

Blind Date 351

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He Chose Summer

And at that moment, Arnold's voice pierced through the chaos, causing Josie's heart to skip a beat, Josier"

Ivy, who had been knocked down by Dexter, unexpectedly rose and snatched the knife from the ground. forcefully thrusting it into Joste's abdomen.

The sudden attack caught Josie off guard, and her face turned pale as her eyes fixated on the scene of Dexter and Summer locked in an embrace. Ivy's eerie voice echoed in her ears, 'So he's made his choice now...

With each passing moment, Ivy increased the pressure, driving the knife deeper into Josie's body.

Josie stared blankly, her gaze drifting down to see her blood pooling around her, a disturbing amount of blood.

Unbeknownst to her, Dexter's expression had changed; his face was contorted with disbelief and devastation. "No! Josie!"

The sky hadn't fully brightened yet, and a faint hue of pale blue colored the distant horizon.

Leaning against the railing, a man stood there, his attire now different.

He wore a simple, solid-colored shirt with a couple of buttons undone, and his sleeves were rolled up a couple of layers.

Even in the gradually brightening sky, one could still make out the untreated wounds on his arms. smudged with dried blood from the friction.

Emanating a menacing aura, and his face contorted with anger.

Standing alongside him were his subordinates, one kneeling on the ground. "It's my fault, Mr. Russell. I screwed up by not realizing that Mrs. Russell was being followed and left vulnerable. I take full responsibility and am ready for whatever punishment you see fit."

The atmosphere in the room grew tense as the weight of responsibility settled upon them. All the bodyguards were acutely aware that the stakes were high, and any harm that befell Josie under their watch, they would face harsh consequences.

The man nonchalantly flicked his cigarette, watching the ashes scattered in the air, his gaze fixed on the expansive sea. With a steady voice, he broke the silence. "How long have you been on my payroll?"

The person stammered in fright, "A... a... a year."

Dexter's smile sent shivers down the spines of those present, his aura cold and indifferent. His bodyguards sank to their knees one by one, acknowledging his unwavering authority.

He snuffed out the cigarette, his gaze slowly turning toward the person. His tone was eerily calm. "A year? Yet you failed me. Screwed up my rules and expectations! Do you have any idea the sh*t you put me in? How on earth can I trust someone as incompetent as you?"

"I... I didn't expect Ivy would betray us and harm Mrs. Russell. So, I didn't beef up the security..."

The person's feeble defense crumbled under the man's overpowering presence.

Dexter's gaze passed over the kneeling figure, catching a glimpse of a figure in a white cloak bustling about. Josie was being attended to and rescued in the surgery.

Speaking deliberately. Dexter's voice tinted with fury and seriousness. "I'm not going to deal with you guys right now. You should know you've failed me miserably! But let me make myself clear, if anything happens to that woman in there, every single one of you will pay with your lives!"

His demeanor remained cold and stern, and the subordinates quickly cowered down. They had worked for Dexter for a year but had never seen him this furious. Usually, he was indifferent and aloof. This time. they had indeed struck a nerve.

"Get out!"

The space beside him cleared as the room's door finally swung open. Anderson, the top surgeon from Wavery Hospital, removed his blood-stained gloves and walked up to Dexter. He couldn't help but comment. "I remember you never smoke."

In fact, Anderson had an important surgery scheduled today, with the patient already on the operating table. However, the hospital director coerced him to take Josie's case, promising to take responsibility if anything went wrong with his patient.

It turned out the hospital director wanted Anderson to rush over and save the daughter-in-law of the Russell family!

Dexter's expression softened slightly upon seeing Anderson's disheveled state. He squinted his eyes, signaling that Anderson should refrain from any ambiguous remarks.

"Thank the heavens you got her here just in time, and the emergency procedures were executed without delay. She was almost a goner, but we were able to save her. Anyway, once the anesthesia wears off, she'll wake up.

Dexter nodded, refraining from unnecessary words.

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Didn't Recognize Him

Anderson let out a sigh, crossed his arms, and fixed his gaze on Dexter, pondering the mysterious depths of his character. Dexter was an enigma.

As an executive of the influential Russell Group and a prominent figure in the country. Dexter was known for his exceptional strategic planning skills. Since his early twenties, he had earned a formidable

reputation, instilling fear in both allies and adversaries. Dexter possessed remarkable competence and charm, attracting the attention of both men and women. He was indeed a force to be reckoned with.

Anderson couldn't help but be perplexed by the fact that Dexter had managed to captivate the unwavering devotion of three women to the point where they were willing to put their lives on the line for him.

It was mind-boggling!

Josie remained unconscious for two days, oblivious to the events unfolding around her.

During that time, the necessary procedures were carried out without any interruptions. When the police arrived, Arnold willingly handed over the gun cooperatively, "The gun was legally obtained from the shooting range.

After a thorough inspection, the police decided not to pursue the matter further.

The police targeted to review the surveillance footage and address the public's anxieties.

Arnold's tone was curt. Seated in a wheelchair, he turned to Dexter, who had just finished giving his statement, "If there are any issues, I'll take care of them."

Without explicitly mentioning Summer or Josie, Dexter knew who he referred to.

Josie slowly emerged from her unconscious state, awakening to the soft twilight. The gentle glow of light caressed her face, unveiling an unfamiliar environment. Every slight movement sparked sharp pangs in her shoulders.

Dexter's injury had received treatment, while his demeanor exuded a distant and detached air, like a solitary snow-capped peak, evoking a sense of abandonment.

The woman resting on the bed resembled a delicate porcelain doll, her beauty still evident despite her fragility.

Dexter longed for her vibrant and spirited self, like a flustered kitten baring its claws.

His voice softened. Leaning closer, "Are you awake?"

Josie stared at him intently, blinked with innocence, and asked, "Who are you?"

Dexter glanced at Anderson beside him, questioning his medical expertise.

Anderson appeared puzzled, "Is something wrong?"

The man's tone turned cold, "Amnesia?"

Anderson looked at Josie and replied, "It doesn't add up. The wound is on her body. What does it have to

do with her memory?"

Josie bombarded them with a barrage of questions, "Who are you guys? Why am I here? Why am I injured?"

Furrowing his brow, Anderson asked Josie, "Are you sure you haven't seen this man before

Josie met Dexter's intense gaze, shaking her head in confusion. Dexter leaned closer, his fingers delicately touching her face. With a piercing stare, his fingers trailed down to her chin, firmly gripping it.

"Josie," he said, his gaze unwavering. "you don't recognize me, do you?"

Josie's eyes were clear and fearless. She struggled to speak, "You're so intense."

Dexter loosened his grip slightly but soon tightened it again, a hint of mockery on his lips. "Is that so? Maybe I should reconsider your father's treatment."

The newly awakened woman grew agitated in an instant.

She kicked her legs, fighting to break free from Dexter's hold. "Let go of me, you jerk! Leave me alone!"

As Josie had hoped, Dexter let go of her, stood upright, and observed her frantic efforts with a nonchalant expression as if she were merely an insignificant ant. Tears streamed down Josie's face, mingling with her messy hair.

The last moments before losing consciousness replayed in her mind. Josie felt a sense of regret, realizing that instead of fleeing, she had stayed to witness the chaos. She had always been cautious and valued her life, yet she consciously decided to stay... What on earth was she thinking? Had she lost her mind?!

Her chest rose and fell heavily, causing the wound to throb unbearably. She tried to compose herself, though tears continued to stain her cheeks.

All the time Anderson had known Dexter, he had never seen a woman speak to him so boldly. Josie was definitely throwing caution to the wind.

Dexter glanced at Anderson, prompting him to quickly shift his demeanor. Anderson gently tucked Josie in and spoke with tenderness, "Please calm down. Let's prioritize healing your injuries for now."

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When I Apologized to You

Anderson knew Dexter, but they weren't particularly close, so he had no clue who Josie was. However, observing their interaction, Anderson could tell that Dexter held significant concern for her.

Gasping in pain. Josie clenched her eyes shut. Dexter noticed her avoidance of eye contact, and his expression turned serious. "I won't halt your father's treatment. Your injuries are severe, so rest up"

With that, Dexter turned to leave, but Josie suddenly asked. "What happened to Ivy?"

"She realized there was no going back for her crime. She took a knife and ended her own life," Dexter calmly revealed, a glimmer of concealed vengeance flickering in his eyes.

Ivy didn't even wait for the police to arrive.

"Ivy is dead...." Josie repeated numbly, the words sinking in. "And what about Summer?"

"The Olsens took her away, saying they would go through a thorough investigation," Dexter's eyes curved slightly.

"That's a relief," Josie murmured, finding solace in knowing that the Olsen family would support Summer no matter what.

She looked up, staring motionlessly at the man. "How much do you know about Ivy's scheme?"

"I received a call only when you were taken away," Dexter seemed genuinely unaware. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so passive during the rescue process.

"Arnold. You brought him there," she stated matter-of-factly.

"It was a dire situation. I couldn't think of anyone but him." Dexter replied, meeting her gaze. "but I didn't expect him to come alone."

Both of them understood what it meant, and silence settled between them.

Josie's mind was brimming with unspoken thoughts, but she grappled with where to begin. With a tinge of sarcasm, she addressed Dexter, "Well, Mr. Russell, it seems like the people around you always find themselves in unfortunate situations."

Dexter's gaze briefly swept over her abdominal wound, his expression growing solemn, "This time is my bad. I will make it right."

"Make it right?" Josie sneered coldly, "And how do you plan to do that?"

Anderson was becoming perplexed. He knew the whole story; logically, it wasn't Dexter's fault. In fact, it was remarkable that he had managed to save both of them in such dire circumstances. So why did Josie harbor such resentment towards him?

Dexter took a seat nearby, facing Josie directly. "What do you want?"

In the dim twilight, the woman's face appeared ashen. Instead of answering directly, she asked, "You came back early because you knew Summer had returned, right? Did you go to see her?"

That was the truth, and Dexter had no intention of hiding it anymore.

"Yes, I did."

Josie said coldly and then averted her gaze. I rest my case."

Ivy's words still echoed. 'So he chose Summer....

Indeed, Dexter had always chosen Summer over her.

Dexter got up and left.

Josie stared at the spot where the man disappeared at the doorway, the corner of his coat fluttering as if she could still smell the long-lost tobacco scent. She felt like crying.

Stop it, Josie! What's the matter now?

What is there to cry about?

Anderson handed her a tissue and gently wiped away her tears, comforting her softly. "No need to be sad. Mr. Russell has rounded up everyone under Ivy's command because of what happened to you. If you don't wake up, not a single one of them will escape."

Josie paused, surprised by his words.

After that, Dexter was noticeably absent for the next three days. He was occupied with dealing with the aftermath of the situation.

Anderson stayed in Mason Garden to nurse Josie back to health. His smile never wavered, even in the face of her coldness or reluctance to take medicine, "Mrs. Russell, trust me. You wouldn't want this wound to leave a lasting scar on your beautiful skin."

Eventually, Josie would relent and allow Anderson to tend to her.

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Making up Stories

Josie remained confined to the main bedroom, constantly under surveillance. She felt more like she was being monitored than cared for.

Sitting up was a challenge. At times she would find herself gazing at the ceiling, overwhelmed by a long-forgotten fear. Lately, her nights of sleep were haunted by visions of Dexter and Summer embracing in that abandoned factory.

Anderson prepared her oral medication, crushing it and mixing it with water. He asked curiously, "You've been so quiet. Why don't you talk to me? Do you still have feelings for Dexter?"

Josie glanced at him, and Anderson pulled a piece of candy from his pocket, trying to tempt her.

Looking at the unfamiliar face before her, Josie was intrigued to make fun of him, "You may find it hard to believe, but I'm his ex-wife."

Anderson was taken aback, "Ex-wife?"

Josie sighed frustratedly, recounting her fabricated past, "I met him when I was just sixteen, and he was a nobody. I married him despite all the difficulties we faced. But as soon as he became wealthy, everything changed. He cheated on me with another woman, and she had a terrible postpartum hemorrhage. And guess what? He had the audacity to ask me to donate blood to her..."

Anderson's eyebrows shot up in astonishment, nearly disappearing into his hairline. Under normal circumstances, he would have dismissed such a story as unbelievable. Dexter didn't fit the mold of someone who would do that.

Yet, Josie's tear-filled eyes and the mix of determination and anguish on her face lent her words an air of credibility.

Anderson consoled her. "Alright. Alright. Crying will hurt your wound. It's all in the past now..."

"Dexter is an ungrateful bast*rd!" Josie sobbed and asked, "Anderson, have you just started working for

him?"

"We've had some acquaintance, but I don't know much about him. That's why I didn't recognize you," Anderson replied.

Josie pleaded desperately, her voice filled with urgency, "Please, you have to listen to me. He's not a good person. I beg you, let me go. I've finally managed to escape his control and never want to come back here. Please let me go..."

Anderson hesitated, caught off guard by the intensity of Josie's plea. His initial curiosity had been mere gossip, but now he was confronted with a shocking revelation.

Anderson's jaw dropped at the revelation that Dexter had been married before. He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that there was a whole strange and unexpected backstory behind Dexter's calm and collected exterior.

Seizing the opportunity presented by Anderson's brief hesitation, Josie pressed on, her voice filled with desperation. "Imagine yourself in my position. Could you bear such hardships?"

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Anderson sympathized with Josie's plea, but he felt powerless. "I'm sorry, but I cannot release you without Mr. Russell's permission."

Josie fell silent immediately, choosing not to say another word. She closed her eyes and played dead.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the room, the man sitting in the main chair heard every word Josie spoke through the monitor. He observed her transformation from a sad expression to impatience while lying in bed.

Dexter's gaze turned icy as he stared at the woman on the bed. His eyebrow raised slightly, and a chilling aura emanated from him.

Larry, his secretary, was sweating profusely, standing behind him.

Dexter couldn't believe that Josie dared to fabricate such stories.

A knock on the door interrupted the tense atmosphere. It was Anderson. His current mood mirrored Larry's, visibly uneasy and apprehensive.

Dexter pulled open the drawer before him and retrieved his cell phone, absentmindedly scrolling through

1.

"Um, hey, there's no need to treat... your ex-wife like that," Anderson stammered, attempting to be their mediator.

Dexter ignored him, placing the phone on the table without glancing at it. He stood up, tapped the table with his fingers, and walked out of the room without a word.

"She's still my wife. We've never gotten divorced," he muttered under his breath.

Anderson and Larry exchanged bewildered glances, examining the illuminated phone screen together. It displayed the same story Josie had tearfully recounted, with over a hundred search results for the same melodramatic novel.

Anderson was left speechless once again, confronted with yet another shocking revelation.

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Olsen family's Stance

Dexter cast a contemptuous glare at Larry and Anderson. He couldn't believe he had such dim-witted subordinates.

"Can't believe you fell for it, Dr. Monte."

"How was I supposed to know? She seemed so genuine!"

Dexter stood outside the door, his footsteps faltering for a moment. Josie was a master of deception, able to lie without flinching.

Josie's injuries, though not life-threatening, healed rapidly under Anderson's attentive care.

Dexter had instructed the subordinates not to inform Henry about the incident, so Josie had been undisturbed for the past few days.

Every now and then, Anderson would accompany Josie to the courtyard of Mason Garden, allowing her to breathe in the fresh air. The courtyard featured a small pond with vibrant carp, while the late spring and early summer brought forth blooming flowers, filling the air with the sweet scent of jasmine.

Nestled near Wavery TV Station, Mason Garden served as a tranquil oasis amidst the bustling city

Unbeknownst to them, time had swiftly passed, and Josie had been residing in Mason Garden for nearly a year.

"You know, Dr. Monte, it baffles me that you chose to become Dexter's personal doctor. With your medical skills, you could have easily become a renowned doctor in a top hospital and earned praise from many people,"

Anderson clarified, "Well, my main role is still being an employee at the hospital. But truth be told, Mr. Russell played a significant role in shaping my career. He sponsored my studies abroad, which led me to where I am today."

Despite his old-fashioned name, Anderson was far from being old-fashioned or outdated.

"We can't be so shallow. The purpose of being a doctor is to help and save people, Anderson said, a warm smile on his face as he looked at the petite woman standing before him. He never imagined that someone as comical as Josie would end up marrying Dexter.

"On the day you got injured, I was about to enter the operating room. The patient was already under anesthesia when the hospital director suddenly appeared and personally asked me to save another

patient. So, I was whisked away, and the surgery was replaced by another attending physician. That time, I thought it must be some high-ranking official needing urgent medical attention, but little did I know it was you. And to my surprise, you are Dexter's wife,"

Josie was equally taken aback by the revelation, "But why did he do that?"

Anderson chose his words carefully. "Never underestimate your place in his heart. When you were in a life-and-death situation, he didn't hesitate to choose you."

Puzzled. Josie took a deep breath, feeling a twinge of pain in her wound, "Is that so.... but when it came to choosing between Summer and me, he didn't choose me."

At that moment, her phone on the side buzzed. It was a message.

Laura: 'Hey! How are you? Is everything alright? It seems like the Olsens have gotten wind of the shocking incident.

Josie: 'So, what's their reaction and stance?'

Laura: They're furious. Really, really mad!

Josie, you shouldn't underestimate Summer's importance to the Olsen family. Her family has explicitly forbidden her from having any contact with Dexter. They don't fear the Russell family; they're solely concerned about their daughter's safety.

Josie stared at the words on the screen for a while and thought to herself. It must feel amazing to have such strong family support as Summer's.

Josie hesitated for a moment before typing her message, then deleting it. Finally, she asked, 'And how are things going for you in the Olsen family?'

After a brief pause, Laura replied, 'It's complicated living under someone else's roof.

It seemed things weren't going smoothly for her, 'Aren't you friends with Summer?'

After a longer pause, Laura responded, 'Our relationship isn't as close as the one I have with you.

The intricacies of high society relationships were hard to decipher.

Josie couldn't shake off a sense of loneliness as she continued typing her message. Despite the material wealth and luxurious lifestyle, Laura yearned for the warmth and support of a loving family.

Dexter had been occupied with various matters lately. After dealing with Ivy's issues, numerous tasks still demanded his attention, and he hadn't had much rest in the past few days.

Larry carefully observed Dexter's words and expressions. Despite Dexter's seemingly indifferent and nonchalant attitude towards Josie, there was an underlying sense of guilt emanating from him. But what was the source of this guilt?

Larry hesitated for a moment before speaking, his gaze focused on the rearview mirror, where he could see Dexter resting his eyes in the backseat, "Mr. Russell, Mr. Yanis, and the others are aware of your arrival, and they would like to have a face-to-face conversation with you."

"I don't want to see them, Dexter declined, leaving no room for negotiation.

Larry maintained his silence, understanding the weight of Dexter's decision.

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Bring Her Home

Dexter slowly opened his eyes. "Stop the car," he demanded.

The car behind had been following them around for the past two days. It must be the people sent by the police to tail them. To avoid any problems, he chose not to hide from the police.

Dexter walked towards the car that had stopped beside them, carrying a bottle of water.

Summer watched as the man approached her car and stood by the door, gently knocking on her car door.

Dexter handed her the water bottle and inquired, "What brings you here? Are you feeling better?" He gazed at her with a slight grin.

When Summer saw him, she smiled widely, her small face shining with joy. "I'm conducting research at the Russell Group. I wonder if I could have an interview with Mr. Russell?"

As a researcher, she was tasked with creating a thorough due diligence report on several major corporations. This job was not a typical one for someone with her background.

However, she was exceptionally good at her job.

While maintaining eye contact, Dexter replied, "I have three meetings scheduled and won't be available until after midnight. If you don't mind waiting, we can have it after my meetings."

Summer was in disbelief. She glanced down at her watch and saw that it was already six o'clock.

She believed Dexter was insane for maintaining such a hectic schedule. Over the past few days, she had been getting less than six hours of sleep each night as she followed him around.

He never took a break from traveling as he had a packed schedule. "Dex, please take care of yourself and prioritize your health," she gently reminded him as he handed her a bottle of water.

Dexter chuckled and walked away.

Following the incident at the factory, Summer's desire for his attention grew stronger.

Whenever Dexter thought of the incident, he was reminded of Josie, and his face would grow grimmer.

Summer watched warily as the man walked away, her grip on the bottle tightening.

Despite her family's disapproval, she snuck out to find him. No matter what, she was determined not to give up on this man.

After all, he persevered and rescued her from the factory, never giving up on her.

The location for Dexter's final meeting was changed unexpectedly.

When the residents of Wavery learned about the incident at the factory, they decided to host a gathering to welcome him, which took place at a bar.

This place was only frequented by people from wealthy backgrounds. Summer was curious, trailing behind Dexter as she attempted to enter the bar.

They were individuals who had resided in Wavery for an extended period to work for Dexter. Although he was uneasy with their excessive eagerness, Dexter had to keep them satisfied to uphold a strong alliance.

Summer hurriedly followed Dexter through the busy crowd but was stopped by an employee. "Miss, you've been here for a while. Would you like to order a drink?"

Two hours later, Dexter's meeting came to an end.

Summer lay sprawled across the table, her face flushed from the alcohol. The empty glasses in front of her were a testament to her drinking. Dex leaned in closer to hear what she was saying. "Dex, wait for me," she mumbled under her breath.

When they returned to the Mason Garden, Anderson was awakened in the middle of the night to prepare a hangover soup.

Summer had a low alcohol tolerance and would become a child-like mess when drunk, flailing her arms and making loud banging noises as she knocked things over.

Dexter remained rooted to his spot.

Anderson stared at him suspiciously, but his expression wasn't giving anything away.

Dexter's secretary's explanation of what had happened left him gasping in shock. "How have I never noticed Mr. Russell's popularity?" he wondered aloud.

He brought another girl here, even though one was still recovering.

Dexter's icy glare could have cut through steel. Keep your voice down," he hissed, raising his hands in surrender. There are still patients inside?

Dexter thought of Josie, but his spiritless eyes betrayed no hint of emotion.

Anderson entered his bedroom, unaware of the man struggling to restrain Summer's flailing arms.

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We Meet Again

Josie tossed and turned in the unfamiliar bed, unable to fall back asleep after being awoken by the noise outside.

The following day, she woke up feeling like a truck had hit her. She was drowsy, nauseous, and her head was pounding.

She rubbed her eyes as she walked out of the bedroom, startled to see someone else coming out of the room opposite hers.

Their eyes met, and they froze.

Oh, there's a new girl, but she looks familiar. It's Summer.

Summer's curled hair cascaded over her shoulders, framing her petite face. Her eyes were large and luminous, even in the morning light. She was naturally beautiful, with an undeniable charisma.

Summer met Josie's gaze, her eyes steady and unwavering. She then nodded at Josie and said, "We'll meet again."

Josie stood still before her, her heart pounding in her chest.

Summer rubbed her temples and sighed. "Are you feeling any better?" She shifted her gaze to Josie's stomach. "No one could have predicted this. Please don't blame Dex."

Summer spoke with such familiarity and intimacy that if anyone overheard, they might think she was his wife.

Josie pressed her lips into a tight-lipped smile. "Don't worry, I won't."

Summer's smile faded as she spoke, "I had too much to drink last night. I didn't think Dex would bring me back here. I hope we didn't wake you up."

Throughout their conversation, Summer refused to address Josie as "Mrs. Russell." She couldn't bring herself to accept that Josie was Dex's wife.

Josie shook her head and walked past Summer, heading for the stairs.

Summer watched her go, tilting her head in confusion.

There were many rooms in the Mason Garden, but she knew exactly which one Dexter was in. She raised her arms to knock on the door, wincing as she pulled at her injured waist. Her face twisted in agony.

The secretary gasped in surprise as he saw Mrs. Russell standing there. "Mrs. Russell?" he asked.

"I want to see Dexter."

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Russell is taking a rest, the secretary said, flustered. "No one's allowed to go inside."

"Tsk," Josie clucked her tongue. "If he's asleep, why are you here? Are you hiding something from me?"

The secretary's cheeks flushed with redness.

He had no choice but to open the door to clear Josie's doubts.

As soon as she entered the room, Josie saw that it was divided into two sections. Dexter was in the next room.

"Dexter!" she called out loudly.

The secretary stared at her in disbelief. "Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell is still in bed. He will be furious if his sleep is disturbed. Please don't..." he pleaded, stepping in front of her to block her path.

Josie felt her head spinning with anger. Her eyes narrowed as she pointed at the secretary. "Out of my way, she warned.

"Mrs. Russell, please, the secretary said, taken aback by Josie's outburst.

"I'll kiss you if you don't move, Josie said, leaning in close.

The secretary's eyes widened in fear.

Dexter, who was awake in his office, heard the commotion and spoke into his Bluetooth earpiece. "Let her in."

The secretary let out a sigh of relief and quickly stepped aside. Josie pushed open the door and marched into the office.

"Dexter, why did you bring Summer into the Mason Garden?" she demanded.

Josie gasped and covered her eyes as she saw Dexter standing in the doorway, shirtless and dripping wet.

His muscles were clearly defined, and his belt was undone, hanging loosely around his waist. He tilted his head as he towel-dried his hair, sending a spray of water droplets flying.

The scent of soap and shampoo filled the room.

Josie stood there, frozen in place, her mind racing.

She hated Dexter, but she couldn't deny that he was attractive. She felt her heart pounding in her chest as she watched him.

She was captivated by his body and his handsome features.

Dexter tossed his towel aside and glanced at her with indifference. "When have I ever needed your permission to bring someone home?"

Josie lowered her hands and walked towards him. "Now that I think about it, Mr. Russell has never cared about bringing random people home. As long as you're interested in them, you'll bring them home. After all, she's the girl who always makes you break your own rules. I just never thought you would have the audacity to disrespect me. I am your wife. Do you have to humiliate me like this?"

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She Was Jealous

"Josie, Dexter said, his voice calm and composed. "If people found out Summer was with me after she got drunk, her reputation would be destroyed."

He had no choice but to bring her home.

“Her reputation? Didn’t she lose it when she locked you in the hotel room?” Josie asked, her eyes flashing with anger.

Dexter stared at her in disbelief. “Do you know what you’re saying?”

Josie couldn’t hold back her true feelings. She knew she had stepped over a line when she saw Dexter’s piercing glare.

She turned around hastily, ready to leave the room. I’ll leave now,” she muttered.

Dexter grabbed her wrist tightly, stopping her from leaving. His vigorous action accidentally pulled at her wound, causing her to wince in pain.

Dexter gripped her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

Dexter’s gaze was sharp and grim, his expression resolute.

He stood close to her, and Josie inhaled the clean, fresh scent of his skin.

Dexter’s face was a paradox of softness and coldness. His features were naturally clear and clean, yet they exuded a chill that made others admire him from a distance.

He was the kind of man who would have many admirers, even if he didn’t have the wealth and power he had now.

Josie felt her heart swell as she saw him up close for the first time in a long time.

Dexter locked his eyes on hers and asked, “Are you jealous?”

Josie froze for a moment, taken aback by his question. “Me? Jealous? Of who?” she stammered.

She was glad that he couldn’t hear the pounding of her heart.

Dexter leaned in close, his lips brushing her ear. “Josie, you came here to find me because you’re jealous,” he whispered.

Josie felt heat rising in her cheeks as Dexter’s words washed over her. Her anger had melted away, replaced by a warm and unfamiliar feeling.

“You’re blaming me for saving Summer.”

Josie stood frozen in place, her heart hammering in her chest. Dexter’s words had cut through her like a knife, exposing her deepest feelings.

“If I hadn’t brought her home, would you have come to find me?”

Dexter’s lips were cold, but they left a trail of warmth wherever they touched.

Josie’s breath caught in her throat as soon as Dexter’s lips met hers. She couldn’t think of anything else.

He was right about Summer. If she didn’t show up at the house, Josie wouldn’t have come looking for him.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss. Dexter started out softly, savoring the feel of her lips against his. But as the kiss deepened, his passion grew more intense, and he bit her lips as if to express his pent-up frustrations.

She gasped when she felt the prick of his teeth on her lips. She tried to push him away, but he held her tighter, pressing the back of her head and moving closer.

The taste of Dexter's lips and his touch were so familiar. Josie had desired them for a long time.

The thumping in her chest grew louder, and soon tears streamed down her cheeks. Dexter stopped when he tasted her teardrops.

"Couldn't you be gentler?" she asked helplessly.

"You've been ignoring me for days, he said in a deep, hoarse voice. "Why should I be gentle with you?"

Josie was speechless.

Dexter leaned into her, lips pressed into hers as if he had longed for her kiss in that short pause.

He could tell that she had become slimmer.

As he kissed her passionately, his hands moved higher over her waist. Josie moaned in pain as he touched

her bare skin.

Her moan almost made him lose grasp of his sanity.

Josie's lips were rosy. With her forehead creased, she told him. "The wound hasn't healed."

Dexter took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. He turned around and buttoned up his shirt, fully recovered from their shared passion. His glossy eyes lost their glow and resumed their solemn state.

He never intended to take it any further. His desire simply got the better of him. He had only wanted to calm Josie down from her sudden outbursts, but he was carried away by the heat of the moment.

[Chapter 359](#)

Meet A Friend

Dexter had a wound on his leg, a ghastly scar that looked like it had been treated before.

Josie recalled the time Dexter had saved Summer in the factory when the bodyguard had hit him with a wooden stick without mercy. Her eyes darkened with worry as she asked, "Are you having any trouble walking?"

"No," Dexter said, pulling on his pants to cover the scar. It'll be better in a few days."

Josie didn't believe him. He had suffered a severe injury that had required him to stay in bed for several days before he could even walk normally again.

"Dexter," she said, her voice firm. "What were you thinking during the ten minutes it took you to save Summer?"

Dexter stopped putting on his clothes and stood still, his mind racing back to the moment of the attack. After a moment, he said, "She had to survive."

"Why?"

Josie, she's part of the Olsen family."

Ivy's last words before she died still echoed in his mind. She had told him that choosing Summer would benefit him.

Dexter only cared about his profits, not Summer.

Josie's eyes were fixed on his silhouette as the truth dawned on her. She felt strangely at peace, as if she had expected him to act this way all along.

What was there to be upset about?

Summer waited patiently downstairs. Mrs. Carroll had brought her a bowl of soup to help her recover from her hangover. "Ms. Olsen, please let me know if you need anything else."

Summer smiled warmly at Mrs. Carroll. "You've been a great help," she said. "You don't have to treat me as

guest, as I'll be here more often."

Mrs. Carroll was taken aback by what Summer said. She nodded her head awkwardly and walked away without answering.

"You're awake," Dexter called from the second floor. He buttoned his cuffs as he walked down the stairs.

Summer glanced behind him and smiled coyly when she saw he was alone. "Dex," she said, "I'm sorry for bothering you last night. You could have called the Olsens. They would have sent someone to get me."

Dexter pulled out a chair and sat down. "You must know that your parents despise me very much," he responded.

Summer chuckled at his remark. "No, that's not true. They often compliment you in front of me, and I know they appreciate your work."

Dexter shook his head. "An elite student from London working as a researcher in a small company? Don't you feel like you deserve better?"

"I don't mind the work here," Summer said, slicing her egg with the practiced elegance of a young lady born into wealth. "I'm happy to be here, and I'm learning a lot. Besides, I got to work with the Russell Group on my first project. It's like we were fated to meet again, Dex."

The easy rapport between the two people left the other young woman in the Mason Garden speechless.

Summer and Dexter were both from wealthy families, and they had both been raised in a refined and sophisticated environment. They moved with an easy grace that was both elegant and natural. Josie watched Summer and Dexter from the third-floor corridor, her eyes filled with despair.

Summer returning to Wavery was like a scene out of a movie where the elite daughter of an affluent family returns to claim what was hers.

And Josie would have to give up her place eventually.

“What are you thinking about?” Anderson asked, coming up behind her.

He placed his hands on the railing to see what she had been looking at

Josie forced a smile. “Nothing,” she said. “Dr. Monte, would you mind if I went out later this afternoon? I’d like to meet a friend.”

She was not fully recovered, and couldn’t go too far, so Anderson brought a wheelchair to bring along for the ride. Anderson spoke to Dexter about Josie’s request, and Dexter gave his approval. “Take her,” he commanded.

[Chapter 360](#)

Did You Have Anything To Do With It

After the phone call ended, Anderson signaled to Josic, He agreed.”

Josie smiled politely in response.

It wasn’t unusual to see someone in a wheelchair in the hospital. When Josie reached the VIP room, she saw that Arnold had recovered quite well. He was sitting on the sofa, listening to Andy’s briefing.

He wasn’t surprised to see her at the door. He signaled to his bodyguard, who opened the door and let her

1.

Josie rolled her wheelchair into the room.

Andy stopped talking when he saw her, but Arnold waved him off. “You can continue,” he said.

“After the incident at the factory, the higher-ups are keeping an eye on the goods at the port. Should we transport the goods via the freeway or the highway? Maybe we should take a few detours as well.”

Arnold narrowed his eyes, his arms exposed to the bright sunlight streaming through the curtains.

“Ronan should take the highway. There might be unwanted company lurking on the freeway, waiting to attack us.”

“Understood,” Andy said, nodding to Josie before leaving the room.

Now that they were alone, Arnold stood up from the sofa. “Unfortunately, I’m also a patient, so I can’t make you a cup of tea this time.”

“I never liked tea,” Josie disclosed.

"How's your injury? Dr. Monte is the best surgeon in Wavery. You shouldn't worry about scarring. Arnold was oblivious to Josie's hostility.

"You sure do get your news quickly." Josie lowered her eyes. "I'll get straight to the point. Did you have anything to do with the incident at the factory?"

Arnold paused for a moment. "Does it look like I was the one behind it?"

"Ivy knew about us. She even had pictures of us meeting up. It's hard to believe you had nothing to do with it." Josie spoke calmly, but her eyes betrayed her anger. "And Summer is back because of you, isn't she?"

Arnold picked up a pair of golden-rimmed glasses and wiped them with a wet tissue. "So, what do you want to know?"

"I'm not surprised that Ivy kidnapped me, but how did she manage to kidnap Summer? It's a difficult task that would require help from someone else."

Their eyes met, unwavering and calm, despite the pressure of the situation. Arnold raised an eyebrow. "I must not want to live anymore if I were to send the Olsen family's precious daughter into such danger," he replied with a blasé tone.

"I'm sure someone was directing Ivy to commit these acts. They either wanted me dead, or they wanted Summer dead. Arnold, you only need to tell me if you are behind this."

"No," he answered without hesitation.

Did You Have Anything To Do With It

"Can I believe you?"

Arnold bent down to unbutton her blouse. Josie shivered, and her eyes widened in fear. She was no match for his strength.

"What are you doing?" she demanded,

Arnold opened her blouse, revealing the wound on her waist. Her skin was as pale as the gauze that had been used to cover it.

Arnold gently tapped the wound. "You can always believe me," he said, meeting her eyes.

Her eyes fluttered as her thoughts raced.

For the rest of the week, Dexter was seen with a young lady by his side at his appointments. The news spread quickly throughout Wavery like wildfire.

During lunch, as Summer was researching a subsidiary company, an employee approached her. "Mr. Russell has never brought a lady to his appointments before. Ms. Olsen is the first. There must be something going on between the two of you," he said with a mischievous smile and a steely glint in his eyes.

Summer felt her cheeks burning with embarrassment. She didn't expect to be misunderstood by others. Dexter, however, showed no hint of emotion.

"Wasn't there a rumor that Mr. Russell was married?" someone asked.

Dexter's face turned grim. "It's just a rumor," Summer quickly said.

Everyone else at the table nodded in understanding.

No one dared to make Dexter drink, but Summer kept the drinks coming, one after the other.