

Blind Date 551

[Chapter 551 Do You Really Like Arnold?](#)

Josie was increasingly frustrated with Dexter. She felt bad that he had been injured because of her, but she didn't want to be entangled with him anymore.

However, there was no one else to take care of him. Andy had too much on his plate, so Josie was the only one who could do that. The doctor had given her instructions on what to do, and she just needed to follow them.

Dexter had a quick temper, but Josie knew he was more patient now. Occasionally, she could feel that he looked at her with a hint of concern and hesitation.

He didn't want her to exhaust herself from taking care of him.

Josie wasn't naive. She knew that Dexter was trying to make amends with her. She also suspected it was because he felt remorseful about what had happened.

She sneered at him, "You booked this room for half a year? Are you not going to care about the Russell Group anymore?"

Dexter tapped on the computer before him. "I do care, but I also have to care for you."

Josie's lips curled into a playful smirk. "I'll still leave after you get better."

"I've changed the passcode."

"I'll jump out from here then."

Dexter's face scrunched up in a deep scowl. "You wouldn't dare," he responded, his voice laced with concern. He knew that Josie was capable of doing it if she was feeling desperate. His reckless demeanor must have rubbed on her. Understanding that she could take unnecessary risk, he spoke in a hushed tone, "Just don't do it."

Josie was startled by the sudden change of attitude. She had only meant it as a joke, but Dexter's voice was full of concern.

She brought a new dressing for his wound, hoping to change the subject. "It's time to change your dressing," she muttered.

Dexter had a lean but muscular body. Every line on his body was like it had been chiseled by a master sculptor. Even in Josie's eyes, he was the most beautiful man she had ever seen.

Her cheeks turned scarlet as he lay face down on the sheets.

The wounds were not ghastly, but it was excruciatingly painful. Josie's fingers danced across his spine, applying the ointment with gentle pressure. The cool ointment left a trail of relief on his heated skin.

Dexter winced in pain, his face contorting in agony.

His voice was deep and raspy, making Josie's cheeks flush.

The room was suddenly filled with heavy tension, the air thick with unspoken words.

Her body could never forget how he had touched her, the memory of his touch lingering on her skin.

“Don’t feel too guilty about it,” Dexter commented suddenly. “This is nothing compared to the pain you’ve

endured because of me.”

Josie’s eyes went wide with surprise. She didn’t know how to react.

She felt a sense of relief after dressing his wound, but her relief was short-lived when he suddenly pulled her by the wrist, and she fell onto the bed.

Dexter had a sly expression on his face. Josie’s eyes widened in alarm, and she tried to get off the bed, but his hands locked her wrist tightly.

Josie pushed him forcefully, trying to break away from his grasp. He leaned back, the lines on his forehead creasing in pain as he grazed his wound on the bed.

She retreated from him, her frustration clear in her voice. “Dexter, what are you trying to do?” she asked, the pitch of her voice raising with every word.

Dexter took a deep breath and pulled Josie from behind into his embrace. “Don’t move if you don’t want anything to happen to Arnold,” he ordered coarsely.

Josie’s muscles tensed up in his arms as she bit down on her lip. “You’re unbelievable!” she exclaimed.

Dexter paused for a moment before he let out a snicker. “I don’t care what you think of me.”

He observed her expressions under the light. “Do you really like Arnold?” he inquired in a gravelly voice. A fiery passion burned in his gaze as he trailed his eyes over her body..

Dexter leaned in and kissed Josie without giving her a chance to respond.

The cold air was immediately replaced by a warm and inviting sensation.

Josie could not believe that Dexter managed to rein in his emotions and kept his distance. He must have been afraid of angering her, so he never approached her during the past couple of days. This led her to let her guard down around him.

In the end, he was still the same cunning person.

She struggled in his embrace and bit his lip so hard that she drew blood.

Dexter finally pulled away, wincing in pain. His lips were bleeding, but there was something strangely attractive about the sight.

Josie’s breath quickened into short gasps. Their eyes met with a blazing tension. They were like two predators locked in a staredown.

[Chapter 552 Follow Her](#)

This was the main difference between Dexter and Arnold. Arnold respected her boundaries, while Dexter would push them until she gave in.

After a short while, Josie softly said, "Dexter, I'm not sure if I can still like you."

He could tell from Josie's behavior that she had not yet forgiven him for his past actions.

He lifted his hands and wiped away the bloodstains on his lips. "So, who do you like? Arnold?"

Josie laid her head on his chest, her dark hair smoothly falling on the white sheets of the bed. Her clothes were a tangled mess.

"Who knows?" She tilted her head to the side, purposely taunting him with words that he didn't want to hear.

Dexter pinched her cheeks. "Don't forget, we're not divorced yet. If you get together with anyone else, you'd be cheating on me. Don't even think about leaving me."

Josie's face broke into a wide grin. "Who walked out on who first? Why didn't you say anything when the internet was ablaze with rumors about you and Summer? What about the time I had to go to surgery after the car accident? Dexter, this is not right! You have no right to say this to me!"

Her voice was trembling with an overwhelming sense of dread. Seeing Dexter lean in closer to her with his solemn expression pushed her anxieties through the roof. However, she didn't expect him to lower his head as tears welled up in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Josie," his voice quivered, each word trembling with the weight of his guilt.

Josie shut her eyes tightly, her mind lost in thought over the tribulations of their relationship.

After a short moment, Dexter got up and put on his shirt. He stood in front of the windows, where the sunlight streamed in.

"I'll let you go."

Josie thought she was dreaming.

"But I'll have to follow you."

Josie's mouth hung open in shock. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Dexter turned to look at her—his gaze leveled at hers. "I can't let you run away again."

The next day, Andy noticed that Dexter's lips were bruised. "Mr. Russell, what happened to your lips?" he asked without thinking twice.

—Josie's ears felt hot and flushed as she hurried past them.

Dexter continued to saunter, a smirk playing on his lips as he replied, "Do I have to explain to you where it came from?"

Larry's face turned red with embarrassment, and he gave himself a soft slap on the cheeks to clear his

head.

Given how their relationship had progressed, Dexter and Josie were on the pathway of reuniting.

He accompanied Josie to the hospital that day.

The hospital was a high-security facility, so the VIP rooms were completely inaccessible to the public. Their privacy was thus ensured to be protected.

Upon entering the VIP floor, they were met by Andy, who approached them with hasty footsteps. "Mr. Russell... Ms. Warren..."

Before Josie could speak, a large hand landed on her shoulders, and a deep voice rumbled from above her head. "Mr. Johnson, what did you call her?"

Andy had habitually addressed her as Ms. Warren...

"Mrs. Russell," Andy uttered, his head bowed.

"That sounds better."

Josie lifted her head and saw Arnold walking out of the hospital ward. He nodded in acknowledgment.

His face flickered with anger, but he quickly masked his emotions. "Dex, you're here," he muttered casually.

Dexter didn't let go of Josie's hand. "How is she?" he asked.

"She fainted, but she's going to be okay. The doctor said she'll need some time to recover," Arnold responded.

Josie released Dexter's hand and quickly went into the hospital ward.

The two men stood facing each other, Dexter's gaze following Josie's retreating figure. "Arnold, you were too careless that day. You should've told me Laura was hurt," he said as he voiced his complaints.

[Chapter 553 Laughingstock](#)

"I don't think we had a chance to talk that day," Arnold replied, taking out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offering one to Dexter.

Dexter declined the cigarette. "I've quit," he announced flatly.

Arnold's eyes widened in surprise.

He tucked the cigarettes away. "Mark knows about this. He's already grounded Zach at their compound. They're making sure this doesn't get out."

"They're trying to sweep this under the rug," Dexter scoffed. "What about Summer?"

"She's heartbroken because of you. What do you think?" Arnold lit a cigarette and took a seat in the corner.

“Dex, I never would have thought you’d reveal your relationship with Josie at such a time. Mark won’t let this go easily,” Arnold remarked, his eyes narrowing as he watched Dexter through his cigarette smoke.

Dexter laughed out loud as if he had just heard the most ridiculous thing in the world. “When has he ever made my life easy? But he has always adored you, hasn’t he?”

Arnold pressed Dexter. “Are you going to give up on inheriting their fortune?”

Dexter looked through the windows and saw Josie gently holding Laura’s hand. His heart swelled at the sight. After a short pause, he said softly, “I’m content with how things are now. I only need her.”

Arnold flicked the cigarette between his fingers, and the ashes fell onto his fingers. The heat from the ashes made his face wrinkle up.

Josie gripped Laura’s hand tightly, her voice shaking. “Why did he hit you this time? Didn’t he bring you out of the mountains?”

Laura’s breathing was shallow, and her body was covered in gauze as if she had been completely shattered.

“It was Summer’s birthday that day, and the Olsen family had a huge celebration to announce the heir to the Olsen Group. Zach felt humiliated as if he was being laughed at and made a laughingstock, so he...”

“He’s a monster!” Josie screamed. “It’s his fault that he’s not good enough, but he’s taking his rage out on a

woman.”

“Abusers never change. Laura, you need to leave him now.”

Laura closed her eyes and let out a deep sigh. “I can’t do that. The Olsen family is very concerned about their reputation. The public will criticize them if Zach ends his marriage so soon.”

Josie felt her fury building. “Why are you concerned about their reputation? You were almost beaten to death!”

Josie laughed bitterly. “I know...”

“Then why...”

“I really can’t,” Laura squeezed Josie’s hands. “I heard that Dexter had announced to the public that you’re

his wife.”

Josie was caught off guard by Laura’s sudden change of topic, but she knew she had to answer. “Yes.”

Laura smiled, her voice tinged with envy. “That’s good. It seems like he is very protective of you, but I am not in the same situation as you, Josie. Even after our divorce, Zach could still harm me.”

Josie was rendered speechless.

She knew that Zach was capable of such violence.

"You're in a very vulnerable state right now. It will take months for you to recover, and I'm worried about what happens next. What if he continues to hit you?"

"Look on the bright side, Laura said with a tight-lipped smile. "At least he can't hit me during this time."

Josie felt a painful wave of emotion swell in her chest. She tried to hide the tears welling up in her eyes by turning away from Laura.

"Thank you," Laura said sincerely. "If you hadn't found me the other day, I would have died in the basement."

"I can't let you be in danger," Josie responded sincerely, her steely eyes reflected her determination. As she mulled over what had happened, she felt like getting Laura out was a fair trade, even though she had been exposed as Dexter's wife during the event.

Arnold had people guarding the ward. Josie slowly closed the door behind her as she left the room. When she lifted her head, she saw Dexter on a business call.

"How is she?" Arnold asked.

[Chapter 554 Bothered by Their Relationship Going Public](#)

Josie stiffened slightly, understanding what he was referring to. "I'm fine," she responded firmly.

Arnold felt a pang of guilt for involving her in the scandal. "The hat, it's mine," he explained.

Unsurprised by the revelation, she replied, "I know. I was an easy target for Summer."

She raised her gaze to meet his. "Did you really go to see Claudia? What did she say?"

Arnold sneered, "What else could she say? She didn't believe me initially, but she agreed to look in the basement after I persuaded her. I bet she couldn't believe her son could be capable of such a monstrous act."

"Monstrous..." Josie's gaze grew distant. "Isn't there a monster behind every rich person?"

She recalled a story Laura had once shared about an influential tycoon in Wavery who, despite his poor health, took pleasure in tormenting others through the misuse of his wealth and power. During a business trip abroad, his secretary arranged for a woman who showed a keen interest in him. He paid her two million for five days. Despite the woman's experience, she could only endure two days before being carried out on a stretcher and spending a month in the hospital.

Ordinary people might have bad habits or weird quirks, but there was a limit to the things they could do. People who were both rich and powerful were, however, exempt from those same limits. With no one capable of keeping them in check, their depravity knew no bounds.

Josie fixed her gaze on Arnold, her voice filled with conviction. "I've always thought you were that kind of

person."

Arnold looked her straight in the eye and raised an eyebrow. "You seem to think you know me very well."

"So, are you that kind of person?" she challenged.

Despite Arnold's carefree and suave demeanor, she knew that he was capable of going overboard when having fun.

"You can try it yourself if you're so eager to find out."

Josie's smile faded, offended by Arnold's dismissive words. She turned her attention away from him and noticed Dexter was still talking on his phone.

In an attempt to shift the conversation and escape the awkwardness, Josie changed the subject, "Have the recent projects undertaken by the Carter Group been challenging?"

Noticing Josie's poor attempt to change the subject, Arnold smiled playfully. "If I reveal the classified information to you, Dexter Russell's wife, wouldn't I be betraying the Carters?"

There was a hint of sarcasm in his words, and Josie immediately sensed that he was still bothered by that -night when Dexter had publicly announced their relationship.

Dexter finished his call and turned around, only to witness the scene of the two holding their gaze at each other; their expressions held a playful demeanor. Their gazes, though distant, contained an uncanny understanding between them that stabbed Dexter in the heart.

In an instant, a surge of violent rage welled up inside him.

Bothered by Their Relationship Going Public

Just then, a voice rang out, "Dex."

They turned their attention and saw Claudia holding something, seemingly a visiting gift for Laura.

Upon hearing the voice, both Arnold and Josie turned towards her.

Josie instinctively stepped back, not knowing how to act in front of Claudia.

Dexter stepped forward, holding Josie's hand and pulling her behind him as if trying to shield and protect her. "Aunt Claudia, you're here."

Claudia looked at Dexter indifferently and commented flatly, "You sent someone to get her that day."

Dexter confirmed her question with a simple "Yes."

Claudia nodded and turned to put the things she was carrying into the ward.

After a while, she got out of the room and gestured to Josie to follow her, "Come with me for a moment," she said, her tone indicating there was no room for objection.

However, Dexter held Josie back, interjecting, "Aunt Claudia, Josie is a bit shy. If there's anything, you can say it here."

Josie looked up and stared at him while trying to free her hand from his grip.

Claudia's cold smile remained, clearly displaying her displeasure with Dexter's opposition. "Dex, I don't think she is that shy," she said in a disapproving tone.

Feeling the tension in the air, Josie quickly intervened. "Mrs. Hadey, I... I'll come right away." Josie quickly struggled free from his grasp.

[Chapter 555 Let's Pretend We Don't Know Each Other](#)

At the end of the corridor, two women stood facing each other, enveloped in an unusual atmosphere. Josie lowered her head and spoke first, "Mrs. Hadey, I apologize for ruining Summer's birthday banquet that day."

Claudia examined her closely, unable to accept the fact that this soft-spoken woman before her was her daughter's rival in love and Dexter's wife.

"You've taken me by surprise," she responded coldly.

Josie nodded in agreement, "I am equally surprised."

Claudia's gaze fell upon the beaded Buddhist bracelet on Josie's wrist, her thoughts indiscernible under her mask of a dignified woman.

"Dexter has treated you well," Claudia stated plainly.

Josie hesitated for a moment. "Well...perhaps," she spoke uncertainly, as even Josie herself was uncertain of Dexter's feelings.

"That child has grown up under my care. He is naturally distant, so if he treats you this well, it means you are someone he truly cares about," Claudia said with bitterness. "I'm not surprised that he chose to marry you."

Josie understood that Dexter's feelings for her all came down to her appearance. She explained, "I know I bear a resemblance to your missing daughter and Dexter and she shared a special bond from their childhood."

Upon learning that Claudia was Leanne's mother, Josie immediately understood that Claudia had lived in the temple to seek solace in the absence of her daughter.

Claudia smiled slightly as she spoke, "I have to thank you for what you did that day. Zach might have caused even greater trouble if not for you saving Laura. The scandal surrounding the Olsen family would have been immense."

"Domestic violence is truly despicable, Mrs. Hadey. Please, do everything you can to keep him away from Laura, Josie responded with genuine concern.

Moved by the sincerity in her gaze, Claudia sighed. "Once Laura has fully recovered, I will make arrangements to send her away from Wavery."

Josie breathed a sigh of relief.

"In the future, we may still cross paths in Wavery, but let's pretend we don't know each other," Claudia suggested, leveling her gaze at her.

"I understand," Josie replied, her voice steady despite the heaviness in her heart.

Claudia nodded in acknowledgment and left, leaving Josie to collect her thoughts. Taking a moment to compose herself, she returned to Dexter's side.

Josie glared at him and said with an annoyed tone, "Dexter, can you not make things difficult for Arnold?"

Dexter scoffed in disbelief at Josie's audacity to defend someone other than himself. "What did you say? I make things difficult for him? Well, it would be great if he doesn't make things difficult for me."

"You were the one who crossed the line first," Josie said firmly.

Dexter stood still, his attempts to calm himself becoming more evident. It finally dawned on him that Josie held a debt to Arnold and, thus, wouldn't stand by his side.

Struggling to force a smile, Dexter reached out and held Josie's hand. "What did she say to you?" he asked.

Josie didn't want to tell him what had transpired during the past two months of her disappearance.

Sensing her reluctance, Dexter didn't push for further information.

Lowering his voice, Dexter then asked. "What are your plans next?"

Josie took a moment before responding cautiously, "I don't have any plans."

Dexter guided her towards the car, but noticed her reluctance to follow. With a furrowed brow, he issued a gentle threat, "Remember, my injury hasn't recovered fully yet."

She immediately complied and got into the car.

Silence hung in the air for a moment.

Josie sighed impatiently, "You're behaving like a little boy pretending to be injured for attention."

Dexter couldn't help but grin, amused by her teasing tone.

As they arrived at the hotel, instead of heading upstairs, he led Josie to the lounge. "What would to drink?" he asked.

Josie remained silent.

[Chapter 556 Surpassing the Russell family](#)

Dexter appeared to have arranged for a meeting with someone, and it didn't take long for a meticulously dressed woman to approach. She was likely in her fifties and had a slightly plump figure.

Bowing respectfully to Dexter, she apologized, "I'm sorry for being late, Mr. Russell. I just finished negotiating a project."

Josie's curiosity was piqued upon realizing it was a business meeting, and her impatience subsided slightly. She glanced at Dexter, waiting for him to provide further explanation.

"Please, take a seat," Dexter said in his typical polite business voice while pouring a cup of tea for the woman.

The woman, filled with trepidation, hesitated momentarily before sitting beside Josie.

As their eyes met, the woman exclaimed softly, "Mrs. Russell."

Since becoming a hot topic on social media, everyone recognized Josie's face.

Josie felt a headache coming on.

Dexter's gaze remained fixed on her, observing her reaction while casually introducing, "This is Ms. - Warner, the head of the province's most renowned engineering outsourcing team."

Josie was utterly bewildered and confused by Dexter's intention behind arranging a meeting with someone of such influence.

Despite her confusion, she extended a polite greeting to the woman before her. "Hello, Ms. Warner."

Ms. Warner smiled warmly as she responded, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Russell. You and your husband, Mr. Russell, make a striking couple."

Josie was about to refute, but Dexter smoothly interrupted. "Thank you," he said nonchalantly while raising his teacup, taking a graceful sip as per customary table conducts.

Josie shot a glare at Dexter.

Ms. Warner, with a polite smile, chimed in, "I received the news in haste and didn't have time to prepare a gift. How about we have dinner together tonight? My treat."

Dexter, being the talented and ruthless person he was, had revived the Russell Group in his hands. The news of their resurgence had spread worldwide, attracting the attention of those eager to climb the social ladder. Ms. Warner, recognizing the potential benefits, saw this as a golden opportunity to collaborate. "No need," Dexter replied indifferently. "I invited you here today to ask for your help, Ms. Warner." "What help? Feel free to let me know; I'll do whatever I can." Ms. Warner eagerly offered her support. Josie tightened her grip on the cup, a sense of unease washing over her.

Dexter responded to Ms. Warner's question while maintaining a warm gaze on Josie, "I would like you to assist in establishing the groundwork for my wife's studio."

Josie couldn't help but exclaim in a hushed voice, "Dexter!"

Dexter remained unfazed.

Ms. Warner quickly responded, gently asking Josie, "Mrs. Russell, you have a studio?"

Josie replied hesitantly, "Um... I'm one of the partners, mainly responsible for designing

"How many projects has the studio undertaken?" Ms. Warner inquired.

"Not many, but enough to sustain ourselves." Josie implied, suggesting that they didn't require any assistance.

Feeling Josie's reluctance to accept her assistance, Ms. Warner found herself uncertain about how to proceed.

Dexter's words pierced through Ms. Warner's doubts and uncertainties. "Her channels need to be expanded," he stated firmly.

Josie's frustration

reached its peak as she forcefully slammed her hand on the table. "You're going too far!"

Ms. Warner found herself caught in the middle, realizing that the relationship between Dexter and Josie was not as harmonious as she had initially thought.

Dexter, unmoved by Josie's outburst, focused his gaze on her reddened hand. "Does it hurt?"

In that fleeting moment, Josie felt an intense urge to unleash her anger and curse at him.

She turned her head, no longer wanting to engage with him.

Ignoring Josie's decision to disengage, Dexter remained unfazed and continued his conversation with Ms. Warner.

He sat across from her, calmly discussing the operational strategies for the studio. Dexter effortlessly presented three comprehensive plans for every aspect, ranging from business expansion to project marketing.

Ms. Warner couldn't help but question if she was truly the industry expert or if Dexter held that title instead.

[Chapter 557 No One Move](#)

"That's the plan. I hope that my wife's studio will make a name for itself nationwide within six months and even beat the Russells," said Dexter.

Ms. Warner's eyes widened in astonishment as she witnessed the ambition radiating from Dexter's calm and composed demeanor. The audacity of his aspirations left her genuinely shocked.

Even Josie, who initially resisted these ideas, had to reluctantly admit the efficiency of Dexter's plan. His strategic vision and determination made it clear that with his execution, becoming an industry leader was only a matter of time.

Ms. Warner took a moment to comprehend Dexter's intention. She felt flattered and expressed her admiration, "After listening to your words today, I admire you greatly. Truly, talented individuals are remarkable no matter where they are."

Dexter heard her words, but his gaze remained on Josie. With a playful smile, he replied. "Because my wife has excellent taste in man."

Not waiting for Ms. Warner's response, Dexter got straight to the point, "I know your team has always wanted to expand in your field. The Russell Group can support you without any financial obligations. The condition is that you must contribute to the success of my wife's studio."

The temptation was immense. As a businessman, Dexter was willing to make a significant investment for the sake of his beloved. He knew he was sacrificing potential profits for love.

Ms. Warner nodded enthusiastically, moved by Dexter's sincerity. She replied, "Mr. Russell, your sincerity is undeniable, and I have no reason to refuse. Rest assured. I will make the necessary arrangements immediately."

After a brief pause, Ms. Warner turned her attention to Josie, who had remained silent throughout the discussion. She added, "However... we will need Mrs. Russell to provide us with the studio's information. This will help us understand the direction in which to operate effectively."

Dexter could make all the other decisions, but Josie had the final say in sharing the studio's information.

At that moment, Josie finally lifted her head and gazed at Dexter with a hint of provocation as if to say, "You talk so much-why don't you say it?"

Dexter remained unfazed by Josie's provocative gaze; instead, he smiled faintly. He liked it when she acted vivid and lively.

Josie stood up and disregarded all the plans Dexter had meticulously prepared. She asserted, "This studio belongs to Laura and me. Without our authorization, no one can interfere with it."

After making her statement, Josie didn't even glance to see Dexter's reaction when she walked out of the room.

Ms. Warner stood frozen in place, feeling somewhat awkward and unsure of how to proceed.

Remaining composed, Dexter rose from his seat and calmly said, "Carry on with the plans. I will send you the necessary details later."

With that, Dexter left the lounge, leaving Ms. Warner to contemplate the unexpected turn of events. Confident in his determination, Dexter believed that Josie would ultimately come to an agreement.

Josie walked quickly, but she knew no matter where she went, Dexter was certain to catch up, aided by the convenience of having a car at his disposal.

As Dexter trailed behind, two bicycles passed by on the roadside, Riding their bikes was a group of high school students still dressed in their uniforms, making their way to school. The boy slowed down and held an umbrella to shield the girl beside him from the sun.

The sound of their laughter filled the air, carrying a sense of carefree innocence and freedom from worries.

Josie watched their figures gradually fade into the distance, and a sudden rush of memories from long ago flooded her mind.

She averted her gaze and turned back, her voice firm, I don't need you to worry about my affairs.

Dexter chuckled softly, "Ever since you became a hot topic, your information has been widely exposed. People know you're a talented designer and that you've even won the Interior Design Award. Soon,

there will be those who try to flatter you because of me. Instead of waiting for them to approach you, I'd rather take charge of the situation myself."

Despite his injuries, Dexter stood tall, exuding confidence and pride.

Josic listened attentively, her brows slightly furrowed.

He reached for a cigarette, tapped the box, and pulled one out, but after a moment of consideration, he decided against lighting it and placed it back in place.

[Chapter 558 Tell Him Everything](#)

Quitting smoking had been a challenging journey, but in her presence, the cravings diminished. She became the replacement for his addiction.

Josie remained in a squatting position, her voice filled with anguish. "Dexter, you always do this. Why do you always believe you're right? Is my opinion less important? Throughout, I've felt like nothing more than an accessory to you."

Dexter's gaze softened as he looked at her.

He listened attentively, patiently considering her words. "Like I mentioned earlier, within six months, can rise to the top of this industry. I won't allow others to perceive you merely as an accessory to me. Isn't that a good thing?"

you

"No, it's not!" Josie's voice echoed, her hair dancing in the wind. "It's not fulfilling to achieve success without putting in my effort and relying on you to pave the way for me."

Dexter chuckled, "You do have quite the pride."

"As a businessman, you prioritize profit and seizing opportunities without considering the emotions of others. I can't be as ruthless as you," Josie explained, her voice tinged with frustration.

Dexter's eyes narrowed, and he leaned closer, gently pinching Josie's chin. "Do you know, I used to be just like you? But ever since I embarked on this path, all senses of ethical principles went up in smoke."

Josie found herself locked in a gaze with his intense, pitch-black eyes.

"Don't lecture me about emotions. Besides you, I have no feelings for anyone. I haven't made a move on Arnold yet because of you. It's best not to provoke me. Jo," he warned, his voice carrying a hint of danger.

His words struck a nerve within Josie, and she realized he wasn't joking.

A throbbing headache overwhelmed Josie, and she couldn't help but regret getting entangled with this man. His words carried an overpowering weight, and every interaction with him felt overwhelming. Feeling the blood rushing to her head and dizziness overtaking her, Josie struggled to maintain her balance. She took a few unsteady steps before being caught by Dexter's firm grasp. His cold smile sent

shivers down her spine as he spoke in a threatening tone, "Take two days to think it over. But remember, your decision will directly determine the future of the Carters."

Mouth agape, with her eyebrows pinched together, she yelled indignantly, "You're threatening me!"

"I have no other choice. You're not a good girl," Dexter replied, his tone surprisingly gentle as he pressed his fingertip against Josie's lips with force.

Turning away, Josie made up her mind to leave, no longer willing to engage with him. There was no reasoning with someone like him. D

When she returned to her foster father-Paul's place, a tinge of disappointment lingered within her that Dexter didn't follow along. (2)

Paul's health had improved more than she had anticipated. When he saw her, he let out a sigh and suggested, "Let's eat first."

1/2

As they sat at the dining table, Josie kept her head down, her mind burdened with the events of the past two months. Finally, she gathered the courage to speak, "Paul, in these past two months, I... I went through some things."

Paul raised a hand to interrupt her, his kind eyes filled with understanding. "You don't have to explain. It's your life, and you have every right to make your own choices."

Josie paused, her eyes locked with Paul's, and a sense of relief washed over her. She smiled warmly and replied, "Okay."

Paul poured her a cup of warm water and reassured her, "I'm doing fine. Justin often comes to see me, and... Dexter as well."

Josie's eyebrows shot up in surprise upon hearing the last few words of Paul's sentence.

"He's sincere, but if you don't like him, end it," Paul said thoughtfully, his eyes filled with care. "I have your back, Josie."

Tears welled up in Josie's eyes as she took in his words. Her heart, once empty, had found solace in the presence of someone who cared for her and would protect her.

"Okay," she replied softly. With tears streaming down her face, she reached out and embraced Paul, holding onto him tightly.

Does it really have to end? Josie questioned herself. Her mind was still in a state of turmoil.

The next day, as she headed to the studio, a Porsche stopped by her path.

[Chapter 559 High Fever](#)

The person who stepped out of the car was Moses. He quickly approached Josie, a sense of urgency in his voice as he spoke, "Mr. Russell is in trouble."

His words were spoken in a hushed tone, not wanting others to overhear.

Josie couldn't help but feel concerned. With so many people protecting Dexter, what could have possibly happened

to him?

Josie furrowed her brows in worry as she asked, "What's wrong?"

"His fever won't go down."

There was a brief moment of silence as Josie processed Moses' words. She observed his face closely, noticing the fine beads on his forehead. It was clear that he had rushed over to deliver this news.

Moses, who used to be rebellious towards Dexter, now appeared genuinely concerned for him. Josie couldn't help but feel a twinge of worry herself.

"And? What does it have to do with me? I'm not a doctor," she muttered, faking a hint of detachment in her

voice/

Moses grew increasingly anxious, his voice trembling slightly. "He has been calling out your name nonstop... Please, come with me. He refuses to take the medicine, and his condition is getting serious."

Dexter caught a cold last night, and combined with his unhealed injuries, he fell ill the next day.

He had a high fever and was delirious, refusing to let a doctor see him, and kept calling Josie's name.

Larry, the secretary, told Moses to quickly find someone who could help.

Josie, on the other hand, had been hoping for a peaceful day, but now she was compelled to go see Dexter. She was far from pleased. "Moses, you need to understand one thing. I have no obligation to take care of him. When someone is sick, they should see a doctor, not come to me and talk nonsense."

However, Moses was undeterred by her resistance. "When you were away, he spent a lot of time and effort looking for you in Rivodia for two months. Since your return, he has been occupied with your studio... He hasn't had a proper night's sleep. He even stood outside your building all night yesterday...

Did he stand outside all night?

Josie furrowed her brows slightly; although worried about Dexter's condition, she said matter-of-factly,

"I've never asked him to do all of this."

Moses froze, realizing that he had misjudged Josie's feelings for Dexter, and began to turn away.

As Josie's gaze followed Moses' desolate figure, a pang of guilt tugged at her heart. The memory of Dexter turning away the previous night flashed before her eyes. She found herself clutching her sleeves tightly.

Just as Moses was about to get into the car, Josie's voice rang out, "Wait! I'll go with you!"

Moses paused, his eyes widening in surprise.

Dexter was still in the hotel room, refusing to allow the doctor inside. The staff breathed a sigh of relief when they saw Josie. She tightened her lips and instructed, "Come in with me

She knew the layout and placement of everything in the room better than anyone else.

The room was messy, with broken items scattered on the floor from Dexter's temper tantrums.

Josie carefully walked over and saw Dexter lying in bed, sleeping with a high fever. He looked very uncomfortable, with his arms red and trembling. His lips had turned pale, and his breathing was heavy.

He was as stubborn as she had anticipated.

Requesting the doctor's assistance, Josie watched as they examined Dexter. His temperature was measured at a high thirty-nine point four degrees.

The doctor administered an injection, causing Dexter to wince in pain.

Josie observed closely for any signs of the fever subsiding. The doctor prescribed some medicine and instructed her. "Make sure he takes the medicine with warm water. I'll be outside. Call me immediately if anything happens."

Josie held the medicine in her hand. The hot water she had prepared had already started cooling down.

"Thank you, doctor," she expressed her gratitude.

Following the doctor's instructions, Josie opened the medicine and sat by the bed.

With great effort, she aided Dexter in sitting up, allowing him to lean against her for support. "Dexter, wake up. Take the medicine first. It's me," she called out.

Chapter 560

Josie's voice sounded muffled and distant, yet Dexter managed to hear it. He reached out and grabbed her wrist, his body temperature almost scorching her skin.

His grip was strong despite his weakened state.

Feeling the pain from his firm grasp, Josie furrowed her brows as she stubbornly placed a pill by his lips and handed him water. But he didn't open his mouth, causing the water to spill over.

Covered in sweat, Josie called, "Dexter, Dexter?"

The pill melted in Dexter's mouth, its bitterness perhaps unnoticed amidst his condition.

Josie couldn't do anything else but observe that he didn't spit it out. Deciding to withhold the water, she silently resolved to let him endure the discomfort.

With that in mind, she gently laid him back down and prepared to leave. However, her wrist was firmly grasped, and she found herself pulled into Dexter's embrace.

In a hoarse voice, he whispered into her ear, "Stay with me."

The warm touch reached Josie's skin through their clothes, causing her to furrow her brows in discomfort.

He remained with his eyes closed throughout, yet he relied on his senses alone to recognize her presence, tightening his grip even more.

He whispered breathlessly, "Stay with me and sleep for a while, just a little while."

Josie's back stiffened, and she didn't dare move a muscle. She listened to his gradually calming breaths.

As Dexter gradually drifted into sleep, Josie found it difficult to find her own comfort from his powerful grip. She used all her strength to adjust to a slightly more comfortable position.

Raising her gaze, she found herself face-to-face with Dexter.

He looked peaceful while sleeping, utterly different from his usual imposing and cold demeanor. He even appeared somewhat cute.

His eyelashes trembled slightly, his lips tightly pressed together as if he didn't sleep soundly.

They were so close that Josie could see the hint of stubble on his chin, which would be prickly to touch.

Lost in her thoughts, she continued to gaze at him.

After Dexter had received an injection and taken medicine, he began to sweat. After some time had passed, Josie touched him and found that his fever had subsided.

Taking the opportunity of his deep sleep, she got up and fetched a towel. She dampened it with water and wiped away the sweat from his body.

While waiting for him to wake up, she sat on the windowsill, and her attention was momentarily drawn to a folder placed next to his computer. The label on the folder read, "Blank."

Josie's heart skipped a beat as she glanced at the folder labeled with the name of the studio.

Before she knew it, her fingertips had instinctively opened the file. Inside, she found planning proposals for the studio, filled with densely packed words and concepts.

Dozens of pages, with his handwritten annotations in places that required attention or improvement.

Josie went through each page, then looked back at Dexter lying on the bed, her mind lost in her thoughts.

Dexter, the CEO of the Russell Group, who handled billion-dollar deals daily, had dedicated his precious time and expertise to work on the planning for her studio.

The things Dexter had created over the years were always highly sought after in the market.

Josie lowered her gaze and couldn't help but smile.

She had never mentioned anything about the studio to Dexter, yet he accurately grasped her ideas and concepts for the studio.

As she reached the last page of the file, Josie's eyes fixated on a line written by Dexter in the blank space.

'I want to apologize to her. It was my negligence that ruined her many expectations. I don't know how to love.

Dexter's handwriting had always seemed rather messy, and his signature was done with just a few strokes.

But when he wrote seriously, his handwriting was exquisite.

In that line which he wrote, each character he wrote carries a sense of regret.

Josie couldn't help but admit that Dexter's ability to scheme surpassed anyone else's. He seemed to accurately anticipate her thoughts and even expected her to come across the file.

As he had planned, Josie finally believed that this time, Dexter's actions all these while were made sincerely to apologize and seek redemption.

She closed the file slowly; the words echoed in her mind, affirming the truth of the statement: When you're young, encountering someone too astonishing can be overwhelming.

Indeed, that sentence held a profound truth.