

Blind Date 761

[Chapter 761 Dexter Treats Her Differently](#)

Wavery's city center.

She stood in front of the window on the twentieth floor of Waterfront Heights, staring at the city lights and the reflection of her exhausted face. Josie was lost in her thoughts, remembering the last time she was here when she had met Morgan.

The door suddenly opened, and she heard the thud of heels. "Josie! I've been looking everywhere for you. I thought you were dead! Where have you been?"

Suddenly, the limited-edition Louis Vuitton bag slammed softly against her back. Josie turned around and saw Laura standing with her arms crossed.

"Tell me what happened! I was worried sick!" Laura blurted out coldly.

Josie let out a chuckle when she met Laura's eyes. It had only been a few days, but she felt like it had been an eternity since she had seen someone so energetic.

"You look like you've changed a lot in the past few days. You look much more confident than before," Josie observed.

Laura sighed in relief when Josie finally spoke. She sat on the sofa and said, "Mark distributed his shares today. It's been a hectic day."

Josie's eyes widened in shock.

Laura knew exactly what was on Josie's mind. "Zach got twenty percent, Summer got percent, and Heather got ten percent."

Josie was even more dumbfounded by the revelation.

There have been so many things going on since I left.

"A police officer named Scott came to the Olsen residence and investigated everyone. Mark was furious. Were you the one behind this?"

Josie chuckled. "It seems like the police officer is doing his job right. I'll have to appreciate his hard work."

The corner of Laura's lips lifted into a knowing smile.

"So, why did you come to find me after returning to Wavery?"

"I've missed you," Josie said, twirling her hair. "But you look like you've been doing quite well, seeing how full of vigor you are."

Laura froze. Her lips curled up as she said, "Zach doesn't hit me anymore."

"Why?"

"I helped him with a project, and he got Mark's favor. Now that he knows I'm beneficial to him, so he doesn't hit me anymore."

So that's why Zach got twenty percent of Mark's shares. The tables have turned.

Josie was relieved and happy for Laura. But she was soon reminded of another concern. "You're up against Summer now. Do you think she'll let you off the hook?"

"She's always bothering me and giving me a lot of trouble." Laura paused, a mischievous grin lifting the features on her face. "But I give her a piece of my mind as well."

Josie smiled and asked, "What about Heather?"

Laura's eyes glinted with mischief when she heard Josie's question. "She's willing to be the Russell Group's assistant and live a much better life than all of us."

Josie knew that her husband had been treating Heather very well.

Josie forced a smile. "I might have to stay here for the next few days."

"Do you even need to ask?" Laura suddenly lowered her voice. "I mean it. You have to be careful of Heather. Dexter treats her differently. They care for each other deeply."

She didn't elaborate on what kind of relationship they shared.

Josie looked unfazed by Laura's statement, but a bitter sense of pain coiled around her heart.

"I'm serious, Josie. You have to rely on Dexter now. You can use him whenever you need to."

Josie felt uncomfortable with the idea of basing her relationship with Dexter on benefits.

Josie was feeling drowsy. She closed her eyes and said, "You can look forward to how I'll give in to him."

[Chapter 762 Zach's Lover](#)

Josie rose early the following day. She slipped into a business suit and headed out in high heels confidently.

Laura left before daybreak after chatting until midnight. Josie left the apartment and was about to step into the elevator. A person sprang forward and blocked the entrance. "You're Laura, right? Let's talk."

Josie raised an eyebrow. The plainly dressed woman before her had a menacing air despite her delicate appearance. She was watching Josie with an unusual look of possessiveness.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Ava. We talked on the phone before."

Josie did not know the woman. Laura did not warn her beforehand either.

The woman continued. "What a coincidence that we both live in the same area. Should we take some time and talk everything through? This will be the best for us two and Zach."

Zach Olsen.

Josie lowered her head as she smiled. So, it's about the relationship.

Morgan's recommendation of the apartment was undoubtedly exceptional. The large apartment overlooked the skyline of the city. Ava immediately noticed the wide view when she stepped into the room.

"Get straight to the point, Ms. Ava. I'm busy." Josie lay on the sofa indolently.

It was evident that Ava did not want to spend more time there than necessary either. "I'll give you five million if you divorce Zach."

She frowned and almost choked on her water. Amused, she asked, "Five million?"

Ava stared at her cautiously. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know how much this apartment costs?" Josie chuckled. "Fifty million. I paid it in full. I even have several other apartments in Wavery."

In reality, she did not have any other apartments. All she had was the ability to exaggerate.

Moreover, it was for Laura's sake.

As Josie spoke, she discreetly sent a message to Laura, asking her about the situation.

Ava's chest was heaving.

"Five million is what I spend on a piece of clothing. You're offering me a deal with clothing. Are you looking down on me or Zach?"

Josie's carefree posture and nonchalance exhibited the air of an affluent young miss. Ava was lost for words for a few moments.

"So what if you are loaded? You know very well that Zach and I love each other. Yet you were hell-bent on marrying him. Imagine if you were in my place. How would you feel?! Zach told me his family disagreed with the divorce. But if you show the insistence you had when you married him, the Olsen family will definitely agree. I will protect you then. I'll give you another five million when all of this is over. You won't have any loss!"

Ava was worked up to the point that she was unaware that not all she said was the truth.

"Ten million. That's a pretty good deal." Josie thought about it seriously. "How would you give it to me?"

Ava pulled out a bank card from her purse. "There's five million in here. You can take it as a deposit."

Josie took the card. After fiddling with it, she bent it, snapping it into two.

"You!" Ava jumped to her feet. "What have you done?!"

"Do you think I'm an idiot?!" Josie glared. "If I accepted this card, you could get the bank account statement and tell Zach or the Olsen family that I transferred your money. They would believe you, especially with my current reputation. You could blatantly come to the family after that. How bold of you!"

Ava had heard that Zach's wife was not easy to deal with, but she had not expected her to be that formidable.

[Chapter 763 Help, Call the Police](#)

She began to panic as her plan was exposed. "What nonsense are you saying?"

Josie did not want to waste more time and headed to the door.

"If you want me to divorce Zach, stay away from me. Maybe there will be a day when I'm in a good mood. I may give him to you then."

Ava stood in her spot, dazed.

They say that Laura dislikes Zach. It seems that it's true?

"I have to head out now. Please leave, Ms. Ava."

Unfortunately, the elevator door opened at that moment. Dressed in formal wear, Zach stepped out with his bodyguards behind him.

Great. Josie took a deep breath.

Zach noticed her and was surprised. "Why are you here?"

He came to find Ava but did not expect Josie to be there.

When Ava heard Zach's voice, she scuttled passed Josie toward Zach with tears in her before Josie could reply. "Zach..."

"Ava?" His expression changed as he wiped the tears off her face. "Why are you crying? Didn't I tell you to stay at home?"

She shook her head and forced a smile. "It's nothing. Ms. Brandel invited me to her home."

Josie was astounded. How does she react within seconds?

When Zach heard the name, he immediately understood that Ava was mistaken. Josie spoke up before he could. "You should have a conscience, Ms. Ava."

Zach glowered at Josie. "What are you doing here? What have you done to Ava?!"

"Zach, it's not her fault. She loves you too much. That's why she offered ten million for me to leave you" Ava mumbled. A tear fell from her face onto Zach's hand.

Zach was frustrated when he heard her explanation. He looked back and saw the snapped bank card on the table

This woman searched for Ava's house just to threaten her!

"Who told you to come?" Zach asked Josie in a chilling voice.

"Ms. Ava, it's a shame you don't have a best actress award for your acting." Josie could not help but laugh as she leaned against the door. She had seen firsthand the cunningness of a manipulator.

“Enough! Enough with this acting. Take her away!” He roared.

Josie widened her eyes as the burly bodyguards approached her. She moved backward while yelling, “Zach! You’re the only one who believes her words. Serves you f*****g right for being deceived!”

“Excuse us, miss!”

“Don’t! Let’s talk this out!”

Josie glanced toward the elevator. The red numbers on the screen were blinking as someone was using the elevator. 30, 29, 28...

“Grab her!”

Zach yelled, and the bodyguards were about to catch her. Josie shoved one of the potted plants in the lobby toward them. Shards of the pot and dirt covered the floor. She took the chance and pressed the elevator button frantically.

The guards were finding their way through the mess when the elevator doors opened.

Her eyes lit up as though she had seen her savior.

A tall man was in the elevator. He was at least six foot two. The black cap and mask left only his dark eyes visible. There was an air of aloofness around him.

He frowned slightly at the scene unfolding before his eyes.

A woman with disheveled hair rushed into the elevator. She clung to the corner of his shirt. and hid behind him. “Help! Please help me! Call the police! They’re trying to kill me!”

[Chapter 764 He Wants to Lay Hands on Josie](#)

With an outsider around, the bodyguards were hesitant. They looked back at Zach tentatively.

His face was dark. “Grab her!”

Zach doesn’t care that we’re in public and wants them to continue. How brazen of him.

“Zach, don’t be this shameless. This is not even your turf, but you’re telling your people to grab me because you want to. Besides, am I Laura?” Josie said confidently.

She clutched the man’s shirt as though it was her lifeline.

The man before her lowered his head and met her cunning eyes. Unexpectedly, a smile flitted through his face.

“You’re asking for it!” Zach released an astonished Ava’s hand and marched toward the woman, thinking of prying her out of the elevator.

Josie’s lifeline raised a hand and reminded in a cold voice, “This is Waterfront Heights. No one benefits if you make a scene here.”

Zach frowned and stared at the man with the mask. He reminded himself the building was in the best location in Wavery. The privacy there was first-class. Those that could afford to live there were the most

affluent people. If something were to happen here and Mark found out about it, Zach would be in trouble.

"This is a family matter."

"She asked me for help. Naturally I have to."

He smiled and reached for the elevator's buttons. The elevator doors slide close.

The man was comparable to Zach as they faced head-to-head.

Frustrated, Ava watched as Josie managed to escape. She wanted to speak up but could not.

Zach's figure seemed terrifying. She could not approach him.

In the elevator.

"Thank you for earlier. Erm, I need to go now. Bye!" Josie clutched the man's hand while thanking him. She would not even mind if she needed to kneel to thank him.

Yet he kept silent with his eyes fixed on her face. "Josie."

She paused.

"Do you know me?"

He gave her a look. "Stop pretending."

She was quiet.

She forced a smile. At that moment, Laura replied to her message. That's the crook! Are you alright?

Josie pretended to be busy typing on her phone while exiting the elevator. But he grabbed her collar from behind. "Where are you going?"

His voice was as cold as usual.

She took a deep breath and turned around. "You seem very free today, Mr. Russell, for appear as a hero to save a damsel in distress?"

Even if the man before her wore a cap and mask, she would undoubtedly recognize him. The air around him was just that distinctive.

He frowned at her sarcastic words and took off his mask. "I came to find you. I know you're here."

So he came on purpose.

Josie was surprised but did not appreciate it. She could not be bothered to put on a smile. "I'm busy."

He followed her closely. "I'll follow you."

"That's not good. If any reporters photographed us, you would have to spend a fortune to keep it out of the news," she mocked him.

"We're legally married. There's no need for that."

“What about Heather? I heard you two were photographed, and you spent millions to have them destroyed. How marvelous.”

She smiled, recalling Laura’s recount of the recent events.

One characteristic of a man caring for a woman is his willingness to spend money. He was willing to spend money on Heather. That was more than enough as a sign.

He grasped her wrist. “People would misunderstand if it got out. It must be destroyed.”

“And you? Do you feel remorse?”

The anger within her bubbled up again. She spotted Moses’ car a few meters ahead and strode straight into the car. Dexter followed.

“Head to Russell Group.”

[Chapter 765 Do You Want to Be Mrs Russell](#)

It was rush hour as the employees headed to their workplace. Dexter’s Porsche was especially eye-catching when it stopped by the roadside.

When Josie stepped out, all eyes were on them as Dexter was behind her.

They headed into the building. Along the way, employees would greet Dexter and Josie.

Those who were bold said, “It’s been a while, Mrs. Russell.”

Josie smiled back in return.

With his hands in his pockets, Dexter followed her. He was not bothered by the situation but even seemed to be a little happy.

Josie headed to the top floor. The employees were not there yet, but Heather was.

She came early and was preparing for work. When the door’s sensor rang, she raised her head at once. “Dex.”

She saw Josie walking toward her. Josie was walking faster than Dexter. He was trailing behind her.

Heather was taken aback.

“...Mrs. Russell.”

Josie only smiled brightly. “You’re early. Looks like this is the perfect job for you.”

Heather could not smile and looked toward Dexter with pleading eyes.

However, an executive rushed into the office with a stack of documents. “Mr. Russell, I finally found you. This is the newly approved project. Please have a look.”

It seemed to be an emergency. Dexter glanced at Josie and nodded. He left with the executive to the break room.

The two were left in the spacious office as though in a confrontation.

Heather forced a smile. "I don't quite understand what you meant. Are you mocking me?"

"How can I mock the young miss of the Olsen family? Have you heard when a person gets a job they don't deserve? But this job doesn't deserve you. Your talents are wasted here, Olsen's young miss."

Josie plopped into Dexter's chair and observed Heather.

Heather was stunned by her actions, which seemed natural. She could not even touch Dexter's hand, yet Josie had no problem sitting in his seat. D

"I like this job, and I'm not wasting my time here. My father is satisfied as well."

Josie nodded as she noticed the meaning behind her words. No one could interfere in the game between Mark and Dexter.

Josie picked up the coffee prepared for Dexter and sipped it. She furrowed her forehead. "I'm not satisfied."

Heather's body was stiff as she watched Josie pour the coffee. "What do you mean?"

"Leave the work to the people it's supposed to go to. I believe you have no intention of being a personal assistant for the rest of your life. How about this, you leave Russell Group and do what you should. I believe your family would agree too. After all, it'll be disgraceful if word goes out that Ms. Olsen is a personal assistant at Russell Group."

Josie was smiling the whole time. When Heather showed a displeased expression, Josie raised an eyebrow. "Why? Do you have bigger plans here?"

Heather's eyes flickered.

Josie continued relentlessly. "Is it taking the position of Mrs. Russell?"

Heather faltered and took a step back. She shook her head. "Only Mr. Russell has the to investigate my matters."

"That's true. He's your superior, after all." Josie glanced at the break room.

"Unfortunately, I'm his superior. Please leave by the end of the day, Ms. Olsen."

Josie rose to her feet and stood next to the window. She observed the view of the skyline, unwilling to exchange another word with the woman.

Tears were welling up in Heather's eyes. She watched Josie's back. There was a resolute air around her that did not exist before.

[Chapter 766 Dependence Is Death](#)

Not long after Heather left, Dexter returned from the break room. He hugged her from behind without making any noise. "Are you satisfied now?"

The man's breath landed on her neck. She shivered. "Isn't this what you wanted? Getting rid of the trouble Mark planted with my hand."

She turned her head, and their faces touched. "Making me the villain here. You're merciless, Mr. Russell."

Dexter allowed Josie to finish the conversation earlier. It meant that he agreed, or in other words, he never wanted Heather by his side.

He planted his lips on her neck relentlessly. Their breathing quickened.

"As long as Mrs. Russell is happy."

She raised her head. The past events and people flashed through her mind. She was in no mood to continue and pushed him away. "I want to find my dad, but I need more authority. Are you willing to give me more, Mr. Russell?"

Josie realized something from the trip to Rivodia. Dependence would result in her death. Even if she had some accomplishments in her field, it was far from being her protection.

Dexter's eyes dimmed. She could not see what he was thinking.

He reached out and hugged her weakly. "Sure."

Josie felt numb.

Dexter gave her authority, starting from within the company.

Significant projects were arranged to be under her despite the numerous objections.

When a new project was launched into the market, Josie led her team out to the airport from Russell Group. Dexter sent her personally. She let him hold her hand but was busy with phone calls in the other hand without any break. When they arrived, her only words were: "Are you free when I get back? Your birthday is near."

His expression stayed the same, and his voice was gentle.

"I'm free. I won't be going with you this time. You can take this chance to get used to it, alright?"

He wanted her to take the lead

"Alright."

She stepped out of the car.

His expression turned blank.

Thirty thousand feet in the air on the plane, Dexter's face kept reappearing in Josie's mind. There were times when it was unkind, times when it was gentle. Sometimes his expression was mixed, but he was always patient with her.

Reporters were gathered in the trade center in London. When the time arrived, Josie and her team smiled and announced the project's launch.

Josie replied in fluent French when a reporter interviewed her. The foreign news media praised her.

Josie's assistant handed her a document. Dexter prepared it for her before they left. It was Russell Group's industry in telecommunication. It was under Josie's authority from that point onward.

Dexter's signature on the bottom was neat. A white paper was in the folder with the words, Jo, your happiness is my greatest pleasure!

When Josie arrived back in Wavery, Dexter was away on a business trip. She was unclear about the location.

Josie was surprised. He would usually tell her when he needed to leave for a business trip. Yet he did not say a word to her.

She stayed in his study and called his number. He began explaining the issue in one of the main collaborations. "I'll be back soon."

She swiped her finger across the books on the shelf and pulled one onto the table. "Okay."

"I saw that live stream. You did very well in London." The man smiled. The voice from the phone made her sleepy, especially with the warm light from the winter sun.

She pulled another book out. "Did Heather come to you?"

'She didn't. Don't worry about it.' He paused.

"Alright"

[Chapter 767 She Didn't Return](#)

Dexter was in Wavery.

Ivy crept all across the rough exterior of an almost abandoned apartment building. The tall and new government building behind it became a comparison of the position of the rich and poor.

Only a few people were entering and exiting the entrance. All of them were elderly. They gave Dexter's luxurious car a curious look when they passed by it.

Larry said that they would not be able to find much as most of the residents had moved away.

Dexter had a harsh look. "Wait down here."

Dexter headed up. Only a few bulbs lighted the narrow stairways. The light would flicker from time to time, creating an eerie atmosphere from a horror film.

The woman's voice in the call was cold. She asked about work, and her tone became softer at the end. "Will you be back on the twentieth?"

"Yes," he immediately replied.

He owed her much, but she still remembered his birthday, although it was not a big deal.

A plainly dressed old woman passed by. "Are you here for someone, young man? No one's here. You should find them somewhere else."

Larry followed him inside, although he was told to stay. "Mr. Russell, we should leave now."

“Let’s go.”

On the twentieth, Josie was making a cake with the chef at Mason Garden.

She did not plan on doing it at first. Dexter was probably not a fan of desserts anyway.

But she thought that it would be a nice gesture. Birthdays were the most important thing to her when she was younger.

Halfway through, she left the kitchen to answer a phone call. It was Laura saying that an emergency needed Josie to return to the studio.

She told Julie about it.

“Will you be back tonight. Mrs Russell

The cake was almost done.

Josie did not think before saying, “Of course, I will be back.”

In the evening, Dexter arrived at home. “Where’s Mrs. Russell?”

“She went out and said she’ll be back at night.”

Julie guided Dexter to the kitchen to cheer him up. “Look, Mrs. Russell made this cake herself.”

Dexter was overjoyed. He went to his study to finish some work but could not sit still. He would peek out of the room every few minutes and ask the maids, “Is Mrs. Russell back Their replies were always disappointing. yet?”

He smiled. It was as though he had returned to when he was eighteen. A rash and reckless teenager.

It’s fine. Let’s wait a bit more. Josie won’t break her promise.

With these thoughts in his head, he kept pushing back his desire to call her.

He waited endlessly. It was ten, eleven, midnight. Josie had not returned even when three hours had passed midnight on the twenty-first.

All the lights in Mason Garden were lit. Dexter was furious. His phone was almost burning hot, but he could not reach Josie.

With disappointment and intense worry, he ordered, “Get Mrs. Russell back home by eight in the morning!”

He sent out many of his men, and they searched all over the city.

His birthday had ended. Dexter had Moses drive him and questioned him subtly, Moses did not know anything. The car went on the road and eventually ended up at the studio. It was all for naught.

He ordered a history of Josie’s call log, and Laura was the last call. She was awakened from her sleep and panic-stricken when she heard the news. “I did meet up with Jo, but we parted ways less than half an hour later!”

They could only continue to check the security cameras and her phone But it was fruitless

[Chapter 768 Exposure](#)

Dexter was frantic at this point. His fury had turned into immense fear as he realized that anyone's wrath toward him would eventually spread to Josie.

Nothing would be impossible for them.

Dexter's expression was dark. He reached out to grab something but only grasped a handful of air.

"Find out where Arnold is today."

The weather was spectacularly sunny at eight in the morning of the twenty-first.

Dawn broke before the man's eyes. The people around him were shaking in their shoes as if they had failed in the search for Josie.

A piece of news was announced at that very moment. It appeared before their eyes and shocked them to the core.

Dexter had a premonition as his eyelid twitched. He forced himself not to think in that direction, but it happened.

The news was not only trending all over social media. The news arrived at Dexter's feet as though they feared he would miss it.

It was a paper file.

The handwriting on it was unfamiliar but written in big strokes: 'Only for Dexter.

A chill ran down Larry's back. He stepped forward to take it away. "I'll open it, Mr. Russell."

Dexter's expression was the darkest it could be. The look he gave was a warning.

His broad hands opened the file swiftly. The very next second, a waterfall of photographs fell to the ground.

The high-definition photographs landed on the ground. Some of them with sharper eyes saw it and stepped back with a scream, horrified.

The next second, the rest immediately turned away or shut their eyes. They trembled and could not take a second look.

Dexter was the only one left clutching the high-gloss photos. He was sweating all over, and his lips were trembling. He could not believe his eyes. The images were so explicit that it gave people a visual shock.

Two pale bodies were intertwined. Josie was completely bare that any imagination would be thrown out the window.

A man embraced Josie and showed only his lips as they kissed.

It was the face, lips, and body Dexter was familiar with. The photos were telling him that Josie no longer belonged to him. She had done it with a man, one who was not her husband.

The photos were endless.

Dexter's eyes were red. He had never imagined he would feel such pain. He flew into a rage, throwing cups and smashing the car. His legs shook. It was a mess.

"Josie!"

At the same time, the entirety of Wavery, the country, and even the whole world saw Josie and the man's bare bodies. It was an unprecedented scandal of an affluent family.

All had seen that Dexter Russell's wife had cheated on him.

The spread of the news was unstoppable.

Larry saw Dexter's trembling hands. The man bent down, picked up all the photos, and put it back. All he could do was pretend nothing had happened.

Josie always hurt the powerful man who could do anything in business. Yet again, he was hit by the terrible shock today.

In a random room in Wavery, Josie woke up sore all over. Drowsily, she saw Arnold lying beside her. Within seconds, she sat up to find herself unclothed. She looked down at the disarray on the floor. Her heart thumped, and her thoughts were in a scramble.

Her clothes and undergarments were all on the floor.

[Chapter 769 Next to Arnold](#)

A bad feeling bubbled up. She clenched her fingers and turned back slowly. Blood rushed to her head. She had seen the last scene she wanted to see.

Her fingers dug into her palm. She was panicking, and her breathing was erratic. She patted his face. "Arnold! Arnold!"

The usual light sleeper did not respond.

Why is he in Wavery?

She fell to the floor. Raising her head, she looked through the only window in the room. It was bright daylight.

She bit her knuckles but could not stop the trembling. It was almost evening when she left home, and now it was bright outside. Dexter's birthday had passed.

She stayed a night with Arnold here, stark naked?

Josie put on her clothes swiftly. She tried to wake Arnold up to no avail. Her mind was cluttered. She pushed all the unthinkable thoughts to the back of her mind. The most important thing now was to save Arnold.

He was passed out.

She smelled the air in the room. If she was correct, someone had put in drugs or something even worse, causing them to be light-headed.

They were in a remote place. Their phones were nowhere in the room. Josie spent all her energy and jumped out of the window. The fresh air was suffocating.

She ran frantically. Tripped by a stone, she climbed up and continued desperately. She had to get someone to rescue Arnold.

She did not even know how long she had been running.

She did not have her phone or any money with her. When she finally saw a road, she stopped a taxi. "Please send me to Mason... No send me to Russell Group, alright?"

When she recalled, Josie felt she had taken a path of self-destruction. She knew what had happened but hoped to prove that things were not as she had imagined. Dexter would also reach out to her as usual.

Dexter was in his office. He received an unknown call. Joste's voice was in distress Dexter.."

"I'm outside the company. I don't have any money on me..."

He could not hear what she said after that. His heart felt like a pin cushion.

Larry went down in her place.

Reporters would have swamped the company if they had not directed the traffic.

When Larry arrived. Josie was standing next to the taxi. The driver was secretly filming her. Josie noticed him and was bewildered. "Why would you film me?"

Larry rushed forward. The driver did not even ask for the fare and sped off.

A pair of blank eyes stared at Larry. He could not bear looking at it with resentment in his heart. "Follow me, Mrs. Russell."

Josie grabbed his hand. "Why did he film me. Mr. Peeple?"

Stiffly, he replied coldly, "You know what you've done."

Dexter's office door was opened. He stood before the window. His black clothes made him look forlorn. Josie moved forward slowly. Her steps felt heavy.

A rarely-seen cigarette was between his fingers.

Yet, even the smoke from it was black.

Josie's voice was stuck in her throat. "Don't smoke anymore since you've quit. It's difficult to quit if you get addicted again."

[Chapter 770 Reputation Ruined](#)

Dexter did not respond. Moments later, the office was filled with the acrid smell of cigarettes. Josie mustered her courage to walk up to him and attempted to touch his hand. "I need to talk to..."

"Josie." Dexter's voice was even more strained than hers. Josie's heart skipped a beat the moment Dexter spoke up.

"There's a document on the table. Take a look at it." He said.

Josie gripped his sleeve tightly, knowing Dexter's anger was brewing behind his calmness. She shook her head, looking extremely submissive. "No. I don't want to."

Finally, Dexter lowered his head to look at her. His back was facing the light, so Josie couldn't perceive his expression. His cold finger touched Josie's chin as he hummed softly, "Go and take a look."

His voice was soft yet intimidating.

It was a thick envelope. Josie took a deep breath before opening it. Following that, she slumped onto the floor while the pictures in the envelope scattered on the ground. Her heart jumped into his throat. Breathing heavily, she knelt on the ground in the same posture as Dexter previously did.

It was pictures of her embracing Arnold....

Tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably. It felt like the sun had ceased its shining.

How is this possible? Why did things turn out this way? What does this mean?

Josie's mind became a chaotic mess. Even breathing felt like torture. She was utterly ashamed looking at these pictures.

Dexter's voice emerged from above. "Yesterday, you said you were waiting for me to come home to celebrate my birthday. I waited for twenty-four hours and ended up receiving these pictures."

He raised his voice. "Jo, is there anything you'd like to say?"

Josie lifted her head in despair. "No... I was set up. I went to discuss work with Laura yesterday. Then..."

While she was going home, someone struck her from behind. This was the last memory Josie could recall as of then.

Of course, Dexter knew Josie was set up. If she indeed cheated on him, she wouldn't possibly allow these pictures to be released. He knew, but his heart still ached...

When he saw the pictures of his wife engaging in intimate actions with another man, the pain could drive him to murder.

Josie teared up quietly. Holding those pictures, she bit her lower lip so hard that it started bleeding. She forced herself to remember this moment of shame, reminding herself that she had to overcome it and that no one could take her down.

"You're my wife. Now, the whole world knows you've had an affair with another man. I'm utterly embarrassed. But Jo, have you thought of your reputation?"

He crouched down and cupped Josie's face. The strong smell of cigarettes wafted into Josie's nose. His gaze was gloomy and terrifying. "Now, tell me, who is that man? Did you sleep with him?!"

Josie's mind went blank. The pungent smell made her nauseous, but she turned away to hide her miserable appearance from Dexter.

Her rationality urged her not to reveal Arnold's name. She must not do that!

Did we sleep together...

Josie broke down, but her expression remained calm. Her eyes were hollow, looking like a child who had lost her way home.

"... I don't know."

Her response was the last straw. No man on earth could tolerate an incident like this, let alone Dexter, a man who stood at the pinnacle of society. His possessiveness and faithfulness were extreme. No one could touch what belonged to him!

Not only did the man defile his woman, but he also spread the evidence to the public, posing an utter humiliation to Dexter.