

## Chapter 411 Custody

The two of them chatted for a while. After Josie got everything she wanted, Katelyn came back.

"What are you two talking about? You look quite happy."

"Oh, nothing. We're just chatting."

With a smile, Katelyn looked at Josie and said, "Isn't Rosie lovely? Josie, you should talk to Ryan and Luke. Men shouldn't just focus on their career, you know. Luke is a playboy. Maybe getting married will make him steady."

"I think so too."

Katelyn and Josie started to talk about their children. They chatted with each other for a long time. It wasn't until a servant came that they were reminded by the time and stopped talking.

Outside, the snow had almost stopped falling.

Smiling, Katelyn said, "Look at me. I enjoyed chatting with you so much that I forgot about the time."

"How about dinner at my place today?" Josie asked.

"Thank you, but I'm good. Kane will be home for dinner tonight. He's always busy with work, and he seldom comes home these days. I have to go back."

Josie gave the flowers to Katelyn and said, "Alright. Then I'll see you off."

"Okay."

They all put on their heavy coats before leaving the greenhouse. The weather was quite chilly outside.

They had chatted for quite a long time, and the road was already

covered with a thin layer of snow. As they walked, their high-heeled shoes clattered on the pavement.

When they got to the front of the house, Paul was already dressed up and waiting for Rosie and Katelyn. Turning around, Rosie and Katelyn said their goodbyes to Josie.

Josie smiled back and sent them on their way. When their car disappeared from her sight, Josie's face darkened.

Anson noticed the change in her expression. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "What's wrong?"

Josie wanted to tell him about it, but she changed her mind. She remembered how partial Anson was of Wendy, so she thought that it might not be the best idea. She glared at him and walked back into the living room.

Confused, Anson touched his nose and watched her walk off. He had no idea what was wrong with Josie. He wondered if he had said something to offend her.

Outside, the sky gradually darkened. But Josie was still not in the mood to have dinner.

Anson let out a sigh. He sat next to her and said, "You shouldn't wait up any longer. It's a work day, after all. I don't think they will be back for dinner."

From time to time, Josie glanced at the front door. "Who knows? Maybe they will. What if they come back?"

Anson could only look at her and shake his head.

Their sons were all grown up and had their own lives. He felt that it was only normal for them to have their own things to do and places to be.

However, it wasn't what Josie believed in. To her, they would always be her children. It was a mother's nature to worry for her kids. She was worried that they weren't able to take care of themselves. Despite her worries, the truth wasn't that bleak. Ryan and Luke both lived happy lives.

"How about I call and ask them?"

"Don't."

Letting out a sigh, Anson said, "Relax. It's just a phone call. It's much more convenient to ask them than to sit around here and wait. If they don't come home for dinner, we'll just go ahead and eat."

"No matter what, you can't call them."

Even if they came home for dinner after they called, she thought that it would be forced. It was a test. She just wanted to see if her sons still valued her as their mother. If they did, she shouldn't need to call them for them to show up for dinner.

Anson was at a loss for words. Having been married to Josie for many years, he knew exactly what was going on in her mind. Helpless, he rubbed his forehead.

Women could be simple creatures. But sometimes, they certainly worried too much.

They were her children. She shouldn't have to play mind games with them.

Anson couldn't figure out what was running through his wife's mind.

As more time passed, the sky outside turned completely dark. The lights in the villa went on. Under the dim street light, the snowflakes slowly floated down to earth.

But Josie was not in the mood to appreciate such beautiful scenery.

She pursed her lips, and her face became gloomier and gloomier with each minute that passed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, would you want me to serve the dishes now?" It was already the second time that the servant asked that question.

Josie's face darkened even more.

"Alright," Anson said.

"No! Just a little while more."

Anson glanced at his watch and said, "It's almost eight o'clock already,

and it's still snowing outside. They're not coming."

Josie lowered her head.

Pressing Josie's shoulder, Anson said, "They are grown-ups already. They have their own lives. You can't keep an eye on them all the time. The only person you have to worry about is me, okay?"

"Why should I worry about you?"

Anson's expression changed. "Well, maybe because I'm your husband? If you don't take care of me, aren't you afraid another woman will?"

Josie looked him in the eye. "We'll see who dares to do that!"

Holding her face in his hands, Anson whispered, "That's right. This is the Josie that I know. Come on. Let's have dinner."

Glancing at Anson, Josie followed him to the dinner table without saying a word. She didn't have much of an appetite, so she only ate a little.

"Have some more." Anson picked up some food and put it on her plate. "Look at yourself. You're getting thinner. People usually gain weight during the holiday."

Josie touched her face and thought about what Rosie said to her earlier. She had completely lost her appetite. With a sigh, she put down her fork on the plate.

"What's wrong?"

"Our sons used to be so loving and obedient. During holidays, they would always come home to be with us no matter how busy they were. But look at how they are now!"

Anson shook his head. He felt helpless. He had already guessed what Josie was going to say next. And it was just as he had expected.

With a frown, Josie went on, "Ever since they met that woman, Wendy, they don't listen to us at all!"

Even before Josie opened her mouth, he already knew that she would put the blame on Wendy. After all, Ryan and Luke were her sons. As a



mother, she didn't have the heart to see fault in her children. She had to put the blame on someone else.

Anson finally understood why there had been conflicts between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law since ancient times.

"Anson, I have something to discuss with you."

"Go ahead."

"I want to talk to Wendy."

Anson was so caught off guard that he almost dropped the fork in his hand. He didn't have any appetite as well, so he put the fork down. "Talk to her? What will you talk about?"

"It's about our grandson, of course," Josie said. "Ray is Ryan's son. I can't let her live with an outsider."

When Josie had no idea that Raymond was her grandson, she secretly had him kidnapped. Deep inside, she knew that Anson was really angry at what she did. But when he later saw how much they hated Josie, he chose to be there to comfort her.

After what happened, Josie had learned her lesson. She knew that she couldn't do anything behind Anson's back anymore.

She held Anson's arm and said in a soft voice, "Not long after Ray was born, Wendy took him to the US. I don't think he already has an ID, which means he may still be illegal in the country. He will already be four years old after the New Year, and he should go to preschool."

Anson sighed. He knew that Josie was right. It was indeed a big problem. "What do you want to do?"

"Ray is our grandson. He is part of the Oliver family, yet he still has Wendy's surname. I want him to be registered with our family name. This way, he will be Ryan's legitimate son, and thus our legitimate grandson."

"That's it?" Anson knew Josie, and he knew that it couldn't be that simple. Sure enough, he was right.

After hesitating for a while, Josie decided to tell him the truth. "I want

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