

Blind Date 451

[Chapter 451](#)

Zach Olsen

After being tormented the whole night, Josie finally decided what she wanted from him.

“Alright,” Dexter agreed to her request as he ran on the second-floor gym treadmill. He was sweating profusely, exuding his vigor.

He reached out for the bottle Josie had brought to him. “If you want to do that, go ahead.”

Josie leaned on the running machine, and a smile bloomed across her face. “About the funds...”

The man lifted his head and gulped down the water, his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down before he said, “I’ll support you.”

Josie shot up and jumped in glee, marking a kiss on the corner of Dexter’s lips. “Thank you, honey.”

The word “honey” rarely passed her lips, so when she whispered it, it sent a shiver down his spine. By the time he had regained his senses, Josie had already skipped away down the corridor, her laughter echoing in his ears.

With his approval, Josie accepted Laura’s request to open a work studio together. Laura couldn’t cover all the finances despite her wealthy background. Hence, if Dexter supported them, their main problem would be solved.

She had been in charge of multiple events in the past, exposing her to many connections who could play a part in her new start-up. Moreover, she had gotten the Interior Design Awards, so her plans went smoothly, and the process was on a spectacular scale.

They named the studio “Blank, signifying a white piece of paper where they would have a new beginning.

Josie gave a call to Alice. She had been in the industry for many years, and Alice was the person she trusted the most. To her delight, the latter said without hesitation, “I’m willing to help you.”

Her determination left Josie startled. “The Russell Group... was your dream place to work at.”

“Yes, but it is nothing compared to being able to work with you,” she answered nonchalantly.

“We have nothing to offer.”

“Then we’ll build it up from ground zero.”

Josie was touched by her words. Alice also brought in two people she trusted from the Russell Group, which helped Josie reduce the burden of recruiting new employees.

When Dexter learned about it, he said teasingly, “Josic, you sure are bold. You are taking away my people right under my nose.”

She lifted her chin, looked him in the eyes, and responded, "It's a little crowded in the Russell Group. I'm sure Mr. Russell wouldn't blame me."

"We're a family. It doesn't matter who they work for. Dexter spoke with a hint of a smile, wrapping his arms around her shoulder.

Seeing how he fully supported her, Josie suddenly felt a pang of guilt.

The night before the opening of her studio, she noticed a Rolls-Royce parked downstairs when she was about to leave. The car plate wasn't Dexter's. When the windows rolled down, she saw Zach Olsen.

As always, he was prim and proper. "Jo," he called.

Josie didn't know how to address him. "Laura is still inside. I'll go get her."

"Don't worry, I'll get her," he announced as he exited the car.

Laura heard the sound of the busy footsteps entering the studio again; her lips curled into a smile as she said, "I told you we could handle this. Why are you so worried?"

When she finally saw the silhouette of the person standing in front of her, the smile on her face faltered.

Josie stood behind Zach so she couldn't see his reaction. "I didn't see you at home, so I got worried and came here to find you,"

Laura immediately kept a straight face, but her mind was racing, and her hands started to tremble. "Oh, I've been busy, so I got home late."

Zach approached her and put his hand on her shoulder. "Why wouldn't you text me to tell me you're okay?"

Laura avoided his eyes. "I forgot."

Josie noticed the corner of Laura's lips hardened, which was an unusual reaction towards her new husband.

"Since Josie's here, we'll send Jo home before heading to our house." Before they left, Zach helped her to organize and pack the documents on the table. Alice pulled Josie closer to her and commented, "Laura's husband is really caring towards her. I'm so jealous of them."

[Chapter 452](#)

Send Her Home

Josie summoned up a smile, unsure of how to react to her remarks. She couldn't agree with her.

As Josie's house was on the way, Zach offered to send her home. Laura sat in the passenger's seat. Unlike her usual self, she didn't speak much throughout the duration of the car ride.

Josie had an inkling suspicion that Laura was afraid of Zach.

“Jo, thanks for supporting Laura this whole time. She was born with a golden spoon and never had much working experience. I’m really glad she has you by her side, Zach said as he looked in the rearview mirror.

Josie wanted to say that Laura was naturally gifted in the area, so she didn’t need to help her much, but the words got caught in her throat. “I wouldn’t let her do it alone,” she answered briefly.

“You have a unique type of work that requires you to meet up with clients over drinks, but I hope Laura can be excluded from that. She has to protect her family’s reputation, so it would be inappropriate if people saw her.” Zach spoke slowly and composedly; his intentions were clear as day.

Josie glanced towards Laura, noticing that her face had turned ashen pale.

“Well, of course, Mr. Olsen. Don’t worry, I’ll have your wife sent home safely,” she smiled as she jokingly continued, “Laura is lucky to have such a good husband who loves her, unlike mine, who hasn’t even called me even though I’m not home at this late hour.

Zach lowered his eyes, and a scornful appearance painted the corner of his lips, “Well, I have to make sure she doesn’t make a fool out of herself by causing trouble outside.”

“What did you say?” Laura bristled at his rudeness.

Zach glanced at her and stayed silent. The corner of his lips still curled up.

Josie couldn’t force any laughter anymore. Luckily for her, they had reached Mason Garden, and Dexter’s car had just parked outside. As the door opened, he got down from the car, and his secretary signaled to him about the other car parked outside.

The car lights were blinding, so Dexter narrowed his eyes and asked, “Zach?”

“Dex.” Zach answered as he turned off his car’s engine.

Josie got down from the car and waved to Laura. “Thanks for sending me home. I’ll see you tomorrow.

Dexter wrapped his arm around her shoulder and nodded at Zach. “Have a safe trip back.”

Josie finally let out a big sigh after they left. I’m not sure why, but I feel that Zach isn’t as gentle as he looks. Laura seems to be afraid of him too,” she said as they walked into Mason Garden.

Dexter acted like he didn’t hear what she said. “Why are you back this late?”

“Tomorrow’s the opening of our studio.” Seeing how he had forgotten, she put her arms on her waist and pretended to be angry. “You don’t seem to care about your wife. Not only did you forget tomorrow is the opening day of our studio, but you also didn’t offer to fetch me from work.”

Dexter smirked at her and asked, “Why don’t you check your phone and see who’s the one who didn’t reply to their messages?”

Arching an eyebrow, Josie took out her phone from her pocket and was stunned to see the messages asking her when she would be getting off work. She didn’t reply to any of them.

"I was too busy..."

"Ms. Warren, would you like a warm bath?" Dexter helped her remove her coat and passed it to their maid.

"That would be perfect!"

Laura had rented the entire twenty-eighth floor of the office building next to the Russell Group for a year, and their new studio was ready to open the next day. It was a major undertaking, and many partners had sent them flower baskets and gifts to celebrate. Alice felt like her hand was giving in as she needed to note them down.

Josie invited Paul to witness the significant event of her business opening.

Dexter's secretary, Larry, greeted Josie in a formal suit. "Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell asked me to congratulate you on your opening.

Josie felt embarrassed by her father's keen stare. "Thank you for coming. Where is Dexter?"

Larry handed her a file and explained. Josie opened the file and was surprised to see the layout design of the business district in the southern part of the city.

She raised her eyebrows, feeling overwhelmed by what she saw.

[Chapter 453](#)

An Overwhelming Gift

"It's for you, Mrs. Russell. Mr. Russell knows you're setting up a new company without many clients yet, so he wanted to give this to you."

Dexter had an extravagant surprise for her. With this alone, they could sustain the studio for two quarters.

"Help me to thank him," Josie tried to hide her smile, but her eyes gleamed with joy. Why didn't he tell me anything yesterday?

After Larry left, Josie noticed Paul looking outside the office window with an indiscernible expression. Josie approached him and asked, "What's the matter, Paul? Aren't you happy for your daughter?"

"Of course I'm happy," Paul answered, holding onto a walking stick. "I'm proud to see how far you've come."

"I have greater heights to achieve," Josie said, her voice light but filled with conviction.

"Have you decided to be with him forever?" Paul asked out of the blue, without referring to Dexter directly.

Josie's lips curled into a smile as she nodded her head. "I've thought about it. I'm willing to go through thick and thin with him."

Paul mulled over what she said as he patted her head. After a deep sigh, he said, "It's your choice. If you're willing to stay by his side unconditionally, I'll support you."

Suddenly, Alice shouted from the outside, "Jo, there's another flower basket for you. Come and take a look."

"It must be Laura's friend." Josie walked out and saw a huge flower basket placed at their entrance. Her eyes widened in shock when she read the card attached to it.

The card was imprinted with the words, 'Congratulations on your opening.

And there was a signature below, "Arnold Carter.

He hadn't shown up in a long while, and Josie had entirely lost touch with him. His sudden appearance today made her heart sink.

The summer weather was as unpredictable as ever. The sun had been shining brightly just a few hours ago, but now a thunderstorm was raging overhead. The rain fell in torrents, and

An Overwhelming Gift

there was no sign of it letting up anytime soon.

A young lady with curled hair framing her gorgeous face stood in front of the villa with an umbrella. She had been there the whole day.

The villa was located by the beach. In the brief flash of lightning, the villa appeared, its unique and beautiful design silhouetted against the night sky.

The young lady was Summer.

She stood there with a determined glare. Hope was dwindling, but she refused to give up. She would hold on to any slight chance, no matter how small.

Vaste was a target for acquisition. With sufficient capital, it wasn't totally out of the question that they would strike.

The company interested in taking over Vaste was one which can never be underestimated the Carter Group.

Arnold wasn't going to back down anytime soon. The revelation of this news meant that he had everything under control.

Rumors had been going around that Arnold decided to go against her because Summer wouldn't budge at his attempts to pursue her. Therefore, he was adamant not to waste any more time on her.

Mark wanted Summer to return to Olsen Group, but she refused. His anger flared, and he declared he would no longer help her. If she wanted to risk her career and life for Vaste, that was her choice, but he would not be involved.

That morning, Summer texted Dexter, 'You promised me that you wouldn't target Vaste. I'll wait for you at the Emerald Villa:

Dexter kept the promise and didn't harm Vaste, but she needed his help as he was close to Arnold.

Arnold's actions were always unpredictable, making it difficult to know what he would do next. She was at her wit's end, so she came to find Dexter for help.

But she didn't get a reply from him, so she stood at the beach the whole day.

Even though Dexter wasn't avoiding her, he firmly stated that he didn't want anything to do with her. Any coincidence they had in the past wasn't by chance but by Summer's deliberate attempts to see him. Understanding his intentions, Summer wasn't confident she could meet him today.

Furthermore, she had chosen to meet him at this villa.

[Chapter 454](#)

A Plea for Help

The summer rain beat down on Summer's umbrella as she waited, the wind whipping her hair into her face. She was starting to lose hope that Dexter would show up. But after a while, she saw the headlights of a car coming down the street.

Summer couldn't believe her eyes. She thought she was dreaming.

The car plate indicated that it was Dexter's car. The door opened, and a man stepped out, carrying a black umbrella. He was tall and handsome, with a confident and dignified air. He saw the lady looking at him in disbelief.

Summer's eyes lit up with a glint of triumph. She threw her umbrella aside and ran towards him, hugging him tightly. "I knew you would come," she whimpered.

Her confidence made his forehead crease.

Dexter slowly removed her hands from his waist and gently pushed her away, holding the umbrella over her head. "Summer, I can't help you with Vaste's problems," he said calmly. "I don't have any responsibility to help them, and even though I'm close to Arnold, I have not

in his decision to acquire Vaste. Do you understand?"

say

After all, they had a long history of conflict, and their feelings for each other were far from friendly.

Dexter was clear and direct with Summer, so there would be no room for misinterpretation.

Dexter had no intention of meeting Summer today, but he still felt bad for her. He knew that she was in a difficult situation, and he regretted being so harsh to her in the past.

"I understand," Summer said. "But you once told me that you respected companies with a long history in the field. If Vaste disappears, it will be a blow to the entire traditional media industry. The industry is already declining, and we need all the help we can get. Can't you just help us out this one time as a way to show your appreciation for the traditional media?"

Dexter was torn about the situation.

Summer was a force to be reckoned with when she was determined. Nothing could stand in her way.

Her hair was plastered to her face, and her clothes were soaked. Tears and raindrops mingled on her cheeks, and he couldn't tell which were which.

Dexter was unmoved by her request. "The effort that went into acquiring Vaste cannot be ignored. Even if I could persuade Arnold, who would compensate him for his losses?"

Summer suddenly grabbed Dexter's hand and pleaded, 'I'll have Vaste take responsibility for all the lost efforts. As long as the Carter Group gives us a chance to survive, Vaste is willing to compromise for the benefit of the Carter Group in the future.'

Since they were competitors, Arnold might not even consider these conditions.

Dexter tried to pull his hand away but was surprised by how cold her hands were.

He then realized that she must have been standing in the rain all day.

He had come all this way to meet her, so he couldn't just push her away, especially since she was sick.

He left his hands on hers. "Let's go inside and talk," he insisted.

Emerald Villa was a unique, rustic-style villa located on the seafront. It had been auctioned for a hundred and twenty million, but the deal fell through for unknown reasons.

The last time Dexter was here, he was with Josie.

The peach tree in the garden had grown tall and strong, its leaves a lush green.

Summer's hands shook as she pushed open the door to the villa. She hadn't been here in four years, but everything looked the same. The furniture, the decorations, and even the smell in the air were familiar.

Summer's eyes filled with tears. She never thought she would be back in this villa again.

Suddenly, her vision went black, and her head spun. She collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

"Summer!" the man shouted.

She had a high fever and collapsed from the stress that had built up over time.

When Summer finally opened her eyes, she noticed that there was a cooling patch on her forehead, a warm cup of water within reach, and a few tablets sitting on the bedside table.

[Chapter 455](#)

Dexter had been in the industry for a long time and had seen it all. He had dealt with ruthless people and unreasonable matters, so the word "vision" was something he had rarely heard.

She continued to persuade him, "You agree with this solution, don't you?"

Dexter chuckled. "You've only recently joined Vaste, so why are you so eager to save it? Seeing how he treats you, Arnold wouldn't be too harsh on you."

"I made it clear to him before I returned that we can't be together, so I doubt he'll show mercy now. As for Vaste, my father wouldn't let me stay, so I'm not backing down."

After pondering for a while, Dexter muttered, I'll help you but with one condition."

"Got it. What's your condition?"

"Let the Russell Group become a shareholder of Vaste. Dexter saw Vaste's potential in the industry, and it was beneficial for him to do so.

Summer froze at his request. Dexter was clearly taking advantage of their vulnerable state. He said it with such ease, revealing his true intentions. Even if he did not say these words exactly, he was basically giving her an ultimatum, "You can join forces with me and lead it to new heights, or you can watch it be taken over by a competitor. The choice is yours.

[Chapter 456](#)

Office Housekeeper

She had no choice but to make a decision

The business can be cutthroat and unrelenting

"Okay," Summer answered, forcing a smile.

Dexter was actually touched by Summer's efforts to save Vaste. Although it might have seemed like he was taking advantage of the situation, he had offered his help out of sincerity.

As silence filled the air, Summer's gaze fell on his wet shirt. "Do you want to remove your shirt so I can help you blow dry it? You'll catch a cold if you keep it on like this."

Dexter stared at her in confusion. His phone buzzed, and he saw that it was Josie calling.

With a faltering smile, Summer then said, "You should get going."

The rain was still pouring down outside.

Dexter left without replying to her. Before he went, he instructed her, "You can contact Larry about Vaste's matters."

The only reason he stayed to discuss these matters was because she never brought up past.

It was a pleasant dream for her, but it was something he wanted to forget.

the Summer stood at the room entrance, listening to the door close behind him. The sound of his car engine revving faded into the distance, eventually drowned out by the rain.

Her heart was no longer pounding as hard as before.

She then went into the closet.

She was surprised to see the clothes hanging inside. The closet had been cleaned recently, and the clothes were fresh and dust-free.

The man's suits and shirts were hung next to the woman's t-shirts and dresses as if they were a family.

Summer's breath caught in her throat. The clothes were all Josie's size. She's been here before...

She felt like she was sinking like an anchor, her heart drowning in her sorrows. She fell to her knees, her eyes turning red as sadness washed over her like a wave of despair. Once again, it's Josie!

The next day.

Dexter entered Arnold's luxurious office on the top floor of the Carter Group building. A lady was sitting at his desk, reading a book.

The book was open on the table. The lady sat upright, her posture perfect as she read each line carefully. She didn't notice Dexter's presence at all.

Despite her immaculate and reserved appearance, her unique charisma drew people in like a magnet.

Dexter looked away from her and knocked on the door.

She lifted her head and shifted her gaze towards the door. Her mouth gaped slightly when she saw the charismatic man. After a short moment, she stood up and asked with casual politeness, "May I ask who you are?"

Dexter didn't answer.

She quickly explained, "Mr. Carter is out for an appointment. It'll most likely take some time before he returns. He asked me to wait for him here..."

He was intrigued to see that Arnold had let a woman into the office filled with highly confidential documents. She must not be an ordinary woman.

Dexter immediately asked, "Who are you?"

The lady froze, her face pale. "I'm Mr. Carter's newly appointed housekeeper," she mumbled.

"Housekeeper?" Dexter's voice was deep and resonating.

His appearance was almost God-like, with a charisma out of this world. It was like being in the presence of a mist on a mountain, enveloping and intoxicating.

The man's square, chiseled jawlines were a testament to his strength and determination. If a man with this charisma could breeze through Arnold's office without any trouble, his identity must be extraordinary.

The lady wouldn't dare to look at him. "Yes, I'm his office housekeeper," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Dexter caught on immediately and reached out to pick up her book. It was a thick economics textbook filled with complex jargon that would be difficult for a layperson to understand.

The air in the office thickened like a weight pressing down on her chest. "What would you like to drink? I'll get it for you."

Office Housekeeper

The lady rose from her chair with a graceful poise, her expression calm and unperturbed. She clutched her book in her hands as her skirt swayed with her every step.

She had a familiar face, but he couldn't quite place her. "Warm water will do," he said, slightly hesitant.

The lady set a steaming cup of warm water down on the table in front of him, her eyes fixed on his face. "I still haven't gotten your name," she prompted.

"My surname is Russell."

"Mr. Russell."

[Chapter 457](#)

Heather Riley

Dexter sat in the waiting area, his eyes scanning the table. There was a stack of files piled high, each one labeled with a different name. He reached out and grabbed one of the files, but a woman's voice stopped him before he could open it. "This..."

Dexter interjected right away, "Your name."

He wasn't asking—it was a demand.

"My last name is Riley. Heather Riley."

Dexter didn't pay any attention to her. He opened the file and scanned it quickly, trying to remember the details.

Heather had never encountered such a problem before, but she felt a sense of duty to protect his privacy as he had let her use his office.

She took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Russell, I will not allow you to review these confidential documents. Regardless of your identity, you do not have the right to do so."

She spoke with conviction, but her eyes were like shards of ice.

Dexter closed the file and looked at her with an arched eyebrow. "Where's Arnold?"

Heather's inner alarms summoned Arnold back on time. Arnold strode through the door, flanked by his entourage. He scanned the room until his eyes landed on Heather, standing with her back to him. In front of her was another figure whose silhouette was obscured by the shadows.

It was a unique figure in Wavery, unmistakable for anyone other than Dexter.

Arnold dismissed his subordinates and pulled Heather back by holding her hands. "Don't scare her, Dex. She's a bit of a scaredy-cat," Arnold scoffed.

Dexter smiled wryly. "It seems like I have to congratulate you," he said.

"She's just an office housekeeper, but I keep her around because she's a good helper. Her name is Heather Riley."

“We’ve already introduced ourselves.”

Heather leaned in closer to Arnold, and her brow furrowed in annoyance. “I was the only one who introduced myself,” she whispered.

Arnold chuckled, patted her back, and whispered something in her ear. She nodded and left.

Heather’s eyes lingered on Dexter as she closed the doors behind her. They were grave and solemn as if she was sizing him up.

Arnold was usually gentle and calm, but he was cautious of Dexter.

Every detail about Vaste’s operations was placed before Dexter, including financial records, personnel files, and strategic plans.

Arnold chuckled as he rubbed his temples, his back to the sun. “Dex, we rarely get to meet, and now that you’re here, you have a scheme against me.”

Dexter was blunt about his reason for coming.

He wanted Arnold to abandon his plans to acquire Vaste.

Arnold grinned knowingly, his eyes glinting with amusement. “Why? The Russell Group and Vaste are not exactly the best of friends, are they?”

Dexter’s eyes were unwavering. “Someone came to me for help, and I decided to lend her a hand.”

“I thought you were over her after you found a new girl for yourself. Does Josie know about this?”

Any woman would be infuriated if her husband put in so much effort to save another woman.

Dexter twirled a ballpoint pen and, with a low voice, demanded, “You only have to tell me if it is possible.”

Arnold replied with a hint of a smile, his eyes sparkling with menace. There must be a condition for me to let go of something I’ve poured my heart into.”

“I’m not asking for this without giving something in return. I’ll share thirty percent of the profits from the project Wyatt handled with the Carter Group.”

The profits from Wyatt’s project were guaranteed to be large, which was significant compensation.

Arnold feigned indifference as he smiled, his lips curling into a smirk. “Vaste was never something I had to acquire. If you want it. I’ll give it to you.

[Chapter 458](#)

Have It Covered

“You had your eyes on that project. Everyone else thought you crashed the stock market to target Josie and me, but your real target was Xanthe and Wyatt.”

Their eyes met, and Dexter’s smirk widened. He didn’t say anything in response to Arnold’s claims, but his eyes glinted with malice.

"You're sharing the profits from a project you don't even care about?" Arnold asked incredulously.

"I'm afraid you couldn't handle anything more."

With one final word to share with Arnold, Dexter commented, "Stop being so unserious in your relationships." After a short pause, he continued, "Try to win their hearts. The Olsen girl might not have been the one for you, and the new one you're caring for doesn't look easy.

He was referring to Heather.

Dexter's words suggested that he had no interest in Summer.

Arnold's smile faltered. He was a shrewd judge of character, and his eyes could see right through Dexter's intentions.

"I have it covered," Arnold answered dryly.

Dexter's eyes were narrowed with exasperation as he walked out of the office, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Heather leaned against the wall outside Arnold's office. As soon as she saw him, she smiled and said, "Mr. Russell."

Dexter nodded in greeting, his expression unreadable.

A pale hand blocked Dexter's path as he entered the elevator. "Mr. Russell, you left something behind," the woman said, gasping for breath. "Mr. Carter asked me to give it to you."

It was a portfolio.

Dexter took it from the woman and said, "Alright, in an icy voice.

Dexter had ordered Moses to send the portfolio to Vaste's office. "Mr. Russell, are you headed to the Russell Group or Mason Garden next?" Moses asked.

Dexter answered with a single word, "Home"

Moses immediately understood what he meant.

Moses drove towards Vaste's office, which was in the same direction as Mason Garden. The office was quite far away.

Moses stopped the car in front of Vaste's office building. He got out of the car and hurried inside while Dexter stayed in the car.

The company had taken a hard fall from the business crisis, and few employees remained.

The company had been struggling, and as soon as it hit rock bottom, people started leaving. It was a harsh reality.

Moses sighed, his heart heavy, as he went to find Summer.

As Moses passed by the finance department, he was stopped in his tracks by the commotion unfolding before him.

Summer accidentally bumped into a colleague, dropping everything she was carrying.

She apologized profusely and bent down to pick up the scattered papers. "I'm really sorry." she apologized to the female employee.

Suddenly, the employee pushed Summer with such force that she fell backward, landing hard on the ground.

Summer looked up at the person who had pushed her, but she was met with a barrage of insults. "It's all your fault that we're in this mess!" she shouted. "Vaste was doing fine before you came along. But ever since you joined us, a series of unfortunate events have happened. You're bringing us bad luck!"

There were many people around who saw what was happening. If not for the quick intervention of a few bystanders, Summer would have been slapped in the face.

Summer stood up in shock and disbelief. "How can you blame me for this?" she shrieked. "Are you really that idiotic?"

The pressure of losing their jobs was getting to everyone at Vaste, and some people were lashing out as a result. This employee harbored prejudice against Summer and directed her anger toward her..

Summer understood that the woman was under a lot of pressure but was still struck dumb by her words. She felt like she had been attacked for no reason.

"You stole someone else's project when you joined, and you think you're entitled to it. I am certain you slept with the executive to land the project. You're disgusting. You should be ashamed of yourself, the woman yelled.

The finance worker's vulgar and demeaning language was a stark contrast to the professional setting.

The people who were standing around watched the scene unfold with cold, hostile eyes.

[Chapter 459](#)

What Is Trust?

Summer felt a chill all over her body, her face as pale as a sheet. She rushed out of the crowd with trembling hands, but the person grabbed her hair, behaving like a shrew.

Moses couldn't bring himself to turn a blind eye, so he went up and pulled Summer to his side. "What are you guys doing?!"

The crowd was intimidated by the robust Moses and his fierce glare.

Summer's eyes lit up when she saw Moses, but she instinctively covered her face. Moses told Summer, "Ms. Olsen, Mr. Russell is downstairs."

Summer's eyes glistened with hope as if she had found a straw to clutch at.

Moses brought her away from the crowd, disregarding the curious gazes of the others who discussed among themselves.

“Hey, who’s that man?”

“Why is he calling her Ms. Olsen?”

Actually, Moses was nervous because Dexter didn’t intend to meet Summer and only him to deliver some stuff. Moses bit the bullet and was prepared to be scolded by

He sympathized with Summer’s difficult situation-she repaid grievances with kind those despicable people bullied her.

Dexter looked out the window and saw Summer striding toward his car, looking disheveled. Tears were streaming down her face while Moses followed behind her.

She stood outside the car but didn’t open the car door as she couldn’t see the situation in the car. She stared at the car in a daze with a pitiful look.

Moses quickly got into the driver’s seat and reported the incident to Dexter in a fluster. Toward the end, he added, “Mr. Russell, I just feel so sorry for Ms. Olsen.”

Indeed, even Dexter had rarely seen Summer in such a helpless state. The only other time he had seen it was when she complained to him about the past.

Summer was raised as a composed lady since she was young, and her calm manner always left a deep impression on people. It was a rare occurrence to see her as emotional as last time.

Dexter didn’t answer but opened the car door slightly. When Summer saw his action, she immediately understood his intention. So, she slowly opened the door and got into the car.

Thereafter, Moses drove away steadily. No one spoke in the car except the sound of Summer sobbing. Dexter passed a tissue paper to her without saying anything. Summer received it and wiped away her tears.

Moments later, Summer gripped the tissue paper in her hand and asked in a loss, “Dex, what is trust? How can some people be that malicious?”

Dexter paused briefly before placing the folder that Moses hadn’t had a chance to pass to Summer in front of her and said, “This is trust.”

Summer looked at Dexter in confusion and opened the folder. A stack of documents fell out of it. She randomly picked up one of them and saw the title of the document, Vaste Acquisition Plan, with a red check mark beside it.

The thick pile of documents was all related to the acquisition plan. Arnold was meticulous and determined to win the acquisition plan. Yet, he willingly handed over these documents to Dexter.

Dexter had promised Summer that regardless of her present and past identity or any other concerns, he would fulfill his words. This was trust.

Summer couldn’t believe that he actually did it. She stared fixedly at the man, thinking he had truly lived up to being the person she adored. He always used his actions to answer the doubts in her heart.

Summer grasped the document so hard that the edge of the paper cut her finger, but she didn't mind at all. Thank you." She uttered solemnly.

[Chapter 460](#)

Ungrateful Woman

Moses was sensible and knew they must not bring Summer back to Mason Garden. As such, there was only one place they could head to-Emerald Villa.

Summer was in a disheveled state and didn't have any belongings with her. Dexter was a clean freak and was disturbed to see her state. "Have you been staying at Vaste the past few days?"

"Mm-hmm. I fell out with my father, and the house I bought is still under renovation."

Dexter passed Emerald Villa's key to her and said, "You may stay here temporarily before the Russell Group successfully acquires Vaste."

Dexter had some work matters to discuss with Summer, and there was no better place to go apart from Emerald Villa.

Summer held the key carefully and was overjoyed.

The villa had clean clothes, so Summer took a shower and changed. When she came out, Dexter showed her the lengthy agreements related to Vaste and the Russell Group on his laptop.

Summer was experienced in this area, so she could easily understand the agreement's content. The terms and conditions stated were almost unreasonable. Regretting asking Dexter for help, Summer sat on the floor and gazed at the man pitifully, "Please have mercy...

It would have been better to let Arnold acquire the company!

Dexter was amused by her pitiful yet comical look. "You asked for it."

Nonetheless, Summer knew there was no other way at this point. She used all her knowledge and tried her best to negotiate to minimize the harm to Vaste. Finally, she added, "Vaste has been through a lot."

Dexter stood in the courtyard and looked at the plants in the yard. The sun shone on his face.

"Been through a lot? What does that truly mean? Take Arnold as an example, his father was imprisoned, and he survived among all sorts of greedy and malicious people. He even went against the market several times for your sake. No outsiders could understand him, yet he gritted his teeth and developed the Carter Group to this day. The hardships he went through were rewarded."

Summer remained silent momentarily. "He's a capable person."

"Vaste can achieve great things too." Dexter took up a watering pot and casually watered some plants. "If Vaste manages to pull through this hurdle, it'll be the greatest testament of all time; if it fails to, it'll collapse forever."

Summer answered solemnly, "I want to win."

Dexter gave her a profound glance and closed his laptop. Moses kept the laptop away and whispered in Dexter's ear, "Mrs. Russell called me just now."

Summer couldn't hear Moses clearly. She stared at the laptop in a daze and suddenly lost her senses. She casually asked, "Dex, how have you and Josie been recently?"

Dexter's gaze instantly turned hostile, making Summer flinch. She was always cautious on the topic of Josie. However, she couldn't suppress her curiosity. "I'm just curious... You set her birthday as your laptop password. How could you fall in love with someone else?"

Summer tried to log in to Dexter's laptop one day, and she instinctively keyed in Josie's birthday. To her surprise, she guessed it right.

Dexter's face darkened as he stood up. "Summer Olsen."

Not only did Summer intrude on his private matter, but she also boldly asked the abrupt question. Regardless of her attitude, it was a great transgression.

Summer was taken aback by Dexter's response. Trembling, she looked at him with red-rimmed eyes. "I'm sorry..."

So, he really loves Josie. Not only that, he loves her so much that he won't allow others to mention her.

"Ungrateful woman. These were Dexter's final words before he left.

[Chapter 460](#)

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