

Blind Date 415

[Chapter 415](#)

Keeping His Guard Up

Alice asked worriedly. "Are you sure about this?"

"Yes."

Josie did not notice that the man they were discussing was currently standing outside their door. His expression turned cold. However, his lips suddenly curved into a devious smirk.

Judging from her words, it sounded like she regarded Dexter as someone lesser than Arnold.

After Alice left, Josie looked at her phone in a daze.

There were many unread messages on WhatsApp, and one of those was from Arnold. His profile picture was a plain, black image, and his message seemed emotionless and professional. I've received information on the news. What is your decision? Should I suppress it?"

The message was sent in the morning, but Josie had only seen it now.

She recalled his face and sneered as she typed a reply. 'Arnold, are you showing concern for me?"

He immediately replied with a question mark.

That's not how one should show concern.

Arnold soon sent another message. 'Seems like you're finally sober.

After that, Josie sat in a daze until a sudden touch caused her to jump in fright. She instinctively held the phone to her chest and turned off the screen before looking up in a panic. It was Dexter. He came up to her without her noticing.

His expression was calm as a still lake. Josie could not detect any emotions as he looked at her and asked, "Why are you scared?"

Josie slowed her breathing. "When did you come in? Why didn't I hear any footsteps?"

He came in so quietly that Josie was unsure how long he had been here or whether he saw anything.

Dexter seemed in a decent mood, so Josie guessed he had just arrived. She calmed down and behaved normally. "What would you like to eat? I'll ask Julie to prepare it."

Dexter looked at her and answered, "I want to eat what you made."

Josie was surprised. "Don't joke around. It's getting late. There's not enough time to prepare."

Dexter was not angry. He suddenly reached out to grab the phone in her hand. Josie's face turned pale. She gripped her phone tightly. "Why.."

Dexter did not speak but pulled harder. Josie refused to let go.

Unfortunately, she was no match for his strength. He took the phone and tried to turn on the screen, but a security lock protected it. He showed it to her and asked gently, "Unlock it, dear."

Josie's expression had turned to horror. Her heart beating like a drum. She dared not disobey when Dexter looked at her like that and unlocked the screen with a trembling hand.

Dexter usually disliked social media and chatting using messenger apps. Yet, he quickly turned on WhatsApp and found the chat log.

He read the messages at a glance.

Josie panicked and suddenly realized she had been too careless. "Dexter, don't you trust me? What did I do that made you suspicious of me like this?"

Dexter turned off the phone and tossed it to the side.

"Josie, there's something that I didn't want to tell you, but you gave me no choice. Do you remember Kevan?"

Apprehension grew in Josie's gaze.

How can I not remember? I had so much trouble getting someone into the design department, yet he was transferred because he had a crush on me.

Dexter paused deliberately and undid the buttons on his cuffs. His posture indicated he had something more to say. "I don't care what matter it concerns or how lowly is the person's status. Anyone who dares to desire what is mine can never hope to escape unscathed. Can you guess where he is now?"

Josie clenched her fist. Previously, she heard that he was still in Rivodia.

She remained silent.

"The fastest way to make someone give up is to make him lose what he cares about the most. Coincidentally, I have some talent in this."

Dexter raised his eyebrows slightly, prompting Josie to shudder with fear.

He had her tightly within his grasp. Any sense of freedom was an illusion.

Keeping His Guard Up

Dexter kept moving closer, but Josie kept retreating. She did not dare to meet his gaze.

[Chapter 416](#)

The Consequence of Betrayal

"I will not tolerate any betrayal," Dexter said sternly. "I've told you this many times."

His smile blossomed beautifully like a flower in spring, but Josie knew it hid evil intentions. "Why do you look at me like that? I didn't do anything to him except transfer him to Rivodia and make him start from the lowest position."

Josie choked with guilt, knowing she dragged Kevan into trouble when he did nothing wrong.

“That’s enough!” Josie shouted. “You... You’re too cruel...”

Dexter looked at her coldly. “What are you talking about? It’s you who are disloyal to me.”

But you are always suspicious and are the first to betray my trust. Josie nearly blurted out those words, but she resisted them.

Dexter had a twisted set of rules. Only he could scheme against others. He would not tolerate anyone employing any tricks against him.

Josie swallowed her anger. “What do you want to say?”

Dexter placed his hands behind his back and leaned toward her ear. It seemed like an

intimate gesture, but his words were harsh and cruel. “Don’t do it if you are not completely sure you will succeed. Otherwise, you know what will happen if I catch you.”

He had told her the consequences of betrayal the night before.

Fury surged through Josie. She shoved Dexter away and glared at him furiously.

Dexter looked at her in disbelief before walking away indifferently.

His gentleness and kind words were all pretense. Instead, he revealed his true nature in his schemes.

Josie was afraid and hurriedly turned on her phone. She looked closely at her chat log with Arnold and found nothing damning,

But Dexter was easily suspicious, and his hunches were accurate. Josie had betrayed herself through her intense reactions.

It was his habit to strangle any issues at its cradle.

Dexter was ruthless in his ways. No one could hope to take advantage of him.

However, Josie seemed to have forgotten that Dexter set aside an urgent work matter to meet her last night, only for her to scheme against him in the morning. No one could stand such betrayal.

The lights were off. Dexter sat in the darkness, surrounded by a cold and intimidating aura.

He remained silent for a long time before saying indifferently, “Moses, have I not treated her well?”

Moses broke out in cold sweat. He knew what Dexter meant.

“You... were good to her. It’s she who had gone overboard.”

Dexter fell silent.

The silence felt suffocating to anyone around him.

Moses thought Dexter would keep brooding silently, but he suddenly tapped on the table and said, “I need you to investigate who owns that studio.”

“Are you saying...”

“Find out who did it. That photographer has no idea what he’s up against. How dare he extort money from me?”

Furthermore, this incident caused him to hear unpleasant words against him. Therefore, he would ensure the photographer would never be able to work in his field again.

The domestic economy is gradually worsening due to the outbreak of the trade war. The effects spread to various industries, filling the public with unprecedented fear. Many companies already started mass layoffs, especially in the finance industry.

The mass layoff inevitably hurt many individuals and families. It was a difficult decision to make. Still, Russell Group was humane and sent mediators to talk to each staff. It also made sure to pay compensation.

Furthermore, Dexter appeared in public more frequently. To avoid mass panic, he accepted a few interviews in newspapers and magazines. However, he would only allow face-to-face interviews, with no voice recording or photographs taken.

Dexter was famous in the business circle. Everyone knew about his unique ability to manage Russell Group. Most importantly, everyone who had met him praised how handsome he was.

Due to this, media companies would always send male staff to interview him. They were concerned that a female employee would be influenced by her emotions and could not be objective.

[Chapter 417](#)

She Waited for Six Hours

But it was different in Vaste.

Summer was known for her astute analysis ever since she joined the company, especially in matters concerning Russell Group. Her research was always the best and the most accurate.

Usually, an outstanding woman like her would be proud and even arrogant.

However, Summer always kept a low profile whether in Vaste or outside. She avoided getting into disputes.

Furthermore, Summer had an old-fashioned habit. She would only write with carbon pencils and write fast with neat handwriting. It was perfect and flawless, like her.

The city lights came on, illuminating the gorgeous night scenery. Summer stayed back in the office alone to work overtime. One could hear the restless scratching noises of the pencil on paper.

Suddenly, she heard the door open and close and gathered the courage to stand up.

The supervisor had just finished work. He smiled upon seeing her. “Summer, it’s great that you’re hardworking but don’t overwork yourself. You should go home soon.”

Summer had a solemn expression as she said, “I... I would like to discuss something with

you.”

“Oh? Sure.”

“I heard our company is given a chance to interview Dexter. I wish to compete for the opportunity to interview him.”

The supervisor’s expression changed instantly. He had finished considering whom to send for the interview and had a senior reporter in mind.

Furthermore, it was common sense not to send a staff who had just joined them. It would trigger much criticism.

Summer seemed to guess what he was thinking and explained hurriedly, “I feel this is a chance for me to improve. You have seen how I questioned Dexter during the press conference. I believe I’ve done well. Honestly, I wish to rise in the ranks. I hope you can give me this chance, and I assure you that I will do well and not disappoint you.”

The supervisor considered in silence for some time.

He had encountered many ambitious subordinates throughout his career, but Summer was

She Waited for Six Hours

the first to be this frank about her goals.

Summer clasped her hands nervously.

The supervisor answered, “Sure.”

That prompted her to smile in delight.

“I’m allowing you to go because of two reasons. First, you have conducted yourself well in the previous press conference. Second, I admire your courage. However, you will be penalized if you fail to complete the task properly.”

Summer smiled. “Don’t worry. I will get it done.”

Unfortunately, Dexter kept failing to show up at the appointed time for the interview.

He had a business gathering more important than the interview. It was still ongoing during the appointed interview time.

Summer sat in Russell Group’s reception room. Her cup of black coffee had turned cold. It was already late. An assistant from the secretaries’ office came over a few times to inform her that Dexter would not be coming today, and they had to arrange another appointment for the interview.

Yet, Summer always responded with a smile, “It’s okay. I’ll wait for him.”

It was past midnight when the business gathering ended. Dexter entered his car and accepted the hangover medicine his secretary offered. He consumed it without hesitation.

Once the car started, the secretary suddenly recalled something and said, "There's a call from the company just now, saying that the researcher, who had an appointment to interview you, is still waiting for you. She refuses to leave."

Dexter's eyelid twitched slightly. "When was the call?"

"Two hours ago. Taking that into account, she has probably waited for six hours."

Dexter remained silent.

It was finally raining, which was much welcomed on this stuffy summer night. Huge drops of rain fell onto the ground, splattering water everywhere.

After a while, Dexter said, "Bring me to Russell Group."

"Why? But you've been working for too many hours today..."

"Send me to Russell Group."

[Chapter 418](#)

We Can Never Be Together

Summer finished packing her things and was about to leave in disappointment when she saw the man with an unmistakably strong presence.

He walked steadily with a group of people following him. His face portrayed no emotions, but his gaze was chillingly cold.

Summer felt insignificant before him.

She looked at him with surprise and a hint of fear.

Her voice faltered but remained calm. "Dex, I've been waiting for you for a long time."

She called his name so gently that it made one's heart flutter.

No one expected Dexter would take the trouble to return to the company to meet such a junior researcher.

Dexter glanced at her and stepped forward to open the door. He instructed the others, "You can all leave first."

The group of people left, but they could not resist glancing at Summer curiously. They could not figure out what was going on.

Summer had a spring in her step as she kept up with Dexter. Her disappointed heart revived and blossomed with joy.

She followed him and said timidly, "Dex, I thought you wouldn't return."

Dexter had always hidden his emotions. One could never tell what he was thinking from his expression. He looked at Summer indifferently. "You should know I don't come here to discuss such things."

Summer tilted her head in confusion. "What do you mean? I'm here to interview you on behalf of Vante."

"You hired people to take those photos."

Summer's expression darkened instantly. "What photos?"

Dexter quietly observed her under the light.

"Summer, I hope you know not to go overboard."

Summer's smile faded slightly. "Dex, I have no idea what you're talking about."

We Can Never Be Together

Dexter poured a glass of water for himself. Drops of water stained his lips.

Summer stepped forward and said, "Dex, I know my feelings for you are causing you inconvenience. I'm sorry, but I can't control how I feel. I only wish to stay by your side, and I'm willing to wait for you."

She poured out her heart to him and did not attempt to hide.

Dexter found it funny. "Why are you waiting for me? What makes you think you have the right to do that?"

"It's because you are here now."

Dexter looked into her eyes and saw the anxiety and uncertainty in them. He did not hold back on his words.

"We can never be together."

Those simple few words shattered her heart.

She almost could not hold back her tears.

"You should already know when you went to London that we can never be together."

Summer resisted crying. Tears gathered in her eyes, but she willed them not to fall. At the same time, she replied calmly, "No matter what, I'm here on a work matter. Since you agreed to accept my interview, you won't go back on your words, right?"

Summer was clever to switch the topic back to work.

It was three in the morning when the interview ended. The heavy rain outside gradually came to a stop.

Dexter left right after the interview. He had been indifferent throughout the meeting. Still, he answered the questions posed to him. At least he was kind enough to give her exclusive answers. With these, the newspaper would sell well tomorrow.

He seemed disinterested and somewhat relaxed during the interview. Beneath his demeanor, one could see that he did not care at all.

Dexter did not care about Summer.

At the most, he might have some consideration for their relationship, prompting him to give in to some of her requests.

Yet, he seemed heartless when he left immediately after the interview. He gave her no chance to ask him to stay.

We Can Never Be Together

Summer stood still and narrowed her eyes. Her gaze was filled with scheme and hatred.

[Chapter 419](#)

Meeting Mrs Langman

Summer edited the interview the following day before sending it to the printing press. Then, newspapers containing the interview were distributed all over the city on the second day evening. The interview with Dexter was popular with the public.

Since Summer had done well, the supervisor did not skimp on praises. However, her success caused dissatisfaction among her colleagues and led to many enemies. Many caused her trouble behind her back, but she never retaliated because she did not care.

Russell Group was full of talented individuals, but Dexter still stood out from these people and was always a few steps above them. He was different from ordinary people. Therefore, Summer believed she still had much to improve to grow to his level.

She wanted to be recognized for her abilities and not just as the daughter of the Olsen family.

Josie received no response for her submitted resumes. Still, she was not anxious and spent most of her time with her father, Paul.

When free, she went with him to the hospital for a follow-up check. Matthew said Paul was recovering well. Since recovery was challenging for Paul's condition, it was not easy for him to recover to his level. Thus, Josie was glad to hear that.

"By

the way, the medical team Dexter brought to the hospital has left, Matthew mentioned suddenly.

Josie recalled their previous argument and paused before replying, "That's good."

Matthew spun a pen between his fingers and seemed awkward. He smiled bitterly. "They have half the credit in curing Mr. Warren's condition. For nearly a year, they spent all their time treating him."

Josie understood what he was implying. In other words, he meant Dexter cared about her tremendously.

"I understand."

The photos from that night were never exposed to the public. Josie knew Dexter had intercepted those photos and taken them down.

Later, Josie left the hospital with Paul. As they reached the lobby entrance, someone shouted, “Mrs. Russell,”

Josie was stunned. She and Paul turned around and saw the elegant Mrs. Langman coming their way. She seemed happy to see Josie. “I didn’t expect to see you in the hospital. You’re here for...”

Josie forced a smile. “He’s my father. I brought him here for a follow-up.”

Mrs. Langman seemed to have known about this. She had a strange expression as she regarded Paul. On the other hand, Paul understood she wanted to talk to Josie alone. “Jo, I’ll wait for you outside.”

“Sure.”

After Paul left, Mrs. Langman held her arm and said, “What’s wrong? Why didn’t you bring a servant with you?”

Her words showed the stark contrast between their social statuses. Josie pursed her lips and replied, “I’m used to going everywhere alone. Mrs. Langman, you’re here for...”

Mrs. Langman complained about her recent bodily ailments and said she visited the hospital for a checkup. Then, she asked, “I heard recently that you and Dexter had a huge row. How is it now? Have you reconciled?”

Josie did not expect so many people to know about the matter. She felt embarrassed and said she would prefer not to talk about it. Mrs. Langman seemed to have a good impression of Josie after the matter with Xanthe and asked, “There will be a week-long charity gala in Wavery in two days. Many influential people will be attending. Would you like to go?”

“Thank you, but I won’t be going. I dislike such social events.”

“Don’t say that.” Mrs. Langman frowned and shook her head. “You can’t win a man’s affection by laying low. I suppose you don’t know about this yet. Summer Olsen has returned. She used to cover your husband. They will surely attend this charity gala, and people will speculate about them again.”

Josie could tell that Mrs. Langman was trying to help her. What’s the point if I have to fight to win his heart?

She shook her head. “Let’s see how it goes. I don’t want to appear before others for now.”

Things might get messy if Summer were to see me.

[Chapter 420](#)

The Charity Gala

Josie looked pale after saying goodbye to Mrs. Langman. Paul noticed something wrong and patted her shoulder. “Jo, you can do anything you want as long as you feel you can bear the consequences.”

“Sure...”

Mrs. Langman did not give up and messaged Josie the invitation later. "I will hide your identity. You can attend the event with me as my sister."

Josie was unsure if she made the right decision and laughed despite herself. "Sure, let's go and check it out then."

There were all kinds of formal gowns in Mason Gardon. Josie picked a maxi gray dress and put it on. Then, she styled her hair into an updo and put on a long starry earring. She looked beautiful and well-dressed for the gala.

Mrs. Langman saw her and exclaimed how nice it was to be young.

They entered the venue arm in arm.

Josie deliberately chose to attend the auction on the second day due to concern that people she did not want to meet would most likely attend the first day.

Unfortunately, she saw a familiar figure when she walked in.

Even though Dexter sat in a corner, his dazzling presence made him hard to miss. He was looking at a document given by the woman beside him and signed it with a fountain pen.

Even such simple gestures were mesmerizing to watch.

Mrs. Langman asked tentatively, "Do you wish to say hello to him?"

Josie took a deep breath and looked away. "Forget it."

She did not have anything worth auctioning or money to buy anything. She was only there to enjoy the event with Mrs. Langman.

Then, she sat in a corner and appeared relaxed. Mrs. Langman sat by her side. Thus, no busybody dared to come close.

Mrs. Langman bided a few items but lost interest in them. She was bored of sitting there and offered Josie a choice. "You can bid for whatever you like. I'll pay for it."

Josie widened her eye. "I'm afraid I can't accept that."

"Since you're here as my sister, it's only natural that you bid for something on my account." Mrs. Langman caressed her cheek and chuckled.

Josie instinctively glanced at where Dexter was seated. His seat was right across hers. Thus, either of them could easily look up and see each other.

However, she did not look his way.

At the moment, she was unsure what Dexter wanted. He would never come to an auction without a purpose.

Josie understood his ways all too well.

Although she could not figure out what Dexter wanted, she suddenly noticed something she liked.

The large screen showed a picture of a bracelet. It had a thin gleaming white chain. The bracelet had a starry design and looked luxurious but simple. She thought it would look beautiful worn on her wrist.

That was why she liked it instantly.

The starting bid was five hundred thousand.

Josie turned to Mrs. Langman and nodded. I want to bid for this bracelet.”

Thus, she gathered courage and raised the auction paddle. “Six hundred thousand.”

The crowd looked at her and seemed determined not to let her win. “Seven hundred thousand.”

“Eight hundred thousand.”

“Nine hundred thousand.”

Josie glared at the woman competing with her. It was only a bracelet. No matter how much Josie liked it, she thought bidding one million for it was too much. Furthermore, Josie could tell from the look on the woman’s face that she did not like the bracelet. She bid for it out of spite.

Josie looked down unhappily and did not raise the auction paddle again.

However, a stern voice broke through the peaceful atmosphere before the auctioneer could conclude the bid at nine hundred thousand. “1.2 million.”

Josie looked up in surprise and saw it was Dexter. He conversed calmly with his secretary as if he did not just make a tremendous bid.

Moreover, he did not look at Josie.

Josie took a deep breath and raised the auction paddle indignantly. “1.3 million.”