

## **Blind Date 601**

### [Chapter 601 Heading to Wavery University](#)

Dexter supported her up and held her hands tightly. "In any case, you can't come up with anything good. at home. Why don't we go out for a bit?"

She was led downstairs, and she suddenly stopped on the last step. Indistinct panic appeared in her eyes, but she hid it well.

"I'm feeling slightly unwell."

Dexter was on a lower step, but he was still taller. He knew she was lying, so he grew more forceful when she acted like this. "Jo."

He had arranged for a car outside and instructed the servants.

"With your identity... You'll be photographed." Josie couldn't dissuade him, so she raised the most realistic concern.

Dexter didn't respond. He seemed to have lost his patience. Dexter let go of her hand and bent down to pick her up. He kicked the door open and made his way out of Mason Garden.

He opened the door and got into the car. He did everything smoothly.

The man had devoured her ferociously last night, so she had no energy to resist.

After the car sped off, multiple black cars followed and escorted them safely from a distance.

The car rolled over the fallen leaves.

Josie couldn't escape, so she could only worry about one thing. She didn't know what to do with the slippers on her feet.

Dexter was prepared. He had instructed for a dress in a style that Josie liked to be sent ahead of time. He personally bent down and helped her put it on.

Josie was angry and uncooperative when putting her shoes on. She wriggled her feet like a worm. Dexter was still patient initially but hit the sole of her feet in the end. "Don't move!"

He was merciless, and there was a burning pain. Josie didn't have to look to know it must have been red.

Her eyes reddened. "Dexter Russell!"

She looked at him bitterly and had a nasty expression.

Dexter wasn't angry. He wiped away the aggrieved tears in the corners of her eyes. "If it really hurts, I'll get Anderson on standby."

Josie didn't say anything.

The man's embrace was warm, but she was cold all over.

Why did he suddenly want to take me back to school? Did he find out something?

Since it was the anniversary, the various entrances of Wavery University were crowded. It was hard for Dexter's car to move.

Josie looked at the young, good-looking boys and girls outside. Their expressions were intertwined with anticipation. It was like her young self when she thought she would have a great future.

The car had stopped.

The faculty staff building was outside.

Larry opened the car door. Josie was well hidden in Dexter's arms. They quickly arrived at the door of an office.

Dexter knocked.

Surprisingly, an elderly person with white hair sat inside elegantly. Her head was bent as she wrote with her reading glasses on.

She raised her head when she heard a noise and smiled. "Dexter."

Josie was in a daze. Professor Mowry had aged in the few years Josie hadn't seen her.

This was her professor when she was in school. Professor Mowry treated her well.

Professor Mowry looked at Josie for a few seconds, and tears flashed in her eyes before she reached out to hold Josie's hand. "It's really you, silly girl. Why haven't you visited me? How heartless of you."

Josie's breathing was slightly rushed. No one knew what she was thinking of. She laughed bitterly. "I've been busy with work."

"Yes, you've been busy. I heard you entered Russell Group but never thought you became Mrs. Russell." Professor Mowry said pleasantly.

Josie looked at Dexter. "You know each other?"

"Professor Mowry is good friends with my professor.

"Dexter is outstanding. His professor often brags about him to me."

Josie was astonished. "Did you study at Wavery University?"

"For a year before I transferred overseas."

It made sense and came as no surprise to her.

#### [Chapter 602 Don't Bring Up the Past](#)

Josie calmed down and rubbed her eyes, looking like the young girl she was in the older, Professor Mowry."

Professor Mowry shooed Dexter away. "You can leave. I want to talk to Jo alone."

Dexter glanced at Josie, asking if she was alright with it.

Josie silently agreed.

"You've gotten

Professor Mowry asked tentatively, "Does Dexter treat you well? If he doesn't, tell me. I'll take care of him. for you. After all, I'm still friends with his professor."

Josie shook her head. "Don't worry. He treats me quite well, Professor Mowry"

Professor Mowry sighed. "I'm quite surprised that you're together. I thought you would end up with that fellow."

Josie forced a smile. "It was a disastrous relationship. Some people can't stay together. I've long recognized this."

Professor Mowry saw the changes in her. She felt terrible for Josie and didn't say a word anymore.

They talked for a long time, and poor Dexter had to wait outside.

His face was captivating, and he was quickly recognized. At that moment, many visitors to the school immediately recognized him.

"Dexter Russell? Why is Dexter Russell here?"

"Ah, oh my god. This is amazing.

"Huh? Who is he?"

"Isn't he handsome? Isn't he?! He's still considered alumni even if he transferred overseas after studying at Wavery University for a year."

"Quickly take a picture."

In a few hours, these pictures were uploaded on social media and caused a commotion. 'Dexter Russell seen at Wavery University's anniversary.

In the pictures, he was holding a coat in his hands. He had an impressive demeanor as he leaned against the wall in a white shirt.

But this wasn't important.

Professor Mowry felt that Josie had become too quiet. Although Josie's eyes seemed warm and gentle, it felt like she was hiding something. Josie was so silent that it terrified Professor Mowry.

She thought Josie resembled the man outside the door when she thought about it.

Josie took the initiative to break the silence. "Professor Mowry, has Morgan come back in these years?"

Professor Mowry was surprised Josie asked on her own accord. She shook her head. "No. Just like you."

Josie laughed lightly. "What's between us has long passed. Nothing will change in the future. Professor Mowry, I love Dexter a lot now. I hope you won't bring up the past before him."

"... I understand."

The conversation ended.

When Dexter saw Josie again, she had a relaxed expression. He breathed a sigh of relief and led her back to the car.

Because Dexter had been recognized, the university corridors were filled with people. Many who wanted to witness Dexter's good looks were gathered.

In a corner far away, a man stood silently against a tree. His cold gaze watched as Dexter's car slowly left his line of sight.

Dexter kept holding Josie's hand as if he had decided to never let go.

Josie suddenly thought of something that had happened long ago as she looked at the school's landscape outside the window.

In winter many years ago, Wavery was snowing, which was rare. At the time, Professor Mowry had just found out about Josie's relationship with Morgan as she walked with Josie in the snow.

Professor Mowry suddenly asked her, "Do you really like that fellow?"

Not a sound was heard. Snowflakes were floating aimlessly in the air, like the uncertainties of life.

Josie covered her flushed cheeks. She didn't know if it was because of the cold or if she was shy.

Her answer was loud and clear. "Yes. Very much."

A long time had passed since then.

Dexter saw she was distracted, as though she had much on her mind. He suddenly thought of something. "There aren't many people here. Take me around?"

Josie froze. "For what?"

"To tour your school."

### [Chapter 603 Did You Date?](#)

Dexter's hand was about to open the car door, and Josie pulled it away with a slightly stiff smile. "Didn't you study here for a year? There's nothing much to see."

"The anniversary celebration is lively. Let's soak it in. Dexter silently held her hand and led her out of the car.

It seemed like Josie couldn't avoid it.

Dexter was in a black coat. He blocked most of the breeze as he stood before her. She felt a sense of security just by looking at his figure.

As a petite woman in a vast world, it seemed like she was naturally protected as she hid behind the man.

There was a lake here with elm trees by the side. Red leaves floated in the air before falling into the dark green, crystal-clear lake water.

Further up front was the lively scene.

Dexter was slightly distracted and suddenly asked, "Did you date when you were in university?"

Josie's pupils widened a little. She paused momentarily before answering, "Why are you suddenly asking?"

Dexter turned. "I feel like such a great landscape is perfect for university students to date."

Josie didn't know what he meant. She wrapped herself tightly in his arms and asked, "What about you? Did you date in university?"

Her intentions were obvious. Dexter turned and said dully, "No. After finishing a year in Wavery, I applied to be an exchange student in Boston. The schoolwork overseas was difficult, and I spent most of my energy on my studies. I had no mood to date."

"How wholesome. How can I not believe you?" Josie said half-jokingly. "You're so handsome, Mr. Russell. You should have had many admirers."

She was a sweet-talker. Dexter squeezed her chin and said half warningly and half solemnly, "You haven't answered my question."

Josie looked into his eyes and knew she couldn't avoid it. "I dated someone for a year. After that, he went overseas to study, and we broke up."

This was true. Josie wasn't lying.

Dexter immediately restrained his smile, and she added. "I was young at the time, and I didn't know right. from wrong. It's in the past. Are you angry, Mr. Russell?"

He let her hands go and only asked, "Was he older than you?"

Yes."

Dexter had never regretted any decisions but suddenly regretted going overseas when he heard it.

"Perhaps I could have met you earlier if I stayed back initially."

Josie broke into laughter when she heard it. She couldn't imagine dating Dexter in school. She was highly amused as she thought about it and gradually doubled over with laughter.

"Why are you laughing?" Dexter was baffled that Josie was laughing. He held her arm so she wouldn't sit on the ground.

"I'm thinking about how arrogant and cocky you would have been back then." Josie laughed harder when she thought of that scene.

Dexter reached out and tickled her. "Is that how you think of me, Josie Warren?!"

Josie raised her hands and begged for mercy. "I'm sorry. It's my fault. The breeze is strong by the lake. Let's head back."

Dexter pulled her up and was about to agree when a voice suddenly rang.

"Josic!"

The two looked over simultaneously and were surprised to see a woman with a slim figure walk over with a smile. Josie only recognized the woman as she approached. "Nancy?"

Nancy had returned from Rivodia for this anniversary

Nancy smiled as she walked over but was slightly surprised when she saw the man next to Josie. "This is..."

Josie and Dexter looked at each other. "My husband, Dexter Russell. Dex, this is my schoolmate, Nancy Stewart."

#### [Chapter 604 No Longer Matters](#)

Dexter enjoyed hearing the words 'my husband.

He extended his hand. "Hello, Nancy."

Nancy's gaze became very thoughtful as she looked closely at the two. "What a perfect couple you are, Mr. and Mrs. Russell. You're the envy of everyone as you stroll on the school grounds together."

Nancy had found out earlier that Josie was married, but she didn't know who Josie's husband was. Now, she had found out through the trending searches, but it was different to see them personally. Dexter had at more imposing demeanor than in the pictures.

Josie was joyful, but her heart was suspended mid-air, and her smile was unnatural. "Nancy, when did you return to Wavery? Let's go out for a meal. My treat."

"Your treat? Won't you join us, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter nodded. "Since you're Jo's friend, I'll naturally join if invited."

Nancy raised her brows and smiled sweetly at Josie. Nancy was hinting, what a great honor.

"I came back yesterday. I wanted to look for you but thought you would be busy, so I didn't disturb you."

Josie frowned. "How can that be?"

Dexter released Josie's hand and stepped to the side a little. "Go ahead. I'll wait for you in the car."

Josie didn't answer, and Nancy hugged her arm. "Aren't you afraid I'll take your wife away, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter smiled lightly. "She'll return on her own."

There was absolute trust in his expression.

Josie looked away after the man got into the car, and Nancy finally showed signs of nervousness. "Does he really treat you well?"

Josie was exasperated. "Why does everyone like to ask me this?"

The two slowly walked side by side at the lakeside. Nancy said, "I didn't come alone today."

Josie's footsteps froze slightly. As they looked at each other, Josie understood what Nancy meant.

"He's here today. Do you want to see him?"

The two had gotten to know each other because of Morgan. Nancy was his ex-girlfriend. After Morgan went overseas, he lost contact with everyone in the country. Meanwhile, the two women got closer.

Josie looked away. "I've seen him. There's no need to meet again.

"I'm over it, but I don't know how you feel."

Josie was frustrated. "Do I look like I'm still not over him? I've already moved on when he decided to leave

me."

Nancy furrowed her brows. "But from what I know, Morgan's mother came looking for you back then. You

broke up partly because of her intervention."

"If two people love each other, do these obstacles even matter? I can only say certain people weren't determined enough."

"What if.... he had his reasons at the time?"

Josie looked at her and answered thoughtfully, "Nancy, all this no longer matters."

Nancy was dumbstruck.

When Josie returned to the car, Dexter was working on his laptop. He held her hands. "Are you cold?"

Josie's heart was suspended in mid-air. It only relaxed when she saw him. She shook her head. "Are we returning to Mason Garden?"

"I just received news that I must attend a meeting at Russell Group. Should I ask Moses to send you home?"

Josie shook her head. "No need. I'll come with you."

Dexter's lips curved. "Alright."

He handed her a stack of information. "We still have fifteen minutes. Look at as much information as you can. Just get a rough idea of it."

Josie flipped through it casually. The papers were densely filled with numbers. Even reading them would be tough, let alone getting a rough idea.

"Am I attending too?"

Dexter had received a few calls from Larry on his cell phone.

"What do you think about being my assistant?" He raised his brows.

"Huh?"

## [Chapter 605 Love Rivalry](#)

During their short commute, Dexter briefly explained the purpose of the meeting to Josie in a clear and easy-to-understand manner.

The other party was a foreign venture capital firm that had come to negotiate with the Russell Group.

The opposing party turned out to be a foreign venture capital company visiting for negotiations with the Russell Group. The business and commerce media were present because of the current intense situation in the capital market, where a capital victory was crucial to boost morale.

Therefore, the meeting carried immense importance-any slight errors or mistakes were unacceptable.

Despite her lack of knowledge of business, Dexter's decision to bring Josie along was uncalled for.

Upon their arrival at the venue, all the Russell Group employees were startled. "Mr. Russell, this is..."

Josie wore a subtle makeup look, accentuating her youthful features and giving her the appearance of a teenager. Yet, everyone was cognizant that she was Mrs. Russell.

Dexter's demeanor turned serious. "She'll be accompanying me later."

Why would he bring Josie to such a pivotal meeting, who had little understanding of business?

Josie's apprehension mirrored in her eyes, "But, I..."

Larry caught sight of Dexter and quickly walked up, leaning in to whisper something in his ear. In an instant, Dexter's gaze shifted upward.

At that very moment, the representative from the capital party confidently strutted towards them.

Josie's eyes instinctively darted toward the person, her pupils dilating when she caught sight of his figure.

The sunlight streaming through the window cast an aura of solemnity upon the man in formal attire. He wore gold-rimmed glasses and casually examined Josie.

Little did Josie know that she would bump into Morgan!

Just as she was starting to feel relieved about escaping the school anniversary celebration, life threw her a curveball by unexpectedly running into an old acquaintance in this unassuming setting.

Dexter noticed Morgan's scrutinizing gaze and smirked, extending his hand. "After all this time, I finally get to see the true face of the man pulling the strings."

Morgan snapped back to reality and locked eyes with him. "Well, the company we started as a hobby years ago pales in comparison to Russell Group."

In truth, Morgan's company had been quite impressive; otherwise, it wouldn't have been worthy of Dexter personally attending the negotiation.

Larry promptly handed over a document with Morgan's name prominently printed and visible on the cover, catching Dexter's attention.



He narrowed his eyes and glanced to his side. Josie seemed lost in her own thoughts.

Gripping a piece of paper, Dexter maintained a composed facade. "This way in, Mr. Bastille."

He clutched the unauthorized regulations of Morgan's company, intending to employ them later.

Josie reluctantly sat next to Dexter while everyone else entered the room.

After carefully perusing the documents, Josie couldn't help but be perplexed by the paradoxical nature of the regulations. At the same time, she was impressed with Dexter's profound understanding of international law.

At first glance, these regulations and clauses seemed uncomplicated. Still, they possessed a hidden. those who lacked the necessary caution and familiarity with the intricacies of the law and regulations.

trap

On the other hand, the moment Josie stepped onto the scene, the media's attention was immediately ensnared.

Oh wow! Mrs. Russell is here! Is this going to be her debut in the business world?

Dexter glanced at Morgan as he lovingly held Josie's hand with a warm smile gracing his lips. "Please excuse the attention. Today, my assistant happens to be my wife as well."

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Caught up in the unexpected revelation, the room full of reporters and corporate personnel buzzed with excitement.

was caught off guard by the news. She swiftly cast a sidelong glance at Dexter. According to him, she had the freedom to actively participate in any significant events related to the Russell Group!

Their presence together stirred up quite a buzz among the crowd.

By pure chance, the financial media attending the meeting captured the coveted photos that entertainment reporters had desperately hoped for.

This news was undoubtedly more valuable and piqued greater interest than any juicy scandal or gossip in showbiz.

Morgan maintained a composed demeanor, seated calmly on the sidelines with a faint smile, "Looks like Mr. Russell is in a great mood."

In fact, the person initially designated to negotiate with Dexter was meant to be someone else.

However, upon their arrival in the country, the representative of the Russell Group abruptly summoned them under the guise of a round-table discussion aimed at fostering trust, friendship, and economic and commercial exchanges..

Why were they suddenly subjected to an impromptu interrogation in such a casual and last-minute manner?

Consequently, Morgan had no alternative but to step in and assume the role of proxy and chair for the eleventh-hour meeting.

In an intriguing twist of fate, Dexter benefitted from the circumstances. And it never occurred to Dexter that, of all people, he would face off against Morgan.

Under Morgan's unwavering tender gaze, Josie felt like sitting on pins and needles.

#### [Chapter 606 Look Like an Old Acquaintance](#)

Morgan found himself at a clear disadvantage after falling into Dexter's trap.

Deep down, he knew this negotiation was set to end unfavorably.

Morgan proposed, hoping to salvage the situation, "Mr. Russell, let's find a middle ground here. You take six, and we'll settle for four. How about that?"

Dexter pushed the documents across the table with a smirk. "You know... there are countless vulnerabilities in your supply chain that I can exploit."

Subsequently, Dexter's intimidation backed Morgan into a corner, rendering no room for negotiation.

Josie lowered her head, confused and frustrated, as she took notes. She couldn't help but think that Dexter was ruthless and cunning.

Josie's thoughts about Dexter were confirmed by his subsequent actions-he wasn't just ruthless but went to extremes.

Without hesitation, he used his power to impose the terms. He even brought up the idea of cooperation, "Let's consider profit sharing. I'll take eight, and you'll take two."

A heavy silence permeated the room.

Josie glanced at the man beside her. He was calm and collected as if they were engaged in a casual chitchat.

Morgan pressed his lips together, inwardly frustrated by the lack of options to counter Dexter's unreasonable demand.

Then, he turned, fixed his gaze on Josie, and blurted, "Mrs. Russell, you look a lot like someone I used to know."

Josie was taken aback, furrowing her brows at Morgan.

Has he gone nuts? What is he trying to do?

Glancing at her, Dexter swooped in and said, "Perhaps it's just a coincidence that she and your acquaintance look alike."

"Who knows," Morgan replied with a meaningful smile. "Why not ask Mrs. Russell if she recognizes me?"

Amid the bustling media presence and Dexter by her side, Josie hesitated to admit she knew Morgan.

Acting on pure instinct, she leaned over and grabbed Dexter's hand that was resting on the table, silently expressing her vulnerability.

The room filled with disapproving frowns.

Dexter looked at Josie, and she shook her head in response, indicating she hadn't made his acquaintance.

before.

Upon witnessing Josie's response, Morgan instantly sported a triumphant and sarcastic smirk.

Dexter was caught off guard, his expression changing from disbelief to a bitter smile.

He had just lost the upper hand in this negotiation.

Standing on the sidelines and witnessing Josie's reaction. Larry closed his eyes and sighed in defeat.

In the room, everyone was well aware of how things were unfolding, except for one person who was also the culprit for the fallout.

Josie blinked, her innocent and puzzled gaze fixed on Dexter.

Dexter slowly withdrew his smile and asked in a gentle tone, "Are you keeping up with the minutes?"

Josie replied, hopeful for a turning point, "Yeah, I'm following. Please continue."

Yet, the meeting had come to a sudden halt.

Dexter took the blame upon himself, questioning his wit, and regretted involving Josie in the meeting. He had brought her into the fray, only to have her presence sabotage him at a critical moment.

Morgan picked up on the shift in Dexter's demeanor as he uttered, "Mr. Russell, it seems that even Mrs. Russell deems your demands excessive."

In essence, he meant. 'Even your closest ally doesn't see things the way you do. The conditions you've presented are simply unreasonable.

Morgan had posed a challenging defense.

Dexter, a seasoned player in the business world, had never encountered such backstabbing from his counterpart before. He found no more cards to play in response to the opponent's move.

However, Morgan offered some leniency to Russell Group. "We can accept your proposal on the condition" that Russell Group gives hundred percent participation and cooperation in our future endeavor."

Instead of being the ones taking advantage of others, Russell Group now found themselves on the receiving end. While they acquired the funds, they also incurred a sense of indebtedness.

Morgan's intention was clear, I'm letting you off the hook for now, but in the future, you must fulfill your obligations if I need something!

The morale within Russell Group diminished as everyone recognized their impending defeat.

However, Dexter possessed unwavering resolve. Even in the face of betrayal, he managed to maintain a smile and replied, "Certainly."

He never anticipated being at the mercy of Morgan. A sense of continual frustration and anger surged within him.

Meanwhile, Josie struggled to grasp the shifting dynamics as it appeared that Dexter still emerged victorious. Naively, she assumed her recent actions had no impact on the ongoing negotiation..

Throughout the meeting, Dexter maintained a severe and stoic demeanor.

#### [Chapter 607 Old Things](#)

Josie was puzzled and cautiously reached out to hold his hand. "Wha... What's wrong.

Prompted by Josie, Dexter cast a quick glance at the woman by his side. Her clear gaze reflected innocence and a lack of awareness regarding the harsher realities of human nature.

With an abrupt change in demeanor, he uttered, "Stop talking to me from now on."

Startled by his sudden shift in attitude, Josie jolted back her arm. A perplexing sense of resentment swelled within her.

Meanwhile, Dexter was followed by a group of individuals as they exited the meeting room.

Larry couldn't bear to see her clueless and defeated look; he pulled Josie aside and explained, "Don't blame Mr. Russell. If anyone else had done what you just did, and if it were me that did it, I would have been dead by now."

Josie blinked, confused and startled, "That bad?"

Out of courtesy and adhering to business etiquette, Dexter escorted Morgan to the exit.

As the cold air lingered outside, Morgan nonchalantly accepted a scarf from his assistant, "Well then, Mr. Russell, we shall excuse ourselves now. Until next time."

Dexter's impatience was evident as he emitted an intense frustration.

He was about to walk away when his attention was suddenly drawn to the scarf in Morgan's hands. In an instant, a surge of anger filled the air.

To his shock, the scarf bore the initial Jo.

Morgan sensed a subtle change in the atmosphere and paused in his movement. "Do you also happen to fancy this scarf, Mr. Russell? I'm sorry, but I can't give it to you. It was a gift from an old friend."

The two men locked eyes from afar, their mutual animosity tangible.

"Not at all. I don't fancy outdated things-I only appreciate what's current."

Morgan turned and walked away, "Well, old things have their own charm."

Meanwhile, Josie's scalp tingled as Larry briefed her on the situation.

Dexter had brought her to this event to showcase her status. Still, she unknowingly caused a catastrophic disaster for Russell Group.

It was her fault. She shouldn't have let Morgan get to her.

Now, the resulting public pressure would all fall on Dexter.

Josie pushed open the door and strutted into the CEO's office.

The room was dimly lit, with a lingering scent of cigarettes. Dexter stood silhouetted against the light, emanating a commanding presence.

Between his slender fingertips, a hint of crimson lingered.

Josie approached him silently on the plush carpet. Dexter wasn't surprised by her visit.

She murmured apologetically, "I'm sorry, Dex. I didn't know the unintended consequences of my actions would be so significant."

She had no intention of aiding Morgan in any manner. Her primary goal was to alleviate potential burdens on Dexter in the near future.

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However, she failed to consider one critical factor. With countless unscrupulous media outlets present at the event, even the slightest detail or action could capture their interest and be magnified.

Little did she know, her slight mishap had given Morgan a chance to strike, inflicting a fatal blow to Dexter and Russell Group.

Dexter's silence lingered, extending the tension in the air. He took a final drag of his cigarette, stubbing it out before finally meeting her gaze.

"Did you, for a moment, feel sorry for Morgan?"

Conflicting emotions surged within Josie, and a twinge of fear flickered in her eyes.

"No, I didn't... Why would I feel sorry for him? I don't even know him."

Josie quickly brushed off his probing question, assuming Dexter hadn't uncovered Morgan's true identity and their scandalous relationship in the past.

But the next instant, she was pressed against the floor-to-ceiling window.

Pinning Josie's wrists above her head, Dexter's voice was cold and biting as he reproached, "You don't know him? I saw the letters Jo' embroidered on his scarf. Do you not recognize it?"

Josie winced, feeling the pain in her wrists. "Dex..."

What scarf? She couldn't recall anything about it.

To prevent the news of Josie's unexpected plea for mercy on Morgan's behalf during the recent negotiation from spreading to the public, Dexter instructed Larry to provide monetary compensation to all media outlets to ensure their silence.

He instructed them to title it as 'Dexter Russell and wife lovingly show up at an official event. That alone should suffice to give the media what they wanted.

Otherwise, it would become fodder for gossip.

#### [Chapter 608 No Need to Feel Sorry](#)

Despite their attempts to keep the incident under wraps, today's events had undeniably occurred.

Dexter stared intently at Josie, "Jo, there's no need to lie to me."

His piercing stare caused Josie to furrow her brows, quickly realizing he was aware...

"... You're ruthless. Even if it wasn't Morgan, I would have done the same thing," Josie quickly explained, trying to pacify Dexter's anger. "It wasn't because of him..."

Dexter couldn't help but let out a frustrated laugh. His voice turned hoarse as he spoke, "Even if it wasn't Morgan, you should always stand by my side. Showing sympathy to the enemy is the dumbest thing to do!"

Josie's action rendered him speechless beyond words!

Josie may not have been an expert in business or corporate meetings. Still, she should have had the simple common sense to grasp what was appropriate and expected of her in such a serious and formal environment. Regardless of her business knowledge or whether she agreed with his perspective, she should have been willing to show respect for his opinion.

Given that Morgan was representing a foreign venture capital firm, how could Josie let outsiders exploit their own people?

Or maybe she never had any intentions of supporting Dexter at all, refusing to align with him under any circumstances.

Feeling humiliated, Josie tried to break free of his captive, but her effort was in vain.

She felt wronged by his accusation, "So, what do you expect me to do? You're the one who brought me into this..."

Dexter's anger surged, his disappointment lacing the words that followed, "I brought you. here because I wanted the world to see your value!"

Josie was rendered speechless, her body trembling. She thought he did that simply to... declare that she was his wife.

She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. Can you let go of me first so we can discuss this calmly?"

"Jo, you don't need to burden yourself with guilt."

Josie blinked, puzzled by his words.

Dexter fixed his gaze on her, his words cutting through the air. "You don't need to feel guilty about this. Business isn't about fairness. Show the world what you're capable of. Sympathy has no place in the business realm. You must remember no one will ever go easy on you just because you're vulnerable or inexperienced!"

Josie admitted she had made a mistake, despite the reprimand; however, she couldn't help but feel a sense of injustice.

Dexter's gaze shifted to the lively cityscape outside the floor-to-ceiling window, a defeated chuckle escaping his lips.

A sense of helplessness washed over Dexter as he delicately traced his fingers along her arms.

Knowing his intentions, Josie instinctively recoiled, "This is your office..."

She couldn't fathom how the conversation had taken this unexpected turn.

Dexter firmly held her shoulders, leaning closer to her ear, his voice filled with insinuation, "Do you think those people over there can see us?"

Across from the Russell Group building, another office stood illuminated. If they happened to look in their direction, they would witness an explicit scene.

If Dexter dared to take it a step further, there would be no hiding from prying eyes...

Not to mention that Josie had no intention of engaging in such shameful acts with him. T

Josie put up a fierce struggle. "No, don't do this. I don't want to."

Dexter effortlessly restrained her with strength and forcefully kissed and sucked her lips. Josie tensed up, worried that the people in the building across would witness their intimate encounter.

"You've ruined my grand plan and put Russell Group to shame. Aren't you supposed to make it up to me?"

Dexter unbuttoned her collar, his voice becoming tender. "Hmm? This isn't how things are done in the business world, Jo."

Josie was abashed. How could she still respond to this man's seduction and follow his lead. after what happened...

Suddenly, she looked away, struggling to catch her breath. "I already said I don't want to!"

However, Dexter seemed unaffected by her response and whispered, "Then, how will you make it up to me? How about having a child or multiple of them? I'll take good care of them.

In the future, the Russell Group will be theirs."

#### [Chapter 609 It's Already in the Past](#)

Annoyed by his tone, Josie averted her eyes.

"How long have you known him?" he probed.

"He was ..." Josie felt an intense embarrassment under his scrutinizing gaze, leaving her unable to speak.

"Was what?" Dexter persisted, determined to hear her

"He was my first love."

response.

The moment Josie uttered the words 'first love, the tension radiating from Dexter instantly eased. However, anger and jealousy swiftly welled up inside him, noticeable in his accelerated breathing.

"So, he's the senior... who came back for you?" Dexter elongated his words.

Josie was forced to meet his gaze, her eyes shimmering with tears. "No, I don't know why he suddenly came back. Dexter, you can't do this to me."

He pulled down her top, exposing a significant portion of her delicate and curvaceous breasts in the mirror. If anyone were to come out from the building across, they would see her in such a vulnerable state.

However, Dexter refused to let go; his voice tinged with mocking praise, "But you are irresistibly alluring."

Josie endured the humiliation and couldn't resist retaliating, "Don't make it sound like you're perfect! I was only gone for a few days, and you had sex with another woman. What does that say?"

The two were like wounded animals, attacking each other's most sensitive vulnerabilities.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Josie instantly regretted it. She bit her lip, feeling a profound sense of injustice.

"Haven't we seen the video? Are you still jealous?" Dexter pinched her chin upon hearing her words. "You just switched sides in front of the media, abandoning your husband for your ex- boyfriend."

It appeared that they were determined to assign blame to the other.

"I've already told you it was an accident," Josie's voice softened.

"You're so heartless and cruel to your own husband..." Dexter lowered his head to her neck, leaving a visible love bite. With a dangerously low voice, he whispered, "Do you still have feelings for him?"

He was determined to get an answer from her today.

Josie, feeling drained by his relentless questioning and torment, "It's been four years! Gosh, why would I still be hung up on him? He's not even the most sought-after bachelor out there!"

Her answer elicited laughter from Dexter. His anger faded slightly, "Well, but I am."

He kissed her passionately, gradually becoming more unrestrained in his actions.

Josie squirmed and pushed him away. "You smell like cigarettes. I hate it..."



At that moment, Dexter realized his anger had momentarily gotten the best of him, leading him to lose control and light up another cigarette.

Dexter's voice turned hypnotic as he leaned in, asking, "Tell me, do you love me or him?"

Josie reluctantly tilted her head, feeling exasperated by his childish behavior.

"Why won't you answer me?" he pressed.

Josie sighed softly and replied, "Of course, it's you. I've long moved on from Morgan, Dex."

"He seems to think otherwise, proudly wearing that scarf, Dexter sneered. "You really have a thing for knitting, don't you?"

Josie reached her breaking point. As Dexter's hand ventured downward, she quickly interjected, "I promise, I'll stop knitting. Just please..."

Dexter showed no intention of backing down from his intentions.

Seeing people exiting the meeting room from the building across, Josie buried her head. She sought refuge in the man's embrace, pleading. "Carry me inside..."

Dexter didn't budge.

Anxiety surged within her, "Dex!"

"Let's just do it right here."

No way! What a jerk!

Anxious tears welled up in Josie's eyes. Her hair was tousled, sticking to her face, and her

#### [Chapter 610 Waiting All Night](#)

Dexter wrapped his arms around her, offering reassurance in his gentle voice, "I lied. This tinted floor-to-ceiling window is custom-made in London. We can see outside while maintaining our privacy. It's all good now. Don't worry, okay?"

Feeling Josie's trembling body, intense remorse immediately washed over him.

Josie leaned against Dexter listlessly and scolded him. "You were so close to..."

He had nearly treated her as a mere outlet for his sexual desires, like a disposable object to be used without a second thought!

Now back to his composed self, Dexter smoothed her hair and sternly warned, "If you behave and do as I say, I won't embarrass you again."

After a long pause, Josie looked up. "Let's forget about the past. Neither of us should bring it up again, okay?"

"Alright," Dexter agreed, carrying her into his private lounge. Take a rest here."

Josie kept her eyes closed the entire time.

Dexter made space for her and turned away, but his eyes reflected a sense of gloom as he angrily flicked his lighter on his desk. D

After a brief pause, he dialed a number on his phone. "Look into the Bastille family and get back to me."

Larry, who was just outside his office, wondered why Dexter didn't call him in and instead opted for a phone call.

"Sure thing. I'll get right on it."

Rubbing his temples, Dexter couldn't shake off the image of Morgan wearing the scarf that Josie had knitted. His anger still simmered within him.

In frustration, he kicked the chair, creating a loud noise in the room.

Josie mustered her strength and reached for her phone on the floor. It had accidentally fallen during her heated exchange with Dexter, resulting in a shattered screen.

Fortunately, it still functioned.

Sitting on the floor, wrapped in a blanket, she typed a message on her phone, 'Hey, Laura, can you help me arrange a meeting with Dr. Lu? I need to talk to him.'

Looking up, she couldn't help but feel small under the vast night sky that stretched endlessly above the city.

Josie spent the entire night in Dexter's private lounge. When she emerged, Dexter was nowhere to be found. Larry had prepared fresh clothes and a delightful breakfast waiting for her. "Good morning, Mrs. Russell. Mr. Russell wanted me to remind you to have breakfast after you change."

Josie glanced at the clothes briefly and replied, "Sure."

The clothes fit perfectly, accentuating her figure. Josie let her hair down, partially concealing the bruises of his love bites.

Larry silently marveled at Josie's beauty, which was enchanting yet unassuming, emanating a natural charm. No matter how often he saw her, he couldn't help but think Josie was truly stunning.

When she and Dexter stood together, they looked like the epitome of a perfect couple!

Josie exited the Russell Group building and strolled a short distance when she suddenly heard a honk from a sleek black Porsche, startling her.

Morgan's familiar face emerged as the window gradually rolled down, sporting his trademark gold-rimmed glasses. With one hand casually resting on the steering wheel, he greeted her with a simple, "Hey, Josie."

Josie froze in place, meeting his gaze head-on.

In her eyes, a flicker of fatigue replaced the anticipated excitement of a long-awaited reunion.

“How long have you been waiting for me here?” she asked.

Josie settled into the passenger seat and noticed a breakfast container beside her, knowing it was intended for her.

“I’ve been waiting for you all night,” Morgan spoke with a monotone voice, masking the deep melancholy that had engulfed him as he anxiously anticipated their previous night’s reunion.

Josie hesitated briefly, avoiding direct eye contact with him.