

Blind Date 51

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The New Manager, Claire

Josie was relieved after speaking to Nicole. She believed that Nicole would make the right decision. As long as they called off the marriage, Jenny had no reason to ask for Paul's medical bills.

However, Nicole hadn't replied to her for a few days. She was worried that Nicole might be persuaded by Justin because of love. She was also concerned that Justin might harm Nicole when he was pushed into a corner.

She looked at their chat, hesitating if she should ask her.

At that moment, there was a commotion in the design department.

Dexter's assistant, Ivy, appeared in sleek and beautiful formal attire.

"Mr. Russell has a new announcement." She waved the file in her hands.

Alice nudged Josie. "I bet it's about the new manager. Could it be you?" Alice whispered.

Josie was doubtful about that. "I don't think so." I don't have enough experience.

Under everyone's gazes, Ivy opened the folder and announced, "The new manager for the design department is Clair Wilcher."

Team A cheered for her.

Alice looked disappointed. "Hmph. You're better than her."

Nevertheless, the result was within Josie's expectations.

She shook her head with a wry smile. "Nonsense."

Ivy suddenly appraised her interestedly before quickly leaving.

Looking at her figure, Josie said, "Out of so many people, I envy her the most. At such a young age, she's capable enough to be Mr. Russell's personal assistant. Not only is her salary high, but she's also very confident. How nice."

Alice also followed her gaze. "True... She's more capable than anyone else. I heard that back when the CEO of Russell Group was undecided, she chose to stand up for Mr. Russell and went through many obstacles with him until today. Not everyone has her foresight and tenacity. I guess she's Mr. Russell's most trusted person in this company."

Josie also heard some news about her. If I were Ivy, I'd probably choose Dexter too. He is different from others, and he has good leadership. Well, there are no what-ifs. I couldn't possibly have met him so many years back.

In the pantry, Phil was making a cup of coffee. When he saw Ivy looking out the window absent-mindedly, he walked over and smiled. “Ms. Miller, I heard you announce the latest personnel change at the design department today.”

She lifted her head and eyed him cautiously.

“It’s approved by Mr. Russell. Why can’t I announce it?”

“It’s not your job. You stepped over the boundaries of your job. Does he know?”

“Do you want him to know?”

Phil was a sly, old fox in this industry. He took a sip of his coffee before replying, “You’re his favorite; I don’t dare to tell on you. Apart from that, I’m also delighted with the result. There’s no need to make a mountain out of a molehill.”

I suppose he doesn’t dare to do so. Ivy continued gazing out of the window, ignoring him.

After finishing his coffee, he whispered in her ears before leaving, “All the best. Everyone is speculating if you are going to be Mr. Russell’s partner. If you’re successful, remember to invite me to the wedding.”

She jerked her head up. Those words were just insults to her.

“Get lost.”

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Though they had cleared the air up, they didn’t have much interaction after that – they were too busy with work.

Josie was still working on the PowerPoint slides to present her proposal to the clients. After Clair became the manager, her workload became heavier. She was not alone; Team B felt a significant increase in their workload.

Fortunately, Clair wasn’t as trouble-seeking as Samantha – at least, she had a great work ethic.

Russell Group had a project with a famous beverage brand. The deal was done by the higher-ups, and Claire hadn’t decided on the person in charge. Josie wanted to give it a try.

Dexter had been flying overseas lately with Ivy and other C-level executives. He had been gone for a few days.

A picture had been circulating on the company forum. Dexter was speaking in a meeting while Ivy stood beside him, looking very compatible.

The atmosphere between them seemed rather flirtatious in the picture – perhaps it was the angle.

Hence, rumors about Dexter and Ivy started spreading in the entire company that she was going to be his wife.

All these years, Dexter hadn’t had any rumors involving women – Ivy was the only one.

Josie snorted out in laughter when she heard that in the pantry.

"A love story between the CEO and his assistant is quite desirable indeed. Unfortunately..."

Alice asked, "What?"

Unfortunately, Dexter is already married. Technically speaking, I'm his wife.

Josie smiled at her teasingly. How improper of me to do that!

"Nothing."

Ah, I can only imagine that. Who would need to work after marrying a man like him? I have such a miserable life.

Since Dexter was not around, Josie visited her father at the hospital after work to talk to him. However, when it was late, she felt the need to go home. Dexter is simply too intimidating. Subconsciously, I follow all his orders. Is this my nature as his employee?

On that day, she was walking back to Mason Garden on the street lined with oak trees and the scent of flowers. Suddenly, a fancy car drove past her. Before she could get a good look at it, Nicole called her.

"Josie, h-h-he hit me!" she whispered in a trembling voice.

Josie immediately came to a stop. "What? Who hit you? Calm down and tell me everything."

"It's Justin. He kept trying to change my mind. I didn't want to oblige, so he grabbed my hair and hit my head against the wall. He had been hitting me for half an hour before he returned to his senses. It's terrifying! After that, he knelt on the floor, asking for my forgiveness."

Josie could picture the situation vividly.

"What a fiend! How are you now? Did you escape?"

"He tried to lock me up, but I escaped when he went to drink some water. I'm at my place now, but I'm worried he might come here..." Nicole sobbed.

Josie thought that Justin might not want to break up, but she didn't expect that he would hit Nicole. After all, they had been together for three years.

He's a gambler who's at a dead end now. He would do anything.

Josie wanted to continue speaking, but the fancy car stopped and flashed its headlights at her.

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"Nicole, calm down. That place is no longer safe. You should leave immediately for a hotel or your parents' house. I'm going over now."

While speaking, she walked briskly to the car. The windows were rolled down, revealing Dexter's handsome but exhausted face. "Who are you speaking to?" he asked, frowning.

It's Dexter! He's back!

Josie immediately lit up and got into the car.

“Dexter, can you send me to a place?”

Ten minutes later, Dexter finally understood the situation. He pinched his forehead and said, “According to you, Justin is a gambler at wits’ end. Now that his final hope was destroyed, he might go to extremes – tonight is the perfect example. Even if you help her now, she will still be in danger. I think you should call the police.”

Josie was comforting Nicole through text messages. “You’re so callous. I don’t even know how serious her injuries are. Yet, you’re asking me to tell her to find the police instead. That’s so inhumane!” she protested without even lifting her head.

She felt slightly guilty. If it weren’t for her, Nicole wouldn’t have been hit. Hence, she was determined to see Nicole.

The street lights poured in through the windows on her face that were blazing with determination. After seeing that, Dexter relented. “Alright. Speed up,” he informed the driver.

Nicole took Josie’s advice and went to a hotel. When Josie arrived, it took a while before she dared to open the door. Through the slit, she saw a man next to Josie and immediately became vigilant. “This is...”

Josie quickly explained, “This is my friend. He’s a good person – you don’t have to be afraid of him.”

Finally, Nicole opened the door.

The hotel wasn’t a good-quality one. Dexter looked rather obtrusive, standing there in his designer’s suit.

Nicole was heavily injured, with bruises all over her body. There was an empty patch of hair on her head.

Josie clenched her fists tightly. “Just wait! I will definitely take revenge for you!”

“You’re pretty pumped up, aren’t you? Do you think you can injure him with such a small body?” Dexter doused her flames coldly.

Josie rolled her eyes at him. If you have nothing nice to say, you can just shut up!

Disappointment filled Nicole’s face. “He’s right. I don’t want you to risk your life for me, Josie. I’m utterly disappointed in him; it never occurred to me that he would hit me. I just want to stay away from him, as far as possible, and have a clean break.”

“But what should we do? No one understands him better than you. It’s just a matter of time before he finds you. He is determined to marry you to bear his debt.”

“I also don’t know what to do. I’ll lose my job if this goes on.”

Josie paced around anxiously while Dexter crossed his arms in front of his chest as he leaned against the wardrobe. “You’re making me dizzy.”

“Mr. Russell, help us out! Can you bear to see such an innocent woman injured by a jerk?” she said in annoyance.

“Just leave this city. Since your parents know what is going on, I’m sure they won’t blame you,” he suggested lazily, looking at the sobbing Nicole. “No matter how capable he is, he can’t possibly fly to another city to look for you. On top of that, he’s full of debt.”

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“That’s a solution – leaving Wavery.” Josie clapped.

Nicole hesitated. “But... my identity card is still with him. What will happen to my job and my parents if I leave? What if he finds my parents?”

“Which is more important, your life or your job?” Dexter asked impatiently. Indecisive women had always irritated him. “Ignore your identity card – just tell the police that you lost yours and make a new one. Don’t worry about your parents. We are still here, and don’t forget about the police. He can’t do anything to them.”

He had the natural air of a leader and was used to giving orders. Nicole nodded weakly, not daring to look at him. “I’ll leave tomorrow morning. But I haven’t told my parents about this. I don’t want them to worry about me.”

Josie sighed and comforted her. “Think about that when you’re safe. Don’t let anyone know where you are going, okay?”

Nicole finally calmed down and thanked them profusely.

When they left the hotel, Dexter finally got some fresh air. Next to him, Josie sighed. “Now I know how she stayed with him for three years.”

Nicole was an indecisive woman, while Justin had been taking the lead in their relationship. It’s no wonder she’s fooled by him.

Dexter turned to her. “Can you stop sighing? You’ve been doing that the entire evening – it’s annoying.”

Josie joked, “I didn’t expect you to know that we can get a new identity card that way. I thought you only take private jets when you travel.”

“Unlike you, I have common sense. Even though I take private jets, I’m still a human.”

For the first time, Josie didn’t argue with him. “Okay, okay. Thanks a lot, Mr. Russell. I might have lost my cool if you weren’t here tonight.”

She didn’t expect that he would help her out.

He smiled and opened the door for her. “Good to know that. Shall we go back now?”

She smiled and replied tentatively, “I’m worried that Justin might find her here. I’d like to stay with her tonight. I’ll only be relieved once I see her leave.”

There was an ominous silence.

“I can sleep with her in her hotel room. If you are tired, you can go back. I’ll be fine!”

Dexter looked like he was about to lose his temper.

“So, I should go back and wait for him to beat you guys up. Is that it?” He pursed his lips and frowned. “Get in the car!”

Josie couldn't reject him. She got into the car, but he didn't ask the driver to start the engine. Instead, he closed his eyes and rested in the backseat.

She was slightly fearful for a moment before realizing that he meant to stay in the car to monitor the situation outside since they could see the street clearly.

As the light fell on his face, it accentuated his exhaustion.

He's probably been busy the entire day. Yet, before he could go home and rest, I involved him in this.

Gratitude surged within her. She lay down and said tentatively, “Dexter, thanks for everything today.”

She no longer addressed him as ‘Mr. Russell.’

It's my personal issue. He doesn't have an obligation to help me out.

She thought he didn't hear her, but in the next second, he placed his hand on her eyes, which were moist with tears.

“Let's sleep.”

Josie's eyelashes fluttered before she shut her eyes.

This was the second time they slept next to each other. Josie still felt uneasy because of the surroundings. Her heart couldn't stop thumping hard.

She was even making sure that she wasn't breathing too loudly.

“Should I book a room for you to rest better?”

“Shut up.”

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Josie kept checking the situation outside and barely slept the whole night.

Thankfully, Justin did not show up at all that night.

At daylight, Nicole came out of the hotel carrying a bag and hailed a taxi to head to the transportation hub.

Josie thought of waking Dexter up. But when she turned to him, she realized he had already opened his eyes and was looking at her.

She felt goosebumps from his gaze. “Erm...”

Dexter pressed his brow and instructed the driver, “Follow that car.”

The early morning air in Wavery carried a hint of saltiness of the sea. Soon, there were more cars on the road and people moving about. Josie stretched her waist and felt aches all over her muscles and joints. Since her body ached, she could imagine it must be worse for Dexter, who was used to a life of comfort.

The thought made her feel even more remorseful.

After quietly escorting Nicole to the transportation hub, the driver turned to Dexter and asked, "Mr. Russell, would you like to return to Mason Garden or the company?"

Dexter considered briefly and answered, "The company."

Josie only dared to suggest softly, "Perhaps you should go home and rest this morning."

She was all right because a social animal like her was used to staying up late. However, she was concerned that Dexter would get sick.

Dexter snorted and responded sarcastically, "Will you be helping me with my work?"

Josie had nothing to say. She knew she could not handle his work.

As the head of a publicly listed company, every second of his working hour was valuable. After all, every department waited for his decision. Thus, Dexter had to go to work.

He could not afford to rest.

Josie asked the driver to stop as the car neared Russell Group. "I'll get off here!"

Dexter frowned slightly and guessed her intention. However, he could not resist messing with her. "Do you find it embarrassing to be seen in the same car with me?"

Josie looked at him incredulously. "If I am seen getting out of the car with you, the tabloid will dig up everything about me, including my ancestors, and put them on the news tomorrow." She clasped her hands and pleaded, "Mr. Russell, please have mercy on my ancestors and let them rest in peace!"

After saying that, she rushed out of the car with her backpack as if trying to escape. Then, she ran toward the company.

"Ungrateful brat." Dexter raised his eyebrows, but his mouth curved up slightly.

Josie ran for a while and saw Dexter's Porsche speed away. Then, she suddenly thought of something and entered a breakfast shop by the street.

"Miss, what would you like to have?"

"Erm... Can I get the pancakes to have here? Also, I would like a hash brown, two bacon sandwiches, and a latte for takeaway."

Food prices had risen rapidly. Ten years ago, a bacon sandwich would only cost a coin each. But now, she had to pay five coins for one. Thus, Josie usually wouldn't buy them for herself.

However, these were for Dexter. Josie had no idea how she could thank him for what he did last night. Then, she remembered he had not had breakfast. Therefore, she rushed to send the food to him.

Thus, Josie carried the breakfast and took the elevator from the underground car park. Since it was still early, she hardly met anyone on her way to his office.

She would see someone occasionally, but they were people she did not know from other departments.

Dexter had a private break room in his office. He would stay there whenever work was hectic. It was complete with all kinds of amenities. Dexter was tired, so he decided to take a bath first.

When Josie reached the top floor, no one was in the secretary's office. Thus, she quietly sneaked into Dexter's office and found it empty. Where's Dexter? Hasn't he arrived at the company?

She could not figure out where he was. Thus, she had no choice but to put the breakfast on his desk. She pulled out a sticky note from her bag and wrote a message for him. 'Thank you for your kind assistance, Mr. Russell. Please enjoy the breakfast.'

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As Josie was about to leave, the break room door suddenly opened.

Dexter had just finished his bath. His hair was wet, and he wore a white shirt with two top buttons open, revealing his exquisite collarbone.

Water droplets flowed from his hair strands and down his neck. Josie widened her eyes and gulped.

Dexter suddenly stopped toweling his hair and narrowed his eyes. "Josie? Why are you here?"

"I... I came to deliver breakfast."

Suddenly, Josie found herself stuck in a quandary. It was too awkward to stay but too rude to leave. She clumsily pointed at the food on the table.

Josie tried to figure out how she could explain that she did not mean to see him in this state. She did not know that he could bathe here.

Dexter was suspicious of her and went to the desk to have a look. He seemed seductive as he bent over it.

Then, he read the sticky note and smirked. "At least you have some conscience."

But what are these oily things?

Before Josie could explain, sounds of conversations came from outside. It seemed the staff at the secretary's office had arrived.

Oh no, what will people think if they see me? Josie panicked and made frantic gestures to Dexter, pleading with him to help her.

Dexter pursed his lips and took the breakfast on his desk. "Follow me."

Then, he closed the break room door and locked it.

Soon, someone knocked on the door. It was Ivy. "Mr. Russell, are you in there? I noticed water droplets on the floor."

Josie leaned against the door. Her heart was in her throat. She even forgot to breathe.

Dexter sat on the couch and replied expressionlessly, "Yes, I'm going to rest for a while. Don't disturb me."

Ivy paused before continuing, "Did you work overtime? Why didn't you ask for my help? I..."

"Please leave."

Ivy was stunned for a moment before replying in the affirmative and leaving the office.

Josie slid from the door and sat before Dexter. Her expression was that of despair. "What am I to do now? Your secretary has come to the office. How am I to leave?"

Dexter's office is connected to the secretary's office. Anyone in the secretary's office can see someone leaving Dexter's office.

If they see me leaving his break room... My reputation will be ruined.

Dexter pretended not to hear her and opened the oily lunch box. He brought out each food item and frowned with disdain. "What are these?"

"They are delicious!" Josie became even more nervous. She picked up a plastic fork. "This is a hash brown. It's nice and crispy!"

"These are bacon sandwiches. They put in good smoked bacon and caramelized onions. They are delicious!"

"This is a latte. They roasted the coffee beans the night before and made it fresh per order. They even use fresh full cream milk."

Josie introduced the food as if they were treasures.

Dexter narrowed his eyes. Josie was currently in the highest room in Wavery. There was endless traffic on the road below and numerous buildings behind her. Despite being in such a grand place, she did not seem out of place sitting here, introducing him to cheap breakfast.

"I only eat toast and drink Americano in the morning."

Those words immediately extinguished Josie's enthusiasm. Although she knew the breakfast she had bought meant nothing to him, somehow, she still wished for his approval.

"Sure... This breakfast is considered grand for us ordinary office workers. I'll eat them. You better not regret it later!"

Josie pretended not to care and reached for a bacon sandwich. However, Dexter suddenly snatched it from her. "Who says I'm not eating?"

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Dexter ate elegantly. Even though he was only eating a sandwich, he made it a mesmerizing spectacle and did not seem cringy.

Josie was stunned. Then, Dexter raised his eyebrows. "The taste is nothing special. It's not as nice as the ones I've had before."

His words surprised Josie even more. Does this mean Dexter lived like an ordinary person before this? Wasn't he brought up in luxuries?

"Is... Is that so? Have you had it before?"

"When I was little," Dexter replied. He remembered a distant memory but did not elaborate on it.

Josie knew her place and did not ask any more questions. She turned around and looked at the beautiful scenery below. It felt like she could see everything from here.

"The scenery is beautiful. It must be even more amazing at night."

Dexter took a sip of the latte. It tasted as lovely as she described.

"Do you like it?"

"I do, but I will feel lonely if I stay here for a long time." Josie hugged her knees and sighed. "After all, it's lonely at the top."

Hearing her, Dexter stopped eating and felt a throbbing sensation in his heart.

She was the first woman to enter his private break room and was also the first to verbalize what he had hidden deep in his heart.

However, Dexter felt a repulsion toward her and did not like that she understood him so well.

"What do you know about being lonely at the top? Have you figured out how to get out of here?"

Josie pulled out of her thoughts and panicked. "Oh no! It's almost office hours. Claire will give me trouble if she realizes I haven't clocked in. Argh! My attendance for this month is ruined again!"

Is there anything more frustrating than being in the company but unable to clock in?

"Has Claire assigned the order from the beverage company to anyone?" Dexter suddenly recalled the matter.

"No, she probably wants to handle it herself."

Josie had tried to compete for it but failed.

Dexter leaned back on the couch. He left his shirt collar open wide, making him seem relaxed. "I heard negative things about your new manager. Why didn't you complain to me?"

Josie laughed. "I'm not a kid. Moreover, would you believe me if I told you? If you had shown favoritism, you wouldn't have given her the manager position, right?"

She answered him frankly.

Then, Dexter stood up and grabbed a jacket from the cloakroom. "Wait for me here. Don't come out unless I tell you to."

Josie finally dared to check the place after he left.

It was spacious. The whole layout should be at least one hundred and fifty square meters. It had a cloakroom, a minibar, a bathroom, and a bedroom. This place had everything.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that this was his second home.

Her legs turned numb. She sat on the couch and waited for his order.

Meanwhile, Dexter gave instructions in his office. "Send this document to Lagoon Capital. They have to make some more amendments to the contract terms."

"Sure." Ivy took the document. She could not resist stealing a glance at Dexter. He seemed to be his usual self.

He rarely stays in the break room these days. Why did he stay there last night?

"Is there any problem?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I'll head out now."

"Call in the rest. I have instructions for them."

"Sure."

Other than Ivy, three more staff were in the secretary's office. They were all outstanding at coordinating matters in the company.

They walked into the office respectfully and faced the expressionless Dexter.

"Mr. Russell, did you ask to see us?"

Dexter grunted and said, "I need you to head to the marketing department and bring me the marketing plan for the new project for my approval."

"What's going on in the finance department? Why haven't they submitted the report for the new quarter? I need you to head there and chase them for it. I want to see it today."

"Also, about the venture capital, tell Alex he better finds a suitable investment. Otherwise, he and his team should leave."

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After a moment, the three of them looked at each other but quickly responded, "We'll go right now."

They walked out side by side and exchanged their misgivings softly. "This can be solved with a phone call. Why does Mr. Russell want us to go in person?"

"Forget it. Mr. Russell must have his reasons."

At that moment, Dexter's 'reason' was fast asleep on the couch.

Dexter wanted to laugh, and he did. He laughed in rage.

He was sending people away on her behalf, but she was sleeping peacefully here.

After a sleepless night, Josie was exhausted. She fell asleep as soon as she was on the couch but couldn't sleep well. Her long black lashes trembled, and her tiny mouth was slightly pursed. She was no different from a child.

She had no airs and graces when she slept, and the baby fat was apparent on her face. From this angle, she looked more like Lily from back then... Dexter was engrossed as he watched her. He couldn't help but lean closer and reach out a finger to poke her face.

It was very soft.

He didn't notice the smile he had on his face.

"No! Don't hit me!" Josie suddenly cried out loud. She had awoken in fright, and her body shivered subconsciously. She bumped into the man before her, and her lips brushed across his face because of the proximity.

Josie's eyes widened, and she looked disbelievingly at the scene before her.

The two of them were very close. They breathed lightly into each other's ears.

Dexter's heart sank. The lips that had touched his were very soft. They were so supple that it made him want to go closer.

Her breathing was rushed, and her warm breath sprayed into his ear.

His brows wrinkled tightly.

Josie jumped away quickly, covering her lips with her hands as she stuttered, "I! You! I don't know! I fell asleep! I didn't know you were in front of me... Wait, what were you doing?"

Dexter stood up and touched his face with his fingers. "... I was going to wake you up."

"... Oh..." Josie didn't know what to say.

"Aren't you leaving?"

The door of the break room was open. It seemed like Dexter had things under control.

Josie didn't wait another second. She immediately picked up her bag and ran out. The sound of her heartbeat almost drowned out everything else.

Dexter's head was starting to hurt. He slammed the break room's door fiercely. How outrageous. His heart was racing furiously because of Josie.

Josie took the elevator down to the twenty-seventh floor, and she felt her soul floating behind her. Did I just kiss Dexter?

Is that considered a kiss? It shouldn't be... We just touched lips for 0.00001 of a second.

So why is the sensation lasting so long? Why isn't it going away?

"Josie! Why did you just arrive? Do you know that you're an hour late? This can be considered absence without leave!"

Claire berated her sternly as soon as she stepped into the design department.

Josie's eyes had lost focus, and she didn't hear a thing. "Huh? Oh."

“... Forget about your perfect attendance record this month!”

“Okay.”

Claire and the rest of the design department were slightly surprised.

Josie cared about her perfect attendance record so much. Was she okay with it?

Upon seeing her act strangely, Claire couldn't be bothered to deal with her and turned to return to her office.

Alice hit Josie's head with a file. “What's wrong with you? You look like your spirit has left your body. Did you bump into a ghost?”

Josie drank a big gulp of water and waved her hands. “You might not believe it even if I told you. It's more absurd than bumping into a ghost.”

Alice was dumbstruck.

Josie was muddleheaded the entire morning because of this episode. When she ate lunch, she suddenly thought of something. Who is Dexter? He's met every type of woman and won't take this seriously. Since he won't take it seriously, why am I brooding over it?”

As she thought about it, she became a lot more relaxed!

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— ‘I'm here, Josie. I'm sorry for troubling you with my parents.’

After Josie left work, she received a text message from Nicole while waiting for the bus at the bus stop.

Her suspended heart finally settled, and she looked down as she replied, ‘It's fine as long as you're safe.’

She didn't know why but the bus today seemed slightly late. She had been waiting for a long time, but it didn't come. There was a heavy laptop bag in her arms, and she felt like she would fall asleep if she shut her eyes.

At this time, Josie woke up with a start after hearing the sound of a horn. She shivered and saw a Rolls-Royce stop in front of her. The driver rolled down the windows and smiled politely. “We meet again, Ms. Warren.”

Josie's heart tightened. She immediately looked around to see if there were any Russell Group employees. At this time, the car door opened automatically. It was different from the subtle Porsche this morning. This car seemed very flamboyant.

She got into the car quickly and ensured no one saw her.

In the spacious car seat, Dexter was working on his laptop. His expression was serious and impatient.

“It would be great if you could keep your guard up like this against strangers.”

Josie was dumbfounded. She didn't know how to face Dexter but felt much more relaxed after he called her out.

After a while, Dexter closed his laptop. She plucked up her courage and asked, "Are you done with work?"

Dexter looked at her from the side.

"It's nothing. It's just that Nicole sent me a text message saying that she's reached." He was also a part of it. It was only natural to tell him about the progress.

Dexter was confused. "What does she have to do with me?"

"But you helped her."

"It's because you were meddlesome."

"... I'll keep quiet then."

Perhaps the Rolls-Royce wasn't huge, or maybe the image from this morning was impossible to get rid of. Josie felt that the air was thin. Her face flushed uncontrollably, and she didn't dare to look Dexter in the eye.

The man leaned back in the car seat and watched all her little habits. His lips curved unconsciously.

At this time, Josie's cell phone rang. The caller ID showed that it was Justin. She was frightened and showed it to Dexter.

"Answer the call," he said calmly.

Josie cleared her throat and answered the call impatiently. "What is it?"

"Where's Nicole?" Justin's voice wasn't as sloppy as usual. There was a repressed and contained rage that came before he lost his temper.

"Nicole? You're asking me about your girlfriend? Are you ill, Justin?" Josie acted unconcerned and spoke in her usual manner. Her eyes met with Dexter's, and she was very nervous.

Logically speaking, Justin shouldn't know that she had contacted Nicole.

But Justin's tone was very confident. "Nicole has gone missing. I've looked at all her social media, and guess what I found? I found your direct messages with her on Twitter! Good job. I never thought that you were the mastermind. Where's Nicole? Tell me! Where is she?"

He was almost yelling at the other end. Josie was frightened, and her hand holding the cell phone trembled.

Dexter turned on his laptop again and quickly typed something.

Josie looked at the screen and repeated. "I did look for Nicole because your mom wanted money, so she said she would think about it, but we didn't talk anymore after that. I don't know where she is!"

"You're lying! She only wanted to break up with me after you contacted her! Josie, you must have told her about my debts! You better tell me honestly where she is. Otherwise, I will kill you!"

"I said that I don't know! Kill me all you want!"

— ‘Hang up!’

Josie obeyed and hung up at once after speaking.

[Chapter 60](#)

“What should I do? I never thought that Justin would have Nicole’s social media passwords! I also never imagined that he would check her Twitter.”

Josie was anxious because she had been careless. The direct messages on Twitter were permanent. They could be seen even if the IP address was changed!

Dexter closed his laptop and said coolly, “Why are you worrying?”

“How can I not! He traced it back to me! He’ll find Nicole sooner or later. Oh, that’s right. Nicole’s parents... I haven’t reported it to the police. I’ll do it now!”

Josie was too anxious. She wanted to report it to the police, but her cell phone fell on the ground. Dexter grabbed her trembling hands and slowly said, “Calm down! I’ve sent people to look after Nicole’s parents. If Justin does anything, I will know at once. I’ve also gotten people to pressure the casino. You don’t have to report to the police for the time being.”

Josie was startled. She never thought that he had made a move.

“What about me? If Justin can’t find Nicole and keeps coming to dead ends, he will come after me.” She valued her life, and there were too many things that she hadn’t done. She couldn’t die like that.

Dexter frowned, displeased. “What are you afraid of with me around?”

With him holding her hand tightly, Josie lost her sanity. The words ‘with me around’ swirled around in her heart. She didn’t know how to reply at that moment.

Upon seeing that she had stopped trembling, Dexter let go. “Mason Garden has strict security. Non-residents have no way of getting in, just like Russell Group. He can’t do anything to you.”

“But what about when I go to work and leave work... And when I visit my dad at the hospital. What should I do if he camps out at one spot?”

Dexter pursed his lips tightly. “From today onwards, we’ll go to and leave work together. As for going to the hospital, if there’s a clash in our schedules, I will get someone to go with you.”

In other words, if there was no clash of schedules, he would go with her.

Josie clenched her fists unconsciously. “Actually... you don’t need to protect me like this.”

“This is my duty.” Dexter didn’t think that it was strange. “Since you’re married to me, I am responsible for your safety. But of course, that’s only if you listen to me.”

Josie ignored the paradox in what he said and nodded at once. “I will! If you ask me to jump, I will ask how high!”

Dexter gave her a strong sense of security. After all, as the business executor of Russell Group, he had a unique identity. Josie wouldn’t die if she obeyed him.

Dexter twisted his fingers gently and felt her warmth from just now.

“I have to remind you of something.”

“What is it?”

“You used Nicole terminating the engagement as an excuse to try and stop Justin and his mom from getting the sum of the medical expenses. But Justin is heavily in debt. He might become more extreme when he reaches the end of his rope. How will you stop him?”

Dexter hit the nail and got to the bottom of things at once.

Josie had a splitting headache, but she understood. “I didn’t overthink it at the time. I emphasized the wedding and forgot about this.”

“Then what do you think I should do? I believe they can’t get the medical fees, but I’m afraid they will lay a finger on my dad!”

“Wait and see what happens.”

At night.

“Dexter!”

Josie woke up with fright. She had a dream where Justin held a knife against her neck as he asked about Nicole’s whereabouts. She was so spooked that she cried out loud.

There was still lingering fear in her heart when she woke up. She stood on the moonlight-filled balcony and was lost in thought. She kept thinking about one question — Why did I call out for Dexter in my nightmare?

It seemed like he had been protecting her since they got married.

Am I... slowly starting to rely on him?