

Josie pouted. "But I managed to patch it up."

Perceiving Dexter's gloomy gaze, Josie quickly sat up straight and mumbled, "I'll be more careful in the future."

Dexter warned coldly, "You'll be finished if it happens again."

Josie nodded incessantly.

"Please drop me at the next junction. I'll go back to the hospital to visit my father."

Paul and Henry stayed in the same hospital.

Dexter said nothing and pulled off the road. Before getting out of the car, Josie gazed at Dexter fervently. "I did a good job, didn't I? Grandpa seemed to be happy. Mr. Russell, my full-attendance bonus..."

"You're not going to get it."

Josie freaked out. I was wrong. I shouldn't have provoked him. Oh well, then... Josie crossed her arms and said fearlessly, "Alright then, I'll meet Grandpa again when I'm back in the hospital later."

Just as Josie was about to unfasten the seat belt, Dexter gripped her wrist immediately. "Are you threatening me?"

Josie answered with a wide grin, "I wouldn't dare."

"Very well. Let's go back together to visit your father."

Josie was stunned. No way he wants to visit my father. Given his fierce look, he will most likely take off my father's oxygen mask!

Josie wussed out and muttered, “I’m sorry, Mr. Russell. I’ll not interrupt grandpa. I’ll forgo the bonus.”

Dexter snorted while Josie unfastened the seatbelt and got out of the car sullenly.

...

Last night, Josie was informed that Dexter had asked his subordinate to transfer Paul into the VIP ward.

Josie sat down in front of the bed and was sorrowful, looking at her father, who had been in a coma for three years.

“Dad, quickly come around, would you? I miss you so much, and I miss talking to you.”

Josie’s eyes turned red-rimmed.

Truth be told, she couldn’t remember if she was twelve when she met Paul.

She was admitted to the same hospital. Her mind was blank when she regained consciousness, but the first person she met was Paul.

Paul was a surgeon. He adopted Josie after she lost all her memories. He treated her and fed her medicine. When the police failed to find her family, he brought her home.

Time flew —it had been more than ten years since then.

“Hey, Jo.”

The ward door opened. Matthew Sander, Paul’s doctor-in-charge, walked in. With her back facing Matthew, Josie wiped away her tears before she stood up to greet him.

“Hey, Matt.”

Josie and Matthew were close friends. In the past few years, Matthew had been helping her to pay the medical fees first when she was short of money.

Dressed in a white coat, Matthew wore a smile on his handsome face and asked, “Yesterday, I heard from the director that a first-rate medical team from overseas was sent to treat your father. Jo, how did you...”

Josie knew what Matthew wanted to ask – how she got the money.

“Matt, I’m married.”

Matthew was shocked. “Married?”

In the last three years, Matthew helped Josie generously, and Josie deemed him an elder brother. So, she hid nothing from him and told him about the sham marriage with Dexter.

Matthew thought the incident was dramatic. “B-But this is too sudden.”

“Yeah. I’ve been wanting to get married for a long time so that I can move out of the house and stay away from my mom. Dexter can help my dad too, so it’s not a bad deal.” Josie had reconciled with the fact.

Staring at Josie’s side profile, Matthew was dismayed by the sudden news.

All the while, he thought Josie wouldn’t consider getting married before Paul woke up. Little did he know that she had been wanting to get married.

If so, he...

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