

## Blind Date 41

### [Chapter 41](#)

Wait for Her Divorce

Jenny did not want to have any criminal records, so she left, sneering, "Well, you wait!"

"Thank you so much for today, Dr. Sander. I wouldn't know what to do if it wasn't for you. I've tried all the tricks I know to deal with her, but they were all ineffective. Turns out that hitting her works the best."

Josie thanked Matthew earnestly.

Matthew smiled. "Well, do you plan to thank me just like that? Or will you show me how grateful you are?"

Josie looked at the time. Her eyes sparkled as she said, "Why not I treat you to lunch? You do not have a shift now anyway, right?"

"That's great. But your makeup..."

Only then Josie remembered her ghost makeup. She cursed under her breath and rushed to the nearest restroom. "Wait a moment, Dr. Sander!"

Matthew's eyes twinkled as he smiled.

Well, I will for however long she wants.

In the Italian restaurant.

The chili mussels were so spicy that Josie could not even close her mouth. She raised her glass and had a toast with Matthew.

"Do you know how good it felt when you hit her? I have wanted to slap her over the past ten years, but I never dared to. You helped me achieve my dreams."

Matthew put his hands on the table and smiled, "I cannot imagine you being in that hell for ten years. I'm more than happy to help you achieve your dream."

"Sigh... Finally, something good happened."

"What's wrong? Is everything alright?"

Josie opened her mouth to speak, but no words could describe what she was going through. "Oh, it's all just work."

Matthew caught a glimpse of her frustration. He pursed his lips. "Is it related to your father's two hundred thousand?"

It was quite a general question. Josie answered naturally, "Yeah. Money is difficult to come by."

When she saw Matthew staring at her earnestly, she could not hold it back anymore. "Dr. Sander, can you lend me your ears for a while?"

“Of course.”

“Okay then... I shall tell you the truth. I got married because of the two hundred thousand and the medical team. Does this sound ridiculous? I sold myself for all that.” Josie smiled bitterly.

Matthew was surprised. He frowned and shook his head. “You got married for that?”

“Yes. I had no other choice. But don’t worry; I’m not selling my body. It’s just legal documentation, and I only have to act as his wife!”

Matthew’s smile grew wider when he saw her explaining nervously. He could finally feel some weight off his shoulders.

“I believe you.”

“Great! I finally have someone who understands me. But Dr. Sander, do you think that I am... Cheap?”

Josie always felt cheap when Dexter looked at her.

“Of course not, Jo. Everyone has their difficult times. It is okay to be like that temporarily. You just have to remember to get back to your feet as soon as possible because this marriage is not good.”

Josie nodded frantically. “I know. Well, I shall treat you to another meal when I get a divorce then!”

“I shall treat you to a meal when that time comes.” Matthew poured her some wine as he looked at the girl’s bright, cheerful eyes.

“Sure!”

Josie did not know that Matthew wasn’t finished with his sentence.

I will confess my love to you then.

“What is the man you got married to like?”

Josie replied almost immediately. “Cold, ruthless, domineering, illogical, arrogant, and mean.” She would use all the negative adjectives she knew to describe Dexter if she could!

## [Chapter 42](#)

### Stay Away from Him

After their meal, Josie and Matthew walked out of the restaurant. They were in an affluent business district.

“I’ve got to go back to the hospital.”

“What a shame. Does someone have to do double shifts this weekend?” Josie teased.

Matthew pinched her nose in retaliation and said, “Is someone planning to ditch their part-time job and find another one?”

“Dr. Sander, you hurt me.” Josie pouted.

Dexter was walking out of a Japanese restaurant from the shopping mall across from the pair. He was greeted with such a scene when he raised his eyes.

I can't believe Josie is flirting with some other guy in front of me!

"Mr. Russell, it was nice talking business with you. I will increase the work progress when I get back." Dexter's business partner said while reaching his hand out for a shake.

Dexter recollected himself and shook his hand briefly, "I look forward to our partnership."

"I've got another thing to get to. If everything is settled, I'll take my leave first."

"Please."

Dexter watched as the man left. When he turned back to the pair, the man was gone. Josie stood by herself. She seemed uneager to leave.

After Matthew left, Josie was about to walk in the opposite direction but stopped. She thought she saw a familiar shadow just then. She cocked her head to the side curiously and saw Dexter standing in front of the Japanese restaurant opposite her. He stood tall and had a good figure. He wasn't wearing a suit today and had on a plain white POLO shirt and black slacks. Although dressed casually, he gave off a luxurious air and attracted the attention of the people around him.

Why is he here?!

Before Josie could react, Dexter was already walking to her with his imposing aura.

Josie forced a smile as she thought about last night's situation, "Hi, Mr. Russell. What a coincidence! I didn't expect to see you here. Did you have a good lunch?"

"Aren't you impressive. I was wondering how you recovered so quick. Who knew it was because you had a date."

Josie did not understand what he meant by her recovering quickly.

"What date? Matthew is my friend! Does it matter to you if I have lunch with my friends? I don't think that's in the contract, Mr. Russell."

"Friend? I didn't realize you were so open that you'd let a male friend pinch your nose." Dexter raised his voice slightly.

Josie understood what he meant by that. She scoffed and rebutted, "In France, people greet with kisses to the cheek. We're living in the twenty-first century. I didn't know you were so conservative, Mr. Russell."

Josie's words made Dexter choke on his saliva. When he cleared his throat, Josie was already on the escalator going down. He hurried behind her.

"Josie, stay away from that guy."

Josie stuffed her fingers into her ears.

Dexter pulled her hands away and said, "Did you hear me?"

“Why?” She asked with bright eyes.

“He doesn’t have good intentions.”

“Why?”

“He just doesn’t! Anyways, don’t get close to other guys in public. You’re only going to bring me more trouble!” Dexter said as he averted his eyes sheepishly.

Josie did not want to listen to him. She was still mad about yesterday, “I knew Matthew before I even met you. Mr. Russell, don’t you think asking me not to meet my friend is too much?”

“Friend? Josie, you’re being too naïve.” Dexter tossed her hand away.

Men know men the best. She’s such an idiot not to be able to see the way Matthew Sander leers at her.

“You’re so weird, Dexter Russell!” Josie burst out as she couldn’t stand his attitude toward her.

### [Chapter 43](#)

Home

Dexter shook himself out of his daze and grabbed Josie’s hand before she could leave, “Follow me.”

“Hey!”

Dexter had long legs and walked fast. Josie could only quicken her steps into a light jog as he pulled her along.

“Dexter! Dexter! Why do I have to follow you home? It’s the weekend! I have things to do!” She shouted at him as she covered her face.

Dexter’s Porsche was parked in front of the shopping mall. He opened the door, tossed her in, then quickly got into the driver’s seat and put his seatbelt on.

“Sit tight.”

Dexter navigated his way through traffic at high speed. Josie clutched her seatbelt tightly. She glanced at the rearview mirror and saw the cars far behind them.

It would cause them a lot to compensate for damages to a Porsche 911.

“What did you have with that doctor?”

Josie was stumped for a moment before replying, “I... Italian. Why?”

Dexter clenched his teeth together but did not reply to her.

“What are you doing, Dexter? I agreed to work with you, but you didn’t say I have to spend my weekends with you, too. You can’t just create clauses...”

Josie was met with silence. She was going crazy with all the anxiety inside of her.

When she thought about him reproaching her for having lunch with Matthew, she continued angrily, “I’ve been running errands the whole day. I haven’t even found a new part-time job after running away

from my previous one. I'm wasting my precious time being here with you when I can be earning money!"

"What part-time job?" Dexter slightly released his foot off the accelerator. He didn't think this woman would have a part-time job to attend to on the weekends.

"Do you not understand? It's as I said. A! Part! Time! Job!"

Dexter turned the steering wheel and said, "If I remember correctly, you have an income of over ten thousand a month. Why do you need to work part-time if you've already settled your parents' medical bills?"

Josie glared at him from the side of her eye and rebutted. "You're wrong. Although I have some savings, one should always prepare for a rainy day. What if, one day, you leave me to fend for myself? Women have to be independent; we can't always rely on other people. Of course, I'm relying on you now, but that's because I have no choice. Also, you don't know Mr. Russell, but inflation is happening! The things you use at home are getting more and more expensive!"

She spoke without taking any breaks, and her expression was self-righteous.

Dexter did not say anything but suddenly stopped the car and caused Josie's shoulder to hurt from being pushed into the seatbelt. She looked around to see they had arrived at a luxurious market.

"Aren't we going home? What are we doing here?"

Dexter unbuckled his seatbelt with a click.

"Today, I'll let you be in charge."

The target demographic of this supermarket was the rich. Even something simple would cause hundreds. Dexter was a member, and whenever they needed groceries, he would get Ivy to buy them. He had never been here, but Josie had. She knew the prices on the items here were not for the faint-hearted.

She glanced at the man pushing the cart and whispered, "Oil and salt might have gone up in price, but the prices here are ridiculous! Let's go to a neighborhood supermarket if you want to play house. You can spend as much as you want there."

Dexter placed his hand on her head and said, "Didn't you say you were going to cook for me last night? This is your chance to show me what you got."

## [Chapter 44](#)

Bribed by Ice-cream

Cook for him? I can't believe he remembered.

"Wait a minute," Josie rummaged in her bag before grabbing a piece of paper. She quickly scanned through it.

"What?"

"I'm looking at your dietary requirements; what you like and do not like to eat!" Dexter had given her that piece of paper, and she had carried it with her since being reprimanded yesterday.

Dexter was stunned.

Josie shook her head as she looked through the list.

I can't believe this guy. He is so boring; he doesn't eat sweets, and there're so few things he likes to eat. It's like food is just a means of survival to him.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I feel sorry for you." She looked at him pitifully.

"Don't you like Italian? Let's have this," Dexter said coolly as he grabbed a jar of spicy arrabbiata sauce from the shelf.

Josie's eyes lit up, and she teased, "So, you like spicy food? Why didn't you say? I'm a pro at that."

Dexter had no time to retaliate as Josie sped off to grab some ingredients. She did not stop to choose her groceries. Soon, the cart was full of food.

"Julie will probably think we're feeding a zoo," Dexter said with a raised eyebrow.

Josie reached for an eggplant impulsively and said, "If you say anything else, I'm going to force you to eat ratatouille."

Dexter's eyebrows disappeared into his hairline as he avoided looking at the eggplant.

Josie burst out in laughter, "Oh my gosh! I can't believe the mighty Mr. Russell is scared of an eggplant."

She was laughing so loudly that she garnered the attention of passersby.

Dexter felt embarrassed standing next to her. He quickly clasped his hand over her mouth and whispered into her ear, "Stop laughing!"

Josie shuddered in his hold. She was distracted by the feel of his hand on her mouth. It was sensitive and hot.

Dexter quickly released her when he felt her warm breaths on his palm. However, Josie seemed unbothered as she raced for the ice cream section.

She loved desserts, but it was too expensive. After long contemplation, she decided not to get any.

"Alright, let's go pay." She forced a smile.

Dexter had been watching her, "Why aren't you getting any?"

Josie sighed and said impatiently, "It's too expensive. I'll get it when I strike the lottery!"

Josie had shopped here before. Back then, she was too stressed from work and wanted to get a tub of ice cream to comfort herself, but it was too expensive, so she had never gotten it. She needed to look after herself and her father; she couldn't buy things impulsively.

Dexter frowned and then opened the freezer door. He took out the tub of ice cream she had been looking at.

It cost two hundred and eighty.

He paused for a moment and then put five tubs into the cart.

"I'm paying."

She couldn't reject.

Josie jumped and tried to stop him, "No, I can't. I know you feel sorry for me, but I don't need these. I want to buy it with my own money and not your pity money."

Dexter looked at the hand holding her wrist. Her hand was so small she couldn't even wrap around his wrist fully.

He waited until she said her bit before replying, "There are five flavors here. I'm going to put it in my freezer. I'll reward you with a tub whenever you do something that benefits Russell Group. That includes winning a design competition award or getting a partnership agreement."

Josie looked at him questioningly. He's trying to control my work.

"Mr. Russell, I have got to say, you know how to incentivize your employees."

"I don't do this for everyone."

## [Chapter 45](#)

### I Can't Find Her

It was evening when they walked out of the supermarket. The sunset cast a pink glow over the city, giving it a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Josie had her back toward the light. She couldn't see Dexter's face clearly, but the sunset colored his hair golden. He was systematically putting the groceries they had bought into the trunk. Josie felt an indescribable feeling within her; her heart started to race. It was undeniable Dexter was a sensible and mature man. There weren't many men like him, even less those that stood at the top of the food chain. Josie couldn't believe she had bagged this man as her husband.

Albeit... only in name.

"Get in. What are you doing?" Dexter tapped the underside of her head.

Josie wanted to ask him if he had ever dated before or if he had ever liked someone, but she stopped herself. Because she knew Dexter probably wouldn't answer, and even if he did, it probably would not satisfy her curiosity.

When they returned to Mason Garden, Julie jumped when she saw how many groceries they had bought.

Josie was quick on her feet. She started to busy herself the moment she entered the house while Dexter sent some emails from the couch in the living room. He would occasionally glance toward the kitchen. It was his first time seeing a woman donning an apron and cooking for him.

A delicious aroma wafted from the kitchen shortly after, and Josie came out with some dishes.

"Time to eat," she called out.

The last time someone besides a servant had called him for a meal was fifteen years ago.

Fifteen years have gone by in a blink...

There were several Italian dishes on the table. When Julie saw the spicy arrabbiata pasta, she commented worriedly, "Mr. Russell doesn't really eat food with strong flavors. How about I make a couple of light dishes?"

Josie took off her apron and stopped her, "No, he requested this, and I spent so much time on it. You don't have to worry, Ms. Carroll."

"Don't worry. I can eat it." Dexter unbuttoned the cuffs on his sleeves and rolled them up.

He could eat spicy food, but it had been a while.

Josie wasn't as good at eating spicy as he was. Ten minutes later, she was downing glasses of milk, but besides a hint of red on Dexter's lips, he showed no reaction.

"It's not bad."

Josie was clenching her teeth from the spice.

"Mr. Russell, most people in Wavery can't stand spicy food. I didn't expect you to take it so well."

Dexter paused and said, "I had a friend who liked to eat spicy food. But my friend wasn't good at eating it. We often went to eat together, so I got used to it."

"Was your friend male or female?" Josie asked.

"Female," Dexter replied hesitantly.

Josie's hand loosened, and her face almost hit the table. She looked at Dexter warily.

I didn't think he would have female friends.

"Where is she now?"

"She's gone." Dexter's image of his friend and Josie's face merged into one.

The air grew thick, and Josie felt stupid for asking.

"Sorry. I didn't know..."

Dexter averted his gaze. His eyes were filled with sorrow.

"She's not dead. I just can't find her."



Can't find her... Josie felt as though she had swallowed a rock. She didn't dare to ask anymore. She could tell from Dexter's tone that he did not want to talk about it.

Dexter broke the silence by picking up his fork and asking, "Why did you quit your job and have lunch with that doctor today?"

## [Chapter 46](#)

Start from People Around You

Josie felt annoyed as soon as the topic was brought up.

She held her face with both hands. He knew about her anyway. Perhaps she could just tell him about everything that happened today.

Dexter raised his brows confidently, "It seems related to me."

"Related to you?" She barely mentioned him.

"The two hundred thousand."

Josie was speechless.

Dexter dipped his finger in water and drew an arrow on the table when he saw her in confusion.

"Russell Group was supposed to work with Lagoon Capital to expand its business territory last year. But the proposal got rejected as soon as it was sent out. It turned out that Lagoon Capital's project manager had planned to use this project to get a better job with a different company. I sent evidence of his romance scandals to his wife after discovering it. As expected, his wife created a stir at Lagoon Capital. It affected him terribly."

"He was sacked from Lagoon Capital immediately, and a new project manager took over. From that day onwards, we successfully collaborated till today."

Dexter drew another line from the arrowhead again.

"Sum up this matter."

He crossed his arms in front of his chest. He looked incredibly like a leader quizzing his subordinate. Josie became nervous. "The conclusion is... The conclusion is if his wife hadn't made a ruckus, Russell Group would have never managed to collaborate with Lagoon Capital."

"Smart." Dexter smiled. "We must be flexible. If we cannot change someone, we can try tackling the people around him."

He got up and went upstairs as soon as he finished speaking. He left Josie sitting in her place in a daze.

Dexter was giving her a tip. But how was she going to tackle the people around Jenny? She had never liked Jenny, nor knew the people around her, except for Justin... But he was exactly like his mother!

The next day.

Josie was at her workstation. While resting, she logged into her Twitter account and found Justin's account. She read every single post of his.

Alice passed by her and peeked at Josie's phone. "Who is that? Why are you stalking people?"

"My younger brother."

"What? Are you stalking your younger brother? You are crazy, Josie. Why do you even need to check who liked his posts?" Alice was shocked.

Josie waved her hand and continued to scroll through Justin's posts. "Stop making a fuss. I'm doing something important."

Soon, she clicked into an account and exclaimed excitedly, "I found it!"

It was a woman's Twitter account. She had a selfie attached to all her posts. Josie knew who it was— her younger brother's girlfriend!

"Who is that?"

"My younger brother's girlfriend. I searched his friend list but couldn't find her. After checking the likes of all his posts, I finally found her in a post in April." Josie explained proudly.

"Amazing work... What a pity you aren't a reporter." Alice did not understand why Josie needed to do so. She returned to her workstation.

Josie started tapping on her keyboard. She sent a private message to that account: 'Hello, I'm Justin's sister. I need to talk to you. Can we meet?'

Her name was Nicole. She had been dating Justin for three years. As their relationship was relatively stable, they planned to get married.

Nicole updated her account daily, so she was likely to see Josie's message soon.

As expected, Nicole replied to Josie's message as soon as she finished work: 'Are you Josie? But I am doing overtime today. I'll visit you another day.'

'I can go look for you at work today!' Josie quickly responded.

She could not wait any longer.

## [Chapter 47](#)

### Heavy Debts

The place Nicole worked was quite far from Russell Group. After more than an hour on the bus, Josie finally arrived at her destination. It was already dark, and many people were already having their dinner.

Nicole and Justin graduated from the same university. But because her results were not good enough, her job wasn't very favorable. She worked as a property agent at a property agency.

Josie waited at the café below Nicole's workplace for an hour. Her hot coffee had completely cooled down when she saw Nicole coming with her bag on her back.

"I'm so sorry to keep you waiting. I should have gone to visit you instead, but I was too busy. I just came back from a house tour with a client..." Nicole said apologetically.

She was quite pretty, but long hours of work had drowned her in fatigue. She was not in a fair condition.

Josie gestured at her to take a seat. "It's alright. I work overtime often too. I understand."

Nicole looked a little embarrassed as she continued, "May I know... What's the matter?"

"Right. I heard that you are getting married to Justin soon."

"Yes... That's why I'm working so hard," Nicole replied shyly.

Josie could tell that Nicole was a down-to-earth person. She was a good girl. "I hope you don't mind me being straight with you because Justin and I are not biological siblings."

Nicole nodded quickly. "I know. Justin told me."

"Then I shall get straight to the point. His mother is going around collecting money for your marriage with Justin. She even wants to cut off his father's medical expenses for it. I wouldn't have come to you if things were not so serious."

"Ever since our father fell sick, I have supported his medical expenses. Justin and his mother have never paid a single penny. That indicates that his mother has no money at all for your marriage. There are many ways one can have money if one is willing to work hard for it. Cutting off medical expenses is not a resort."

Josie had made it extremely clear to Nicole. She hoped that Nicole understood her meaning.

The Warren family was burning hell. She shouldn't jump into it.

Nicole pursed her lips. Her face darkened. "Josie, I do know a little about this. But I can't do much because I'm not in the position to do so... However, I believe everything will be better if I work hard after we get married."

Josie understood now. Nicole loved Justin. Josie frowned and decided to reveal to Nicole how terrible the situation was. "Ms. Hart, do you know that Justin is in debt?"

Nicole was stunned. She obviously didn't know.

"He only told me that his family didn't have much money, and we had to start from scratch."

Josie snorted helplessly. She took a credit report from her bag and handed it to Nicole.

"This is Justin's current financial situation. He has been gambling for the past few years. He is jobless and is living on loans. He lost a lot and could not pay his debts. He is now a disreputable person. He can't take trains or planes. Do you know about this?"

Josie used to wonder why Justin was keen on cutting off his father's medical expenses until she saw his phone and discovered that he owed a lot of money.

Only a gambler would scorn family ties.

Nicole's hand trembled as she held the report. She didn't know anything about this. It must have hit her hard.

"Justin owes approximately a few hundred thousand. If you marry him, Ms. Hart, with your monthly salary of ten thousand, how many years will it take for you to help him pay off his debts?"

## [Chapter 48](#)

### Stay Out All Night

Josie could not bear to break the girl's heart. But this relationship was just an unrealistic rosy view. Josie must stop Jenny's greed and save this girl from jumping into these fires of hell.

"Justin has not stopped. He is still gambling. Deceitful people like him have no limits. It will ruin your whole life if you stay with him. I hope you will reconsider your decision carefully."

Nicole closed her eyes. Her shoulders shook as she started crying.

It was worse than a nightmare.

"You are a good girl. You shouldn't be undermined by Justin. You can look for a better man to love. As a woman, I'd advise you to call off the engagement."

Josie patted Nicole's shoulder. Nicole could no longer hold herself back. She buried her head into Josie's arms and cried, "I've never thought he would be like that. I thought... I thought... He was sincere toward me!"

"He just wants to trick you into paying his debts with him and suffer!"

Josie patted her head and said, "Nowadays, any relationship without financial support will fail easily."

Nicole said nothing and continued wailing.

After about half an hour, Nicole finally calmed down. She promised Josie that she would reconsider her relationship with Justin.

When they exited the café, it was already past ten. Josie did not have dinner, but she was no longer hungry.

The buses had stopped, so Josie had no choice but to get a cab back to Mason Garden. She could not help but curse Justin under her breath. How are you going to repay me?

It was a long journey. Just as Josie started feeling sleepy on the way, her phone started vibrating. Her phone showed: That man.

"Hello..." Her voice was still drowsy as she answered the phone.

"Where are you?" After a moment of silence, the man's voice was heard. He sounded a little angry.

When Josie heard his voice, she immediately regained consciousness.

"Mr., Mr. Russell! I... I'm on the way back. What's the matter?"

"What time is it now?"

Josie glanced at her phone and answered, "...Ten fifty-eight."

"If you don't reach home within ten minutes, you don't have to come back anymore."

Dexter was furious. He sat on the sofa in Mason Garden with a dark face.

He had finished work early today. He thought he would see that woman as soon as he reached home, but he didn't. According to Julie, Josie had called and informed that she would be home late.

It was late into midnight.

Dexter did not know why he was still waiting. He had planned to go to rest already, but he could not fall asleep. He kept walking out of his room to check with the maids if Josie had returned.

"Not yet... Mr. Russell."

The maid's fear grew every time he asked them about Josie.

Dexter checked the duty roster for the design department that day. Josie did not have any appointments outside. Her colleagues said that she had left as soon as it was time.

What was she doing alone outside so late? The thought of when Mr. Davidson made Josie drunk caused him to shudder.

He was so anxious that he couldn't help calling Josie.

Soon, the sound of footsteps was heard from outside. Josie opened the door and walked in. She saw Dexter waiting for her on the sofa as soon as she raised her eyes. He looked cold.

When she saw him staring at her, she put on an innocent look and raised her phone. "Mr. Russell, eight minutes. I'm on time."

"... Where did you go?"

"I went to practice the skill you taught me." Josie did not realize how serious this matter was to Dexter. She put down her bag happily and ran to him. She wanted to tell him about what had happened today.

## [Chapter 49](#)

### Another Fight

However, just as she was about to approach Dexter, she stopped suddenly because the expression on the man's face had turned ugly.

Josie finally realized that something was wrong. She turned around and beckoned at the maid behind her, asking silently: What's wrong with him? The maid shook her head. She looked afraid as if she was not allowed to answer that question.

Josie had no choice but to muster her courage and step forward. She asked carefully, "Mr. Russell, did I upset you again?"

She suddenly felt as if she was trying to tame a tiger.

Dexter was difficult to tame. The look on his face terrified people.

“Go on. Tell me. What were you doing outside so late? Did you go on a date with Dr. Sander again?”

The sarcasm in his words and mockery in his eyes ruined Josie’s good mood. She demanded angrily, “What do you mean? I’ve told you that Dr. Sander and I are only friends. You make it sound as if I have a scandal with him.”

Dexter glared at her. “Am I wrong?”

“... Rascal.” Josie could not help but curse under her breath.

She had not had dinner yet, and it was a long journey home. Her mood was not good, and she was ridiculed as soon as she got home. She almost lost her temper. She stood there for a long time and dared not approach Dexter anymore.

“... I thought you would understand, but it was just a fantasy of mine.”

After that, Josie turned around to head upstairs.

Dexter got up suddenly and grabbed her wrist. Anger was written on his face as he said, “A lady should never return home so late no matter what happens! How dare you curse me, Josie! What made you so bold?”

Josie pushed the man’s hand away. The anger she had been suppressing all night surfaced.

“I forgot to tell you I’m not a good girl. Even my parents do not care what time I get home. Who are you, Mr. Russell, to control me? Even if I work for you, I have the freedom to choose how I spend my time after work! You are inexplicable!”

Josie was used to having freedom since she was young. No one in the Warren family cared about her. Her father used to care for her, but ever since he fell ill and stopped doing so, Dexter was the first person who tried to restrict her from returning home late.

The woman’s fierce look made her look like a little hedgehog.

That sentence, “Who are you to control me?” humored Dexter. “Have you forgotten that you are still mine even after work? You are my wife. Who has the right to control you if not me?”

This sentence sounded like “You have no freedom” to Josie. It angered her more. “Should I continue my act even when I’m asleep? You are such a capitalist! You are practicing monopolistic ownership!”

Dexter was at a loss for words. He raised a finger and pointed into the air. With a cold tone, he said, “Don’t take my kindness for granted. You are not as important as you think.”

He stormed upstairs furiously after he finished speaking.

Who should be the one losing their temper now? Josie pushed her hair to the back and told the maid, “Hurry, pour me a glass of water. I can feel the fire in my head right now. It’s burning me to death.”

The maid quickly passed her a glass of water.

“Madam, I’ve stayed here for a long time. You are the first person I met who dares to argue with Mr. Russell.” She gave Josie a thumbs-up as she looked at Josie in awe.

"I didn't want to argue with him. Didn't you hear what he said? He's too domineering! What a bad temper he has!"

## [Chapter 50](#)

### Misunderstandings Cleared

The more Josie talked about it, the angrier she became. Even after gulping the glass of water down, it didn't appease her.

When the maid heard that, she shook her head. "Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell cares about you immensely. Perhaps his choice of words wasn't appropriate, but..." She was unsure what words to use, so she cut to the chase. "When he's not working, he always sleeps early. But tonight, he hasn't rested at all. He asked me a few times whether or not you were back. I can tell that he's worried about you."

Josie froze after hearing that. She recalled his solemn tone when he called her just now and how he reacted. Well, it's definitely weird.

"He... waited for me the entire night?"

The maid nodded. "Yeah. Julia also saw that. Mr. Russell was worried about you, so... what you said just now was quite harsh."

He's worried about me, but why?

"No matter what, he... shouldn't have said that..."

"That's because he loves you too much."

Goosebumps immediately appeared on her arms after hearing that. That's not the case at all. How is it possible that he loves me?

She shook her head to clear her mind.

"Of course not. He's just worried that I might create trouble for him. I know he wants to maximize my value here."

With that, she felt much better. That's right. He's a capitalist. He loves me too much? Gah! That's wishful thinking!

"Mrs. Russell—"

"Alright, is there any food in the kitchen? I'm starving."

The following day, Josie caught herself thinking about the maid's words the night before and wondered if she had overreacted.

Because of that, she didn't sleep well; her entire body hurt when she woke up.

She stopped when she passed by Dexter's room. Suddenly, the door opened, and he appeared in front of her with water droplets on his face – he had just taken a shower.

He was surprised to see her, but he soon pursed his lips. It was apparent that his anger hadn't abated.

Startled by him, Josie fumbled awkwardly for half a minute before saying, “Er... I went to look for my brother’s girlfriend. Her workplace is quite far from here – I paid two hundred to get there! That was why I came home late yesterday.”

Initially, she didn’t want to explain to him, but she started speaking without realizing it.

Surprise flitted across Dexter’s eyes. It was out of his expectations that she explained the situation to him. It’s good that she doesn’t hold grudges.

He curled his lips and remarked sarcastically, “I didn’t know you could speak.”

“... I got mad after hearing you accuse me of cheating with Matthew. You started it first.”

She could smell his scent strongly after the shower, so she didn’t dare to look at him.

He was too good-looking that she was worried about blushing and embarrassing herself.

At that point, Dexter’s fury had ceased. “No matter what happens, you have to be back by eleven from now on.”

“Why?”

She recalled the maid’s words – ‘he cares about you.’

“Because you live on my turf – you have to listen to me.”

She was speechless to hear that.

He started making his way downstairs in a seemingly better mood.

Josie twitched her lips and made a face behind his back. He’s a capitalist, for sure!