

Blind Date 431

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The Battlefield

Josie went to the gala again. She attended using Dexter's invitation this time.

The attendants saw her card and knew she was here on Russell Group's behalf. They immediately let her in.

Josie still wore the same gray evening gown. She looked elegant under the spotlight and attracted many gazes. Then, she found a seat and sat down to wait for the auction to begin.

She heard whispers from other guests as soon as she sat down. "I heard Mr. Olsen is here today. It's obvious why he came.

"That's strange. He could have gotten his staff to deal with such trivial matters. Why did he have to attend himself."

"It's something valuable. Thus, it's better to handle the thing himself."

Josie instinctively clenched her purse as she listened to them. Those who wanted to bid today had their assets screened. Only those with sufficient assets were allowed to bid later.

Josie glanced at the surrounding. Judging from what she heard, Mark was here. She hoped he wasn't aiming for the same item as Dexter.

An older man with a strong presence sat in the middle, surrounded by the crowd. He seemed to have sensed someone looking at him and glanced at Josie, prompting him to pause briefly.

Josie froze but soon recovered and nodded at Mark. Seeing that, Mark looked away and seemed displeased to find her here.

"Ms. Quorn."

"Ms. Quorn is here. Quick, sit down."

The voices around Josie caught her attention. She turned and saw Xanthe dressed in a ladies' suit. She looked elegant and wore thick makeup. Furthermore, she seemed healthier than when they last met. It seemed her life had improved considerably from before.

Josie took a deep breath and had a bad premonition.

She felt out of place in this auction filled with prominent and wealthy people.

The auction started by auctioning a few common items. Most of the crowd seemed disinterested. Meanwhile, Josie felt pain in her lower abdomen. The first day of menstruation tended to be difficult for her.

Josie bore the pain and looked down to message Dexter. She asked whether he was done brewing the herbal concoction.

Dexter replied to her message. 'It will be ready soon. The secretary has arranged someone to brew it.

Josie messaged again. 'I saw Xanthe.

There was a long pause on the other side before Dexter replied, 'I see.

"Ms. Warren, can I sit next to you?" A crisp female voice suddenly sounded beside her. Josie instinctively turned off her phone screen and found Eileen Shaw. Eileen had been a celebrity for years and appeared charming whenever she smiled.

"Of course.

Eileen sat next to Josie. Her smile did not diminish. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"I'm here on someone's behalf."

"Was it Arnold?" Eileen played with her earring. She looked calm as she continued, "Or was it Dexter?"

Josie sensed that this gentle-looking woman was not one to be messed with. She answered frankly, "It wasn't Arnold."

"Oh, I've seen you with him a few times. You guys seem close. I thought you two had some special relationship." Eileen's smile did not meet her eyes.

Josie suddenly recalled that Carter Group and Laxir Corporation's marriage alliance was called off. Thus, Eileen was likely dissatisfied with Arnold. After all, she seemed to like him a lot.

"My only interactions with Arnold were the ones you saw. There's nothing between us."

"But that doesn't discount your abilities, right?" Eileen's smile faded. "Carter Group transferred one billion to you, while Laxir Corporation suffered massive loss. Furthermore, you had Dexter's protection and were able to escape completely. The dispute was between the three of you, yet I was left suffering for it. How is this fair?"

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Special to Him

Josie listened and understood what Eileen was getting at. She pondered and replied, "That one billion debt shouldn't be an issue. Mr. Olsen has injected capital into the company, so Wyatt should be able to pay it."

"I'm not talking about the debt."

Eileen was a celebrity. Thus, it was humiliating when everyone in Wavery knew Arnold had canceled their engagement.

However, that was Arnold's doing, and Josie had no desire to bear the blame for him. "I have nothing to do with it. You shouldn't take out your anger

on me."

Eileen looked at her side profile and said, "Arnold offended Laxir Corporation, for your sake. He even mortgaged his shares in exchange for funds to get through the crisis. Ms. Warren, you are special to him."

Josie frowned and finally looked at Eileen. "He mortgaged his shares?"

Eileen did not respond. Her eyes were filled with hatred and indignance.

The auctioneer brought down the hammer and began to accept bids for the pendulum clock. The crowd whispered in anticipation and focused on the stage.

The starting bid was eleven million.

Many people bid for it.

"Thirteen million."

"Sixteen million."

"Twenty million."

People bid fervently as if the large sum meant nothing to them.

Josie resisted raising her auction paddle and glanced at Mark. He seemed to have no intention of bidding. On the other hand, Xanthe made a bid.

"Twenty-five million."

Although the antique pendulum clock seemed valuable, it did not make sense for them to all fight for it. The fervent bidding left Josie confused. Could Xanthe be bidding on it due to her feelings for her late husband?

Dexter had given Josie firm instructions. She must win the bid no matter how much it took.

When the bid reached fifty million, Josie finally raised her auction paddle. "Sixty million."

Many people glanced in her direction. At the same time, Xanthe finally noticed her and narrowed her eyes, looking at her curiously.

Mark smiled and indicated to his secretary to raise the auction paddle. "Sixty million."

Josie's heart sank. She feared the bidding price would go off the roof.

"Seventy-three million."

"Seventy-six million."

Xanthe suddenly stopped bidding for some reason. She watched the bidding price rise as the bidders fought over the item.

People kept bidding for the clock, gradually raising the bidding price. During this period, Mark spoke to his secretary. Soon, the secretary approached Josie and said respectfully, "Ms. Warren, Mr. Olsen wants this pendulum clock"

Josie did not know whether Dexter's financial capabilities were comparable to Mark's. However, Josie knew he was willing to risk offending important people when he instructed Josie to win the bid at all costs.

Josie replied apologetically, "This pendulum clock belonged to Mr. Russell's father during his life, so it matters a lot to him. I hope Mr. Olsen can be kind enough to let Mr. Russell have it." The secretary returned to transmit the message to Mark. Mark looked at Josie meaningfully.

Josie did not receive any response from him. She continued to bid for the clock. By now, the price had reached ninety million."

She messaged Dexter. 'It's now ninety million.

As she waited for his reply, Mark suddenly appeared and asked Eileen courteously, "Eileen, will you be willing to give your seat to me?"

Since Mark personally made the request, Eileen had no way to refuse. She stood up and said apologetically, "Of course, Mr. Olsen."

"Thank you. Tell your father that I say hi."

Eileen nodded and turned to Josie. "Let's have a meal after the auction ends."

Josie was not interested, but she could not refuse with Mark around. Thus, she nodded.

"Sure."

After Eileen left, Mark crossed his legs and seemed like a perfect gentleman. His posture was still elegant despite his old age. One could not help but respect him.

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Forfeit

"Are you here to bid on Dexter's behalf? Did my daughter have something to do with it?"

Josie smiled and replied, "Mr. Russell is busy. He requested my help with this."

Mark tapped his fingers on his knees and focused on her intently. His gaze made her uncomfortable. It felt like he was trying to look through her and find something...

However, Josie investigated Mark and discovered that he was loyal to his wife and was never involved in any scandal. Could he have secret lovers that no one knew?

Perhaps he loved someone who had left him for some reason or had passed away?

Since Mark remained silent, Josie raised her auction paddle and said, "Ninety-five million."

Mark asked, "Do you want this item?"

Josie did not dare to move. "Mr. Russell wants it, so naturally, I want it too."

"In that case, I will forfeit my bid."

His sudden willingness to let go of the item surprised Josie. She felt a chill down her spine and was too apprehensive to be happy about it. "Mr. Olsen, thank you for forfeiting. I thank you on behalf of Mr. Russell. He will probably visit you soon to thank you in person."

Mark kept staring at her with affection in his gaze. He fiddled with the rosary beads on his wrist. "Ms. Warren, you looked even more like someone I used to know in this dress."

Josie sat straight and replied, "Mr. Olsen, it's not good to dwell too much in the past. One should look to the future."

Mark seemed not to hear her and appeared regretful. "If she were your age, she would have turned out just like you."

His words prompted Josie to frown. It seemed the person he talked about was not an old flame but someone else.

Dexter had also mentioned that Josie looked like someone he knew.

She wondered if they were talking about the same person.

Before she could ask a question, the auctioneer shouted, "One hundred million going once. One hundred million going twice. One..."

Josie woke up from her daze and raised the auction paddle. "One hundred and ten million."

The venue fell into pin-drop silence. Someone raised his photo to take a picture and record the highest-ever bid in this auction.

The auctioneer called out the bid three times and received no new offer. Thus, he brought down the hammer and announced, "Sold!"

Josie breathed a sigh of relief. She secured the pendulum clock despite having to bid a high price.

The crowd clapped. Josie turned to Mark and nodded respectfully. "Thank you, Mr. Olsen, for letting me have this."

Mark glanced at her and said, "I'm not the only one in favor of you having it."

Xanthe had long left her seat.

Josie handled the procedures and left the auction site, holding her long skirt. She stepped out of the door and saw Eileen. It seemed she was waiting for her.

"Ms. Shaw, you're actually serious about inviting me to a meal?"

Eileen turned to Josie. "Are you unwilling to join me? Don't forget that I helped you when you were in trouble."

Josie could not deny that. She hesitated briefly and replied, "Wait a minute."

She turned away from Eileen to give Dexter a call. However, no one answered. Thus, she had no choice but to message him. I'm leaving with Eileen.

“Ms. Shaw, let’s go.”

Josie left in Eileen’s car. Coincidentally, Mark came out of the auction site at the same time and caught a glimpse of Josie. “Did my eyes play tricks on me?”

“That’s Ms. Warren, Mr. Olsen,” the secretary answered respectfully. “She probably left with Ms. Shaw.”

Mark nodded slightly and mumbled, “Am I too blinded by the past?”

“Mr. Olsen, you loved your daughter dearly, so it’s not wrong. However, Ms. Warren is not that person.”

Mark sighed and replied, “Of course, I know that. Don’t let Summer know about this. By the way, she’s been working nearby recently. Can you arrange with her and tell her to meet me tomorrow?”

“Sure.”

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Tricked

Josie sat in the front passenger seat and noticed Eileen was silent as she drove. She considered and said, “I believe I owe you an apology over some matters. Your engagement with Mr. Carter started because of me. It’s also partially my fault that it ended. I’m sorry.”

Eileen had a gentle and delicate appearance, but she was intimidating when angry.

“It’s bad enough that I lost Arnold to Summer. I don’t understand why I lost to you.” Eileen stepped on the accelerator and looked at Josie. “I’ve investigated you. You came from an ordinary background and looked unremarkable. Moreover, you’re married. I don’t understand why Arnold loves you!”

Josie frowned upon hearing her. “Ms. Shaw, you misunderstood. I’m not the one Arnold loves.”

Eileen did not respond.

The car traveled a long distance and left downtown. Josie began to worry. “Ms. Shaw, where are you bringing me?”

“Why so nervous? I wasn’t as nervous as you when I was the laughingstock of the city.”

“You....”

“We’re only getting something to eat Eileen smiled and stopped the car next to a villa. It seemed to be the only building around. “Laxir Corporation suffered a severe loss, and we are looking for investors to tide us over. As the culprit, you naturally must help my father.”

Josie gripped the seatbelt fearfully.

Eileen opened the door and continued, “Weren’t you sorry about what happened? You should show your remorse through actions. Is that so difficult?”

Josie looked at the brightly lit villa. It did not look like it could be a restaurant. “I can talk to Dexter and ask him to help Laxir Corporation. Please send me home now.”

Eileen's expression darkened. "I'm the only one here. Are you scared that I might kill you? Why would I? You're not worth that much trouble."

Josie bit her lip and hesitated before exiting the car. She checked her phone as she followed Eileen, but Dexter still had not replied to her message.

She entered the villa and was instantly pinned to the floor. At the same time, numerous bodyguards surrounded her. She screamed, "What are you doing?"

The bodyguards were strong and restrained her easily. Josie panicked and looked up to find a potbellied man descending the stairs leisurely. The man seemed to be their leader. He laughed and said, "You must be Ms. Warren. Nice to meet you. I'm Mr. Harris."

Josie widened her eyes in terror. "What are you..."

Eileen had suddenly disappeared.

The man approached Josie and reeked of cigarettes. He touched her face and was delighted to find her young and pretty. He loved how soft her skin felt under his fingers and would not stop touching her.

"You're quite famous in Wavery recently. I heard powerful men backed you. You had Arnold from Carter Group and Dexter from Russell Group at your beck and call. I've always wondered how you managed to keep them under your thumb. But seeing you today, I know it's not due to your looks. You're a little lacking in that department."

"Since my look is lacking, you should let me go!" Josie could tell he was up to no good.

That won't do. I want a good taste of the woman that Dexter and Arnold fought over for." The man smiled sinisterly.

Josie trembled with fear and felt she was stupid to have followed Eileen. She shouted, "Get off me!"

"Dexter must be in Wavery. I'm curious to see if he would come here to save you. It gives me enough time to see how good you are in bed. That must be why he fell so hard for you!"

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Mrs Russell Has Gone Missing

Dexter had not replied to Josie's message, so she thought it would take some time before he found her. At that thought, her heart sank as desperation crept into her.

"Don't come near..."

When Dexter received the news, he was pouring away the medicine in front of Summer. "If you cross the line again, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"Dexter..."

Suddenly, Dexter's secretary rushed in and whispered in Dexter's ear, "Mr. Russell, Mrs. Russell has gone missing!"

Dexter became alert immediately, with his eyes filled with murderous intentions. He grabbed the jacket and ordered, "Get the car ready!"

Summer didn't dare to breathe for a moment. Her intuition was right-she knew Josie was in trouble. Otherwise, Dexter wouldn't respond in such a manner.

She quickly followed up with Dexter, then stopped and called Mark. "Dad, please help me investigate a person."

After a while, Mark replied, "Someone is pulling the strings behind this. The one who authorized it was Norman Harris. I reckon he offered Mrs. Russell to a higher-up."

Dexter's visage became stern at once, and his temples were throbbing. "He must be tired of living!" He spat through gritted teeth.

He checked his phone and saw a few unread messages and missed calls from Josie. He felt like his heart was pierced when he saw the nickname 'Baby Jo

He dialed a series of numbers while instructing his secretary, "Go and investigate Eileen Shaw!"

The car was already waiting outside the hotel. When the driver opened the door, Dexter got into the car with a solemn look while holding his phone.

It didn't take long before the call went through.

Dexter smiled and said, "Mr. Lawson, it's Dexter. I guess you're at Wavery tonight."

Despite being in a critical and urgent situation, Dexter spoke lightly with a faint smile so that one couldn't read his mind.

The black Porsche sped away like a bullet. Moses ran several red lights along the way. The secretary at the shotgun seat dared not make a sound as he had foreseen the brutal scene tonight.

Soon, the car stopped at an intersection nearby where the big shots gathered. From afar, Dexter could see the brightly-lit building.

When he got out of the car, John was already waiting by the roadside, accompanied by two suit-clad men.

John aged well and looked like he was in his fifties despite being a man in his sixties. It was usual for officials to cross paths with businessmen. John had watched over the Russell Group in the past years, so Dexter followed the rules and offered him substantial benefits.

John spoke up immediately when he saw Dexter. "I tried to call them but was declined. The men guarding the entrance look foreign. I reckon this incident is planned. Rest assured. You came on time; there's no casualty."

Dexter smirked coldly as the word 'planned' sank in. He had the urge to tear the jerk into pieces.

"I didn't expect him to have an eye on my woman!"

Dexter strode forward but was stopped by John. "Dexter, the incident tonight will surely be exposed. He will be punished and stripped of his position. But don't forget that for him to be where he is today, he..."

Dexter shot a glare at John and silenced him.

"Step aside." Dexter emanated a deadly aura as he walked in darkness.

The two sturdy bodyguards had received the news about Dexter's arrival and did not dare to look at him.

There were dim yellow lights along the path that led to the villa. A faint smell of alcohol permeated the air. Suddenly, Dexter halted his step.

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Ruthlessness

Josie sat on a couch in the living room with a jacket over her shoulder. Her body was drenched with red wine. The sight of her timidly lifting her watery eyes made Dexter's blood boil.

He silently clenched his fists and continued walking forward. A stout man, whose blouse was disheveled, stood at the corner. He chuckled at Dexter and said, "Mr. Russell, it's a misunderstanding."

Despite his nonchalant appearance, the words he spat through gritted teeth were tinged with fear. He did not expect Dexter to come!

Dexter let out a cough emotionlessly. "If I didn't receive the news, you would have gotten your way. But alas, it seems like I've ruined your plan!" Dexter's tone was indifferent, yet it made the man a bundle of nerves. He waved his hands about and stuttered, "I-It's not that case..."

However, he was caught red-handed and had no room for denial.

Dexter uttered politely, "It's my bad for ruining your mood today. What about we switch places? I'd like to drink with you."

The man was confused. Narrowing his eyes, he took a few steps back as his fear augmented. "W-We can drink next time."

Suddenly, Dexter grasped his collar with a menacing look. It's too late for next time!"

Before the man realized what was happening. Dexter punched him in the face, causing his nose to bleed.

The man wailed miserably and covered his nose.

Moses averted his gaze when he witnessed the bloody scene. He looked at the fragile woman on the couch and removed the jacket on her to replace it with his. Josie's shirt was torn apart, and there were red marks on her neck.

"Are you okay?"

Only then did Josie regain her composure. Staring at Moses, she sensed something and turned to look at the tall, familiar figure before her.

As an official whose life was all beer and skittles, the man was defenseless and could only be beaten up by the raging Dexter.

He covered his face and tried not to sound miserable. "Help! Someone, come!"

"Dexter Russell, how dare you offend me for a woman's sake! You shall bear the consequences

He yelled for help, but to no avail, as no one dared to step in

Dexter's veins throbbed as he clenched his fists and punched the living daylights out of the man. His eyes were filled with extreme ruthlessness.

Josie clutched the jacket on her tightly. He had seen Dexter in this state several times-each time, he intended to beat someone to death!

She snapped out of her daze and yelled, "Dexter, stop!"

Dexter's hand stopped midair. The man beneath him was beaten up so badly that he nearly lost consciousness

Looking down at the man condescendingly, Dexter regained his usual dignified composure and took out a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his hand. Then, he threw the handkerchief on the ground and warned. I'll kill you if this happens again

Josie could barely walk after the horrifying incident. She faced Dexter and said. "That's enough"

When Dexter heard her hoarse voice filled with fear, he flared up again

The man, who was lying on the ground, opened his eyes with all his might and threatened 'Dexter Russell, aren't you afraid of the consequences for offending me for her?

Dexter remained motionless and shot a disdainful and rageful glare at him. "Bring it on

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He Will Receive the Punishment He Deserves

Given the current situation, it was apparent that Dexter was proving something at the cost of his future and even his life.

"Mark my words. This woman is my life!"

The man was directly messing with Dexter by laying a finger on Josie. This score could never be settled!

Intense fear washed over Norman. At the same time, his eyes were filled with fury, swearing to make Dexter pay for his impulsiveness.

Moses supported Josie as they left the villa and got into the car. She didn't resist, knowing she couldn't walk out on her own, given her current state.

Under the night sky full of twinkling stars, Dexter's secretary handed Josie a cup of warm water. "Please have some water, Mrs. Russell."

Josie inhaled deeply and felt her body warm up after drinking the water. "How did Dexter know I'm here?"

She thought the news shouldn't have reached Dexter in such a short time, yet he arrived in time.

"After the clock was successfully auctioned off, I was informed that you hadn't returned. I casually inquired and was told that someone saw you leaving with Ms. Shaw."

Josie nodded as a gesture of her appreciation for the secretary's attentiveness. "I owe you big time."

"Don't mention it. By the way, Mr. Russell was enraged." The secretary added.

Josie tightened her grip on the cup. From how Dexter came in a hurry with a menacing aura, she could tell he was furious. Suddenly, something came to her mind, and a smile crept onto her face.

Moses stood beside the car and said, "He asked you to wait for him."

The wait seemed to last forever.

Josie sat alone in the warm car. She embraced herself and rubbed her palm against her arms, still feeling cold.

She snuffled and forcefully suppressed her aggrievance. She agonized at the thought of her helplessness a while ago. It had been a long time since she felt this way.

When she lifted her head, she saw Dexter walking out against the backlight, emanating the same hostile air.

He stopped outside and spoke briefly to Moses. Then, Moses and his secretary left.

When Dexter got into the car, the atmosphere suddenly became tense. Josie's heart tightened.

Dexter silently lowered his body and retrieved a first-aid kit from inside the car. He swiftly took out a cotton swab and alcohol and uttered in an unpleasant tone, "Give me your hand."

He was still angry. Josie's hand trembled, but she didn't reach it out. Neither did she lift her eyes to look at Dexter.

Dexter growled fiercely, "Give me your hand or sit here the whole night!"

There was a long gash on Josie's hand, which she didn't know when it was caused. The wound was still bleeding. Finally, she extended her hand with her eyes downcast, and only then did Dexter's anger subside slightly.

Her hand was still trembling as she had yet to recover from the fright. Dexter couldn't put her hand still, no matter how hard he tried. Feeling his heart wrenched, he gently dressed her wound.

"Fret not. He'll receive the punishment he deserves. Similar incidents won't happen again." Dexter croaked.

Josie fell silent. Moments later, she blurted, "Eileen brought me here."

Dexter gently applied a bandage on her wound and hummed, "I know. We're still investigating."

"Her reputation was affected recently, and that has to do with me. I don't wish to implicate her, so please don't make a fuss. We won't have further interactions in the future."

Dexter stopped his action and stared at Josie. "Do you know how you might end up if I came later?"

His exasperation arose again.

"I know. But you came, didn't you?" Tears welled up in Josie's eyes as she gazed at Dexter with hope for the first time. "As long as you're here, I'll be fine."

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Downfall

"But Eileen is different. I can understand her feelings. It's me who caused her misfortune, so she wanted to put me in deep water. It's the consequence of our doings. We should bear it." Josie remained calm. Even in this state, she could objectively analyze the situation, showing that her rationality was still intact. However, looking at Dexter's response, she knew he wouldn't easily let Laxir Corporation or Eileen off.

Dexter's face was as cold as ice. He glanced at Josie with murderous intentions in his eyes

"It's easy for you to say. Do you know how easily Norman can put someone to death? If it weren't for me, you would've died in the desolate wilderness, where I wouldn't have known. There are a lot of ways one can die; some can be brutal. Don't you fear pain the most? Why aren't you afraid now?"

Josie was taken aback by the unexpected question. Her body was still trembling and she appeared stupefied when faced with the angry Dexter.

Dexter's heart ached for her even more. He pulled her into his arms and said, "Stop worrying about the others, and please stop making me worry too. If one listened attentively, one could perceive the apprehension in Dexter's voice.

If he didn't ask her to attend the auction, this incident wouldn't have happened. Dexter was regretful, thinking Josie was involved in more danger by staying beside him.

Josie had complicated emotions. The current Dexter was different from his usual cold self. It was as if his coldness had shattered.

Josie soon regained her composure in Dexter's embrace and calmed down.

"Have you had the medicine I prepared before I left?"

Dexter was stunned. Due to the misunderstanding, he had poured the medicine away inhaled deeply and uttered. "I guess it has turned cold now. I'll ask the servant to make again, alright?"

Josie snuggled obediently in Dexter's arms and purred, "I'm having menstrual cramps"

Norman didn't manage to have his way, mainly because it was Josie's time of the month. Her period became her lifesaver.

On the way back, Josie looked at Dexter's pale face and asked hesitantly, "What will happen to the Russell Group now that you offended a powerful person like him."

Only then did she remember that to Dexter, anything that could be settled by money and interest was not a problem.

Sure enough, Dexter smiled and asked, "Are you worried about me?"

Josie looked away.

"Don't worry about the aftermath. I'll handle it. None of us have been to his villa. His downfall tomorrow is a result of his own greed. Do you understand?"

Dexter blurted the words in an apathetic manner, sending a chill down Josie's spine.

Her menstrual cramps were so bad that she broke out in cold sweat.

After returning to the hotel, Dexter made a brown sugar drink for her, but it tasted slightly bitter.

It was rare for Josie to experience such an intense cramp to the extent that she couldn't fall asleep. After taking a shower, Josie decided to rest in the smaller room.

Just as she was about to exit the room, she bumped into Dexter, who was returning from the study room. "Where are you going?"

Josie lowered her head awkwardly with her cheeks flushed.

Dexter stared at her and thought of something. "Wait here." He said and walked away.

Minutes later, he returned with a bucket of water. Josie was perplexed while he hummed nonchalantly, "Sit down."

A strong smell of alcohol wafted into Josie's nose. As the door was closed, a warm and ambiguous atmosphere filled the room.

Dexter squatted down and placed Josie's feet into the water. "Anderson taught me this method."

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I'm Here for You

Anderson received a call from an old friend when he completed surgery that day. "Hey Anderson, what's the best remedy for period cramps?" Dexter asked seriously while Anderson was caught off guard by the question. "Huh? Can you repeat?"

Cold and reserved, Dexter repeated himself patiently.

After understanding Dexter's intention, Anderson teased him, "You should know that I'm a surgeon, not a gynecologist."

"Both are doctors."

Anderson burst out in laughter. "It seems like you're pretty concerned. Brown sugar drinks are not effective. Mix half a bottle of wine with water and soak her feet in it for half an hour.

Dexter took Anderson's words as truth while Josie was rendered speechless. As a woman, she had never heard of this method before! However, she didn't dare to refuse and obediently soaked her feet for half an hour while covering her abdomen in pain.

Meanwhile, Dexter was working on his laptop on the balcony. When he finished his work, he checked the time on his watch and walked into the room. "Are you feeling better?"

Not at all.

Josie got up and poured the water away. Then, she opened the window for air circulation as the room was filled with the scent of alcohol.

"Which alcohol did you use?"

Josie was not a wine connoisseur, but she could tell from the scent that it was expensive. She couldn't believe Dexter used it for her foot bath.

Dexter did not answer but looked at the spot Josie sat.

Josie followed his gaze and gasped at the sight. She quickly ran up to him to block his sight. "I-I didn't mean it!"

There was a patch of redness on the bed. Josie blushed to the root of her hair and was exasperated when she saw Dexter's smirk as if he was mocking her.

"Don't look at it!" Josie was so embarrassed that she instinctively covered Dexter's eyes with her hand. "Stop it!"

The man smiled and paused briefly before grasping her wrist and pushing her to the bed. He kissed her fervently, disregarding her abashment.

Toward the end, Josie curled up in Dexter's arm, her eyes filled with tears as she was reminded of the horrible incident she experienced today.

Dexter whispered in her ear with a deep, hoarse voice, "Everything is okay now. It has passed. I'm here for you, so don't cry"

Josie's heart skipped a beat. Her tears fell into her hair and disappeared. The scent of alcohol lingering in the air was intoxicating

After the auction ended, Josie and Dexter returned to Mason Garden. Soon, news about Norman's downfall spread

Josie had a premonition that Norman would end up in deep water. Recently, Dexter's secretary had been poached by various important figures and was promised lucrative remuneration because he was an extremely effective and reliable assistant. Anyone would yearn to have a loyal and talented assistant like him.

It only took one night for the news about Norman to release. Josie reckoned that if everything went smoothly, the news about him being disqualified as a candidate would appear in the evening news.

Right after Josie was rescued, evidence of his corruption was promptly submitted that same night without mercy. It was a crucial period, and Norman was caught with solid evidence. So, he couldn't escape from spending the rest of his life in prison.

Everyone was aware of these gray areas, but no one would expose one's opponent's evildoings to make an enemy. However, given how swiftly this exposure was done, others could imagine there must be an irreconcilable enmity involved. It became obvious that Norman had offended someone.

This matter had caused a huge sensation in the city and couldn't be concealed. The following day, many became aware that Dexter was behind it