

Blind Date 421

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A Gift for Her

The kiss felt so familiar that she reacted instinctively without his prompting. Dexter's tongue invaded her mouth, alternating between slow gentleness and unrestrained passion.

He only let go when Josie was out of breath. He held the back of her head and looked at her with eyes that shone like stars in the night sky.

When their eyes met, they saw unrestrained passion and longing in each other's eyes.

Josie's voice trembled. "Dexter..."

Dexter leaned down and kissed her again, not giving her a chance to speak.

His shirt and her dress were now disheveled. The buttons were undone, and her skirt puffed up as they made out.

Dexter snatched Josie's room card from her hand. He unlocked the door with a 'click' and barged in.

Josie found herself falling backward and bumped her head against the wall. She soon found herself back in his embrace again.

Dexter moved his lips from her mouth and kissed her body, gradually exposing more of her bare skin.

He left no part of her untouched.

Her skin was so smooth that he could not stop touching her. He could feel the warmth of the blood in her veins and her gentle pulse.

Josie was drowning in desire from his touch. However, she suddenly resisted as Dexter pushed her onto the bed. "Scoundrel!"

The sudden scolding prompted Dexter to pause what he was doing. His eyes gleamed mischievously as he smiled. "Scoundrel?"

At the same time, he trapped her securely in his embrace. He recovered from the haze of lust instantly and calmly looked at her.

His feigning ignorance rendered her speechless. She scolded, "What are you if not a scoundrel?"

Dexter stared at her.

"People at the auction would never expect that the man bidding against me is now making out with me."

Dexter smiled. "That's quite romantic."

Josie was fuming, but she could not move from his embrace. She said furiously, "Instead of getting involved with me, you should send that bracelet to the woman you intended it for."

Dexter looked down at her and suddenly took out a small jewelry box from nowhere. In it was the bracelet Josie tried bidding for, glittering beautifully under the light.

He said slowly, "Who should I give it to?"

Josie was stunned.

Then, he ordered, "Give me your hand."

Josie was rendered speechless and did not know how to react.

However, Dexter did not wait for her but grabbed her hand and removed the bracelet from the box. He gently helped her wear it around her wrist.

His gentle gestures made Josie suspect that he had a dissociative identity disorder. Otherwise, it did not make sense why he was violent one moment and tender in another.

It's... for me?

"This is for me?"

Josie could not believe it.

His actions left her confused. "Why did you compete with me for it just now?"

They could have bought the bracelet at one million, but their competing bid made it three million. Josie's heart clenched at the two million lost.

However, she could not bear to be angry with Dexter since he gave her the bracelet. She was stumped for some time before saying, "It's too expensive."

Dexter did not mind at all. "I have money."

Josie had always dreamed of saying such words as casually as he did one day.

However, hearing him say those words angered her even more.

Dexter leaned close, giving her no reason to refuse him.

His gesture indicated he yielded to her. Thus, Josie knew it was better to go along with him.

She had no experience with men.

But for some reason, what happened was a hurdle in her heart. She kept feeling dejected and insecure.

Dexter acutely noticed her inattentiveness and looked at her sternly. He tightened his grip and warned. Joe, you should focus.

Josie frowned and instinctively clung tightly to him. She felt his warmth and focused.

clear her mind. It was the only way she

alm down

She closed her eyes Being with him always left her drowning with no way of coming back

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Frozen Lasagna

Josie kept feeling troubled about accepting the bracelet. It was too expensive.

Dexter was insatiable and made love with her through the night, leaving her too tired to wake up in the morning. She slept until noon and woke up to Dexter cooking lasagna.

The hotel room had a kitchen, but the only food available was frozen lasagna.

Josie went to the kitchen in her sleeping gown, only for him to push her away. "Get the onions. I asked my secretary to buy them. Can you get them from her at the door?"

She was surprised and secretly wanted to laugh. The secretary handled major projects every day and probably did not expect to be asked by her boss to get onions.

But the secretary even got seasonal vegetables for them. She was friendly and greeted Josie with a smile.

Josie was charmed and thanked her before closing the door. Then, she washed the onions before giving them to Dexter.

It was always lovely to see a man cooking for her upon waking up. It made her feel like they were newlyweds.

Frozen food was usually unremarkable, but Dexter somehow made it delicious.

Josie was famished and ate it happily. On the other hand, Dexter did not show much interest in food as usual and ate only to fill his stomach. His secretary was waiting outside to report matters to him. Thus, he left the dining table to deal with work.

He left his phone at the side. Josie suddenly noticed it while eating and had a sudden idea.

It was Dexter's personal phone. The screen was locked with a pin code. Josie had no idea what the pin code could be. As she tried different combinations, a voice suddenly sounded behind her. "Are you checking my phone?"

Josie nearly dropped the phone in shock. She froze in guilt.

Dexter was initially seated in another room, listening to his secretary's report. There was nothing urgent, and he gave some instructions occasionally.

He could see Josie clearly from how his seat was angled. Suddenly, he saw her taking his phone and trying to crack his code.

He caught everything she did.

Dexter smiled and raised his hand to pause his secretary. The secretary stopped speaking and noticed a rare smile on Dexter's face.

Dexter went to Josie and took away his phone without trouble. He held it behind him and touched the table, tempting her. "What do you wish to see?"

Josie desperately wished to cover her face in the embarrassment of being caught.

She forced a smile and denied, "No, I don't want to see anything."

Dexter looked elegant, even in casual clothes. He smirked and took out his phone unhurriedly before unlocking it and giving it to Josie. "You can search it yourself."

After saying that, he ruffled his hair and headed to the bedroom. He said loud enough for Josie and the secretary to hear, "I'm going to bed."

Josie stared at his back profile in a daze. He had a good figure and a gorgeous back profile. He seemed youthful in his relaxed state.

Josie watched him in a daze and strangely felt sad. A man of his age should still appear youthful. Yet, Dexter was always stern and expressionless.

The phone screen was turning dim. Josie swiped on it instinctively, causing it to brighten again.

Meanwhile, the secretary closed the door and left.

No one dared to touch Dexter's personal phone, and he would not allow anyone to touch it. Technology is so advanced nowadays that a person can hide almost everything about himself in a phone.

Yet, he left it to her and allowed her to check it however she wished.

It felt like something a normal boyfriend and girlfriend would do. The girlfriend would always wish to check her boyfriend's phone.

Josie treasured her chance to look at Dexter's phone and was suddenly unsure where to start. She even considered selling his phone and was sure it would earn her a lot of money.

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Checking His Phone

There was nothing to see in his call records. Dexter never named his contact numbers. He had good memories and remembered every phone number he saw. He even remembered whose those numbers were.

Dexter also had WhatsApp, like any modern person. However, he only contacted a few people with it. He mostly used it to respond to his grandfather and Josie's messages.

Thus, Dexter was old-fashioned in this sense.

Yet, that was what made him endearing.

Josie put down her spoon and checked his WhatsApp. Many people sent him messages, but he did not respond, except for his grandfather. Henry had urged him to return home more often to spend time with Josie.

'Sure. That was all he replied.

It sounded perfunctory.

Josie glanced through his chat with Henry before opening his conversation with her. He did not name her in his contact. Josie considered briefly and wrote, "Baby Jo.

But she found it cringy and shuddered as soon as she finished naming it.

Once she had enough of looking through his phone, she gathered her things and entered the bathroom. The clothes she brought were all to be worn for going out. She had only brought her sleeping gown to be worn indoors, but Dexter had wrinkled it badly. Thus, she had a mischievous idea of wearing Dexter's shirt. It extended to the bottom of her thigh and was long enough to cover her.

Dexter had low blood sugar. It was usually difficult for him to wake up once he fell asleep.

Josie sat by the bed and touched his face. He was half awake and buried his face into the white pillows. It made him seem childish and unlike his usual stern and professional self.

Josie looked at him for a long time and loved how harmless he appeared at this moment. After some hesitation, she poked Dexter's cheek and spoke to him like a child. "Wake up. The sky is getting dark."

Dexter held her hand but did not open his eyes. His voice was hoarse. "I'm sleepy."

"It's time to get up now, even if you're sleepy."

He did not move.

Checking His Phone

Josie pouted and teased him. "You can continue to sleep then. I'm leaving."

However, he remained impassive for some time before slowly opening his eyes. Then, he looked at her and said slowly, "Why are you leaving again?"

Josie sensed a hint of sadness and helplessness in his tone and was confused. It seemed he feared she would leave him.

Josie replied, "I must go home to care for Pop. I can't stay for too long."

They had been here for the whole day. She did not mention him until now.

Dexter was a little moody from waking up. He tightened his grip on her hand and said, "Stay here. The servants can take care of him."

Josie almost laughed. "Dexter, are you reluctant to let me go?"

Dexter disliked her leaving so soon when she had just returned to him. It made him frustrated.

He sat up and pulled Josie into the bed with him before she could react. She suddenly found herself sprawled on his body.

Dexter secured his arms around her waist. "I said stay.

Josie let him embrace her and chuckled. "I was lying. Pop is independent. He doesn't need me watching him all day."

"You lied." Dexter narrowed his eyes and noticed her wearing his shirt. The shirt moved up her thighs from their struggle, revealing a sight that sent his blood surging throughout his body.

He lost all desire to sleep and flipped them around, trapping her beneath him. He touched her ticklish spot, prompting her to laugh non-stop.

"Haha, Dexter. Stop... Stop it...."

Dexter let go and watched her sternly.

Josie looked at the gradually fading smile and apologized coquettishly, "I'm sorry."

Unfortunately, it was too late. Dexter leaned toward her, indicating no chance of escape.

He whispered, "You little imp."

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Help

Dexter stayed with Josie in the hotel for a day. He did not deal with any work matters that day.

They stayed in bed most of the time with the curtains tightly drawn. Josie lay in bed and watched a movie while Dexter embraced her from the side. He looked at her face occasionally, watching her wholly focused on the movie. His eyes were filled with tenderness.

Suddenly, Josie's phone beeped. She could not look away from the movie and refused to move, so she nudged Dexter. "Can you bring it to me?"

Her phone was on the bedside table. Dexter reached for the phone and unlocked the screen. It was an email. 'Greetings and congratulations for passing our second round of interviews. The third round of interviews will be held at ten o'clock on Monday. Please arrive on time.'

Dexter frowned slightly. Josie sensed something wrong but did not look at him. "What message is it?"

He put the phone back in its place and pinched her chubby cheeks. "You're searching for a job."

His tone was emotionless.

Josie stopped eating potato chips and said jokingly, "I still wish to remain in this industry. Mr. Russell, please don't ruin my career."

Dexter relaxed slightly. He looked at the movie but was not paying attention to it. "Which company do you wish to work in? I can arrange it for you."

"There's no need for that. I can do it myself," Josie replied sincerely. "After all, I got into Russell Group with my abilities."

Now that she was Mrs. Russell, it would not do to misuse her authority. It would only incite criticism.

"Look at yourself." Dexter lowered his voice. His voice stood out amidst the movie narration.

Josie did not respond, so he stood up and left the bedroom. He called someone on the phone, but Josie could not hear their conversation.

She waited for a while until Dexter returned to the room. He wore a pair of sweatpants and looked gentle and peaceful. Suddenly, he asked, "Did you accompany Mrs. Langman here?"

"Didn't you see us together?"

"I need you to do something for me tomorrow." Dexter pulled out a cigarette from his case and lit it.

"You will need to bid for an item. It doesn't matter how high the bid goes. All that matters is that you secure the item."

"Why?"

Dexter showed Josie a photo of a pendulum clock. It would cost at least eight figures based on how old it was. "My father collected antiques, but his things dispersed everywhere after his passing. This clock only resurfaced this year."

His father... That clock must have meant a lot to him. Josie took a deep breath and replied, "I'm unsure if I can do it."

Dexter smoked the cigarette languidly and patted her head. "I trust you."

"What about you?" Josie asked.

"I have a meeting."

Dexter had to attend an international forum. It was near the auction venue, and reporters would be present.

many

There were stacks of A4 paper. Each was covered densely with new regulations for this year.

The scene was chaotic. Many reporters sat on the floor and read through the regulations urgently. They needed to summarize them into concise texts before posting them to the public.

Summer attended the event as Vaste's staff and was busy like the other reporters.

She blended in well among them. However, those who saw her could not help but focus on her.

There was finally some free time. Moses decided to test the waters and pointed at Summer. "She's beautiful. How could you bear to let her go?"

Dexter glanced at her and looked away indifferently. He warned, "Watch what you say."

Moses could not help but feel sorry for Summer.

She came here for Dexter, only for him to treat her indifferently. Yet, she remained persistent. Thus, he felt she was worthy of pity.

Dexter knew Summer was there, but she was focused on work and did not attract much attention.

During the break, a woman stopped Dexter's secretary as he headed to his office. She used the clip on her pen to hold down the loose strands of hair at her forehead. It made her look strange.

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Work Mistake

She offered the secretary a small bag. "I noticed Dex hasn't eaten anything for so long. Can you help me to pass this on to him? If he asks you to throw it away, please help me to inform him that he should eat his meals."

The secretary wanted to refuse, but the woman interrupted him, "By the way, my family name is Olsen."

He was stunned upon hearing the name.

The secretary accepted the bag in confusion. Summer thanked him and left.

However, he was still apprehensive as he brought the bag of food to Dexter. He explained what happened. Dexter barely reacted and instructed, "Throw it away."

The secretary was stumped and thought Summer predicted Dexter's reaction accurately.

Before throwing it away, the secretary opened it and found it contained some gourmet food that Dexter usually liked. There was also a note.

Dexter did not even bother to read it...

The secretary hardened his heart and threw everything into the trashcan.

Summer witnessed the scene from afar and turned away. Her heart hurt so much that it was hard to breathe.

The meeting continued for the whole day. In other words, Summer was in the sa Dexter for a day.

as

Although they were not together, it was enough for Summer.

The secretary frequently had to interact with Summer over work matters. He felt ne every time and worried she would get him to pass on words to Dexter and anger him. Thankfully, there was none of that.

Summer seemed to have come to her senses and behaved professionally with the secretary. She did not bring up any personal matters.

She was responsible for covering the whole meeting. It was a task assigned by her employer. She would generally keep a low profile and not accept such significant tasks. However, the meeting involved Dexter, so she happily took it.

Her colleagues were dissatisfied with her after what had happened previously. Their dissatisfaction turned to anger, causing her much trouble.

Work Mistake

However, such was human nature, and it was the same everywhere. Furthermore, she deliberately hid her identity, so they had no respect for her.

The sky was dyed red in the evening. Summer sat in the corner of the hotel's buffet-style restaurant, sitting next to a window. She typed something on her laptop and had a black coffee on the table.

The light from the setting sun shone on her focused expression, making her appear gentle and lovely,

Suddenly, two of her colleagues who attended the meeting sat before her and softly called her name, "Summer?"

Summer looked up from her laptop.

These colleagues had more experience than Summer. They were unhappy that Summer was assigned to lead the coverage of the meeting.

Summer was suspicious of their sudden gentleness with her and narrowed her eyes. "What's wrong?"

They appeared troubled and hesitated for a while before saying. "We sent an article for future publication to Russell Group for verification. However, we just realized we had made a severe mistake in it. Can... Can you help us explain or find a way to get the article back for correction?"

Hearing them, Summer figured out why they were suddenly nice to her. It was to trouble her over their mistakes.

She sneered, "How could you be so careless with such an important article? It will affect our company's reputation."

She understood Dexter's temper. He would not tolerate mistakes, especially something minor that could have been easily avoided. Their company might lose the right to report on this meeting if he discovered the error. It would also affect their company's future. The damage would be extensive.

The two women before her panicked and tried to control their anger. "It was an accident. We just checked and discovered it had been sent to Russell Group. You seem to know Mr. Russell's secretary. Can you help us out?"

One of them added a hint of threat. "Furthermore, we are on the same boat. You will be dragged in, too, if something happens.

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Snooping Around

They were determined to drag her down with them.

Summer smiled angrily and said sharply, "What makes you think the higher-ups won't believe me if I were to clear my involvement in this error? You claimed I know Dexter's secretary. You two will be in trouble if he helps me escape blame."

Summer had always assumed a gentle demeanor and had never spoken to them in such a stern tone. Her words shocked the two women and struck their sore spots, causing them to almost jump from fury. "Summer!"

On the other hand, Summer had enough of talking to them. She took her laptop and left.

It wasn't that she refused to help them. However, she could not stand the way they threatened and forced her to help.

Summer calmed slightly after returning to her room. Her words were harsh, but they were only empty threats to scare the women.

I have to get the draft article back, no matter what.

How can I do that?

Summer had always hoped she could stand pure and blameless before Dexter and face him with dignity. She was worried that Dexter would refuse to listen to her if she went to inform him about the error. Even if he were willing to hear her out, he would lose his respect for her. After all, he hated people who made mistakes.

Summer's frustration grew the more she thought about it. She threw her phone on the floor.

However, she had no choice but to accept her situation. She picked up her phone and left the room.

She considered Dexter's schedule and knew he would have dinner at this hour. Previously, she had heard from someone about the room he stayed in. Thus, she hurried into the elevator and went to the hotel's office before heading to Dexter's room.

Then, she showed the office staff her identification documents and proved her identity. "I want to clean my room but don't want to get my clothes dirty. Can I borrow a set of housekeeper's uniform?"

The staff carefully checked her identification and let her borrow a set of the housekeeper's uniform.

Summer breathed a sigh of relief and changed into the uniform. As she put it on, she could

Snooping Around

not help but feel despair that a wealthy lady like her would resort to such a step.

There were guards outside Dexter's room. Summer still looked pretty and elegant with a mask on her face. However, the guards did not recognize her, allowing her to sneak into the room as a housekeeper.

The room was a presidential suite. It had everything that one would need. The spaciousness of the room made Summer uncomfortable.

Summer did some simple cleaning work to keep up her act as a housekeeper. She gradually moved to Dexter's bedroom. Everything appeared still under the bright light. She could vaguely smell the cigarette Dexter usually smoked.

The smell filled her with a sense of sadness. She crouched down to tidy up the things on the bedside table.

Strange... Dexter is a clean freak. Why is the bedside table so messy?

After arranging the items on the bedside table, she found a pile of drawing pads and notes on the floor. They were full of drawings. One of the pages had an illustration of a pig and the name 'Dexter Russell' written beside it.

Summer's fingers shook as she flipped through the pages. She soon found one with Josie's name.

Her handwriting is beautiful.

A few hair ties and hair clips were also beside the drawing pads. They looked like they belonged to a woman. Summer also found a few sanitary pads.

These confirmed that Josie and Dexter were staying here. They seemed close and were at ease with each other. Otherwise, Dexter would never have allowed her to make such a mess in his living space.

The place gave Summer a glimpse of their relationship. It was filled with trust and love.

Those were what Summer had never been able to attain all her life.

She forced down the desire to cry and entered the study next to the bedroom.

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She Was Discovered

Many documents were on the table, but Summer skipped over them and opened Dexter's laptop instead.

It was heavily locked with passwords. The system would automatically inform Dexter if she were to key in something wrong. Moreover, the camera would snap a photo of her and send it to the staff. It would be difficult to escape.

Summer's fingers hovered above the keyboard. Her mind was blank. She knew she only had one chance, and her life would be over if she made a mistake.

Moreover, it was impossible to know his password, no matter how well she knew him.

Time passed gradually, and the sky darkened. Summer's heart thumped nervously. She knew she could not afford to delay any longer.

She closed her eyes and typed a few numbers.

Her breath caught in her throat.

After a while, she finally dared to open her eyes and was astounded to find the screen unlocked. She had cracked the password.

Summer felt a sense of apprehension. After spacing out briefly, she quickly entered Dexter's email and scrolled down his emails individually to find the article to delete it.

Thankfully, everything went well, and she soon found the email. Furthermore, Dexter had not opened it yet. Summer was elated but nervous. She calmed her breathing.

A stern voice suddenly sounded as she clicked on the document and was ready to delete it. "What are you doing?"

Summer froze on her spot. She stopped everything she was doing. Her face blushed in embarrassment, and she did not dare to look at him.

Dexter? Why is he here?

How long has he been standing there?

Shouldn't he still be having dinner?

Dexter had returned to the suite and slept in the small room behind the study. He never left it until now. Therefore, his staff likely had no idea that he was there. Otherwise, they would never allow anyone to come in.

He looked tired, but his eyes were alert. He gradually came to stand behind Summer, forcing her to turn around. He reached down and grabbed her chin. She looked up at his recently awoken face.

Her eyes were filled with fear.

Dexter pulled off her mask and raised his eyebrows. "Summer, it's my first time seeing someone attempt seduction in a housekeeper's uniform."

Summer was not sure if she should feel embarrassed or afraid. The situation felt so awkward that she did not know what to do. She said fearfully, "Dex... I....."

Dexter glanced at the computer screen before staring at Summer again. "You have two options. You can either come clean about your actions or wait for my people to drag you out."

Both options were humiliating to Summer.

Even though Dexter had just woken up, he surrounded himself with such an oppressing aura that Summer had difficulty breathing.

Still, Summer was intelligent and quickly decided between the two options.

"Vaste made some mistakes in the analysis report they sent you. I feared the consequences, so I thought to sneak in to delete it. I'm sorry."

Dexter instantly understood the gist of the matter. He was fully awake and sneered, "You must have heard what happened to those who broke in to steal trade secrets from me. Do you know the consequences you will face?"

Summer could not stop herself from trembling. She apologized again. "I'm sorry."

Her plan would only succeed if she could hide it permanently. However, she would stand to lose everything if discovered.

Summer did not consider what she would do if her plan failed. Unfortunately, she failed.

Dexter was not one to show mercy. He said sarcastically, "Summer, you're becoming unscrupulous."

Those words hurt Summer more than any scolding and insults she received since she started her job.

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Submission

In other words, he was asking why she resorted to such an illegal method.

Dexter had always shown a hint of compassion toward her. However, his words now indicated his disappointment.

Summer panicked. She wanted to say that she was not usually like that, but her courage faltered upon seeing Dexter's expression. She said timidly, "I'm sorry. I understand what I did is wrong, but I did it because I was afraid you would be furious about the mistake in the analysis... I must have lost my mind to think to attempt that. Dex, I will accept any punishment from you."

She had no choice but to submit to Dexter.

Summer was afraid of Dexter. There was no doubt about it. Her fear of him began many years ago. She had always been fascinated by him but felt insignificant before him. Even though she tried to fight against it, she could not help but be keenly aware of her lowliness whenever they met.

Summer was usually a proud person. Thus, Dexter could not stand to see her pitiful expression.

"You can walk yourself out."

His tone was annoyed, as if he could not stand seeing her a second longer.

Summer almost burst into tears.

She struggled with every step and could keenly sense disdain as Dexter watched her.

Dexter suddenly called out after her. "Summer, I won't take any action against you because you're an Olsen."

Those words hurt more than anything he had said before.

Summer was stunned to her spot and turned around with eyes full of tears.

Dexter was slightly taken aback

“Dexter, must you be so cruel? Have you never considered me? All you care about is Josie!” Dexter’s expression darkened with fury upon hearing Josie’s name. “Summer!”

However, Summer turned a deaf ear to his warning and poured out her feelings. “Has Josie been with you as long as I have? Is my companionship not enough? I’ve been so good to you.

When I was little, you made me tea and taught me to play chess. There were times when you cared about me. Didn’t you feel anything when I called out your name?”

Summer was a young woman in her early twenties. She looked pitiful when she cried.

She came to Dexter, but her appearance felt comical due to her attire. “Have you never thought about me? Have you never considered being with me?”

One of the things Dexter hated the most was a woman complaining to him about things he never cared about. Most people would be doomed if they dared to say such things to him.

His eyes flashed. He wanted to speak but was suddenly stumped by the sight of Summer crying pitifully. She reminded him so much of a woman constantly on his mind.

Summer misunderstood his pause, thinking her words moved him. She tried to hold his hand but found his fingers cold.

Dexter shoved her hand away the instant she touched him. He explained, “You misunderstood my intention.”

His expression was indifferent as he continued, “I’ve said it before. I’ve never done anything out of bounds with you. You are like a sister to me. It was my fault that someone sought to harm me through you. That’s why I’m lenient with you. It’s due to guilt.”

He had no choice but to explain at this point. His explanation was clear yet heartless. Dexter felt he had tolerated her behavior enough.

Summer looked at him and nodded. She wiped the tears on her face with her hands and quickly adjusted her emotions. Soon, she returned to her usual mature and understanding self. “I apologize, Dex. I lost control of my emotions.”

Dexter looked down at her.

Was he heartless toward her? If he were, he would never have traveled through a downpour and returned to the company to accept her interview. Moreover, he would not have tolerated her and let her off after what she did.

However, that was the extent of his care for her.

It was all he could do for her.

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Brewing Herbs

Dexter pulled out a couple of tissue and wiped the tears on Summer's face. She trembled slightly when his hand came in contact with her skin.

Then, he walked past her and said flatly, "I will ignore the deleted document. If I find another mistake, I will not hesitate to take action against Vaste."

Is he... letting me off?

Summer's expression brightened instantly. She knew how difficult it was to get Dexter to give in. Thus, she was elated and temporarily forgot her heartbreak. She looked at Dexter excitedly. "Dex, you're the best."

She was surprised that Dexter was willing to let her go.

Summer deleted the document and called her two colleagues. She scolded them harshly, "Don't make another mistake again, or Vaste will be doomed because of you. You should reflect on your mistakes."

The two colleagues exchanged glances and breathed a sigh of relief. The mistake was unintentional, and they were prepared to receive punishment. To their surprise, Summer dealt with the matter perfectly. Everyone knew how scary Dexter could be.

How did she do it?

Summer came to her senses. She changed out of the housekeeper's uniform and blushed as she recalled how Dexter looked at her. It made her flustered.

She cooked a few dishes in the hotel's kitchen to express her gratitude. They were all Dexter's favorite food. She also prepared a pot of soup. However, she was not ready to face Dexter again and thought to request his secretary to send the food to Dexter.

Meanwhile, Dexter's secretary came in to brew herbs for Dexter. These herbs were good for health but were complicated to brew.

They were prepared for Josie as she had a painful period. Dexter could not bear seeing her in pain and asked someone to prescribe herbs to help her condition.

At the moment, Josie had gone out to attend something and had not returned.

Summer saw the secretary and asked, "Are you going to brew these herbs for Dexter?"

The secretary hesitated before nodding. He seemed alert and cautious.

Summer smiled. "Let me do it. I know what to do."

The secretary did not dare to let someone else take over his task. "Ms. Olsen, who am I to let you do my work? Please don't trouble yourself. I can do it."

Summer looked at the herbs in his hands. "It's no trouble at all. My family owns this hotel. I can instruct someone to brew the herbs. Does that make you feel better?"

The secretary was stumped. "But..."

Dexter was dealing with work. His desk was piled with documents. It was night, and the sky had darkened completely. Even the secretary felt tired watching him working so hard. He wished he could get Dexter to rest.

Dexter had worked hard through the night.

Anderson recently gave him a checkup and reminded him to care for his health.

After some consideration, the secretary decided to give the herbs to Summer. He whispered, "I'll entrust these to you, Ms. Olsen. Please send herbal brew over once it is done."

Summer smiled. "Please remind your boss to take care of his health."

Although Summer could not identify the herbs, she worked earnestly and spent two hours brewing them.

The pot bubbled and boiled with the herbal concoction. A bitter scent filled the air.

One could tell from the smell that it was a bitter brew. Summer wondered if Dexter could stomach it.

After the herbal medicine was ready, Summer packed it properly and knocked on Dexter's door with apprehension.

Dexter looked up from work. His stern expression suddenly relaxed and turned gentle. However, he suddenly appeared severe again when he saw the woman standing at the door.