

Blind Date 751

[Chapter 751 You Already Have a Husband](#)

After he left, she held Arnold's hands. "What did you promise him?"

A forced smile appeared on his pale face.

"You know he won't let me go unless I have something for him in return."

Her grip tightened guiltily. "I'm so sorry, Arnold. I'm sorry," she apologized with a quaver.

"There's nothing to cry about. You were so bold when you fired that shot." He still had the capacity to make jokes.

"Stop talking about that... She trembled as she remembered that moment. "What's next for LIS?"

Arnold's gaze became vacant. "Mr. Dalton won't allow you to leave. You might have to stay here for a while."

After hearing he was fine, she heaved a sigh. Right after that, a surge of despair flooded her.

She was getting fearful from all that happened. All she wanted at that moment was to safely return to Dexter.

[Chapter 752 We Are Both Married](#)

She took a deep breath and pretended to be fine. "It's okay as long as we're fine."

Nevertheless, Arnold saw through her thoughts in an instant and smiled bitterly. "Let's wait. for a few more days. I'll think of ways to get you out of here."

Josie held his hand soothingly. "It's fine. I don't want to get you into further trouble,"

He caressed her hands without replying.

Every move from Josie was being monitored by Wayne. The maids even followed her to the bathroom. After two days of that, she was annoyed.

When she was taking a walk one day in the gardens, she suddenly realized that the mansions. were linked together—the entire area was likely to be Wayne's. At the same time, she could. hear the voice of a child nearby.

After paying attention to it, she noticed that the girl was also living there.

Usually, the bodyguards would send her home at around five in the evening. Then, the sound. of the piano could be heard. It was Moonlight Sonata, which Josie had once learned before.

She laughed. I wonder if it's considered good luck or bad luck to be learning such an advanced piece at that age.

After practicing piano, the girl would play in the garden with the accompaniment of maids.

Josie asked Arnold tentatively, "What's the name of the child Wayne adopted?"

Arnold was lying on a soft mat on his belly, revealing the terrifying wounds on his back.

“Ruth.”

“Why did he adopt her?”

Arnold was silent for a moment before replying, “No one knows. I’ve met her a few times. She’s very intelligent and calls me by my first name.”

Josie nodded absent-mindedly and passed the sliced apples over.

He didn’t eat them. Suddenly, he asked, “Josie, isn’t this quite nice? It feels like only two of us are left in the world.”

When Josie heard that, she looked at him vigilantly. “What do you mean?”

Arnold took a bite of the apple, a sour expression painting his face, but he didn’t explain himself.

She frowned and turned to wash the cutlery. “I don’t think it’s good. This is imprisonment.”

There was a different definition of joy and despair for everyone. Something that was happy for him was torture for her.

Hence, he didn’t argue with her.

“Arnold, let me remind you—both of us are married.”

Josie put the fruit knife back to the holder. The thud sounded like it was from the judge executing their final sentence.

I must be out of my mind to think that marriage was holding her back from being with me. I thought she must’ve liked me! Arnold thought.

Josie remained immobile in the room for a while. When she opened the door, she saw a small figure leaning against the pillar. The little figure hid herself like a startled creature.

Josie’s eyes lit up. “Ruth?” she asked tentatively as she took a step forward.

Ruth backed away defensively, looking as though she didn’t know who Josie was.

Since Josie was wearing makeup the other day, it was understandable that Ruth couldn’t recognize her.

Hence, she lowered herself into a squat and continued, “Don’t you remember? I brought you back to your daddy that day.”

“Oh! You’re the kind lady!” Ruth finally remembered.

“Why are you here alone?” Josie cocked her head playfully.

“I heard Arnold was injured. I wanted to visit him, but they didn’t let me. So I sneaked out here.”

Josie looked around. Indeed, no one else was there, and they were shielded by some walls.

“Don’t worry. He’s a lot better now.”

"Are you his girlfriend?" she asked curiously, with the playful mind of a child.

Josie froze and shook her head, but her gaze landed on Ruth's smartwatch.

[Chapter 753 Other Imprisoned Women](#)

"Is this the phone you mentioned?"

Ruth followed Josie's gaze and waved her watch. "Yeah! I use this to contact the bodyguards." Suddenly, her voice faltered. "I'm so sorry for them..."

Josie knew how traumatic it would be for a young child to witness that violence.

She caressed Ruth's head and asked tentatively, "I lost my phone. Can I make a call with yours?"

She assumed Ruth would not agree, but to her surprise, she handed the watch over. Josie looked through the watch thoroughly. There were no hidden microphones. Well, I don't suppose Wayne would be so sick as to monitor a child like that. And he wouldn't have thought that I could use this.

She trembled hopefully and quickly dialed a number, praying internally that Dexter would pick it up.

After three rings, the call ended.

Taken aback, Josie rang a few more times. Finally, the call connected, but a woman answered, "We're not interested in loans, thank you."

With that, she hung up before Josie could even speak.

Her mind went blank upon hearing that. Why is she always picking up Dexter's private phone?

She grasped her watch in her hands, overwhelmed by her emotions and thoughts. The sufferings she had been through were stuck in her throat, having nowhere else to vent them out.

"What's wrong, Josie?" Ruth tugged on her sleeves, seeing her in a trance.

"No worries. I'll just make another call."

Josie tried to convince herself that Dexter was always busy and that it was natural for Leanne. to answer his phone.

This time around, she called Moses. The call was picked up almost instantaneously.

"Who is this?" he piped vigilantly.

Tears flooded Josie's eyes upon hearing the familiar voice. "Moses, it's me."

"My gosh, Josie!" he exclaimed, followed by a loud thud. It seemed like he had just fallen from his bed.

"We finally heard from you! How are you? How's everything?"

Josie didn't have the time for a lengthy explanation. "Not good. I'm stuck at a place called. Southlink. We can't get out of here, and I can't tell you much at the moment."

“Don’t worry about it. When you and Arnold went missing, we instantly reported to Mr. Russell. He flew into a rage and sent someone over. They should be on their way now. Mr. Dalton will have to let you go. There’s no doubt about that,” Moses explained quickly.

However, his words had no calming effect on Josie. “Where’s... Dexter?”

It was never her intention to draw comparisons. Still, such words couldn’t cheer her knowing how Arnold was willing to sacrifice himself for her.

What the hell is Dexter doing right now? Isn’t he worried about me?

After a slight pause, Moses replied, “Mr. Russell has an urgent project to deal with. But I—I believe he will be here as soon as he can!”

Josie closed her eyes and hung up the phone after saying, “Wait for me outside!”

Then, she bent down and put the watch back on Ruth. “Thanks a lot, Ruth. Promise me to keep this a secret, will you? It will be our little secret.”

Ruth nodded obediently. “Promise!”

“Sure!”

Just when Josie was about to leave, she suddenly asked, “Are you thinking of leaving here, Josie?”

Josie didn’t know what to reply. After all, Ruth was Wayne’s daughter.

“I know the way out. I can show you,” she said in her childlike voice. There are other women. trapped here. I brought them out too.”

[Chapter 754 I Know You Want to Leave to Find Your Father](#)

The thunder rumbled loudly.

Josie immediately covered Ruth’s mouth and scanned the area around them. After confirming that no one was around, she let out a breath of relief.

“What do you mean?” Josie asked. “Are you saying that other girls ended up here like me?”

Ruth nodded. “Plenty. They were all my dad’s girlfriends. But some didn’t make it out. because they were too dumb.”

Josie felt a shiver down her spine as she imagined their ill-fated endings. “Why did you help them?”

“They looked pitiful. They were covered in wounds like you. Ruth’s eyes were glassy with emotion, revealing her deep concern.

“How about this? Can you come back here tomorrow at the same time to find me? I need some time to think.”

Ruth nodded in understanding. She turned away and walked towards the fence, taking the brick away and crawling out of there to where she belonged.

Josie's head was filled with a whirlwind of thoughts. She knew she shouldn't be too trusting of anyone, but Ruth was only a five-year-old girl. What schemes could she be capable of?

When Josie returned to the room, Arnold tried to get up using his crutches. "Where did you go?" he asked.

Josie marched over to support him. She changed the subject, saying, "Won't the Olsens be mad at you for leaving Wavery for so long?"

"Are you getting jealous thinking about Summer?" Arnold asked.

"Do I look like I'm jealous?" Rolling her eyes, Josie placed a pillow for him to lie on. "Stop daydreaming. I'm simply curious."

"You should be worried, Arnold teased with a mischievous grin. "After all, we disappeared at the same time and didn't return for such a long time. I'm sure the rumors about us are already spreading like wildfire in Wavery." He lit up a cigarette to elevate the pain.

Josie ignored his playful remarks. "You have a point," she said. "After all, now that Liana has returned, Summer has lost the power and standing she had in the past. You're of no use to the Olsen family anymore. I'm sure Mark would be glad to know that you've disappeared. You have no intention of returning to Wavery because that place is no longer an area that is beneficial to you."

Arnold took a drag on his cigarette and blew the smoke out slowly. "How are you so confident that Summer would lose her power?" he asked through the puff of smoke.

Josie spread her hands in front of her, gesturing to him that everything was as clear as day. "Isn't it obvious enough?" she said rhetorically as she lifted a brow.

Suddenly, a thought popped up in her mind. "I heard that Liana was able to prove her identity to Mark and Claudia due to her birthmark," she said. "what kind of birthmark did she have?"

Josie also had a birthmark, but it wasn't obvious. She didn't like it, so she would always subconsciously try to hide it from Dexter.

Arnold's hand halted in the air when he heard her question. "I'm not sure," he answered in a flat voice.

Josie was oblivious to the odd behavior change as she was busy tidying up things.

"Arnold."

"Yes."

"I... I think..."

He lifted his head and asked, "What's on your mind?"

Josie stared into his eyes, and she couldn't bring herself to talk about it. How could she think of leaving the person who saved her behind?

"Nothing," Josie lied.

The clock ticked. After a moment, Arnold got exhausted from sitting up and returned to bed. He leaned towards one side and uttered, "If you can leave, you should."

He went straight to the point, his words pouring out in one breath.

"I..." Josie froze at her spot. She didn't expect him to figure out her plans.

"I know you want to leave to find your father. I understand your feelings, but I cannot guarantee your safety this time."

Arnold sounded dispirited, his voice leaving no hint of emotion as he stated the reality of the situation.

Josie stood rooted to her spot for a long while. After ruminating for a bit, she finally made her decision and leveled her gaze at him. "If you need me in the future, I'll be here for you."

[Chapter 755 Josie Might Be Dead](#)

Hearing Josie's promise to be there for him in the future made all of Arnold's doubts disappear. He pursed his lips together.

The next day, as the guards and maids changed shifts, Ruth took Josie through the small opening in the fence behind the villa. The young girl was delighted to be outside and started to jump excitedly, looking more like she was on her way to a vacation than making an escape.

Josie scanned their surroundings, afraid that Wayne would see them.

"Josie, don't worry," Ruth assured. "This is my little secret. No one else knows about this place."

Josie held Ruth's hands tightly. "What if your dad suspects you when I leave?"

"I'm only five this year. How could I possibly help you escape?" she answered innocently.

Josie suddenly felt a shiver run down her spine. It completely rocked her sense of normalcy that a child so young could have such devious thoughts.

Moses was already waiting by the door when she arrived. Josie walked through the tall bushes, and before she left, she reminded Ruth. "Make sure to stay safe on your way back!"

Out of the blue, Ruth said to her. "I like you. Will you be coming back? I'm sure you can't, right?"

Josie froze. She wanted to respond but couldn't give her the reply Ruth wanted, so she kept her thoughts to herself.

"Ruth, I'll always remember you."

As soon as she said that, she ran towards Moses. The staff members couldn't contain their delight and overwhelming relief at the sight of her. "Mrs. Russell!"

Josie caught her breath before turning around and noticing that Ruth had already left.

"Let's go!"

Josie struggled to wrap her head around the idea that she had finally escaped. She finally sighed in relief when she leaned back into the car seat as the car sped away from the villa.

“Jo, Mr. Russell still doesn’t know that you’ve escaped. Should I let him know?” Moses asked as he awaited her instructions.

Closing her eyes, Josie had a pinched expression as she recalled everything that had happened; she wasn’t sure how to face Dexter. What should she say to him?

“You can inform him when I’m back at Wavery. There’s no need to bother him when he’s busy.”

Moses tried to continue the conversation, but he had no choice but to stop prying as Josie had already drifted off to sleep in the back seat, exhausted from the events before.

Their journey to the airport was smooth. No one tried to stop them, so they were moving efficiently. Wayne’s men must not be aware of what had happened yet.

The plane pierced through the thick, dark clouds.

Wavery.

It was the eighth document that Dexter had pushed away. “Do it again,” he demanded without any hint of emotion in his voice.

[Chapter 756 There Must Be Something More to This](#)

However, Heather could not follow him, as she had been summoned back to the Olsen residence.

When Dexter arrived, Marilyn was keeping watch over Grandpa as he slept.

As he fell into deep thought, the man began to finger the rosary beads in his hands. “Ms. Marilyn, who told Grandpa about Paul’s disappearance?”

Old Mr. Russell fainted that day because he had been told about the incident.

It was difficult for Old Mr. Russell to make a new friend in his golden years, so the news about Paul profoundly impacted him.

Marilyn shook her head sadly. “No one dared to tell him about Paul, but he fainted after receiving a call that day.”

Dexter had tried to track down the phone number, but it was an overseas call, so he could do nothing.

It was a deliberate attempt to upset Grandpa. Who would do such a thing? Dexter was furious at the thought.

At the same time, he had sent his men to find Josie. He had assembled his most capable men, who had been through hell and back, to find a way into Wayne’s compound.

He was eager to learn about Josie’s situation.

He couldn’t imagine what his life would be like if he lost her.

“Dex, you don’t look well. Have you been sleeping well?” Marilyn asked as she poured him a cup of hot water.

Dexter's eye bags were beginning to show. He had woken up several times in the middle of the night, sweating and shaking from nightmares about Josie begging him to save her. He felt his blood run cold every time.

He couldn't take it any longer.

"If Grandpa doesn't wake up by tomorrow, I'll have to leave," he said, looking up at Marilyn. His eyes were clear with determination. "Josie is in trouble, and I have to help her."

Marilyn nodded and turned to look at Old Mr. Russell. "Your grandfather will understand. Don't worry."

Larry sat in the car after leaving the hospital, his face grave and solemn. He held the documents tightly in his hands. "Mr. Russell, there have been too many things going on," he said with a solemn voice.

Dexter narrowed his eyes. He was exhausted, and his voice was hoarse. "Explain them to me one by one," he ordered.

Larry then reported the recent incidents to Dexter throughout the car ride. "Ever since Summer messed her project multiple times, Mark has focused on Zach. Zach had never shown any outstanding results, but he's been getting much more attention these days."

Mark was still a businessman through and through. He would only keep the people who benefited him around.

Dexter saw through Mark's intentions. "He must have a military adviser," he said derisively.

Larry was startled by his response. "Who?" he asked.

The man's face turned grim. He lowered the window and reached his hands out to feel the breeze.

Heather would tell him everything he wanted to know, even the way Mark pampered Summer and praised her brother.

"I initially heard rumors that Zach and Laura were not on good terms, but I noticed that they have treated each other very respectfully since I returned. Also, Zach has complied with Laura's opinion, especially on work matters."

His casual utterance revealed critical information.

Dexter didn't ask any further, knowing that Heather would eventually tell him everything.

He had sent his people to investigate the matter, and they discovered that Zach's projects were related to one woman.

He had never thought that the slow-witted beauty Laura would turn out to be so competent.

There must be something more to this.

[Chapter 757 Josie Has Returned](#)

Heather also mentioned that Summer would treat Laura terribly at the Olsen residence. She would insult Laura in front of everyone.

The car stopped in front of the Mason Garden. Larry had just finished reporting when his eyes widened in surprise. "Isn't that Ms. Olsen?"

The person he had been thinking about had appeared before him.

Heather stood under the night light, her eyes brimming with tears, looking in an extremely pitiful state. She stared towards the car as if she had been waiting for a long time.

Dexter got out of the car and buttoned up his suit with one hand. "What happened? Why are you crying?"

Heather started sobbing hysterically at the sound of his voice. She immediately ran into his embrace, whimpering. "Father told me he had something to announce and asked me to return home. I didn't expect him to announce the distribution of his shares. He distributed twenty percent of the company's shares to Zach."

Dexter's face showed no hint of emotion. Twenty percent is a significant amount.

"What else?"

"Summer only received fifteen percent. She was upset and ended up in an argument with Father. She even threw things around the house. Dex..." Heather's voice was shaking; her breath felt like it was being squeezed out of her. "I don't like the way they are acting. It's really frightening."

Dexter understood how she felt. He lifted his arms and patted her on the head. "What about you? How much did Mark distribute to you?"

Heather immediately composed herself. "I... I only received ten percent. But that's not the point. There's no use for me to have these shares. I just want them to be back on good terms. I'm willing to give away my shares."

Dexter couldn't help but chuckle at her response. "You foolish girl. Do you know how much your shares are equivalent to?"

Heather couldn't wrap her head around what he meant.

A shadow cast over his features. "Do you not like this kind of family?" he asked sincerely.

"No..." Heather answered under her breath. "I want to return to the church with Mom. I have nowhere else to go today. Can I stay here?"

The sight of her tears streaming down her cheeks and the way her trembling voice shook her delicate body could make any person's heart swell. "Dex, you're the only person I can trust now," she murmured under her shaky breath.

Dexter lowered his head and held onto her shoulders. He gently wiped the tears from her face. "Why are you crying? I never knew you were a crybaby all this time."

Heather's shoulders trembled as her tears fell. Her eyes were glassy with overwhelming emotions.

"You can stay here for as long as you need. I'll be leaving tomorrow after all," Dexter said in a calm and gentle voice, wiping the tears from her face.

Heather's eyes widened as his words registered. "Where are you going?"

Dexter didn't say a word. His mind was reeling with thoughts about Josie's safety.

He patted Heather on the shoulders and was about to gesture to one of his staff to take her in when he noticed something peculiar out of the corner of his eye. There was a familiar car parked nearby, and he recognized the license plate number.

He narrowed his eyes and started to march towards the car when it dawned on him that something must have happened. Heather was startled by his odd behavior, but she could only watch as his back went further away.

Josie sat in the car, her eyes glassy with unbidden tears. She couldn't stand to look at their interaction any longer.

Moses had just arrived at Mason Garden when he saw the scene of Heather running into Dexter's embrace.

As Josie watched from her car seat, she couldn't help but notice how intimate Dexter and Heather had become. They seemed to have built a strong sense of trust with each other, and Heather's love for him was clearly evident.

Her feelings of despair washed over her like a wave. She had just returned from a near-death situation, and the sight of Dexter and Heather together was too much for her to bear.

"Ms. Warren..." Moses stuttered as he looked at Dexter walking towards their car.

Josie's eyes were still brimming with tears, but she bit her lower lip to contain her emotions. She put on her cap and lowered it so that her eyes were hidden.

Dexter's eyes lit up when he bent down to look inside the car. He had a confident and mysterious aura, but his behavior reflected his deep relief and joy at seeing Josie again. His hands were trembling as he knocked on the tinted car window. "Josie, is that you?"

[Chapter 758 Let Go of Me Now](#)

His voice was choked by the overwhelming emotions.

Josie took a deep breath and finally opened the door, as Moses had advised. She exited the car, crossed her arms, and walked into Mason Garden without saying a word to anyone, passing Dexter by.

Dexter's lips paled. He followed her, his eyes full of longing as he looked at her. He wanted to touch her, but he didn't dare. "Jo!" he called out to her hesitantly.

Josie lowered her head, ignoring him. She walked with determined steps, keeping Dexter at a distance, but he followed her timidly.

"Jo! Look at me!"

As they passed Heather, she heard Dexter's lingering voice calling out to Josie. The passion and longing in his voice made her heart sink.

She couldn't understand how he was willing to lower his ego for Josie. She thought his willingness to comply with her requests was already a sign of his care, but seeing him so vulnerable with Josie made her stomach knot with dread.

He followed her like a dog hoping to gain the attention of its owner. He wasn't afraid to shed his image as a charismatic and dignified person in front of her.

Was this still the Dexter she knew?

Josie continued to march forward, her head down and her eyes on the ground. But when she passed Heather, she paused and glanced up at her.

The brief glance from Josie made Heather's stomach churn as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

Josie's eyes were calm and unwavering, but her gaze clearly showed the underlying emotions.

"Josie..."

Josie didn't respond. She continued to walk into Mason Garden.

Heather and Dexter met each other's eyes. Heather was eager to explain herself to Josie. "Josie, I think there's been a misunderstanding. Nothing is going on between Dex and me. We're practically siblings."

Heather caught up to Josie and began to explain, but Josie didn't spare her a glance. Stopping in her tracks, Heather then said weakly, "Dex, I should return today,"

However, Dexter also gave her the cold shoulder, his eyes fixed only on Josie. He continued to walk upstairs with Josie and closed the door behind them.

Heather felt a chill run down her spine.

"Jo." Dexter's voice was deep and gravelly, his words barely more than a murmur. "It's a misunderstanding."

Josie couldn't bring herself to feel at home in the bedroom, even though it was the same bedding and scene she had left behind. She took off her cap and coat, then headed towards the bathroom. But Dexter grabbed her wrist forcefully. "Talk to me!"

His patience was wearing thin, and his voice was thick with emotions.

Josie winced in pain, and her forehead creased when he grabbed her wrist.

Dexter froze and immediately let go of her hand. He pulled up her sleeves, revealing the bruises on her skin. The purple patches all over her pale skin were evidence of the brutality she had endured.

His eyes flashed with anger. "Who did this to you?"

Josie finally looked up into his eyes. She was overcome by despair as she said, "Mr. Russell must be having a great time without me around. Do you even care about me?"

Dexter was rendered speechless. His muscles tensed up, his grip on her arms tightening. "You're upset that I didn't go to Rivodia."

Josie was exhausted-she had no energy to explain her disappointment. After all, it was all in the past, and she had more urgent matters to attend to.

"Let go of me, Dex!"

He didn't move an inch. They were so close that he could feel her breath on his face when he said in a gruff voice, "Arnold? Or is it Wayne?"

He was asking about the bruises on her arms.

Josie turned away from him, trying to keep her composure. "It doesn't matter anymore. I just want to take a shower. If you don't want to see me jump off this balcony, let go of me now."

Her anger was spiraling out of control, like a wildfire burning out of control. She had faced death in the eyes and had nothing to fear anymore.

Dexter hesitated for a moment before loosening his grip to not trigger her any further.

[Chapter 759 I Was in His Life First](#)

Josie had been in the shower for a long time. She was almost numb to her emotions. She didn't know why she had returned to Waverly.

Heather was still downstairs, hesitant to leave without giving a proper explanation. Moses. walked up to her with his arms crossed. "Ms. Olsen, we've met a few times," he noted in a deep, cold voice.

Heather turned to look at him with her doe eyes. "You are...?"

"I'm Moses, Mrs. Russell's driver." Moses lowered his voice and emphasized the words "Mrs. Russell."

Heather was quick to understand what he was implying. "You're blaming me too."

"When we first met, you weren't the precious daughter of the Olsen family. I believe I still have the right to say this." Moses looked into her eyes and added, "It's not right to spoil someone else's marriage."

His words were direct and full of contempt. Heather's face pinched in anger. She took a deep breath and said, "I didn't."

"Then why did you come here today?"

"My relationship with Dex is something no one else understands. Can't I share my worries. with him?" Heather spoke with determination. "I was in his life first," she continued. "Mrs. Russell came much later. And now my life is a mess."

Her voice was aloof, but it was layered with deep sadness. Moses smirked. "I've been through. the best and the worst that life has to offer, but I would never do anything to hurt someone else."

Heather gripped her skirt as she listened to what Moses had to say. "I have faith that the things that belong to me will always be mine."

She then glanced toward Moses with a solemn gaze before walking away.

Moses didn't spare a glance at her. The lines on his forehead deepened as he stared stairs.

A heavy silence hung in the air upstairs.

Josie opened the door and peered outside but couldn't see anyone. Suddenly, she felt a pair of arms wrap around her from behind. A voice whispered in her ear, "It's my fault."

Josie took a deep breath. "It's not your fault."

His lips were almost touching her neck. "Don't be mad at me."

Josie moved away from him without saying a word.

He cupped her face in his hands and leaned his forehead against hers. "I underestimated. Wayne and didn't care about your safety. Jo, I was going to head to Rivodia tonight to save you."

Josie's mind reeled. "Aren't you a little too late? I ended up back here on my own."

"Dexter, I can still return without you. Why do you have to do this?" Josie felt a painful wave swell in her heart as she recalled his intimate interaction with Heather.

Dexter pulled her closer into his embrace. "I wanted to find you as soon as possible, but there were too many things going on in Wavery"

Josie interrupted him. "I need some time to myself."

Dexter's grip on her waist tightened like a vice, and she cried out in pain. "Let go of me!"

Dexter held her hands tightly. "Will slapping me make you feel better?"

Before Josie could even process what he was saying, he grabbed her hand and slapped himself across the face. Her hands turned sore from the impact.

Josie immediately pulled her hands away. "Dexter!" she cried.

"What about the second time?" he asked, grabbing her hands and raising them to slap himself again. Josie's eyes widened in fear, and she clenched her fists tightly, resisting his force.

Dexter loosened his grip on her hands and hugged her tightly.

"Jo, I only dared to let you and Arnold head to Rivodia because I knew you'd be safe with him."

[Chapter 760 You Were Using Arnold](#)

Josie lifted her gaze and stared at him in confusion. "You knew that Arnold would follow me."

Dexter had an inscrutable expression, but it was clear that he didn't like her reaction.

"Yes."

Josie backed away from him. "You also knew why he went to Rivodia."

"My men have been watching Arnold for years. We're well aware of his connection to Wayne."

Josie couldn't believe what she was hearing. "So you just made a bet with my life? Didn't your think about how I could have died because of your recklessness?"

The man's face darkened. "I told you Arnold wouldn't hurt you."

"That's because you know he likes me!" Josie felt an overwhelming sense of dread coursing through her veins. Her eyes were turning red. "You knew that Arnold would save me if Wayne tried to kill me. You were using Arnold!"

She couldn't bear the thought that her life was bet on using Arnold's affections for her.

Josie had been through a lot at Wayne's place, and it was understandable that she would feel betrayed and sad. But Dexter couldn't help but wonder why she was reacting so strongly to the revelation. "Are you talking on behalf of Arnold? Or does his feelings for you bother you?" he asked genuinely.

He was right.

Even though she knew he was prying into her emotions and thoughts, she couldn't deny what he was implying. It was hard to erase the memories she shared with Arnold these past few days.

She didn't know how to explain to Dexter that she owed Arnold a debt of gratitude.

"Dexter, everyone in Rivodia told me how cold-hearted Wayne was, but I think he can't compare to you." Josie's eyes turned cold. "Does my father's disappearance have anything to do with you?" she continued. She had never suspected Dexter before but couldn't shake the uneasy feeling after hearing his admission.

Dexter stared coldly into her eyes. "Josie, don't you think you should spare me some kindness the way you do for Arnold?"

The man's deep and gravelly voice still tugged at her heartstrings, but she turned.

"I didn't get any news about Paul in Rivodia. I believe the incident happened in Wavery. I won't be staying here for the next few days."

As soon as she finished her sentence, she packed her things and got ready to leave.

Dexter stood rooted to his spot, silently watching her as she packed her things in a hurry.

Once Josie finished packing, he seemed calmer than before. "I won't ask my men to return from Rivodia. They'll keep an eye out for Arnold so that you can be assured of his safety."

She didn't stop to look at him.

"I took care of your studio while you were gone. Take a look at it when you have time."

She was reminded of her studio only when he mentioned it. She didn't have the capacity to manage it right now.

Dexter had already walked past her down the stairs and disappeared around the corner by the time she lifted her head.

All she could sense was the lingering smell of cigarette smoke.

He must have been smoking a lot lately.

Moses was the only person on the ground floor when she arrived.

“Ms. Warren, Mr. Russell asked me to wait for you.”

“Do you think I’m overreacting?”

Moses’ forehead creased. “You just came back from a near-death situation. No one would blame you. I’m sure Mr. Russell understands.”

But he didn’t care about putting my life at risk. And to make matters worse, he got close to Heather while she was away. She understood the reason, but her heart still ached at the thought of them together.

“Forget it. I need you to take me somewhere.”