

## **The Epic BD 541**

### **Chapter 541 Accuse of Stealing**

Josie came to a sudden halt, her eyes widening in surprise. "How did you recognize me with my mask?" she asked.

Larry's eyes gleamed with surprise and delight. "Of course," he said. "Mr. Russell has been searching for you for the past two months. I can recognize you even if you were wearing a helmet."

Josie glanced in Gareth's direction. Her voice was filled with urgency as she said, "I'll explain another day. I can't be seen here right now."

"Don't go," Larry pleaded. "we've been looking for you for so long." He stared momentarily at Andy before grabbing Josie's wrist. He was holding onto her as if his life depended on it. "You have to at least see Mr. Russell before you leave."

He then led her towards Dexter.

Josie wanted to disappear into the ground. "I really can't," she replied, shaking her head.

As they were struggling in the hallway, they caught Dexter's attention. Dexter glanced up, followed by Summer, who did the same.

Josie immediately turned around, hoping to avoid being seen.

Summer recognized her instantly and looked towards Gareth nervously. She saw his face flash in surprise and said carefully, "Dex, this isn't the appropriate occasion for this."

Dex didn't listen to Summer and started walking over to Josie.

He started walking quickly but slowed down as he got closer to her.

Arnold was carefully observing the scene that unfolded before him the whole time. He wanted to protect Josie but had to stay put because Zach was about to leave his seat. Without hesitating, he called out to Zach. Zach, let's have another toast."

Zach froze at his spot. "You must be really pumped up tonight."

"Summer announced that she had something big to reveal to everyone later. Aren't you curious?"

Zach's steps came to a halt, and he decided to stay with Arnold.

Dexter stood before Josie. Suddenly, Summer's voice cut through the air. "What are you wearing?!"

As soon as Summer's scream rang out, everyone slowly gathered around them.

Dexter stood frozen in place as Josie turned around. She was stunned to see the man she hadn't seen in a long time standing before her.

Their eyes met as if the world around them had stopped.

It only took one moment for them to fall for each other again.

Seeing how their eyes were longingly fixed on each other, Summer's face tightened, and she clenched her fists so tightly that they left red marks on her palms.

She continued to yell at Josie, "What are you wearing?"

Josie finally averted her gaze from Dexter and removed the cap that Arnold had given her earlier.

It was a cap from Louis Vuitton's Fall collection that was priced at an exorbitant price.

Summer walked over and snatched the cap from her. This is mine! How dare you steal from me?!®

Josie's bright eyes grew wide with fear and surprise when she noticed the overwhelming stares from everyone in the crowd. Shaking her head, she took a step back and refuted Summer's claims, "I didn't steal it."

Andy, who stood by her side, lowered his tone and emphasized, "Ms. Olsen, she didn't steal it from you."

"How can I trust you? She looks suspicious, doesn't she? Why would she be wearing a mask? Who knows what she's up to? Does she even have an invitation?"

Summer's questions came out in a single breath, not giving Josie a chance to speak. Her eyes darted away from Dexter's pressuring gaze.

"She" Andy was flustered and at a loss for words, struggling to explain under the scrutinizing stares of the guests.

Summer sent a warning glare at Andy, her gaze dripping with disdain. I'm asking her. Why are you getting nervous?"

Josie felt the man's eyes boring into her. His gaze was as dark and unfathomable as the deep sea, exuding a domineering and intimidating air. He looked like his world only had her in it.

"Don't you have an invitation?" Summer stood before Josie, lifting her cap. "Let me ask you one thing. Do you know what's unique about this cap?"

Josie narrowed her eyes but didn't utter a single word.

"There's a watercolor painting of a small flower behind the cap. I drew it myself," Summer asserted, turning the cap around. Sure enough, there was a painting of a daisy.

Summer wasn't lying.

Josie closed her eyes shut. She knew Summer was determined to accuse her of stealing her item.

However, she couldn't mention Arnold's name to save herself.

Chapter 542 Revealing Mrs Russell

Summer knew Josie was trapped.

The people around them started to buzz with gossip. "There's a thief..."

“What a disgrace....

“How dare she steal Summer’s item..”

Every word they said felt like a weight crushing her chest. She couldn’t look at Dexter, whose eyes were full of longing.

A crowd of people started to form, drawn to the commotion. Claudia and Mark finally showed up, having been alerted to the situation. Their brows furrowed as they took in the scene before them.

“It’s certainly interesting to catch a thief on her birthday.” Zach was ready to leave his seat when Arnold stopped him. His voice was even and controlled as he inquired, “Why are you so eager to leave? Do you have something important to attend to?”

Zach drew his eyebrows together into a tight knot as he stood frozen in his tracks.

The cap belonged to Arnold, and Summer just happened to notice the flower that was drawn behind it.

As the reporters raised their cameras, Josie finally spoke up. “Ms. Olsen, I didn’t steal your cap,” she asserted.

“Why are you trying to deny it when the evidence is clear as day?” Summer chuckled indifferently. “If you didn’t steal it, show me your invitation. Do you even have one? What are you doing here dressed like that?”

Her eyes fell on Andy, who was left dumbfounded, unable to utter a single word in Josie’s defense.

A calm and firm voice rang out, “She came to find me. The gossip and chatter surrounding them quickly came to a pause as everyone stood still, stunned to hear Dexter speak out.

Josie’s eyes widened in surprise as she looked up at the man before her.

Unwilling to accept the absurdity of his intervention, Summer grabbed the cuff of his shirt, trying to signal him to stop.

Dexter ignored her. He marched over to Josie and announced, “She came here to find me. Is there a problem with that?”

Everyone’s mouths dropped open in shock. They couldn’t believe what they were hearing.

Even Claudia and Mark exchanged curious glances. They were startled by the scene that was unfolding before them.

Arnold gripped Zach’s hand tightly, with his veins popping from his neck. His eyes were blazing red with anger.

“Dex...”

Josie was also surprised, and her heart started to race. She stared at Dexter, whose face was sharp and chiseled, his presence commanding everyone’s attention.

“I gave this cap to Josie just now. She didn’t steal it.” Dexter explained in a calm and collected manner, his deep voice resonating through the crowd. “If you’re not going to drop this, you can find me. I’ll pay you ten times the price of this cap as compensation.”

Summer stood frozen on the spot, her face ashen pale with shock.

The people in the crowd started to murmur quietly. The incident of the stolen cap was just a pretext for Summer to lash out at Josie.

However, everyone was still amazed that Dexter would stand up for her.

This was the first time Dexter had publicly defended a woman in front of such a large crowd.

Who is she?

The crowd’s eyes were all on Josie, sizing her up.

“Why are you doing this... Summer mumbled, her voice trembling.

Summer had only challenged Josie because she was sure Dexter wouldn’t stand up for her in front of the media. But she hadn’t anticipated that he would go against her words to defend Josie’s honor.

He must be crazy. Does he know what this represents?

Dexter held Josie’s hand and raised her hands before the crowd. He spoke slowly and deliberately, his voice firm. “I don’t think it’s inappropriate for me to bring my wife to an event, do you?”

The crowd erupted into a frenzy.

The sound of camera shutters clicking nonstop filled the air, as everyone present was eager to capture this

moment.

Who would have thought that she was Dexter’s wife?

Many guests knew Dexter was married but had no idea who his wife was. To their surprise, Dexter revealed her identity at Summer’s birthday party.

This news was sure to make headlines the next day.

Josie felt a sinking feeling in her stomach as she struggled to process what was happening. She couldn’t believe he would take that opportune moment to reveal the nature of their relationship.

She tried to free her hands from his, but Dexter gripped them tighter. His eyes reflected a determined glint as he looked into hers. “You can rely on me from now on, he firmly reassured.

Chapter 543 Take Her Away

“You...”

Dexter smiled warmly and continued, “You’re stunning. You shouldn’t need to wear a mask.” Josie lowered her head and removed her mask. Her face was revealed to the public and caught on camera.

Josie was a natural beauty. Her face was flawless, even without makeup. Her features were delicate, and her skin was clear. Everyone who saw her was captivated by her beauty.

The spotlight was blinding. Josie felt utterly exposed, so she covered her face with her hands, hoping to hide from everyone's stares.

Claudia was taken aback when she saw Josie's face. She staggered backward in shock. "Why is she here?"

Mark caught hold of her, and his forehead creased in concern. "She does look very similar to Liana. It must come as a shock to you."

"No, that isn't the problem. Why is Josie here?"

Dexter's wife was the one she had been spending time with for the past two months.

Mark was too focused on his own thoughts to pay attention to her. "Summer just dug her own grave, he sneered in a deep and solemn tone.

On the other side, Dexter held Josie's hand and led her through the crowd. Her heart was racing as she followed him.

Out of nowhere, Dexter picked her up by the waist and marched through the crowd. His determined figure exuded a sense of calmness as they passed through the mass of people.

The noise faded away, and the only thing that remained was the sound of their hearts pounding in their chests.

Moses sped along the highway.

Dexter's phone rang, and he saw that it was Larry. "We're having some trouble with the reporters," Larry said.

Dexter held his phone tightly, and his eyes narrowed. He spoke in a composed voice to Larry, "Let them report it."

He was determined to let the world know about Josie.

Josie sat huddled in the corner of the backseat. She had her mask on and her head down, her face indiscernible for Dexter to see.

Dexter's tense expression slowly melted away as he studied her.

"Where have you been for the past two months?" he asked, his voice laced with sweetness.

Josie was not used to hearing Dexter speak in such a soft and gentle tone. She wrapped her arms around her legs and remained silent, even as he questioned her.

Dexter continued to speak to her in a gentle and understanding tone. "It's alright if you don't want to share."

"Where are **we** headed to?" Moses asked.

"To a hotel," Dexter replied.

Josie didn't want to return to the Mason Garden.

"I'm not going to a hotel," she finally spoke up. "I want to go home."

Dexter pressed his lips tightly together, forming a thin line. "I've been worried sick about you for the past two months. I need to make sure you're safe right now. Do you understand?"

"Aren't I here now? I'm fine," Josie said, meeting his gaze. Her eyes were dazzling, enrapturing him wholly.

But her words cut deep like a knife; it felt like there were a million miles between them as she put up walls again.

"You're still blaming me," he finally said after a pause, his voice filled with regret. "I'm sorry, Josie."

He had apologized to her many times.

Josie couldn't bear it any longer. "You don't have to apologize to me. You've done nothing wrong."

her

The car pulled up in front of a luxurious hotel. Dexter exited the car and opened the door for Josie, but she stayed in her seat. "I don't want to be with you," she uttered, her voice trembling with dread. D

Dexter had lost all patience with her. He picked her up and carried her into the hotel, not giving her a chance to argue..

Josie struggled to break free from his arms, but he was too strong for her.

"Dexter, you prick!" Josie bit his shoulder so hard that it left a bloody mark. "Let me go!"

He carried her all the way to the top floor of the building, to the presidential suite.

The door closed behind them automatically. Josie didn't have time to take in the lavish view of the room before she was abruptly let down on the floor. Within a split second, Dexter pulled her to the side, and her back knocked hard against the wall, leaving her wincing in pain. D

The man leaned in closer to her ear, and she caught a whiff of his familiar scent.

Chapter 544 We Can Try for a Second Child

Josie immediately recognized the man's unique scent.

She held her breath, feeling his lips linger closer to hers. Her line of sight was blocked, and all she could hear **was** his raspy voice. "Why wouldn't you come with me? Are you together with Arnold?" (D

Dexter squeezed her hands harder, and her muscles flexed in resistance.

"You showed up at the Olsen Residence together with his people. Am I right?"

"So what?" Josie sneered, staring into his eyes.

"Why did you go to the Olsen Residence?" Dexter asked, his voice cold and demanding.

She was surprised by his interrogation, "What does that have to do with you?" she spat, her eyes narrowing at him.

"I won't hold it against you

if you tell me nothing is going on between you and Arnold," Dexter said, his voice dropping. D

Josie knew that she was about to push him too far. She would have given him what he wanted in the but she wouldn't do it this time.

"I'm with Arnold now," Josie said, her tone final.

past,

Dexter's eyes darkened, but he held his anger in check. Before he could say anything, Josie continued, her voice rising in anger. "Why does it concern you? You humiliated me, and then you threatened me by dragging me here as soon as you found me. What more do you want?"

He did not expect her to be so blunt, leaving him no room for compromise.

"Say that again," his voice was devoid of emotion.

"You humiliated me, and then you threatened me. What more do you want from me?"

"Say it again."

"You humiliated me..."

"Say it again!"

"You..."

The hands that gripped her chin tightly slowly softened. Her tears welled up in her eyes, but they were invisible in the dark. He only knew about them when a teardrop fell onto the back of his hand. D

The tear was warm on his hands, a reminder of the pain he had caused.

The veins on his arms faded as soon as he felt the warm teardrop.

Josie's legs buckled as soon as she was free from his grip, and she sank to the ground, trembling with fear.

Her tears streamed down her face as she wept into her hands.

"Dex, we lost our first child. It took me so long to recover from that loss. I finally found peace, but you're tearing my life apart again. Please let me go." (D

Dexter's **face** was unreadable, but his eyes were filled with regret. He had never seen Josie cry like this before, and it broke his heart. He finally realized the pain he had put her through.

She begged and pleaded for him to release her.

Dexter lifted his head, his face set in a grim expression, and he blinked his tears away forcefully.

Josie hadn't sobbed hysterically in a long time. She was afraid to cry in front of people, not wanting to worry them. Even when she did cry, she had to stifle her sobs so no one could hear her.

However, when she stood before Dexter, she felt like she had found the source of all her problems. She cried her eyes out, releasing all of her pent-up frustration and despair.

Dexter's heart cracked into pieces as he heard her cries. He crouched down and gently lifted her onto the bed. As she sobbed, he patted her back softly to comfort her. "We can still try for a second baby, even a third one," he said. "I won't hurt you. Please stop crying and take a deep breath to calm down." D

Josie's eyes were blurry with tears. She felt like she was in a dream. When had Dexter ever been so patient and warm with her before?

Dexter comforted her, but he wouldn't let her leave.

Josie panted in short gasps, her body shaking as she tried to calm her breaths. Dexter reached for a glass and filled it with warm water. He placed the glass on the bedside table and sat down next to her.

Chapter 545 Who Would Understand Me?

The black suit **he was** wearing accentuated his intimidating aura. He suddenly pulled out a first aid kit and held Josie's leg to check on her leg injury.

It was recovering well.

He tenderly applied the ointment to her wounds and declared, "I'm not getting married to Summer. Not now, not ever."

Josie didn't say anything in response to his statement.

Dexter was unusually gentle as he treated her wounds. "Thank you for helping me when the Russell Group was in trouble, Jo. I owe you," he enunciated sincerely.

As expected, he knew what she had done for him.

Dexter waited for Josie's response. His heartstrings tugged when she didn't say anything.

"I never had feelings for Summer," Dexter added earnestly, his voice steady. "The only reason I kept my distance from you was to protect you. I had no other choice."

Josie would have understood and forgiven him if it had been in the past. But she was on the verge of death and was deeply hurt by someone she loved, so she didn't know how to react anymore.

"I know," she mumbled, moving her **leg** away.



"You know?" Dexter asked, his eyes widening.

Josie could finally look into the eyes of the man she hadn't seen in months. "Mr. Russell always has his reasons. What else could I do other than to forgive and move on?"

Dexter's eyes narrowed, and his nostrils flared. He didn't like it when she was sarcastic with him.

"Are you upset about the divorce agreement? Xanthe was the one who drew **it** up. It's not legally binding."

Josie was exhausted, both physically and emotionally. She tried to get out of bed but froze when she met Dexter's stern gaze.

She was fuming with frustration as she rubbed her temples. "All this time, **I've** had to interpret your actions for myself. You've never tried to explain any of your actions. Do I mean anything to you?"

"Our marriage was never fair from the start. It was a business deal. But Dexter, you should know I married you because I loved you and hoped you would love me back. Even now, I like you very much, but I'm afraid of you."

His world was too complicated for her to comprehend.

-Dexter stared at her, his eyes grave with suppressed rage and vulnerability.

Josie locked eyes with him. "I've always been there for you, trying to understand your perspective. But what about me? Who would try to understand mine?"

She was about to get off the bed when Dexter grabbed her wrist. "I'll understand you from now on," he **asserted**.

Josie had no energy **left** to deal with him.

Dexter gripped her arms like a vice, refusing to let her go. In the darkness of the room, he pleaded, "Josie, you can hate me, but please give me a chance to make it up to you."

He took her phone, leaving her without a way to contact anyone.

Dexter's stubbornness was driving her insane. Without her phone, she couldn't reach out to Arnold to check on Laura.

Dexter was glued to her side, never letting her out of his sight.

Josie felt a sense of dread settle in her stomach as she was under Dexter's watchful eye. Even though she tried to ignore him, he was still willing to put up with her. She tried to escape in the middle of the night but was met with his cold stare from the shadows. His slight cough gave her a startle,

She would lose her mind if he didn't set her free.

"I need my phone to let them know I'm okay."

"Who are you trying to reach?"

She couldn't let him know that she wanted to call Arnold.

"Don't you know why I went to the Olsen Residence?"

Josie finally gave in and told him the truth.

Chapter 546 Cracking the Passcode.

Dexter's face scrunched up in a look of consternation.

She spent half an hour explaining everything to him. "It's daytime now, and I don't know if Laura escaped. I would feel terrible if something happened to her last night."

Dexter finally realized why Josie was so on edge. He handed her the phone. "Go ahead and ask."

Josie couldn't fathom how at ease he seemed. "I'll... be calling Arnold..."

He nodded in assent.

She quickly snatched the phone from his hands and dialed Arnold's number. "Josie! Are you okay?!"

Josie turned away to answer Arnold's call, worried about how Dexter would react. "I'm fine. Did Laura manage to escape?"

"I've already told Claudia. She's going to help us get Laura out of there today."

Josie breathed a sigh of relief when she heard what Arnold had to say.

"You must let me know as soon as she's out."

Before they hung up, Arnold asked, his voice indicating his concern, "Are you really okay?"

A shadow cast over Dexter's features the longer the call continued.

Josie had no choice but to end the call when she saw Dexter staring at her intently.

Josie was still upset with Dexter and refused to speak to him. However, he had his subordinates prepare a new set of branded clothes for her without her knowledge.

Josie saw the array of branded clothes laid out for her and smiled wryly. "Am I going to a fashion show?" she scoffed.

In addition, Dexter had a doctor come to look at Josie's injury.

After the doctor had completed a series of examinations, Dexter followed up with him. "Make sure she doesn't suffer any after-effects from the accident!" he demanded.

"The injury is not serious," the doctor assured Dexter. "With proper rest, she will make a full recovery"-

Josie had enough.

Clicking her tongue, she demanded, "Dexter, why are you keeping me here?" Directing her frustrations at him, she continued, "Are you trying to make amends for what you did? What's the point of all this?"

Dexter could put up a front of being patient if the situation called for it.

He didn't answer **her** questions, and Josie stomped her legs indignantly like a child experiencing a temper tantrum. She **was** upset and annoyed by his behavior.

Dexter secretly took satisfaction in the fact that he could get Josie riled up.

Dexter was happy with the way things were. He was content **as** long as he could be with Josie.

Josie finally understood that her outburst did not serve any purpose and only fueled Dexter's satisfaction. She decided to try a different approach. "If you want to make up with me," she said finally, "could you help Arnold get Laura out of the hidden basement?"

Dexter's eyebrows shot up. "I had my people on their way the moment you hung up," he responded.

Josie was surprised by his unexpected behavior.

However, he still wouldn't let her go. He must be afraid of losing her again.

A sense of dread continued to plague Josie. She couldn't reach anyone to find out about Laura's condition.

Dexter finally left in the afternoon for a business meeting. The door was locked from the outside.

*There must also be guards posted outside.*

Josie's hand started to sweat as she stared at the lock *in* front of her. She knew this was her only chance to escape.

She only had three chances to enter the passcode. She had to think carefully before trying any of them. She tried Dexter's birthday, but it didn't work.

Josie maintained her composure. There was no way Dexter would use her birthday as the passcode.

She paced around the room, and then a thought occurred to her. She was frustrated with herself for being so foolish.

If she got it wrong, she would have one more opportunity to get the passcode right.

Josie scurried around the bedroom, her anxiety-stricken face reflected in the doorknob as she keyed in the passcode.

'Beep!'

The door unlocked.

Josie was stunned, unable to believe she had guessed the passcode correctly.

Her heart was beating wildly in her chest.

After composing herself, she slowly opened the door and saw that no one was around.

Was Dexter so sure that she wouldn't guess the passcode?

Chapter 547 Escape

Josie entered the VIP elevator and pressed the button for the ground floor. Her heart sank as the elevator descended, and her inner alarms started to blare.

Her cheeks burned red as her heart pounded in her chest.

The passcode she entered was the date of their wedding anniversary.

When the elevator door opened, Josić stepped into the hotel's luxurious lobby. The lobby was adorned with marble flooring.

She took a deep breath and stepped out, trying to look like she belonged there.

Josie didn't expect to see Dexter at the cafe next to the lobby. As she was about to walk through the entrance, their eyes met.

His eyes turned cold as he saw Josie trying to flee. He rose to his feet and called out to her, "Josie!"

Josie's heart skipped a beat at the sound of his voice. She didn't hesitate for a second and bolted through the door.

Cars were driving by the hotel, and she managed to catch a taxi just in time. She got in the cab as soon as Dexter came out of the hotel entrance. Her heart was beating out her chest as she sat down.

"Please hurry, my husband is an abuser. He's chasing me with a knife."

The driver stepped on the pedal and looked out the window. He was puzzled about how a man who seemed so well-groomed and distinguished could be an abuser.

Josie placed her hands on her chest to calm her racing heart. After a while, she saw a car coming up behind them. It was Dexter driving his black Maybach. His car had a much more powerful engine than the taxi, and she could see him gaining speed on them.

They were speeding through the streets recklessly. The taxi driver was starting to get worried about offending the driver of the Maybach. "Miss, who is he?" he asked.

Dexter lowered his window and gave her a thumbs up. He was impressed by her determination to escape.

She could feel her blood rushing through her veins as she imagined what would happen if Dexter caught her.

"He's a monster. Please take me to the nearest police station."

Josie was wary of being caught by him. She knew he would never do anything to her in front of a crowd.

Despite everything, Dexter had never hurt her. He had always been attentive and caring towards her.

Before they reached the police station, the cars came to a halt at a traffic light.

The traffic light had a sixty-four-second countdown timer.

I'm doomed, Josie thought to herself when she realized the predicament she was in.

Dexter controlled his rage as he pulled Josie out of the car. He plastered a smile on his face and asked through gritted teeth, "Why are you running away? I'm not going to do anything to you."

Josie winced in pain as Dexter's grip tightened on her hands. "Dexter, let me go," she stuttered. "I promise I won't go anywhere."

Dexter's face tightened with anger as the silence between them stretched on.

Josie's anger and fear were palpable. She gripped Dexter's hand so tightly that it left red marks on his palm, but he didn't even flinch.

"You're coming with me," he said firmly, his eyes hard and unyielding.

He needed her by his side today.

The cars behind beeped their horns loudly as the light turned green. However, no one was brave enough. to get too close to Dexter's car.

Dexter was met with a pleading gaze from Josie. She knew that she was trapped. He refused to let her go.

Dexter gripped her wrist tightly as he led her to his car. He opened the door and was about to force her inside. At that point, the taxi driver had already left.

Darting her eyes left and right, a sense of helplessness and desperation seared through her body as she frantically sought a way to break free from her current situation. Just then, she saw a few police officers working on the sidewalk.

When the police officers saw Dexter's car stopped at the traffic light, they started to approach them.

Chapter 548 You're Quite the Gangster, Aren't You?

Josie's eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope. She yelled at the top of her lungs, "Help me! I don't know this man! Please help me!"

Dexter's eyes widened in disbelief.

Dexter was caught off guard as the police officers arrived and cuffed his hands together before he could speak..

Josie felt a sense of relief wash over her as she fell to the ground, her arms hitting the pavement with a dull thud.

"What are you doing to this woman?\*

Dexter had never been restrained in this way before. If it hadn't been for the unexpected attack, the police wouldn't have been able to take him down. He gritted his teeth and glared at the officers. "Let me go if you want to live!"

The police officers were unmoved by Dexter's threats. They increased the pressure on him, warning. "You're quite the gangster, aren't you? For someone with such distinguished charisma, you have a terrible character.

“Miss, can you tell us what happened?”

Josie rubbed her hands, which were sore from hitting the ground. This was the only chance she had to escape from Dexter. Her words lingered on her lips, but she held her tongue when she met his blazing stare.

The crowd was dispersed by the police officers. The incident would be a hot topic on social media if their pictures circulated online.

“Miss, can you tell us your relationship with this man?” the police officers asked.

Josie regained her senses and stuttered out a response. “I don’t know him.”

Dexter’s eyes were icy cold, like two shards of glass. They pierced her soul, and she could tell he was thinking about the absurdity of the situation they were in.

The police officers tightened their grip on Dexter as they heard her response. “How dare you kidnap a woman?” one of them asked. “I’m sure the car must be stolen too. You can explain yourself to the detectives later.”

Dexter’s face turned grim. He had an affluent background and held a powerful standing in society. He was used to being treated with respect, but now he was treated like a common criminal.

Dexter swore under his breath. “Fools,” he muttered to himself.

The police officers ears perked up. “What did you just say?” one of them yelled.

I said that you’re both fools, Dexter snarled

“You bastard”

Dexter’s charisma was overwhelming His piercing gaze and deep, profound features made Josie’s anxiety skyrocket She staggered backward, ready to run for it before he could catch her again.

You’re Quite the Gangster, Aren’t You?

Once the detectives were on the scene, it would take them a while to interrogate Dexter. If she left now, he wouldn’t be able to find her. Even if he did, tracking her down would take him a few days.

Like a predator eyeing his prey, Gareth narrowed his vision onto Josie and saw her nervously backing away. Within a split second, he kicked the police officers with such force that they staggered away.

Josie was rooted to the spot. She was worried about the two police officers. If Dexter got revenge, he wouldn’t hesitate to hurt their families.

Josie was not as cold-blooded as Dexter. She stood frozen in place, her heart hammering in her chest as she watched the police officers and Dexter fight.

The police officers were not about to let Dexter get away with his crimes. They immediately started to fight back, but Dexter was able to overpower them and pin them to the ground.

They were convinced that Dexter was a kidnapper. He was too skilled a fighter to be anything else.

The police officers looked at each other, and their eyes narrowed in suspicion.

Dexter broke free from the police officers' grip with a single tug. His eyes were fixed on Josie as he walked towards her, his gaze unwavering.

As always, Dexter's eyes were like lasers, boring into her soul.

The detective's car was almost there, and Josie's breath came in short gasps. Her collar bones were visible, and her eyes were wide with fear as she stared at the man approaching her.

One of the police officers raised his baton and swung it across Dexter's back with a powerful blow. Dexter groaned in pain, and Josie's heart sank as she saw his veins popping out of his neck.

The detectives came over to restrain Dexter. "Is this the man who tried to kidnap you?" one of them asked.

Dexter raised his head, his eyes narrowed.

Dexter's eyes were locked on Josie, and she felt a shiver run down her spine. She quickly turned her head. away from him.

#### Chapter 549 Marriage Certificate

The detectives escorted Dexter back to the police station for interrogation, and Josie had to go along. "We just need a brief statement from you. Don't worry, and it won't take long."

The police were incredibly considerate and gentle with the victim.

Dexter raised his eyebrows and sneered. "Why are you being so biased?" he asked the detective.

The detective's face was set in a stern expression as he glared at Dexter. "Do you think I should treat you respectfully?" he scoffed.

Dexter had never felt so disrespected before.

Josie squeezed her eyes shut. She started to regret her split-second decision to accuse him in front of the police. She had only gotten herself into deeper waters by messing with him.

Dexter had controlled his anger and looked surprisingly calm. He looked into her eyes with a determined gaze. They both knew these people were no match for him and wouldn't dare to lay a finger on him once they discovered his true identity.

He won't be the one coming out on the losing end by the end of the day.

The baton was swung with such power that it left a lasting ache in his back, making it hard for him to stand up.

Josie and Dexter were cramped together in the back seat of the police car. They occasionally brushed shoulders as the car bumped along, but Josie kept her head down and didn't want to deal with him.

"Just wait and see."

His voice dropped an octave, and he spoke each word with deliberate clarity, emphasizing the gravity of his words. Josie's stomach churned at the thought of what was in store, knowing Dexter wouldn't let them off the hook.

She then lifted her head. "Enough, Dexter. Don't touch them."

Dexter chuckled menacingly. "Why didn't you feel sorry for them when you screamed earlier?"

The people trying to put him behind bars would never have thought that they were about to be at the mercy of the person they had apprehended.

Josie ignored him, as there was no way for them to communicate effectively.

"So, tell me, are you the human trafficker who was trying to kidnap a woman in broad daylight?" The detective at the police station interrogated Dexter.

Dexter scoffed. "How is this kidnapping? She's my wife. We had a minor disagreement, but your people had to interfere. You can ask her yourself."

The group of detectives looked at Josie expectantly. "Is he your husband? You can tell us the truth. Don't worry about him getting back at you"

Josie's scalp prickled. She couldn't bring herself to look at Dexter.

Before she could say a word, Dexter threw their marriage certificate on the table. "See for yourself," he said

in a low, demanding voice.

Josie's eyes widened in shock. Why did he have a marriage certificate with him?

The officer compared the names on the certificate to their identity cards. He stared at their pictures and then looked up at them. After confirming that everything matched, he asked Josie with an arched eyebrow, "Why did you call for help then?"

Josie chewed on her bottom lip, her hand plastered on the temple of her head. She felt humiliated and quickly apologized, "I'm so sorry for causing this much trouble for you."

This situation left the police officers speechless. Their faces were filled with a mixture of confusion and frustration as they inquired again, "Are you being abused? You looked terrified of him just now."

"It certainly looked like it."

Dexter crossed his arms in front of him, his eyes narrowing with annoyance. Josie quickly apologized to them, afraid that their words would set Dexter off.

His eyes darkened even further when he saw her apologizing profusely. "You're amazing," he commented sarcastically under his breath.

Larry arrived at the police station moments later. He knew the rules-they couldn't know that he was the CEO of the Russell Group. However, things would be different as soon as they left the police station.



"You're Dexter Russell, the CEO of the Russell Group?"

"Do you need me to prove who I am?"

The detectives apologized profusely and offered to take him to the hospital to treat his wounds.

Chapter 550 Leave as Soon as Possible

Josie stood by the entrance, pouring a cup of water for the police officers.

The police officers didn't hold anything against her after she explained what happened. "Your husband looked furious. He must bully you often, they commented.

However, she kept it to herself and explained, "It's my fault. I came out without telling him."

"Is he that strict with you?"

"That's how he's always been."

"Seeing how you and your husband act around each other, I'm sure your relationship won't last. Listen to my advice and get away from him as soon as possible.

Josie chuckled softly, "Thanks, buddy."

Despite her wishes, Dexter wouldn't let her go.

The police officers had already left when Dexter exited the station. Andy went outside to make a call. Dexter leaned against the wall, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He lit it up but didn't take a puff. "They look quite young. I'm sure they're just at the beginning of their careers. Shall I turn their world upside down?"

The smoke he breathed out wafted between them.

"All I need is for you to come with me. It's a simple and straightforward request. However, if you're unwilling to do so, I guess I'll have no choice but to make them pay. Their lives would be ruined because of your little rebellion. Would you be able to sleep soundly knowing what you've done to them?"

"You know me better than anyone."

"Josie, you're playing with fire. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Dexter's voice was assertive. As he spoke, Josie's knuckles turned white from the pressure of her grip. Dexter was a master manipulator, and he knew exactly how to push Josie's buttons.

Josie's eyes were like two chips of blue ice, cold and unyielding. "I have a condition."

Dexter's eyebrow shot up in amusement.

"You have to inform me about Laura's situation."

Dexter's lips expanded into a wide grin. "Sure."

When they left the station, the police officers who had arrested them were still there, shining a flashlight into the car. Dexter's eyes narrowed to slits as he growled, "What do you want? Are you thinking of hitting me again?"

"How could I?" The officer laughed nervously. "I didn't recognize you before. But I wouldn't have mistaken you for a human trafficker if I had known you were the person who is currently trending on real-time

searches

Josie quickly glanced over. In that brief moment, her eyes widened in shock at the pictures posted online. They were from Summer's birthday party,

The photo was taken from a misleading angle. It showed Dexter carrying Josie away, his broad back making her look small in his arms. She had turned to look back in fear, and the photo caught her looking directly into the camera.

Her eyes were wide with fear, and tears welled up in them, threatening to spill over.

Dexter's face was a blank slate, unreadable and impenetrable.

The comment section was a hive of activity, with people buzzing about the latest news.

"Dexter had finally confirmed the identity of Mrs. Russell!"

"So this is Mrs. Russell. Despite her ordinary appearance, her presence is truly unique."

"This must be another Cinderella story."

Josie's lips twitched. She felt the urge to disappear into thin air.

This revelation meant that she was trapped. Everyone now knew that she was Dexter's wife.

Dexter was pleased to see her reaction. "Let the PR department keep this on the trends for a few more days," he said, his lips curling into a smile.

"Dexter!" Josie yelled; she couldn't stand it anymore.

It was all his fault.

Andy informed Josie as they reached the top floor of the hotel that Dexter had booked the place for half a year with the intention of staying there long-term.

The dressing on Dexter's back wound, which had been applied at the police station, was inadequate, as evidenced by the blood that had seeped through it onto his shirt.

Larry urgently called for the doctor to examine his injury.

He was severely hurt and would need a few days of rest to recover.