

## Blind Date 791

### [Chapter 791 The Recording](#)

Besides, she couldn't even imagine how much pain Dexter would feel when he saw the original photos.

Josie took a deep breath. "Then, it's up to you. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving first."

She walked away without a second thought, leaving Summer in surprise. "Hey! Aren't you going to beg me?" Summer yelled.

Josie didn't look back. "I'm not in the mood to cheer you up, Ms. Olsen."

She walked straight past the corner to a deserted area, then pulled out a voice recorder from her bag and pressed pause.

Leaning against the icy wall, Josie couldn't quite articulate her feelings at that moment. Ever since she was schemed against, she had become more cautious. She would record every conversation she had, no matter who it was with. She never expected that Summer would reveal so much crucial information.

However, none of that could prove that she was the one who did it. Josie wanted to prove at the moment that she had no relationship with Arnold and that all of that was someone else's setup.

Upon returning to Laura's place, Angel kept asking if someone had made Josie's life difficult.

Josie shook her head in response. Who could it be? Could it be Wayne? He's far away in Rivodia, so it's impossible for him to have such a significant influence to plan everything. After all, Wavery is still Dexter's territory. Could it be someone from the Olsen family? Yet, it's not beneficial for them if Summer's reputation is ruined. So, who would benefit from it?

The neon lights scattered in Josie's eyes as she fell into deep thought, and in the end, her focus still returned to Heather. The person who has benefited the most from all of this is Heather! But how could she possibly convince so many people all by herself?

Josie's head was throbbing painfully. Just then, a traffic policeman at the intersection ahead waved his hand, signaling her to stop the car.

The car window rolled down, and a deep male voice rang out. "Please show your driver's license."

As Josie found it, she looked up in surprise while handing it over. "Sergeant Buncho?"

Scott, dressed in his traffic police uniform, was also taken aback. "Mrs. Russell"

After checking the driver's license and conducting an alcohol test to ensure there were no issues, Scott asked, "So, where are you headed?"

"Going home." Josie flashed a bitter smile. "Have you become a traffic cop now?"

Scott's smile was rather bitter. "There's been a reshuffle within the department. I'll be spending some time with the Traffic Division."

Josie wasn't easy to fool. Her brows furrowed when she queried, "You're from the Criminal Investigation Division. Being transferred to the Traffic Division so suddenly doesn't quite follow the usual process, does it?"

It was obvious that he had been demoted.

"Sergeant Buncho, did you commit a mistake?" Josie ventured to guess.

Scott wore a look of frustration, but clearly couldn't reveal much. "Mrs. Russell, you're overthinking it. It's just a simple personnel change."

Josie was unwilling to give up. "All right, then. Tell me, what's the status of my father's case? You went to investigate the Olsen family. Did you find any issues?"

When asked about that, Scott was at a loss for words, and his frustration was more evident. "These matters still need to be investigated," he said.

"So, who is investigating it now? As the person involved, I have the right to know, don't I?"

Scott laughed bitterly, "Mrs. Russell, you better not ask."

"Is it because you were investigating this matter that you were demoted? Tell me the truth." Josie was very agitated. After going through so much, it seemed like she had finally gotten some leads.

She was unyielding, blocking the cars behind her from moving. A traffic cop rushed over and asked, "Scott, what's going on?"

The person's gaze then fell on Josie, and he instantly became impatient. "Why does it have to be her?"

Scott gave him a nudge with his elbow. "It's all right. I'll handle this."

The man, under Josie's intense gaze, didn't leave. Instead, he said in an agitated tone, "What's there to ask? It's because of you, because of your father's case, that Scott was demoted to the Traffic Division. Are you satisfied now?"

#### [Chapter 792 An Unexpected Encounter With Dexter](#)

"What are you doing! Breaking the rules, are you?" Scott roared in anger.

The person still looked defiant as he turned around to inspect other cars.

Josie gave Scott a serious look, then started the engine and drove straight to a parking spot. She then quickly walked back in her high heels.

"Sergeant Buncho, did you stop the investigation because you impinged on someone else's interest? Tell me who it is as this is very important to me."

Josie moved closer as she pleaded and grabbed the hem of Scott's clothes.

"Mrs. Russell, I'll handle these matters, but have you taken care of your own issues?" Scott, left with no other choice, had to say this.

Josie stiffened. It seemed like the whole world knew about her affairs now.

Scott was busy inspecting the vehicles, and Josie followed him wherever he went. "Nothing is more important than my father's matter, Sergeant Buncho. You must have parents too, so could you empathize with me? Perhaps you may not have the ability to solve the matter, but you can tell me. Being outside the system, I can act more conveniently and cooperate with you more effectively."

Scott remained silent.

Josie could only make guesses, asking, "The Olsen family? The Carter Group? Or Russell Group?"

She had guessed the three major forces in Wavery.

Scott continued to gesture to the driver he was dealing with to show his driving license without saying a word.

"At the beginning, you asked me multiple times whether Russell Group had any enemies. Is there anyone you suspect? Who are they?" Josie was extremely anxious. Her high heels on the uneven road made her legs ache.

Scott sighed in the face of her persistence. He walked up to the next car, tapped on the window, then turned to her and said, "None of them, Mrs. Russell. There's no evidence yet. I can't make unfounded claims."

"You..." Josie trailed off because, at that moment, the face that appeared as the car window rolled down was a familiar one

The person was wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses, giving off a strong scholarly vibe. He looked at Josie with a troubled look. "Mrs. Russell."

It was Larry.

Josie's brows furrowed tightly as she realized with a start that this car looked very familiar. It was the Porsche that Dexter often used.

If Mr. Peeple is here, then...

Josie slowly lifted her gaze. The car window in the back seat was already gradually lowering. Under the illumination of the neon lights, the man's eyebrows and eyes were distinct, his facial contours sharp, carrying an inescapable sense of oppression.

"Sergeant Buncho, we meet again," Dexter said nonchalantly.

Scott sensed the subtlety, glanced at Josie, and said, "It's indeed quite the coincidence tonight."

After he finished the routine check on Larry, he moved on to the next car. Josie wanted to follow him. "I..."

Yet, for some reason, she didn't try to keep up. Perhaps Dexter's gaze was just too intense for her to move.

Josie stood still, hesitating for a moment before saying, "I'll be leaving first."

"Josie." Dexter suddenly spoke.

She halted.

"The lawyer has prepared the divorce papers. Come with me to get it."

Josie remained still, yet she felt an unusual chill down her spine. She breathed in the summer night air, and after a moment, she turned and said, "All right."

That sure is fast. It just takes a day or two? Russell Group's lawyers are indeed efficient.

"But my car is still up ahead. I need to notify my staff to drive it back."

"Someone has already gone to notify them."

Following that came the sound of car doors opening and closing.

This car had been parked in the same spot for quite a while, causing dissatisfaction among those behind it. However, upon seeing the ostentatious license plate and the body of the car, no one dared to voice their complaints.

Josie moved to the other side, got in the car, and soon, the car started moving.

The atmosphere was quiet and awkward, and there was space enough for two people between her and the man.

#### [Chapter 793 Deceiving Her](#)

It was as if they were a close-knit couple just yesterday but were now strangers.

Josie noticed that the back seat of the car was piled with a lot more work files than usual, some of which were scattered on the floor.

She hesitated for a moment, then bent down to pick everything up, organizing it bit by bit. "You've been busy lately, haven't you? I'm sorry, it's my fault."

The man's large hands, clasped in front of him, paused slightly. His cool eyes narrowed a bit. "Don't think so highly of yourself. This has nothing to do with you."

Josie said nothing in response and endured it in silence. "The business you entrusted to me, I will transfer it back to you soon."

"What I give, I never take back," Dexter said, his eyes and brows illuminated by the light from the window, devoid of any warmth.

Josie was taken aback.

The car quickly reached Mason Garden. Having not been there for a few days, she thought that it seemed as though the place had lost much of its liveliness. Despite it being summer, it felt incredibly cold there.

"Where's Mrs. Carroll?" Josie glanced around, not seeing any servants.

"After you left, everyone was dismissed."

Dexter took off his suit jacket and casually tossed it onto the sofa. He then promptly sat down, stretching out his long legs leisurely. His entire demeanor exuded extreme fatigue.

Josie furrowed her brows, feeling worried about the unchecked emotions the man was expressing without any guard.

"Come here." He looked at her and suddenly spoke.

Josie remained still, hesitating for a moment. Seeing the warning look in his eyes, she approached him in the end. She squatted on the ground, her hands falling on his knees, a gesture of lowering her stance.

"Have you been drinking?"

Dexter didn't respond. He reached out and pinched her chin, the previous sense of fleshiness gone.

She had lost weight, yet she looked even more beautiful. Even with her head lowered, she was still stunning when she looked up, different from the alluring women outside.

She seemed uniquely resilient.

Dexter could hardly bear to let go of her. He reached out, brushing aside the stray hairs on her forehead. His voice was deep and magnetic as he asked, "Why have you lost weight?"

"I was busy and was tired." Her voice was low as she forced a smile. "But it's good that I've lost weight."

Dexter raised an eyebrow, looking into her eyes with amusement.

With the current position she was in making her feel tired, Josie slowly asked, "Where's the divorce papers?"

In an instant, the affection in Dexter's eyes shattered. His grip intensified as he asked, "So, you really want a divorce?"

Josie was forced to tilt her head back, a pained sound escaping her lips. "It was you who said..."

"That was a lie to deceive you. There are no divorce papers." Dexter's expression seemed to be a mix of pain and longing.

She was speechless.

Just then, the lights in the hall flickered a few times, and suddenly, with a pop, they went out. Instantly, everything before their eyes turned pitch black.

Without thinking, Dexter wrapped his arm around her neck, pressing her against himself. His icy lips unexpectedly met hers in a kiss.

Josie froze and soon heard him ask between kisses, "Were you humiliated by Zachariah today?"

She tried to pull away but was held even tighter. "He's your friend. It's normal for him to stand up for you. I'm not angry."

He held her forcefully, his kiss deepening.

With their lips entwined, he finally got his wish to touch her delicate skin. "Josie."

In that tone, there was a clear sense of helpless resentment.

All that remained in view was the moonlight spilling over the sofa like a dusting of powdered sugar

With her falling over, he took advantage of the situation and got on top of her. The woman's body went limp. "I can't..."

Dexter's every breath was filled with sensuality, his mind consumed by a single thought.

"Why not?"

In countless days and nights past, they had shared intimate moments together in bed. She would cling to him, calling him "Hubby" over and over again.

#### [Chapter 794 Leave Wavery](#)

Just then, images suddenly surfaced in Dexter's mind. They were those photographs.

Josie had instinctively leaned in for a kiss. She tilted her head up, but he dodged her touch. In his attempt to avoid her, he lost control of his strength, and his hand harshly struck her face.

It was like a slap in the face.

Josie immediately became clear-headed.

Dexter gently removed her fingers one by one from his body, never once embracing her.

She gazed at the man's blurred silhouette, which resembled a beast lying in wait in the darkness.

Suddenly, he leaned over, his broad hand clasping her slender neck. His grip tightened. gradually. That was a sudden burst of rage. "Josie, how scummy can you get?"

When Dexter stood up, his face was stern. The thin blanket slipped off him, revealing his firm abs and Apollo's belt.

Josie could never understand why this man seemed harmless when her eyes were closed, but the moment she opened them, he would become a dangerous wolf lurking in the shadows.

"I'll sleep in the guest room." This was the first thing Josie said when she came to her senses.

Dexter found a pack of cigarettes at the head of the bed, pulled one out, and lit it. Through the smoke, he watched the woman squatting by the sofa.

He let out a soft, cold chuckle, flicking the ash from his cigarette. The ash fell, reminiscent of dusty memories from the past.

"Let's get the divorce settled as soon as possible. Things will be much better for Russell Group after that. I don't want to drag you down." Josie spoke softly, perhaps with a hint of fear.

Dexter indeed had a temper, and his voice was full of intimidation and a strong sense of hostility when he said, "Even if you will end up with nothing?"

Josie's clothes were slightly rolled up, revealing a hint of her body's curves. On her abdomen. was the tattoo he had inked himself. He had once thought of keeping her by his side forever.

Josie's shoulders slightly shrank, and her eyelashes lowered. "Even if I will end nothing at all."

Dexter extinguished his cigarette, gently helped her up from the ground, and tenderly invited her to sit on his lap. He kissed her tattoo, and his warm breath, tinged with the scent of tobacco, lightly brushed against her neck. Josie stiffened, almost under the illusion that Dexter would suddenly bite down like a wolf and sever her artery, letting the blood flow freely, and he would relish it.

Dexter held her trembling body close, his well-defined fingers smoothly unbuttoning her blouse. His movements were slow yet incredibly graceful.

"We can get a divorce, but you must leave Wavery."

She opened her eyes, her body overwhelmed with pleasure. Suddenly, a sharp pain struck her neck-he had truly bitten down.

"I still need to find Paul."

Ignoring the pain, Josie pushed him.

Blood stained the corner of Dexter's mouth, hers. His eyes were filled with intense emotions. "Then you can forget about leaving this marriage."

"You..."

Josie couldn't understand this person. They were already in agreement, but now he suddenly didn't want to do it.

"Dexter! I'm doing this for your own good!"

When she called his name, there was a sense of urgency and helplessness, tinged with a hint of anger. He paused slightly, then responded with a cold, sarcastic remark, "If you really cared about me, we wouldn't be in this situation today."

She was speechless once again.

"I'm going to take a shower."

Dexter entered the bathroom, leaving Josie alone in the room. She struggled to her feet and walked over to the mirror. The pain in her neck was impossible to ignore.

She waited for a while, then suddenly remembered that Paul had left something at Mason Garden, which she hadn't had the chance to collect.

With these thoughts in mind, Josie hobbled up the stairs and pushed the door open to enter.

The scent of dust filled the air as she switched on the light. There it was, the box, untouched and resting by Paul's bedside.

She breathed a sigh of relief and stepped forward to pick it up. This was her only thing to remember him by now.

[Chapter 795 It Was Signed Long Ago](#)

The same items were still in the box. Josie checked them one by one, only breathing a sigh of relief once she confirmed everything was in order. It wasn't until she got to the very bottom that she found a thin document tucked away. It was the same size as the box and could easily have been overlooked.

Josie furrowed her brows, attempting to pick it up. It was a document consisting of only a few pages, densely packed with words. She brought it closer, puzzled. The glaring bold letters made her frown deepen.

It was a divorce agreement!

It was Dexter's and her divorce agreement. The wording was meticulous, clearly drafted by a renowned lawyer, detailing the division of assets between the two after the divorce.

Josie flipped through the pages one by one. Clearly, this divorce agreement was different from the one Xanthe had initially given her. This one was more... tolerable. It stated that after the divorce, Dexter would grant Josie an eight-figure sum, as well as several estates abroad. She would also receive one percent of Russell Group's shares.

This was no longer tolerance-it was generosity.

Josie was puzzled. She had never seen this divorce agreement before, so how did it end up in Paul's box?

She turned to the last page, and there, boldly written at the signature line of the man's side, were two dried-out words: Dexter Russell.

His pen strokes were firm and difficult for others to imitate. And at the end of his signature was the official stamp of Russell Group.

Josie instinctively took a step back, clutching the paper tightly. It was a divorce agreement signed by Dexter!

It was unclear whether it was due to Paul's improper storage, but the edges of the paper had started to yellow. This indicated that the agreement had been in existence for quite some time. But exactly when was this made?

Josie dared not think about it.

For a moment, she didn't know how to react. Should she be happy? This legally binding agreement could help her get a divorce and secure her future.

Or should she be upset, as it meant that the man had been contemplating divorce for a while now?

From outside came the steady sound of footsteps. Dexter, having taken a bath, didn't see Josie anywhere. He walked to the staircase and gently called out, "Josie?"

The sound echoed through the empty house.

No one responded."

Dexter saw that the light was on, so step by step, he walked to the bedroom door of Paul. His voice was cold. "What are you doing here?"



Josie didn't look back. She simply lowered her head to rearrange the items. Only then did she slowly turn around, her face weary.

Dexter's brows furrowed tightly, his gaze falling on the pieces of paper she was gripping in her hand. He had a bad feeling about this.

"Josie."

Silence ensued.

She lifted the papers, her smile tinged with bitterness. "Perhaps I should thank Paul. In such difficult times, he managed to preserve some benefits for me."

When Dexter saw the title of the document, his expression changed drastically. He reached out, attempting to snatch it, but Josie dodged his grasp.

"You've been good to me. Dexter." Josie took out a pen from her pocket, the tip hovering above the paper. "To have gained so much from being your wife for two years is an honor."

"Josie! This agreement is unenforceable!" In an instant, Dexter felt a severe sense of loss, as if he was about to lose her in the truest sense in the next second.

"I understand that Russell Group's stamp is not to be used lightly," Josie said, carefully signing her name on it. "But I don't want any of the things written here. Things have come to this point, and I've already let you down. Leaving you is what I should do."

Dexter acted as if he hadn't heard her, stepping forward to snatch the pen from her. But it was already too late; she had already signed it.

He pressed down on the back of her hand. "There should be two copies of the divorce agreement. You merely signed one so it's unenforceable."

#### [Chapter 796 They Did Not Cross The Line](#)

Josie glared at him. "When you have time, give me the other copy. I'll sign it."

"Why won't you listen to me!" Dexter was furious. He threw the pen onto the floor, creating a harsh noise. "I won't end this marriage!"

"Dexter! What will you do if you won't end this marriage then? You will always hold a grudge against me in your heart, and you will always be gossiped about because of me. Russell Group can't turn the tide in their favor. I heard that you want to help Heather fight for shares. If you don't divorce me, can you achieve what you want to do?"

"I'll figure something out!"

"I don't want that." Josie gently shook her head in the face of his anger. "From the beginning until now, I never intended to be your burden."

This man, always so strong, had never been so vulnerable. He looked broken, his dim gaze falling on her face. He tightly held her hand and softly said, "Don't leave me."

It was as if he had returned to the time Xanthe left him behind in the rain, walking away into the distance. He had run in the rain, crying in pain. His feelings of despair were playing out once again.

Back then, Liana was there to save him, but now there was no one left....

Josie closed her eyes. She had never seen Dexter in such a state before. She pulled out a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket and placed it in the man's cold hand.

"I hope I can live up to the profound affection you have for me."

She moved past him, holding back her tears, and quickly left Mason Garden. Outside, deep into the night, the moonlight hung high, and Josie ran in panic through the night, completely at a loss.

Dexter stood still, not knowing how much time had passed before he slowly unfolded the piece of

That was a medical report.

After the photo scandal broke out, Josie went to the hospital for a check-up. The doctor confirmed that there were no signs of sexual activity during that period.

In other words, she didn't cross the line with the man in the photo.

The photo was staged.

After a long while, Dexter was in extreme pain. He slowly crouched down, wanting to scream, but he couldn't make a single sound. In the end, he choked up in silence.

He woke up at six in the afternoon the next day in the living room of Mason Garden.

He tended to destroy things when he was in pain. Last night, he nearly wrecked the entire villa. The servants were efficient and quickly cleaned, making everything look as good as new. Only the smashed television, which was now missing a piece, wasn't adequately dealt with. Perhaps the repairman didn't have time to come over.

He stared blankly at the broken piece of furniture, wondering how long he had slept. It was five hours.

not smoking crept back like a venomous snake, catching him off guard and devouring all his rationality.

Marilyn saw that he was awake and brought over some medicine and some soup before placing them on the table. "Drink."

Dexter was in a daze. After a brief silence, he snatched them abruptly and poured everything into his stomach. Finally, he lit a cigarette and placed it between his thin lips, his actions so swift that there was not time to even stop him. Marilyn watched, her eyebrows furrowed.

She let out a deep sigh. "I heard Jo has signed it?"

After an indeterminate amount of time, as the sky outside began to darken, Dexter slightly drew his long legs together and finally spoke, answering in a way that was unrelated to the question, "That divorce agreement, I only wanted to give Paul a sense of security, to reassure him about this marriage. I never thought that one day it would actually be used."

Marilyn looked at him.

“Ms. Marilyn, even after the photos were exposed, I never considered divorce.”

Marilyn paused before replying, “I understand. You’ve always been the type to stick to your decisions once you’ve made them. You were like that ever since you were a child.”

“Do you know that I’ve never loved anyone as much as I do now? Not even Liana can compare.” Dexter leaned back on the sofa, his gaze calm, and he had a stoic expression.

#### [Chapter 797 What Kind Of Birthmark](#)

Marilyn almost trembled. “But now that things have come to this...”

“I blame her, but I also blame myself. I blame myself for not being able to protect her. If only I had been more careful, none of this would have happened.” Dexter gripped his hair. Showing his distress in front of others was a first for a strong and powerful man like him.

Marilyn’s eyes were moist, filled with heartache. “Why don’t you tell her that your grandpa is sick? She will give in to you. If she knows, she will definitely be compassionate.”

“And then what? Make her feel sorry for me?”

He remembered that their marriage had begun because of his grandfather, but now, he didn’t want to take advantage of her anymore.

Josie had been resting at Laura’s place for nearly three days until she received a phone call. It was from Julie, who spoke gently. “Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell has sent me to deliver some things to you.”

Josie didn’t have much strength, so she instructed the security to let her come up.

Julie carried a suitcase filled with her clothes from Mason Garden. In truth, she didn’t own much. All her belongings could just about fit into this case,

After Josie looked through her belongings, she said, “Thank you, Mrs. Carroll, for your trouble.”

With a helpless look, Julie was filled with regret over the end of a relationship between young people. She wanted to offer advice but chose to remain silent upon seeing the expression on Josie’s face.

“Mrs. Russell, your health has always been an issue. You must take good care of yourself.”

Josie managed to squeeze out a smile. “All right, but please stop calling me Mrs. Russell.”

Julie seemed to want to say something, but in the end, she just shook her head. “Mr. Warren didn’t stay in Mason Garden for very long but whenever he had free time, he always talked about you. He was always worried that you were being treated poorly, that you were not living a good life. He said he always feels like he’s holding you back and that one day, he wants to give it all back to you. For his sake, and considering all these factors, you must take good care of yourself.”

When Josie heard about Paul’s matters, her spirits lifted slightly, but she was quite puzzled. “My father said these things? Why would he say that?”

“Uh... Well, Mr. Warren sometimes isn’t in his right mind, so I don’t really know either.”

Josie didn't insist further. After seeing off Julie, she squatted in front of her suitcase to organize her things. Suddenly, she found a photo frame in her laptop bag. The photo inside was surprisingly of Liana as a child, posing with the Russell family.

Josie's brows furrowed.

The photo frame was tucked away in a well-hidden spot, so it was no wonder that Julie didn't notice it.

But who put it in there?

Suddenly, Josie remembered how, before Paul disappeared, he would often hold these photos, murmuring to himself.

He would always say, the person in the photo was her.

She furrowed her brows and stared intently at the person in the photo. Before, she only thought she resembled Liana, but now, considering everything she had discovered in Rivodia and her own background, she suddenly felt... the person in the photo was herself.

In an instant, a remarkably daring idea suddenly sprang to her mind...

This thought made her instinctively lean back, causing her to fall and sit on the ground.

Just then, Laura returned from outside and was startled by the scene before her. "What happened?" she asked.

She stepped forward to help her up. Josie seemed absent-minded. She tightly held Laura's hand, not daring to voice her suspicions for quite a while.

This idea was truly audacious.

"Say something!"

Josie came back to her senses and slowly shook her head in the end. "It's nothing."

Laura was puzzled. Suddenly, Josie asked, "Laura, I heard that Heather was identified as a member of the Olsen family because of a birthmark. What kind of birthmark was it?"

Laura paused, thought about it seriously, and said, "I'm not exactly sure what kind it was. Only Claudia and Mark know about this matter."

#### [Chapter 799 Make Her Wish She Were Dead](#)

Dexter was not alone as he was accompanied by several robust bodyguards. He didn't say a word. Without moving, he raised his hand slightly. Immediately, the bodyguards stepped forward, directly restraining Summer and removing her coat.

Dexter turned back, his fist clenched as he coughed. It felt that the situation wasn't related to him.

Summer shouted, "What are you trying to do? Dexter, what are you doing? Don't you dare lay a hand on me!"

Those bodyguards didn't stop their actions until they stripped her down to her underwear. Only then did Dexter turn around, looking down at the embarrassed Summer from a superior position.

"Dex..." Summer pleaded as she looked at him. "What are you doing?"

Dexter slowly crouched down. He locked eyes with her, his gaze filled with endless malice.

"Who instructed you to expose Josie's nudes?"

Summer's eyes widened. "You..."

"Mm? Tell me, who is that person?"

Summer had long suspected the reason behind his visit. When she heard his inquiry, an incredulous expression overtook her face. "It wasn't me! I only received the original photos! I'm a victim in this as well!"

"You sent me the photos. That means you were the one who posted them, right?"

Under his intimidating aura, Summer shook her head, unable to refute.

When Dexter said this, it meant that he had already found the evidence.

"Sum, hand me the original photos."

Summer resisted. "After all she's done, you still want to forgive her?"

After hearing this, Dexter let out a cold, eerie laugh. He pinched her chin. "What's it to you?"

Summer reluctantly raised her gaze, her heart brimming with reluctance. The fact that Dexter was still advocating for Josie left her at a loss for words. She forced herself to say, "But what can we do now? What's the point of having the original photos? She's already been exposed to everyone. Perhaps she had already slept with someone else. I find it hard to believe that, as a man, you wouldn't have an issue with this!"

Her words cut deep into Dexter's heart, each one leaving a lasting mark. However, above all, it was his anguish for Josie that weighed most heavily on him.

He tightened his grip. "So you're cager for humiliation, huh? Since you're so well-informed, maybe I should take your picture too. Let everyone see your nudes, and you can share in the ridicule with Josie. How does that sound?"

But her eyes were filled with rage. "My father will never let you go!"

"Why would Mark care? Right now his whole heart and soul are devoted to Liana."

"If I were a tad more merciless, you'd be at the bottom of the sea feeding fishes by now, Sum. Given our history, hand it over, and I'll allow you to leave," he asserted.

Dexter's demeanor was menacing, causing Summer to pause. Despite that, she still shook her head.

Dexter suddenly stood up and ordered his bodyguards, "Go ahead."

Several people stepped forward again, moving amidst Summer's struggles. She screamed. "Dexter, you want the original photos simply because you already know who that man is! So what if you know? Josie and him have been through perilous situations together, so you can't meddle in their relationship. Believe it or not, she won't come forward to testify against Arnold. In the end, all your efforts will be in vain!"

There was no telling which part of her statement had provoked Dexter, but his body slightly trembled. "Make her shut up!"

In less than ten minutes, his subordinates obtained a pile of explicit photos of Summer and even took a video. She was disheveled, collapsed on the ground, looking at Dexter's pale face as if she had seen a demon.

"I'm giving you three days. Within that time, I want to see the original photos and evidence of who instructed you to do this."

### [Chapter 800 Leaving Early](#)

As the plane ascended into the sky, a multitude of lights from innumerable homes twinkled below.

Dexter opted not for a private jet this time. Disguised behind a mask, he occupied a seat in business class, engrossed in his laptop. Behind him, Larry had a clear view of Josie and her assistant positioned two seats ahead on his left.

At that moment, Larry grasped the situation. Dexter had boarded this flight, setting aside his pride, all for her.

The flight from Wavery to Rivodia entailed a five-hour journey. The passengers around, fatigued from the trip, had dozed off into slumber.

Among them, Josie lowered her gaze to power down her laptop. She quietly gave Angel some instructions regarding work before concluding. "Please wake me promptly if anything comes up."

Dexter sported a bracelet on his wrist, emitting an air of elegance whenever he raised his arm. Yet, what truly captured attention beneath the backlight was the modest, unassuming ring adorning his ring finger.

Its surface was rugged, suggesting its value at best a few thousand which was a purchase from a shopping mall. Neither its craftsmanship nor its price aligned with his stature, yet he proudly wore it on his ring finger, never removing it.

Larry saw Dexter rise with a blanket in his hand, his tall figure crossing the quiet cabin.

He appeared next to Josie, startling Angel almost to the point of screaming. "Mr. Russell..."

Before she could finish speaking, Dexter's gaze remained fixed on Josie. He raised his hand, signaling Angel not to wake her up.

Dexter draped the blanket over Josie, who was drifting off to sleep. His large hand hovered in mid-air, motionless, as if he was hesitating. He lowered his head and stared for a moment, then seemed to give up. He clenched his fist and suppressed a cough at his lips before returning to his seat.

When she slept, her eyelashes would always quiver slightly, likely a sign of restless slumber. Her complexion was too pale, revealing the faint green veins beneath her skin.

Josie had arrived in Rivodia as the head of Russell Group's project to participate in a conference. It wasn't a grand affair, but it did draw the presence of a few financial magnates, and the media were scattered everywhere. News had circulated that both Dexter and Josie would be in attendance, briefly igniting hopes of capturing some sensational photographs. However, to their astonishment, the moment they disembarked from the plane, the two of them went their separate ways through distinct exits, declining all interview requests.

Josie hadn't expected Dexter to come, let alone that they would be on the same flight.

When she woke up and saw the blanket on her, she assumed it was Angel's doing. Angel hesitated for a moment, recalling Dexter's gesture, but said nothing.

At the conference, thanks to Dexter's prior introductions to many of his connections, Josie had become acquainted with most of the attendees. They could exchange smiles and engage in discussions about business matters.

After the prominent figures had concluded their speeches, it was Dexter's turn to deliver his address. Adorned in formal attire, his every gesture exuded grace and ease. The allure of a seasoned man emanated from him, instilling a profound sense of reassurance. It left no room for doubt that this man, no matter the circumstances, would always be there to protect you.

Josie was sitting across from him. The camera intentionally swept over her several times. She didn't raise her head, pretending to take notes on the paper.

The conference was halfway through when she received a phone call and had to leave early.

It was Laura. "It's all set. Every quarter at this time, Claudia will visit the famous church in Rivodia to worship."

Josie took a private car and headed straight for the church.

This place was bustling with throngs of tourists, a stark contrast to the quietude of Sousturham. However, it also seems to lack a certain degree of devotion.

"May God bless you. Madam, this place is already occupied by another pilgrim. It would be inappropriate for outsiders to disturb." The abbot politely declined Josie's inquiry.

"Apologies, could you please pass on a message for me? My name is Josie, I believe she would be willing to meet me."