

Blind Date 61

Chapter 61

The Project Was Given to Her

Dexter kept his word. Every day after that, he started going to and leaving work together with Josie.

Their time never matched up, Josie didn't want him to wait for her since she was troubling him.

But she never knew that Dexter was an early bird. She had to wake up two hours earlier daily. He would work in the car while she dozed off at one side.

Just like that, she was forced to be the earliest employce in the design department every day.

"Josic, has... your dad's condition worsened?" Alice was torn for a long time and finally asked amid the anticipation of Team B colleagues.

Josie was drowsy and wasn't feeling herself. She said, "What are you saying? Of course not."

"You're the earliest to arrive and the latest to leave daily. You're almost a model worker. Even if it is amazing, you can't do this... Or are you trying to move Claire with your sincerity so she can give you the beverage company's project?"

"Can't just purely adore my job..." Josie almost couldn't keep her eyes open but was still stubborn.

Alice was puzzled. "No way. You're the most anti-capitalistic person in our department. When have you ever not left work on time? But recently, you've worked at least two hours of overtime. Mr. Russell will give you an award when he sees you like that. What on earth is going on?"

Josie couldn't even force a smile. She almost couldn't hold on anymore.

She was working overtime for two hours because she was waiting for everyone in the office to leave before she went up to the top floor to look for Dexter. After all, he hadn't gotten off work. She would go

to his break room to wait and sleep.

He was swamped. He had conference calls and online meetings one after another. He also had to sign contracts, review project progress, check product details, and so on... Most importantly, Dexter didn't seem to feel tired. When he finished his work, he could even knock on the break room door and taunt her. "Are you sleeping comfortably on my couch?"

Josie would usually wake up from her dreams in surprise. "Are... are you off work?"

Dexter would usually reveal a smug expression at this time. "It looks like the five tubs of ice cream in my refrigerator will expire."

Josie was dumbfounded.

When she thought about it, her lips couldn't help but curve. She answered Alice, "I dare say that no one in the company works overtime more than Mr. Russell."

Fortunately, working overtime every day for two hours wasn't wasted. Josie was making progress on one of the projects she had been working on. It was a hundred-year-old wine factory that was outsourcing. After looking at her plan, they were delighted and hoped she could participate in designing the label.

If this project went through, Josie wasn't thinking of a bonus. It was the five tubs of ice cream in Mason Garden's refrigerator! It was finally almost the day to eat them. Haha, I would never let them expire!

"What are you giggling about, Josie?" Claire tapped Josie's desk impatiently with some documents.

Josie came to her senses. She coughed lightly and tilted her head in confusion.

Claire threw the documents in her hands onto Josie's desk. After that, she leaned close to Josie's workstation. "Didn't you want the beverage company project? Here you go."

Josie raised her brows. "Why? I've asked you for this project a few times, but you refused to give it to me. Why are you giving it to me now?"

The beverage company had an incredible corporate vision. If the project succeeded, Claire could make a name in the advertisement design circle.

Josie thought Claire refused to give it to her because Claire wanted the opportunity for herself. Josie had given up and was prepared to throw herself into the wine factory project, but Claire suddenly did this.

There must be something fishy going on!

"You're amusing. You've been asking for it every day, but you don't want it now that I'm giving it to you. What on earth do you want, Josie Warren?"

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Pretty Tricky

Tsk.

Josie raised her brows. "I'm not saying I don't want it. There has to be a reason, right?"

"The edits they want suit your style, so I'm willing to give you this opportunity," Claire said arrogantly, seeming selfless and generous.

Josie didn't believe her. Everyone in her department was sly. How could Claire easily let go of something valuable?

"But I'm already following up on a new project. I'm afraid I won't have time to take over."

"You have no right to reject it. Our superiors have discussed this project, and I'm your manager. You can leave if you don't accept the work I appoint you. The design department doesn't need you."

Claire was telling her to take it or leave.

Josie ran her tongue across her teeth and said craftily, "I can take over, but say what you want to in front of me. Don't come and manipulate my design after I've taken over."

Claire sneered and walked back to her office without saying anything.

After Claire left, Josie flipped through the documents apprehensively as she thought about how to turn down the wine factory's project. She undoubtedly would not have enough energy if she accepted it, so she had to give one up.

A male colleague from Team A suddenly walked over and stopped at Josie's workstation. He looked like he had something to say.

He had pursued Josie in the past and had always been weak and cowardly. He drifted apart from her after discovering she had gotten married. But now...

"What's up?" Josie asked impatiently, venting her rage on him.

He glanced at Claire's office and quickly said, "The company of this project doesn't have the IP copyright. It's with the boss' ex-girlfriend. Claire has talked to her a few times but to no avail."

After that, he disappeared into the washroom.

Josie suddenly understood. The cover design was involved with copyright problems. If the boss' ex-girlfriend didn't yield, they were done for. It was pretty tricky. No wonder Claire had given it to her.

"How cunning." Josie took a sip of water irritably. She explained it to the wine factory's boss in a message and turned him down tactfully.

The other party expressed regret but scarcely realized that it also pained her.

Alice rolled over on a chair, feeling aggrieved. "I knew the wolf in sheep's clothing wouldn't have good intentions! How can the copyright be with the ex-girlfriend? What do you plan to do?"

Josie was also thinking about it. She guessed the couple had set up the beverage company together early on, and the ex-girlfriend took the copyright with her when they broke up.

Relationship problems and business rivalries were complicated.

"Never mind. I'll try my best."

No matter what, Josie was interested in the project not only because it had good prospects but also wanted to prove that she could succeed in a project that Claire couldn't!

At ten at night, Dexter opened the break room door and raised his brows unexpectedly. "The sun is rising from the east."

Josie wasn't sleeping today. She was before her laptop brainstorming. Her hair was in the way, so she pulled it into a ponytail, revealing her exquisite features.

At this time, Dexter suddenly realized that she was quite pretty.

He walked to her, and his expression suddenly turned nasty. "You're on Twitter?"

Josie raised her head. "Correction. To use professional jargon, I'm doing due diligence!"

She dug out the beverage company's boss' sock puppet Twitter account. She discovered it was filled with his dating stories, but it was last updated three years ago. That must have been when they broke up.

“Why are you looking at this?”

“To see if I can find the reason for their break up.”

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Justin Is Detained

The couple used to be very sweet. Josie could tell they didn’t have much money three years ago and used to live a difficult life.

Dexter glanced at it and saw that it was about sappy dating life. “You can tell from this?”

“Of course. It may look sweet, but the man must have polished it up. You can tell if you look carefully,” Josie said adeptly as she scrolled down.

Claire wasn’t completely devoid of conscience. The ex-girlfriend’s address was in the information she gave Josie. But without locating the pain point of the problem, Josie didn’t dare to make a move.

Dexter raised his wrist and glanced at the time before patting her head. “Let’s go.”

Josie was distracted. “Why are you so early today? Hey! Mr. Russell! Wait for me, Mr. Russell!”

Josie didn’t know if Justin didn’t appear because she went to work and left work together with Dexter. To avoid an incident, Josie had deliberately called Matthew. She had requested him to watch the hospital on her behalf. However, he didn’t see Justin.

In the car, Dexter received a call. “Sir, the matters you instructed are settled. He owes the casino money, so it’s a regular procedure for us to detain him. Don’t worry.”

“Mm.” Dexter looked at the woman who was still on Twitter. He paused. “Don’t let anyone know that he’s in your hands.”

“I understand.”

Josie suddenly cried out after he ended the call, “I’ve got it!”

Dexter put his phone down slowly. “What is it?”

Josie pointed at a tweet excitedly. “This was the reason for their break up!”

‘There was a dinner party last night, and the company invested two million in us. I was happy and drank too much, but I didn’t know why a woman was next to me when I woke up the next day... I’ve hurt Shanny. It’s only natural that she doesn’t want to forgive me.’

It was a big surprise. Josie clicked her tongue as she shook her head. “He cheated on her physically.”

“So she won’t give us the IP copyrights, will she?” Dexter tapped his fingers subconsciously.

“Not just that. If I were this woman, I would sell the copyrights at a high price so he can’t get it back. Stupid man!” No wonder Claire kept hitting a snag. It was only natural!

“So, what do you plan to do?”

"I" Josie was momentarily silent before her gaze landed on Dexter. She had a crafty smile. I have to create empathy to get her trust... Mr. Russell, can you help me with something?"

The next day.

Dexter had a business meeting at night. He said to Ivy, "I'm going out for a while. Make it an online meeting."

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Ivy packed everything hurriedly. "Are you going out for work, Mr. Russell? The meeting can be postponed. I'm willing to come with..."

"It's personal. You don't have to postpone it. I can go alone."

Ivy was slightly startled. During this period, Dexter had done away with her reporting work processes every morning in the car and stopped bringing her along when he went out.

There were rumors at the office that Dexter did it to avoid arousing suspicion and was pushing her away.

It seemed like the two really had no relationship!

"Will you be alone, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter typed on his phone with one hand. 'I'm downstairs. After that, he answered without turning around. "Mm. Coordinate the online meeting."

At a café by the beach.

There were many offices nearby. Many white-collar workers would come here after work to have a cup of coffee and refresh themselves.

"I've been with you for seven years, but you cheated on me!"

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Put on a Show with Her

Dexter frowned slightly as he watched the woman before him suddenly get agitated.

Josie felt the surrounding gazes and gave him a meaningful glance as she was being humiliated. React a little, man!

"I said I had too much to drink." Dexter was slightly impatient and anxious as he defended himself.

"How could you sleep with her if you had too much to drink? I think you just wanted to have an affair. Even if I give up seven years of my life for a dog, the dog will guard my house. What about you? I stayed with you through tough times, and you're fooling around with other women now that you're better off! What do you treat me as?!"

Josie spoke tearfully. She was in character and threw her cup on the floor. She watched the woman in a red dress at the bar out of the corner of her eye.

The woman dropped what she was doing and looked over.

"It was an accident. I love you. You love me too, don't you? Why can't we put this behind us and start afresh?!"

Pff

Josie sighed in admiration when she heard it. He's a pretty talented actor.

"How can we start afresh? When I see you now, all I think about is you and that woman in bed. You disgust me. Go away. I want to break up with you. Get lost!"

"Josie!"

"Beat it!"

Josie privately signaled Dexter, and he returned to normal as he left.

He sat in a car parked by the roadside and immediately took out his laptop. He cleared his throat. "Let's start."

Ivy's hesitant voice rang. "Mr. Russell, are you done with your matters?"

"... Mm. I am."

At that moment, Josie was crying as she crouched on the ground. Soon, the woman in red walked over and put a coat around her.

"Don't cry, girl. It's not worth it."

Josie looked up tearfully. "Thank you... Actually, I want to forgive him. These seven years are too important to me, but I really... can't get over it... I'm sorry. I've forgotten my manners."

Josie played the role of a woman who had been cheated on in great detail.

The woman's lips curved, and she gave Josie a glass of wine. "You don't have to feel sad or regret. Men are like this. They love you when they need you and treat you like a burden when they don't"

"Mm... Oh, by the way. You are....."

"I am the boss of this café. You can call me Ms. Jones." Ms. Jones had an elegant demeanor and was slightly unbridled. "I thought you two were very well-matched when I saw you walking in, but I never thought such a thing had happened behind the scenes."

Josie forced a smile, but she silently felt apologetic to Dexter.

And the man in question was in the car, listening to his employees' reports. Still, his gaze was fixed on the woman talking happily to Ms. Jones in the café. Around ten minutes later, she walked out in a daze and opened the car door before immediately turning lively.

"Haha, Mr. Russell. How is my acting? Aren't I very talented?"

Dexter pressed a key and muted himself on the video call. He taunted her coldly, "It's a shame you're not

an actor.”

He reacted quickly, but the people in the meeting had heard a fleeting woman’s voice and seemed to be laughing.

Is he with a woman?

Ivy, who was sitting in and taking meeting minutes, gripped her pen tightly. It was as though there was a venomous snake in her heart!

“I have to say that your acting needs more work. It was too stiff!”

Dexter narrowed his eyes. “I’ve never cheated. How would I know how to play that role?”

“Have you never watched television dramas?”

“...No.”

“Your life is so boring!” It was unimaginable to Josie.

Dexter was just about to answer when a voice came from his laptop. “... Mr. Russell, is anything wrong with

what I said?”

Josie’s eyes widened. Is he in a meeting?

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You Didn't Give Me a Chance to Speak

Dexter unmuted himself. “No. I want to talk about a few points.”

As he spoke seriously, Josie covered her mouth throughout. She feared others would hear her. As the man said words she didn’t understand, his mischievous gaze met hers.

She suddenly felt like she had done something wrong, and it made her tremble.

“That’s all for today.”

When the meeting ended, Josie breathed a sigh of relief. She wailed in despair, “Why didn’t you tell me beforehand that you were in a meeting? I... You... I... They must have heard it all!”

Dexter didn’t tell her the truth. “You didn’t give me a chance to speak.”

“What should we do?!”

Dexter was disdainful yet assertive when he saw her being so anxious. “So what if there’s a woman next to me? They would only find it strange if I didn’t have a woman with me.”

“No...The main point is that I... Never mind, you won’t understand it!” Josie had a dismayed expression.

Dexter suddenly laughed. “Tsk. I seemed to have forgotten to leave the call.”

Josie was enraged at that moment, and she immediately looked over at his laptop. It was blank, and only the desktop was shown. He wasn't on a call anymore.

She waved her hands in frustration. "Dexter Russell! You're so childish!" He was bored enough to play a joke on her!

Dexter put his large hand on her flailing head. His voice was relaxed. "How was your talk with her?"

"I didn't tell her my identity because I must progress slowly. I will come for the next few days."

"You're coming again?"

Josie mistook his question for impatience, and she immediately said, "I can come alone next time."

The sound of waves on the sand was pleasing to the ears. He asked, "What about Justin?"

"He... This is so far away from Russell Group. He shouldn't be able to find me. And he hasn't appeared for the past few days. Perhaps he said he would kill me to frighten me."

Josie analyzed clearly and logically. She was embarrassed for constantly troubling Dexter.

"It's because of your carelessness that bad luck never leaves you. If every bad person in the world was like you, no bad people would be left," Dexter snorted coldly as he drove away quickly.

Josie immediately put on her seatbelt. "Then... Then ask your driver to come with me. He's tall and strong. There won't be any problems if he's protecting me."

The irritation in Dexter's heart continued increasing. "Whatever!"

How strange. Dexter was fine just now. Why is he suddenly getting angry?

Josie had promised Ms. Jones that she would come daily to chat and relieve her depressed mood.

Ms. Jones was a good person. She kept urging Josie not to do anything to hurt herself, no matter how sad she was.

Josie couldn't help but feel slightly guilty when she thought about it. Lying was terrible, after all.

When Josie was prepared to head there again the next day, she saw a familiar figure in the car. Dexter was leaning in the backseat with his eyes closed. Surprised, she asked cautiously, "I thought the driver was going to send me..."

"You're overthinking. I just happened to get off work."

"It's so early. Don't you usually work until ten..."

"You talk too much. Do you want to go?" Dexter opened his eyes and interrupted her questions.

Josie immediately stopped. "Yes!"

Actually, she would feel more at ease if Dexter was with her. And for some reason, she felt better after he snapped at her.

Can this be a sense of security? She looked down and broke into laughter.

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I Hope He's Well

Josie played full well the role of a woman who had been cheated on. Ms. Jones would make her a drink every night. "Go home and sleep well after you finish this drink."

Josie lay on the bar and asked in disappointment, "Have you been in love, Ms. Jones?"

..

She saw Ms. Jones suddenly laugh. "At my age, of course, I have."

"Is there anyone you can't let go off? Someone you can't forget?"

"... Yes."

"Tell me about it. You've listened to me rant so much. It's time for you to tell your story," Josie said gently.

"It's almost like your situation." Ms. Jones laughed bitterly. "I grew up with a man but was dumped."

Josie pretended to be speechless. "No wonder you understand men so well. How long were you with him?"

"Eight years."

"... Do you still love him now?"

Ms. Jones glanced at Josie and laughed in exasperation. "You're really a young girl. It's been three years since we broke up. How can I still love him?"

"Not necessarily. Although some people might not love their exes anymore, their exes may have a special place in their hearts. Is that true for you?"

Ms. Jones hesitated slightly and nodded. "Yes."

It was easier for Josie if Ms. Jones said yes. After all, Ms. Jones had feelings of her own.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Actually, he's flawless." Ms. Jones was caught up in her memories. "He treated me well. When we were broke, he would buy me a small cake even if he had to skip a meal. I had everything other women did. After he got rich, he was willing to spend on me. He bought me a car and a house and gave my family hundreds of thousands in cash. He was even willing to give me the original stocks in his company."

Josie was surprised. "But he still..."

"Yes. I was very hurt at that time. Who could I trust if someone who loved me so much could cheat on me? Back then, I felt what you're feeling now, so I understand your feelings. Even if you reconcile with him now, I would understand."

Josie was at a loss for a moment. "I'm sorry, Ms. Jones..."

–“It’s fine. It’s in the past.”

“Do you have any regrets about him?”

Ms. Jones thought about it. “I hope he’s doing well.”

After walking out of the café, Josie felt slightly dazed. This time, she wasn’t pretending.

She walked for a while and realized Dexter was leaning against the car and looking at a girl fishing by the road. There was an imperceptible smile in the corners of his mouth.

Josie walked over and sighed. “Men are disgusting.”

Dexter looked at her from the side and was displeased at her indiscriminate generalization. “Why?”

“Is every man like this? Even if they don’t change, they can’t restrain the desire in their hearts after they gain power! At the end of the day, they lose what’s most precious to them!” Josie berated indignantly.

“Not me.”

Josie was about to retort when she raised her head and saw his smooth lower jawline. She paused.

“That’s right. You’ve always been powerful. How would you have any desires?”

Dexter was speechless and pushed her head. “Let’s go.”

“No. I want to vent my anger!”

After that, she walked to a barbeque stall at the side. “I want this and this. This one, too. And this one as well!”

When she turned and saw Dexter’s confusion, she added, “I want turnip too.”

The fragrance spread far and wide, and her food was ready shortly. Josie pulled Dexter and sat at a table. “Do you eat these?”

The small table had no space for Dexter’s long legs. He furrowed his brows. “I don’t eat everything.”

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She's Married

Josie didn’t insist. The higher social classes had refined tastes. Dexter was willing to try street food for once, but not necessarily the second time.

So, she enjoyed the barbecued squid happily herself. The squid was fresh and juicy. “I regretted it, Mr. Russell.”

“Regret what?”

“Those memories have caused deep pain for Ms. Jones, yet I’ve been trying to approach her and remind her of the past. This seems unethical.” Josie felt pang of remorse. In fact, she, seldom felt sorry for her

clients over the years. She had no sympathy for them and only focused on the commission. Nothing mattered as long as she could close the deal.

However, this time was different. Shannon spent eight years in the relationship. Not only was she hurt deeply by the scumbag, but she also had to return his stuff to him, allowing him to garner the benefits. That was unfair!

When the smell of seafood wafted into Dexter's nose, he subconsciously wanted to rub his temples but put his hand down after reaching it out halfway.

"Do you remember the full name of Ms. Jones?"

Josie stopped chewing her food and answered, "Shannon Jones."

Dexter picked up the wooden skewers Josie placed on the table and broke them casually. "The owner of Kennon Corporation is Kenny Green. He's single."

Josie had heard of Kenny's name but never thought of the origin of the company's name. "D*mn! So the company is named after both of them?"

Seeing the barbecue sauce stain on Josie's mouth, Dexter wasn't disgusted but added indifferently, "Shannon Jones is a married woman."

"What?!" Josie was shocked to hear her assumption overturned. She grabbed Dexter's wrist and asked, "Really? How did you know?"

Dexter didn't answer but stared at her slender hand. Indeed, obtaining this information was a piece of cake for an influential man like him.

"So, Ms. Jones has let go of the past and has gotten married, but Kenny Green couldn't get over her, so he named the company after them. He was the one who couldn't let it go. But since Ms. Jones has already moved on, why wouldn't she give the IP copyright to Claire?"

Dexter only received the related information on his phone half an hour ago. Josie was surprised that he was aware of so many facts. "Mr. Russell, why are you suddenly interested in a small company's affair?"

Dexter typed his reply on his phone with one hand. "To help my employee achieve her sales.

Josie was a quick-witted woman. She soon figured it out as she babbled on. "... which means I should target Mr. Green instead of Ms. Jones. I got it now!"

her

After wiping her hand with a napkin, Josie was about to leave, but she suddenly realized that would make appear ungrateful. So, she sat down again with a smile. "Mr. Russell, are you sure you don't want to have some? The seafood here is fresh. Why don't you pick some items that you like? I'll buy the meal today."

It was rare for the stingy Josie to make an offer.

However, Dexter replied aloofly, "I'm allergic to seafood."

Josie stood dumbfounded at the spot. Oh shucks! I forgot about that!

Dexter stood up and threw the broken skewers into a rubbish bin. "You're the most irresponsible employee I hired."

"I... forgot to bring the paper today." Josie mumbled. Then, she took the box of turnips and caught up with Dexter. "What about some turnips? Please try some, Mr. Russell."

Dexter frowned when he was presented with the box of stir-fried turnips. He had heard of this ingredient but never tried it due to its root-like appearance.

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Settled the Project

Josie beamed from ear to ear under the street light. "Try some?"

Dexter was hesitant while Josie picked a piece of turnip with her hand and sent it to his mouth. The moment he chewed it, a weird taste filled his mouth. He coughed and instantly spat it on the beach. With that, the wave washed away the bean sprout.

Josie burst into laughter. Previously, Dexter had teased her several times, and it was finally her turn today.

Dexter wiped the corner of his lips with his finger and turned to see Josie's long hair blowing in the sea breeze. She covered her stomach as she laughed, emanating a lively, refreshing aura.

If Leanne were still here, she would have grown into a woman like her.

Josie's smile faded when she noticed Dexter staring at her intently. She apologized readily, "I'm sorry."

Dexter averted his gaze. "Let's go."

Josie was surprised that Dexter wasn't irritated.

After going home, Josie immediately searched for information related to Kenny and made an appointment with his assistant.

Kennon Corporation was a relatively new, moderate-scaled company. Josie was thirsty, sitting in the meeting room.

Kenny was a middle-aged man. He behaved in a composed manner and exuded the charm of a mature man. He said in a quandary, "I understand your meaning, Ms. Warren."

Josie nodded. Her effort to explain the situation to him was not in vain.

Kenny uttered bitterly, "However, I've not seen her for three years. She hates me, so I'm sure she won't transfer the copyright to me. According to your description, since you've already obtained her trust, why don't you continue engaging her?"

The sun was scorching hot in the afternoon. Josie could feel the heat from the sun that shone on her back through the window.

“Mr. Green, I asked Ms. Jones if she has any regrets toward you. Guess what she said?”

Kenny clasped his hands together anxiously. “What did she say?”

“She hopes all is well with you.”

Kenny was relieved and surprised.

“The designer from our company approached Ms. Jones but failed to persuade her. I reckon even if I ask her personally, I might not be able to get it. But things might be different if you ask her.”

“Ms. Warren, I... Is the copyright that important to you? You can explore other avenues...”

“Kenny, what’s your fear?” Josie interrupted Kenny and called him by his first name. Kenny was startled.

“You don’t dare to meet her.”

“I...”

“You betrayed the woman who loved you the most but didn’t dare to face her. Her eight years became a joke because of you, yet you avoided her. What a coward.”

Kenny remained silent in acquiescence.

“She’s married. You should meet her one last time, even if it’s not for the copyright.” Josie played her trump card. The man before her was surprised and showed a hint of loss as a sudden realization hit him.

Back in Mason Garden, Josie received a call from Shannon after she came out from the bath.

Shannon momentarily remained silent and mocked, “It turns out you guys are business partners.”

It seems like Kenny has gone to meet her.

Josie was at a loss for words to defend herself. Every relationship would become impure when it was associated with interest. True enough, her motive was impure.

“He cried in front of me today, saying he’ll regret it for a lifetime. My hatred was suddenly gone when I saw him teared up. He can never forget me – this is the cruelest punishment. So, I’ve decided to let go of the copyright. My assistant will engage you tomorrow. Congrats, Ms. Warren.”

Shannon’s tone was tinged with sarcasm and dismay.

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Josie stiffened for some time before mumbling, “I’m sorry, Ms. Jones. I admit – I backstabbed you out of my personal interest. Please accept my sincere apologies.”

A soft laughter emerged on the other end, accompanied by the sound of the sea breeze. “I don’t blame you. He might never come to meet me if it weren’t for you. Now, I can finally move on. You’re a kind girl. I believe you can design a cover that can touch people’s hearts.”

Josie was relieved to be acknowledged by Shannon. She could only keep thanking her.

Suddenly, Shannon asked, “The man with you that day isn’t your boyfriend, am I right?”

“Yeah... He’s my boss.” Josie was embarrassed.

Shannon laughed. “Your acting skill has room for improvement.”

After hanging up the call, Josie remained in a daze for a moment before she squealed in excitement and trotted to Dexter’s room. She knocked on his door, hoping to share her happiness with him.

Dexter was about to go to bed. When he opened his door to see the woman whose face turned red from excitement, he was stunned. “Don’t say anything first.”

Josie nodded.

“Did you obtain the copyright?” Dexter asked astutely.

Josie jumped with exhilaration and couldn’t hide her joy. “I can finally start my design! I’ve gotten the project!”

Leaning against the door, Dexter wore a subtle smile. Josie embraced him excitedly and quickly let go of him.

“Thank you, Mr. Russell. If it weren’t for you, things wouldn’t have gone so smoothly. Oh my gosh! I’m so happy!”

Dexter’s body froze for a second as the warm sensation left him. He smiled and said, “Congrats.”

“Thank you!”

“Tomorrow’s weekend. Grandpa asked us to go back for a meal.”

Josie answered naturally, “Okay. I’ll get ready.”

Just then, she sensed something strange. She lifted her face to meet Dexter’s gaze, which was filled with gentleness and even adoration.

It felt natural, as if they were husband and wife who had been married for years...

Dexter, too, noticed the change in the atmosphere. He let out a cough and took a step back. “Have a goodnight.”

Josie stood numbly at the spot as her heart pounded heavily. She almost fell for his gentle gaze just now! Why did he show such emotions?

That night, Josie had a dream – Dexter and Josie were strolling by the beach, holding hands on an ordinary night. He told her they would be together forever.

Josie couldn’t see his face clearly in the dream but was certain that the man was Dexter, despite knowing he couldn’t possibly be so gentle and patient with her.

The dream felt surreal as if it happened in reality.

The next day, the sun had risen when Josie woke up. Her cheeks blushed uncontrollably. What on earth are you thinking about, Josie? He’s Dexter Russell! How can you have improper thoughts toward him?!

Just then, Julie knocked on her door. “Mrs. Russell, are you awake? It’s time to go.”

Josie quickly got out of bed to wash up and asked, "Where's Dexter?"

"Mr. Russell has been waiting for you for some time."

Only then did Josie realize she had overslept! After dressing up, she hurriedly put on the ring and bracelet. When she went downstairs, she saw Dexter, who wore a casual white blouse and a pair of black pants, standing in front of the window, emanating a warm aura.

She hurried downstairs and panted, "Sorry. missed the alarm."

Dexter narrowed his eyes; he rarely saw Josie in a flustered state. "No worries. Let's go."

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Josie felt uneasy throughout the journey due to the dream. Sitting beside Dexter, she didn't know where to place her hand and was experiencing shortness of breath.

After settling some tasks on his phone, Dexter looked at the bracelet on Josie's wrist. "You're getting more

used to it now."

Realizing what Dexter was talking about, Josie pointed at the ring on his ring finger. "You too. Practice makes perfect."

Following that was a suffocating silence.

As soon as they reached Russell Mansion, Josie immediately got out of the car because she couldn't stay beside Dexter anymore. However, she walked too fast and accidentally sprained her left ankle. She lost her balance and nearly fell to the ground.

"Ah!"

"What's the hurry?" At that very second, Dexter supported her waist with his strong arm and pulled her into his

arms.

Josie was stunned to see Dexter's worried look. She quickly pulled away from his arms and muttered, "I—I'm okay."

Suddenly, Henry's cheerful voice emerged from the entrance. "What a sweet couple."

Josie waved her hands and wanted to explain, but Dexter pulled her back into his arms and said, "Grandpa, Jo accidentally sprained her ankle. Do you have some ointment?"

"Of course. Quickly bring Jo in." Henry stopped teasing them and ordered Marilyn to retrieve the ointment. Dexter carried Josie in his arms and strode into the house. Josie subconsciously encircled his neck with her arms and stared blankly at his jawline.

"Actually... I can walk on my own."

"Go ahead if you want to fall down." Dexter frowned in anger.

Josie didn't dare to say a word.

After Dexter placed her on the couch, Marilyn brought the first-aid kit and passed the ointment to Dexter. "Are you okay?" she asked.

Henry was worried sick. "Shall we send you to the hospital?"

Josie was amused. "I'm fine, Grandpa. It's just a minor sprain. It won't take long to recover."

Dexter crouched at the side and spread the ointment on his hand before massaging Josie's ankle. Josie's ankle was so thin that he could easily encircle it with one hand. He paused his hand momentarily on Josie's ankle and massaged it professionally.

Perhaps it was due to psychological effects; the pain dissipated as Josie felt the warm sensation in her ankle.

Noticing Josie's gaze, Dexter lifted his eyes and reprimanded her, "You should be more careful."

"I..." Josie felt like a child being reprimanded by her father after committing a mistake.

Henry smiled mysteriously at the side and comforted Josie. "Don't take it to heart. Dex always speaks like this. He seems to be angry but is actually worried about you. He's angry because he cares."

Really? Josie cast an inquisitive gaze at Dexter, but the latter didn't look at her and went to wash his hands.

Oh well, I guess so.

Josie uttered with a smile, "Don't worry, Grandpa. I know Dex well."

Henry beamed from ear to ear.

Josie hadn't seen Henry for half a month and was concerned about his health. She held his hands and exhorted him repeatedly to take his medication on time and get enough rest. She wasn't putting on an act. She liked the old man not only because he was kind and loving but because he also treated Josie genuinely. As such, Josie willingly cared for Henry, even if it wasn't for Dexter's sake.

"I don't have a grandfather. I treat you like my own grandfather."

Dexter was returning after washing his hand when he heard her words, and he halted his step.

"Oh. Did your grandfather pass away when you were young?"

Josie didn't intend to explain her situation, so she nodded readily.

"I see. It's okay, I'll be your grandfather from now on." Henry already liked Josie, but his affection for her grew deeper upon hearing what she said.