appearance. The pencil lead produced soothing noises as it glided on the paper.

After half an hour, Josie patted the paper and propped it up. Her drawing of Arnold appeared life-like. Moreover, she was satisfied with how she sketched the shadow beneath his lashes.

However, she was still bored, so she touched up and edited the hastily sketched drawing.

She was so engrossed in it that she did not notice someone appearing beside her.

"What are you drawing? A familiar voice sounded.

Josie was surprised by the voice and loosened her grip, allowing the sketch to fly from her hands and land: by Arnold's feet.

Arnold looked down to see what it was. Josie was so embarrassed that she desperately wished the ground would swallow her whole.

He picked up the drawing and looked at it earnestly. He seemed satisfied with it. "You draw well"

Josie was not sure how she should respond. "Are you praising my artistic skills or bragging about your good looks?"

Then, she felt she needed to clarify the matter. "I didn't set out to draw you. I was just... bored."

Arnold leaned against the car door. He seemed a little smug as he waved the drawing. "Can you give this to me?"

Josie was left with no choice. "Sure, as long as you don't use it to sue me."

Im not that petty."

It was early evening. Josie was pondering something when she received a call from Alice. "It's bad. Interior Design Awards announced that someone discovered that your drawing had many similarities with Claire's!

Josie frowned and thought to check the announcement with her phone, but it was inconvenient with an ongoing phone call. Arnold offered his phone and said, "Use mine."

News of plagiarism was already all over Twitter.

Chapter 323 Plagiarism Exposed

Alice asked, "This is slander, right? Are you looking for evidence?"

"Not yet. I suspect someone in the company is behind this."

#5 Bonus

"Let's not worry about that for now. You need to go online immediately and check Twitter!" Alice's tone grew more urgent.

"I don't know who posted Claire and your designs on Twitter, but the comment section is exploding with criticism."

The post was posted from a burner account. It had no words and contained only photos. One was a photo of Josie's design with her signature glaringly visible below. The post compared it with Claire's drawing and caused an uproar,

Isn't Josie the one who made a public announcement?"

'She won Interior Design Awards with a plagiarized drawing. It makes me skeptical about Russell Group's standard.

“There are many plagiarism cases these days, but I’ve never seen one as obvious as this. What the heck?”

The number of comments grew to thirty thousand within a short period. At the same time, netizens fervently trended #RussellGroupJosie Plagiarism. The matter had gotten out of control.

It seemed someone deliberately dragged Russell Group into this matter. Thus, Josie knew she was not the only one being targeted.

She glanced at Arnold, but he raised his eyebrows, indicating that he had nothing to do with this.

The comments were filled with harsh and vicious words. Josie did not know any of these people, but that did not stop them from making malicious speculations against her.

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Loss of Trust

Strangely, Josie became calmer as she read on. Even though this was her first time experiencing such a situation, she knew the public had blacklisted her.

It was unpleasant to be reviled by the public.

Public opinions were destructive in large numbers.

Josie remained silent for a long time, prompting Alice to call out worriedly, “Josic, Josie? Are you still there?”

“Yes.” Josie returned the phone to Arnold. “All I can say is if someone wished to get me boycotted, she has succeeded.

Alice was worried about Josie. “Should I get someone to find the IP address for you?”

“No need. We won’t be able to find it. Let’s not waste our energy.” Josie was so calm that it was scary. “Anyway, thank you, Alice.”

She hung up and looked squarely at Arnold.

“Why are you staring at me?”

“Was it you?” Josie asked solemnly. The person targeted me and dragged Russell Group in. Of all the people I know, you’re the only one who could have wanted to do this.”

“Your reason is unjustified.”

“I hope you will come clean to me.”

Arnold replied solemnly, “Would you believe me if I say it wasn’t me?”

He was right. Josie did not believe him even after he denied it. She looked away. “You have depleted all my trust for you.”

Arnold pursed his lips and checked the surroundings before entering the car. “What did Dexter tell you?”

It was nine o'clock at night when Dexter came out of a meeting on the top floor of Russell Group.

It was pitch black outside the floor-to-ceiling window.

Dexter carried his jacket and undid the top two buttons of his white shirt. He appeared stern as usual.

His secretary was checking something on an iPad. She rushed to Dexter upon seeing him. "Mr. Russell."

Dexter handed the jacket to her and walked ahead steadily. His voice was low and solemn as he said, "Has she returned?"

The secretary understood who he meant and answered, "Not yet."

Dexter paused and frowned slightly.

The secretary showed him the iPad. "Mrs. Russell is in trouble."

Dexter stared at the iPad screen. It was the Twitter post exposing plagiarism of Josie's design drawing. He

read through the comments speedily, but they kept increasing. Every comment contained offensive words against Josie.

His gaze flashed threateningly. However, he immediately composed himself and appeared calm. "Have you found out who did it?"

"Not yet."

The secretary thought Dexter would be furious or at least show some reaction. Unexpectedly, Dexter behaved as if the matter was completely unrelated to him.

She asked cautiously, "Mr. Russell, should we... help her?"

"No."

Dexter put his hands in his pockets and paused before his office door. He glanced in and stayed still, feeling something pressing on his heart. He needed something to relieve that oppressing feeling.

Dexter hated such emotions.

Then, he came to his senses and made a sudden decision. He returned the iPad to his secretary and said coldly. "Get rid of this mess, and don't let me see it again."

The secretary's eyes brightened. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Russell may seem heartless, but he will still protect his loved ones. Moreover, he makes sure to protect them thoroughly.

She entered the secretaries' office and rushed to her colleague's desk. "Mr. Russell doesn't want to see these trashy posts. Congratulations! You will have to work overtime tonight."

Her colleague groaned. "This job has become unbearable ever since Ms. Miller left."

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Prison Visitation

"Hey!" The secretary immediately glanced outside. "Don't ever let Mr. Russell hear this."

The colleague became silent and asked cautiously. "But I don't understand. What happened to Ivy? What was her mistake that Mr. Russell made her leave?"

The two looked at a photo of Dexter and Ivy. Neither could understand why Ivy was placed on compulsory leave. Being on mandatory vacation may seem good, but it was only one step away from being fired from her position.

"I don't know. It's better not to question some things."

Arnold brought Josie to the cafe he went to just now. The shop owner's expression brightened when he saw Arnold return with a woman. "Mr. Carter, is she?"

"Bring us a pot of green tea."

"Sure," he replied, eyes still fixed on Josie.

The café's private lounge was decorated in antique style. One could see the heavy traffic on the street. - outside. Josie was distracted. "Why did you bring me here? I want to return to Russell Group now."

"To find the traitor?" Arnold poured her a cup of tea. It was still piping hot.

"Yes. Josie glanced at him.

"You believe it's an insider's job?"

"Only the staff in the design department had access to my drawings."

"Even if one of the staff in the design department did it, they would have deleted the surveillance record. So, what's the point of going there?" Arnold calmly exposed the flaws of Josie's plan.

He's right. I won't be able to find anything in the surveillance record.

Josie calmed down and considered who in the design department hated her. She could think of a few, but they were petty rather than vicious. Furthermore, Alice was the only person who knew Josie had joined the Interior Design Award.

She could not help but worry and turned on her phone to see how the post had spread. However, she tapped into Twitter and found the post gone. No one seemed to be discussing the matter.

Josie frowned and logged out before logging in again. There was still nothing-

"Give me your phone."

Arnold took out his phone and placed it in her hand.

Josie searched for the post again but could not find it.

"The trending topic is gone. Josie muttered in shock.

"The discussion endangered Russell Group, so the public relations department managed to remove it."

Arnold realized what had happened. "It meant Russell Group still wanted to protect you." He observed her expression closely.

But Josie believed it was more than that. She would not have noticed if not for Russell Group's action. She realized the reason Dexter insisted on hiding the matter was not to protect her from public criticism. Instead, it was to prevent her from finding out the actual perpetrator.

The phone suddenly vibrated in her hand. A few messages popped up.

It's prison visitation day tomorrow. Will you be going again?"

'Can you bring some summer clothes to your father? The weather is getting warm."

Josie glanced at the messages and suddenly recalled she was holding Arnold's phone. She was surprised and quickly handed the phone to him.

"I'm sorry."

Arnold glanced at the screen and did not seem to mind. "When we met in the north of the city previously, I was visiting someone in prison."

Josie frowned and suddenly understood what Dexter had said before. She mentally calculated the days and realized it was about time for him to visit again.

"Was the person your father?"

"Yes, he was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years.

Twenty years was a lot. Josie sipped some tea to calm her nerves before asking. "Was it a criminal case?"

"He was charged with financial fraud. Arnold's gaze darkened as he played with his phone.

Financial fraud cases were complicated. Moreover, for a wealthy family like Arnold's, such a crime would permanently ruin their reputation.

Josie did not ask other questions. She rested her chin on her hands. "Arnold, is this why you're against Dexter?"

Arnold was surprised and looked at her solemnly. "Do you know the whole story?"

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Marriage of Convenience.

Josie understood something. "I was right then" She stood up and went to the window. Her back profile seemed melancholic. "I should have listened to you and not trusted Dexter. Unfortunately, it's to

She could not see his face from her position. On the other hand, Arnold sipped some tea and give you some money. Can you help me pass it to Laura?

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"Why won't you give it to her yourself?"

"I'm granting you a favor, Ms. Warren Arnold lazed in his chair and smiled nonchalantly.

Josie leaned toward him. Her hair swayed before his nose. She said. "Mr. Carter, please me."

"I've been doing that all this while."

Later, Josie returned to her hotel and was informed by the receptionist that someone upgraded her room

to a suite.

Josie stood before the floor-to-ceiling window that overlooked the city. She knew Arnold did

He always cared for her, but Josie was unsure whether she could trust him.

She considered herself a selfish person. Ever since she witnessed Dexter's true colors, she decided not to.

Once Arnold transferred the money to Josie's account, she invited Laura to meet. Then, she brought up the matter straight away. "You're probably short on money Arnold told me to transfer the money to you. It should help you deal with urgent needs temporarily?"

Laura looked unwell. She shrank further into her chair, but her gaze was calm. "It's a lot. I can't accept it

"Seems like you still have some pride. However, as someone who experienced something similar, your future will be even more difficult."

Laura suddenly looked into her eyes. "Josie. Dex also transferred money to me last night."

Josie did not expect to hear his name suddenly and looked down instinctively.

"Do you know why they're helping me?"

Josie shook her head.

"It's because their common enemy owned the project my father invested in. Thus, they had no choice but to sacrifice the insignificant Brandel family. That's why they are helping me. It's considered pittance."

Josie suddenly noticed an aura of exhaustion and despair on Laura. After all, Laura was a wealthy young lady until recently. She had witnessed the ugly side of the business world overnight and knew there were no true friends in this world.

Josie opened her mouth in shock upon knowing the truth. No wonder Arnold refused to meet her himself

"I don't blame them" Laura smiled bitterly. "Josie, I feel envious of you sometimes. At least you married a competent man."

Envious? Josie considered silently. Her life was not as perfect as Laura thought.

Marriage of Convenience

“By the way, I want to tell you I’m getting married next week. You should come to my wedding” Laura casually dropped the news before taking her bag and leaving

Josie was stunned. Wedding? Next week? That’s too soon!

“It’s a marriage of convenience to the son of the Olsen family. He had always been interested in her.” Arnold bent over a canvas in his office in Carter Group. He was focused on painting it..

Josie was astounded by the speed at which Arnold received the news. “Which Olsen family?”

“Is there any other Olsen family in Wavery?”

Josie fell silent and suddenly recalled that the Olsen family was one of the most prominent families in the business world. It was also Summer’s family. Summer was the woman that caused trouble for Arnold and Dexter.

“What’s his name?”

Arnold stood straight and answered, “The Olsen family has two children. The son is called Zach. He is Summer’s brother.”

Josie had heard about him but did not know much. She realized once again that marriage could be treated. so casually.

“What do you think? Want to attend the wedding with me next week?”

Josie looked at him incredulously. “You ruined her family. How do you dare to show your face?”

Arnold appeared innocent. Im not the only one going. Dexter will go too. You can’t just scold me and not him.”

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The Wedding

Josie remained silent.

Dexter had not appeared before her for days. She tried hard not to think about him but kept failing

“What kind of relationship will we be going as?” Josie forced a smile. She hoped Arnold stopped sending photos of their meeting to Dexter. She kept sensing he was not as bad as she thought.

Arnold paused his paintbrush and considered earnestly. “What about attending as my girlfriend?”

Josie frowned. “You seem to enjoy doing immoral things”

He smiled and tapped his paintbrush on her forehead, leaving a red dot. “Having Dexter’s wife as my girlfriend will be exciting.

Josie was rendered speechless. This man is insane.

Being wealthy meant one could easily arrange a wedding in less than a week. At the same time, the whole of Wavery knew Laura would marry Zach.

On Monday, Josie and Arnold arrived at the hotel. She exited the car and found the place vaguely familiar. She searched around for clues but was still confused.

This place was a private residence and likely one of the Olsen family's private residential properties. It seemed the site was only used for grand occasions.

Josie found the place familiar. At the same time, she was sure that she had never been there before.

"What are you thinking?" Arnold stood beside her and whispered. He wore a dark blue suit.

Josie came to her senses. "It's nothing."

She heard someone opening and closing a car door nearby. It was Dexter. He attended the wedding as Arnold expected.

He wore a well-tailored suit that accentuated his perfect figure. As he wrote his name on the register, one could see his gorgeous side profile. His face looked as if carved by a master artist.

Once Josie looked away, Dexter stood straight and glanced in her direction. His gaze was indifferent. He walked into the venue without uttering a word.

Josie also had an emotionless expression.

Neither seemed to care about the other.

Zach stood at the door to welcome the guests. He looked mild-mannered and accommodating and did not seem like the heir of a wealthy family.

"Arnold, wow! You brought a girlfriend." Zach extended his hand to Arnold.

"It's your wedding. Of course, I'll show up. What do you think? She's pretty, right?" Arnold held Josie's shoulder. "She even knows Laura"

"Oh!" Zach was surprised. "I didn't know you're Laura's friend. She's still in the dressing room. You can head there to see her."

Josie nodded and glanced at the surrounding from the corner of her eyes. The place was grand, but she had not seen any older people there. It seemed only young people attended the wedding.

Once they entered the venue, Josie asked softly, "Has the person you're looking for returned?"

Arnold did not answer her question directly. He held her shoulder more firmly and glanced in a direction like a tiger waiting to pounce on its prey.

"What's wrong, my dear girlfriend? Are you jealous?"

He's having too much fun acting the role. Josie glared at him before excusing herself to go to the washroom

She headed to the washroom and took quite some time to find her way. The male and female restrooms. were side by side. Josie soon noticed a familiar figure in the male restroom. Still, she was not too surprised to see him there.

Josie approached stealthily and pushed away her thoughts as she stood opposite Dexter,
He placed his hands in his pockets and appeared expressionless.

There was no one around at this moment. Josie calmed down and looked at him closely.

He seemed more tired than usual. At this moment, he looked like an entrepreneur who held the livelihood of many people in his hand.

Meanwhile, Josie was alone and had no one accompanying her. That made her feel intimidated and reluctant to talk to Dexter.

She tried to walk past him, only for him to grab her wrist.

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Challenging the Limit

Dexter refused to move and grabbed her hand.

Josie looked at their hands and said sternly, “Mr. Russell, you’re breaching my personal space”

Dexter pretended not to hear her. He suddenly turned around and grabbed her arms, dragging her into the ladies’ room. Then, he kicked open a cubical door and pushed her, causing her to fall onto the toilet bowl. He kept moving threateningly close His actions were rough but did not injure her.

“Josie, are you testing the limits of my patience?” They were so close that the tips of their noses almost touched. Dexter noticed the brief panic in Josie’s eyes, while Josie saw the uncontrollable fury in his eyes

Their scents filled each other’s nostrils, exciting their senses.

Josie soon smiled, but her eyes continued to flicker with unhappiness. “Mr. Russell, I don’t understand what you mean. Do you mean you received a divorce agreement?”

Dexter stated at her, fighting the strong urge to strangle her. At the same time, he vehemently despised himself. He even considered staying like this and letting her vent her anger at him, hoping it would reduce her hatred of him.

“Did you come here with Arnold to anger me?”

Dexter suddenly grabbed Josie’s neck. Josie tried to break free. Her face was deathly pale, but her lips were as merciless as ever. “Why? Did I humiliate you? Is that why you’re angry?”

Strangely, Dexter admitted to her words. He sneered and replied, “Isn’t this what you want? You deliberately approach Arnold to make me angry, right?”

“How is it? Is my strength unbearable?”

Josie did not wear pants this time, leaving her slender legs bare beneath the skirt. She suddenly raised her leg and rubbed it against his thigh. I’ll show you what’s unbearable.”

Dexter’s expression instantly froze. He loosened his grip.

While he was dazed, Josie freed her hands and wrapped them around his neck. She brought her red lips to his ear and dabbed them lightly to his Canali shirt.

Her arms felt soft and warm around his neck. Although she did not exert strength on him, Dexter felt an unexplainable heaviness.

She whispered into his ear. "You said I was stupid to dream of becoming Mrs. Carter. Why don't and watch me make it into a reality."

you

wait

Her words were pure and unadulterated mockery, piercing into his heart.

Dexter parted his lips. Countless emotions rolled like waves in his eyes.

Josie

"Yes?"

They looked into each other's eyes. On one side were turbulent emotions, while the other seemed calm and indifferent.

Challenging the Limit

Life and death seemed to be hinged at that instant.

Laura had a simple wedding. She wore a white wedding gown and light makeup. Nothing was ostentatious, yet no one could steal her limelight as the bride.

Her makeup was done by the time Josie entered the dressing room. She was surrounded by many people and requested them to leave when she saw Josie. Josie approached her and walked around her, assessing her appearance. "Not bad"

"Erm..." Laura tapped a spot on Josie's lips. "You missed putting on the lipstick on this part."

Josie felt guilty at being caught and entered the inner room nervously. "Really?"

Laura observed her calmly.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Laura glanced at it and was stunned briefly before asking, "Hello?"

It was a woman dressed in a white trench coat and a hat. Her long hair hung before her chest, and her makeup was light and natural. The woman said, "It's been so long since we met."

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Being the Mistress

Laura suddenly recalled who she was and looked at her.

Meanwhile, Josie heard noises and was about to leave the inner room. However, she noticed Laura's hand gestures to her and kept silent.

Laura watched the person take out a red ring box from her pocket. She approached Laura and opened it "I woke up this morning and found it on the bedside table. I imagine you will need it today, so I did not delay and brought it here. Would you like to check it?"

The woman was clever with her words and quickly outlined a narrative that stirred people's curiosity.

She obviously had no plan to explain but added suggestively, "Don't tell Zach about me being here. He would be angry if he knew."

The ring box contained a men's ring. Laura bought it on her own. Although it was not expensive, Zach cherished the ring when she gave it to him.

Laura stood still. Josie looked at her and thought she would be furious. Unexpectedly, she accepted the ring from the woman and thanked her politely. "Thank you for coming over. You could have called me, and I would have gone to you to collect it."

-Josie was astounded by Laura's calmness. Her past self would have torn the woman to shreds by now.

"You should know that he can't stand loneliness. Do you think he will see me again after you marry him? Honestly, I don't mind being his mistress." The woman smiled smugly.

Josie was stunned by what she heard. Why are all the mistresses so shameless these days?

However, Laura remained unmoved. "Sure, I suppose you will come to show off again."

The woman left.

Josie came out of the inner room nervously, but Laura still showed no hint of sadness. "About just now...."

Zach came in before Josie could speak further. She immediately fell silent.

He said, "Laura, the wedding is about to begin. It might get tiring later."

Laura gave

him the ring. "You have been searching for this for days. Someone brought it here just now. Don't you think you should explain?"

Josie did not expect Laura to be so direct about the matter.

Zach was stunned. He looked down and accepted the ring before wearing it on his ring finger. "I'm sorry. She called me over that day. I was careless and left it there. It won't happen again."

Laura smiled.

After Zach left, Josie held Laura's arm and asked, "Why weren't you angry?"

"What's the point of being angry?" Laura replied. "I'm not in the position where I can afford to be angry with him."

Zach and Laura's parents did not show up for their wedding.

Being the Mistress

Laura walked down the aisle alone and stood beside Zach. It was supposed to be a moving scene, but Josie thought it looked tragic. She looked at the honest-looking man strangely and sensed he was not as nice as he portrayed himself.

"Why does it feel like she had gone out of the frying pan and into the fire?" Josie muttered softly.

Arnold was peeling an orange beside her. "It would be nice if you had thought like this before marrying Dexter.

Josie did not hold back from slapping his arm in anger. "Shut up if you have nothing nice to say."

However, Arnold smiled lovingly and stuffed a slice of orange in her mouth. "Don't worry. At least Zach will help her resolve her crisis."

Meanwhile, a man seated adjacent to them watched the scene unfold. His secretary stood beside him and said nervously, "Mr. Russell, should I

"Let her be, Dexter ordered sternly and stared at them. His gaze darkened as he sipped wine.

[Chapter 330](#)

Uncontrolled Rage

The sky gradually darkened. Zach thoughtfully requested the guest stay the night and arranged their accommodation

After a busy day, Josie trudged exhaustedly to her room, She looked up and was stunned.

Unexpectedly. Dexter moved much faster and grabbed her shoulder. He kicked open the door and embraced her soft figure to himself.

"Ah!"

Her breath tasted the same. He hugged her and felt he had found the missing piece of the emptiness in his heart.

Dexter kept his arms wrapped tightly around her. It was so tight that Josie could barely voice the word "scram"

Josie realized it was Dexter and stopped struggling. She whispered angrily, "Dexter, have some self-restraint. I will make you pay if you dare to do anything to me!"

Dexter did not let go but tilted her chin. "What makes you so confident that I want to do something you?"

Josie raised her voice. "Let me go right now!"

Dexter recalled scenes of her with Arnold and suddenly lost some of his confidence.

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He restrained her, fearing she would escape. Then, he whispered through clenched teeth. "Looking at how afraid you are, it feels like a waste if I don't do something."

His words sent a chill down her spine.

Dexter gulped. He had not seen her body for a long time. His eyes blazed with desire as blood flowed to his loins.

He leaned down to kiss her. Josie refused to cooperate and struggled with all her might. "Dexter! I'll sue you for assault!"

"Are you confident you can win the lawsuit?"

Dexter undid his belt, sending a clear noise into the silent night. His whole body was shrouded with an intimidating masculine aura as he pushed her onto the bed, making her ashamed.

Josie struggled and screamed until her voice broke, but Dexter did not care.

He kissed her forcefully and left trails of hickeys in his wake.

However, he did not expect Josie to cry. Drops of tears fell from her eyes like a broken string of pearls.

Dexter stiffened.

At the same time, Arnold's voice sounded outside the door. He said jokingly. "Good evening, it's room service."

Josie lay in bed with her long hair splayed all around her head. She glared at Dexter with tears in her eyes

before suddenly raising her voice. "Help.."

Dexter's expression turned fierce. He immediately covered her mouth and muffled her voice.

Josie refused to give up and bit him. However, she could only bite a small part of his skin. His hand over her mouth made every bite difficult.

Likewise, Dexter refused to give in, and they continued to struggle against each other.

Arnold called out again, but no one answered.

A few of Dexter's shirt buttons had come undone, revealing his smooth skin. He did not remove his pants but left them hanging from his waist. Moreover, he was panting slightly and seemed unusually alluring.

Arnold sensed something was off and paused briefly. In the end, he decided to leave to protect her dignity.

Dexter finally stood up and released her. He went to the bathroom.

Josie closed her eyes and could not shake off the oppressing feeling. She rolled sideways until she fell off the bed. Then, she breathed slowly, trying to calm down. It felt like she had narrowly escaped death.

The following morning, Josie woke up to find Dexter had left. She packed her things and got ready to leave the hotel.

After checking out of her room, the receptionist looked at her and checked the registry. "Is your surname Warren?"

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm sorry, I just thought you looked familiar. The receptionist smiled. She wore a badge that stated 'Olsen Group.