

Blind Date 720

[Chapter 720 Stealing Secrets for Him](#)

The road came alive with a parade of sleek, black luxury cars, neatly spaced about five meters apart, cruising down the empty thoroughfare.

The rain pelted down incessantly, creating a rhythmic symphony on the car roofs. At the same time, raindrops painted graceful trails on the windowpanes.

Breaking the silence, Dexter's voice carried a tinge of nostalgia, "It's been a while since Wavery saw rain. this heavy."

Leanne lowered her gaze, "We've had a two-month dry spell. Spring is here finally, bringing the inevitable. rain."

"After this storm passes, the weather will gradually warm up."

Dexter removed the rosary from his wrist, his fingers methodically tracing each bead, his expression a mystery.

Despite the car's spacious design, their whispered exchange seemed to confine their surroundings.

The man casually shifted his posture, stretching out his long legs. One hand rested casually on his knee, projecting an air of relaxation.

In contrast, Leanne appeared slightly constrained.

"Dex... Why didn't you clarify things today? When you didn't answer the phone, were you out hunting for her father's whereabouts?"

Earlier that day, Dexter had received news that someone had sighted Paul. Yet, upon his arrival, the informant had changed his story, claiming it was a misunderstanding.

Dexter wasn't one to miss the subtle machinations at play. Swiftly withdrawing, he ordered his bodyguards to give the informant a lesson.

It was precisely due to the escalating violence that he couldn't answer the call.

Leanne took the call in his place and quickly informed Dexter. He promptly organized a team to locate Josie, only to find that she had sought out Arnold..

Interestingly, Wyatt's information seemed intertwined with Arnold's as well.

This sequence of events led to their unexpected encounter.

Earlier, Dexter and Josie were both gauging each other's trustworthiness.

"She won't buy it," Dexter sighed, rubbing his temple.

...Because she saw me with you, she might not believe your explanation,"

Leanne analyzed perceptively, her chuckle tinged with self-mockery, "Perhaps I shouldn't have tagged along today."

Regret tinted her words, prompting a thoughtful look from Dexter. "Don't worry about it."

"But you are." Leanne sensed his unease. It was clear that Josie's defiance had affected Dexter.

"Is it that obvious?" Dexter's lips curved into a wry smile, his fingers fidgeting with the rosary beads picking.

Leanne shifted her stance, perching on his knee as she regarded him, an infatuated glint in her eyes.

"Dex... Why do you keep me close despite Mrs. Russell bothering you?"

Dexter didn't look at her, "You're my assistant."

"...I've been an assistant to many people, but I'm not interested in being just another assistant for you."

Leanne's words were almost on the nose.

Dexter eventually glanced downwards, and Leanne's eyes gleamed brightly in the dim light.

"With the rain and the need for caution, our driver won't speed. It'll take us about an hour to reach the Olsen Residence at our current pace. It could get exhausting. You should take a nap if you can."

Dexter deftly ignored her flirtatious advance.

With someone else, her implied meaning might have been clear.

Leanne's hand on his leg was tender, brushing over his vulnerable points.

"Dex, even if I end up being a secret companion, I'd still be willing."

She was candid and raw, though.

Dexter paused in his manipulation of the beads. "My business involves risks that can manifest at any time. You shouldn't associate yourself with me too much."

"I'm quite accommodating, Dex. I'm willing to go along with your wishes."

Dexter's response prompted him to gently lift her chin. "Are you sure?"

"Well, I wouldn't behave like her, openly provoke you in front of everyone."

Thinking back to Josie's disrespectful behavior earlier, Leanne believed Dexter wouldn't condone such actions.

His silence persisted, and he asked, "Would you go as far as pilfering secrets from the Olsen family on my behalf?"

Even her gaze faltered.

"Consider it a gesture of your loyalty and commitment, like you said..." Dexter echoed her words.

"L..." Leanne's thoughts raced, "I haven't even begun at the Olsen Group. It's beyond my capability."

"Ability can be nurtured if the intention is there."

Leanne's hand slipped away, "Mark has been kind to me... He's my father."

