

Blind Date 651

[Chapter 651 He Wanted to Give Her a Home](#)

Paul furrowed his white brows and looked closer at the picture. He became flabbergasted when he gazed at Josie again, who was grinning widely.

Josie tilted her head. "I thought she resembled me too when I first saw her picture. Not just me, but many others think so too. Unfortunately, I don't have a picture of myself when I was younger. Pop, do you remember how I looked when I was young?"

In the picture, Liana stood on a green pasture under the sunlight, beaming from ear to ear. Her aura differed from Josie, who used to be shy when she was a girl.

Nonetheless, they looked like twins.

Paul scrutinized the picture and wiped away the dust on it. "You two look very alike..."

Suddenly, Paul was reminded of the scene when he first saw Josie back then..

That year, a nurse spotted a sick girl, aged around eight, outside the hospital. Her head was severely damaged. Paul was her doctor-in-charge, and she only regained consciousness half a month later.

When she woke up, she stared at Paul with a lost look. Her eyes were filled with confusion, yet they were bright and clear. "Who are you? Where am I?" She asked timidly.

Paul's heart softened at once.

Even after the girl was completely healed, the police couldn't find her family. The hospital specially held a discussion and came to no conclusion. Finally, Paul stood up and uttered in a moderate yet determined voice. "I'll adopt the child and take care of her."

He was still young at that time, and his son was only five years old. So, no one expected he would voluntarily adopt the child.

Later, some asked Paul why he did so. Paul answered with mixed emotions, "I've been looking after this child for a month, and I'm the only one she knows. I can't bear to send her to the orphanage. I want to give her a home."

Jenny was dissatisfied with Paul's decision and became very harsh towards Josie.

Paul thought he would return Josie to her parents if they came looking for her, but no one had come for her even after she graduated from university.

As such, Paul raised Josie like his own daughter.

Until now, he could remember Josie's appearance when she was young, which looked exactly like the girl in the picture.

Paul's memory had deteriorated ever since he regained consciousness. The old memories were especially shattered and sealed. When he suddenly remembered so many things in the past, he had a headache as his brain could not take the impact.

“Hey Pop, are you okay?”

Josie was startled to see Paul’s pale face and quickly helped him sit down.

“Who’s this person in the picture? Is she from the Russell family?” Paul asked strangely.

Josie frowned. “No, she isn’t. Is there something wrong? You look disturbed.”

Paul heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the answer. “Why is this picture here, then?” He asked.

Josie hesitated. “Uhhh... That’s Dexter’s privacy. She’s his childhood friend, not from the Russell family.”

Nodding in a daze, Paul placed the picture on the table and carefully examined it under the sunlight. His memories were blurred, and he couldn’t make sense of some things. When he looked at the picture again, he thought the resemblance wasn’t that strong.

“I see. You two look quite alike.”

Josie smiled and signaled for Julie to keep the picture away. “I wonder if we still look alike now that she has grown up.”

After all, Liana was someone whom both Dexter and Claudia cared for. So, Josie hoped she was alive and well.

[Chapter 652 A Gift for Him](#)

“My daughter definitely looks more beautiful.” Paul patted Josie’s hand.

Josie beamed back at him. She used to be envious when she saw how Summer’s father cared for her. She no longer had any reason to be envious.

At Rivodia.

On Dexter’s final day there, his last schedule was supervising part of the upcoming year’s work goals for the branch. As night fell, the head branch accompanied him at the banquet in Rivodia’s liveliest place.

Three rounds of drinks went around. Dexter was not drunk. An executive from the branch offered him a cigarette. “Mr. Russell, I heard that you love this brand Lelotus.”

Dexter did not give him a single glance. “I don’t smoke anymore.”

“You don’t smoke?” The man was taken aback and put the cigarettes away awkwardly.

Dexter had always been careful of how much he drank. He was being courteous with the amount he had consumed today. Yet the others had not noticed his actions and discussed where to go next.

“Rivodia’s lakes are beautiful at night.”

He kept silent and looked out the window. It was bustling outside. “Even the ever-upright Rivodia has such places.”

The city was developed with business as the primary income source. Although it was neither a tourist nor a capital city, the number of agreements required for anything to be done was not easy to obtain in the slightest.

A reply came immediately. "Only the Bastille family have this privilege with their influence."

Dexter's eyes darkened. "A large taxpayer has the ability to do that."

Some began discussing in hushed voices. "I heard that the second son of the family is back. here to compete for the spot as heir with the eldest son. He appeared at the newly opened. mall yesterday. Perhaps he was there to declare his presence."

"What second son? He's an illegitimate son. All he has is his knowledge from a few years of studies. Does he have the ability to defeat Morgan with just that?"

"Didn't Morgan only come back recently? Why is there suddenly such a situation?"

"Didn't you know? Morgan was born after his father's death. His mother only managed to get a position in the family with Morgan's presence."

"Wow, the old man Bastille is incredible. How did he get an illegitimate child? They're probably only a few months apart."

They laughed. Dexter had a half smile when he heard them.

Morgan's mother had her plan. When the man died, she quickly became a part of the family. She obtained a stable hold over a substantial portion of the businesses. All in the family. hoped that the baby she had would be a boy.

And he was.

He even turned out to be a reliable son.

"What's the name of the second son?" He tilted his head slightly while asking Larry.

"Shawn Bastille."

"Get me an appointment with him within two hours. I have a precious gift for him."

Larry only hesitated for a second. "Will do, sir."

It seemed that Dexter planned to redeem back Russell Group's loss here.

At Bulgari Hotel, a couple of glasses of red wine were poured.

"I wouldn't have known that the great Mr. Russell is here visiting if no one had told me." The man's voice was soft. The golden glasses framing his face twinkled as he entered with a gift bag. "I've only managed to prepare some little gifts. I hope that you will find it to your taste."

Dexter gave him a glance. "Mr. Bastille, you're an easy man to make an appointment with. I only been an hour, and you're here."

Shawn's expression stiffened at the sarcasm, but he kept civil. "Of course, I will come when it's Mr. Russell's invitation. After all, those hoping to meet you could queue from here all the way to Wavery."

Dexter did not smile. "You look quite anxious. I think I know how to soothe your anxiety."

Shawn's eyes twinkled. Anyone could see what he meant.

"Forgive me for asking, but why would you help me?"

Dexter raised his glass. "I'm in a good mood today."

[Chapter 653 The Same Birthdate](#)

A couple of hours later, Shawn left the room.

Dexter stood watching at the window. Larry went up to him. "Mr. Russell, do you think Mr. Bastille would do as you say?"

"His only hope now is to do what I told him to. I've given him half a year to collaborate with our company without him putting in any effort. He has the better end of the deal. He wouldn't even be able to go up against Morgan Bastille without this." He placed the glass down. "Do you want to make a bet?"

"What is it for?"

"Within these six months, Shawn will force Morgan into a tight corner."

A devious smile stretched across his lips as though the image of the scene was playing out in his head.

His eyes swept down as Shawn stepped out of the hotel. He did not leave after entering his car, probably checking something up.

At that moment, Dexter's smile froze when he spotted a petite figure. Sitting in an open-air restaurant, she was dressed in a long white dress. A small cake was before her as she clasped her hands together with her eyes closed.

Even though he could not see her face, Dexter immediately knew that she was Heather.

Is it her birthday today?

"Is Heather's file still around?" he asked in a low voice.

Larry was puzzled, but he brought it out quickly. "Yes, sir."

Dexter took it and glanced at it, immediately noticing the date written near the top. It was the day's date.

So, it is her birthday.

She seemed to be delighted after making her wish. She cut the cake open and took her time eating it.

Dexter's expression was mixed as he watched her finish the cake and left.

Why is it today of all days...

"Does Heather know that I'm staying here?" he was wary

“That’s not possible. Our itinerary hasn’t been disclosed to many.”

He recalled a memory. At that moment, an absurd thought came to his mind.

Today’s Leanne’s birthday too....

“We’ll head back to Wavery tomorrow.”

Mrs. Langman received the news very swiftly. “Zach Olsen is already in Wavery?

Josie was speculating about his first move. Would he go straight to the hospital?

But not much time passed before it was revealed that he was helping Summer handle their family’s matters. This disproved any news of him being ostracized.

Did he go to help Summer? Josie was skeptical.

Paul was bored while staying in Mason Garden. Josie planned to bring him along to visit Grandpa.

It had been quite some time since she had seen him.

The two chatted away like old friends. Josie let them be and went out for a walk.

She hesitated after turning the corner but ultimately chose the road to Sousturham.

Claudia would not be around. She seemed busy as she had been staying at the Olsen Residence for a while now.

Josie stepped into the church. A priest greeted her. “Peace be with you.”

She nodded back under her cap. Her heart would feel calm whenever she was there.

After standing in one spot for a while, she turned to leave, but a familiar figure caught her eyes.

It was Claudia. She had a veil over her head. A man with a hat held his arm out to support her as they left the main sanctuary. They must have just finished a prayer meeting.

Josie wanted to hide from them but could not do it in time.

She had nowhere to hide when the two walked into her.

At that very moment, Josie realized that the man under the hat was Zach.

After disappearing from public sight for a while, his gaze had only become colder, and the air around him was glacial.

[Chapter 654 Dexter Will Send You Behind Bars](#)

They stood in the garden behind the main building. Bored, Zach stood to a side while looking at Josie.

A chill ran down Josie’s back. She could feel the stony look fixed on her. “I’m sorry. I gave the Bible that you gifted me to someone else. She brought the matter up after some time. contemplating.

Claudia took a deep breath as she watched the scenery. "It's up to you what you do with the things gifted to you."

Josie felt choked up.

Claudia turned to her. "Don't regret your decisions."

Claudia's clear eyes were skilled at evaluating a person.

Josie was nervous about meeting Claudia without any reason today. "Is Mr. Olsen doing any. better?"

Claudia averted her eyes. "You don't need to bring it up if you don't care about it."

Josie felt a lump in her throat. Although Claudia was aloof when they first met, Josie thought she was still considerate. Yet now, she seemed completely unconcerned.

"You know me well." Josie nodded.

"You don't like flattering others. That's why you have no reason to force yourself to do anything you don't want, like visiting Mark. Dexter has a relationship that he cannot end. with us. It's not the same for you." Claudia pointed it out clearly, leaving no room for dispute.

The bridge in Dexter and the Olsen family's relationship was none other than Summer.

Josie understood that Claudia wanted to keep her out. "Mrs. Hadey, are you trying to protect me?"

There was a look of compassion in Claudia's eyes, but she did not answer Josie's question directly.

"You're worried that I would be hurt and hope I won't have much to do with the Olsen. family, right?" Josie was not being narcissistic. She knew Claudia very well.

"You're free to think that way." Claudia turned and left.

Josie was rooted to her spot while watching her go.

However, Zach did not follow her. He continued staring at Josie with his piercing gaze.

Unafraid, Josie stared back at him.

He took a few steps toward her with his hands in his pockets. "I didn't expect Mrs. Russell to be this capable. I can't believe that you know my mother personally."

She quirked a brow. "That's true. I do have my capabilities. But you, on the other hand, the only thing you know is to raise a hand against women. What an act of bravery, huh?"

"Do you want to die?" Zach was infuriated. He lifted his hand, thinking of hitting her.

Josie did not flinch. "Go on. It's best if you make sure I actually die. If you can't do it, Dexter will send you behind bars the very next day!"

Her fearless demeanor aggravated him further. "F*****g w****e! I can't touch you just because you have a man behind you. But how about Laura? If I find her, you won't have a chance to save her again!"

Zach was evidently aggrieved after being kept away for months. He could no longer keep up the gentlemanly act he used to do. It was as though a maniacal thug had taken his place.

With his threat, Josie grasped his raised arm. "I warn you, Zach, if you touch a single hair on Laura, I'll put you in jail myself!"

"With what you have? I can take charge of my family's properties now. Just so you know, you have no chance of doing anything to me!"

"So what? You can't even find Laura." A smirk stretched across her face.

With what he said, Josie noticed that he had not found Laura after he returned to Wavery. This gave her relief.

"Keep her well hidden if you care for her!" How he wished he could hit that smile off her face.

[Chapter 655 You're My Medicine](#)

However, Zach couldn't act rashly while Claudia was still outside the temple.

In a swift and determined move, Zach forcefully pushed Josie's hand away and strode out, sending a cold shiver down her spine. Her heart pounded as she quickly sent a message to Laura, 'If you see this, please reply.'

The silence remained, and there was no response from Laura.

Anxiety gripped Josie's heart as she wondered where Laura could be. If she hadn't encountered Zach, she should be safe. Although a thought kept resurfacing in Josie's mind, she hesitated to accept it fully, pushing it away. Unable to bear the uncertainty, she reluctantly reached out to Morgan, hoping for any clue about Laura's whereabouts.

During her time with Matthew, she was introduced to a psychiatrist. However, when she discovered that the psychiatrist was Morgan Bastille, she blocked him. Due to the disappearance of Laura, she had no choice but to unblock his contact, hoping he might have some information about the missing woman.

'Sorry to bother you, but I can't contact Laura. Please reply to my message if you have any information about her.'

Meanwhile, in another part of Rivodia, the heavy rain enveloped the city in its relentless embrace.

In a simple yet stylish apartment, a man sat in a bathtub, the steady rhythm of the raindrops against the window creating a soothing melody. The air was filled with the refreshing scent of pine wood, imparting a sense of tranquility to the surroundings.

A woman wearing a bathrobe approached, holding a tray of fresh fruits. She casually remarked, "You seem to like pine wood."

Indeed, over the past few months, he had burned pine wood incense every time they had been in contact, filling the air with its distinctive fragrance.

As the mirror's surface caught the light, Laura's face emerged, unmistakable.

The man raised his gaze, scrutinizing her with a mocking smile playing on his lips. "Why did you come all the way to Rivodia?"

"My medication is running out. I came to get more," Laura answered softly.

None of the many men she had encountered, including Zach, could evoke the same response as Morgan- the only one who could make her feel fearful.

That sense of fear was strangely alluring to her. It captivated and fascinated her, drawing her closer to him. despite the uneasiness it instilled in her.

After leaving Wavery, Laura had been restless, finding solace only in Morgan's presence.

"Take the prescription I gave to you in the hospital; you can get your medication there," Morgan replied, indifferent and unconcerned.

"That's not what I meant." Laura bent down, her face wearing a pitiful expression. "Dr. Bastille, I believe you're my medicine."

Morgan's gaze remained steady, and after a moment, he almost laughed. He gently caressed her delicate

face. "You are funny."

Laura grew anxious, desperate to make him understand. "It's true."

Desperate, she leaned over too much, accidentally revealing her cleavage-enough to stir any man's imagination.

Despite Laura's plea, Morgan's expression remained unchanged. He firmly pushed her away, making his position clear. "Our doctor-patient relationship has ended. I am no longer Dr. Bastille."

"But I heard that I was the only patient you have ever treated," Laura quickly interjected, her voice desperate. "Your plan was always to take over the family business. So why did you make a detour to Wavery and become my psychiatrist for so many months?"

Morgan placed his hand under his nose, concealing a faint smile. It seemed as if women always thought they were special in some way.

"What do you think?" he asked, his tone enigmatic.

"Not because of me," Laura admitted, her vulnerability exposed. "But I hoped I could become someone important to you."

Her words lingered in the air. Morgan glanced at her before suddenly reaching out and pulling her into the bathtub, creating a splash of water around them.

He firmly held her wet neck, leaned in close, and looked into her eyes. "You are overestimating your importance, Laura."

Laura didn't resist; instead, she desired to be in his embrace, no matter how stern he might be. She longed To be close to him.

As Morgan whispered in her ear, his voice appeared slightly agitated, “You are being too reckless, Laura. You shouldn’t have run away from Wavery. And you made her worry; that’s unforgivable!”

[Chapter 656 Temptress](#)

Morgan’s phone lay untouched on the edge of the bathtub, the message from Josie still illuminated on the screen. He had not saved her contact; the location in Wavery displayed on the screen was enough for him to recognize the sender.

Laura, on the other hand, was puzzled by the unexpected message. An unsettling feeling crept over her, like a whisper of foreboding that sent shivers down her spine. “Who is this?” she asked, seeking an explanation.

Morgan’s lips curved into a scornful smile, his demeanor now devoid of the compassionate psychiatrist he had portrayed. “Does anyone else in this world care enough about you to make an effort to look for you?” he retorted mockingly.

His façade as a gentle psychiatrist had dropped, and he had no desire to play the role of her savior. He revealed his true colors without a shred of mercy.

The puzzle pieces fell into place as Laura’s mind connected the dots. Her voice quivered as she confronted Morgan, “It’s... Josie! You know Josie!”

Memories surged through her like a tidal wave-Josie’s odd behavior whenever Morgan’s name was mentioned, the advice he gave her to hinder Dexter’s search for Josie, and the countless times he must have manipulated their interactions to serve his hidden agenda.

Morgan maintained a composed demeanor, not revealing any emotions, even with Laura’s accusations.

“So... you stayed in Wavery for Josie and approached me for Josie too...” The realization hit her like a ton of bricks, and her body trembled uncontrollably. Laura had unknowingly become a pawn in his elaborate game, a mere tool for him to manipulate and use to his advantage.

And Laura, a pawn in the scheme, had foolishly fallen in love with the mastermind behind it all.

“Why...” her voice quivered with disbelief and hurt.

Morgan’s grip on her tightened, pulling her closer, but the warmth of his embrace offered no solace. “I’ve known Josie even before, Dexter,” he whispered softly, his breath brushing against her ear. “Do you want to hear our story? It’s quite the romantic tale.”

Laura’s quivering intensified as his words washed over her, leaving her exposed and vulnerable.

In the bustling airport of Wavery, passengers bustled about, a mix of anticipation and reunions filling the air. Among the crowd, Josie stood with eager eyes. She had obtained Dexter’s flight information from Larry in advance, unable to bear the thought of waiting a moment longer.

Dexter’s surprise was evident in his eyes when he spotted her approaching him. Josie rushed towards him and threw herself into his arms. He held her tightly, feeling an overwhelming sense of belonging.

“Why did you come?” Dexter inquired, his voice filled with curiosity and affection.

A smile tugged at the corners of her lips, and she looked up at him, her eyes shining with adoration. "I told you, one day without seeing you feels like an eternity."

Dexter's lips curved as he helped her put on her mask. "Are you missing me or the shoes more?" he teased,

eyes sparkling with mischief.

his

Josie raised her eyebrows in response, a playful glint in her eyes. "Have you brought back the shoes?" she

asked.

His smile broadened, and he switched to holding her hand as they exited the airport together. "Wavery has that brand too. Why insist on buying it in Rivonia?"

Josie's expression softened, and she revealed the reason behind her desire for those shoes. "But they won't be the same. When I was little, whenever my father went out to work, he would bring me a small gift when he returned. I would be so happy the entire day. When you bring me gifts from your business trips, it makes me very happy too."

Making a mental note of her words, Dexter vowed to remember the significance of those small gestures that brought her joy.

As the car glided through the city streets, Josie couldn't contain her excitement, eager to try on the new shoes Dexter had brought for her. As she slipped the shoes on, she couldn't help but admire how perfectly they fit, the studs accentuating the elegant curves of her fair feet, the sparkle emanating from the shoes mirroring the twinkle in her eyes.

Josie extended her slender leg, teasingly sliding her heel across Dexter's thigh. "I really like them, Mr. Russell. Do you like them too?" she said with a hint of coyness, fully aware of the effect her actions would have on him.

Dexter's throat bobbed as he found it hard to deny the allure of Josie's sexy legs. His calm demeanor wavered for a moment, a flicker of desire in his gaze. However, he quickly composed himself, rubbing his forehead with a sense of restraint.

"Josie, we're in the car," he reminded her, his voice deep and husky.

Josie's playful gaze landed on the soundproof glass, "They can't hear us."

Closing the distance between them, she pressed the heel of her shoe against a certain part of his body with a teasing force, "Don't you like it?" she purred, her voice laced with seduction.

His reaction was evident, and of course, he liked it. How could he not? Dexter's temples throbbed with a mix of excitement and restraint..

Unable to resist the woman's temptation before him, he pulled her into his embrace. "Aren't you a temptress," he whispered, his breath hot against her ear, his tone filled with desire.

[Chapter 657 Is Dexter a Lovesick Fool?](#)

They were consumed by passion after not seeing each other for a few days. It took three hours for Josie to finally recover from the intense experience.

After her shower, she wrapped herself in a long, white silk bathrobe that hugged her curves and caressed her skin. The bathrobe accentuated her hourglass figure and created a relaxing air around her.

Her phone buzzed with several unread messages from Laura. One of them said, 'I'm in Rivodia. Zach hasn't found me. Don't worry.'

Laura's text was unusually polite; it didn't seem like her at all.

Had her work at the studio expanded to Rivodia? Josie hadn't heard anything about it.

Despite her suspicions, Josie was relieved to know that Laura was alright.

Josie's frustration boiled over when she saw that Morgan hadn't replied to her text. She wouldn't have sent the message if she knew he wouldn't respond.

She tried to delete the message, not wanting Morgan to know she had contacted him.

Dexter was still half asleep when he hugged her from behind. "What are you looking at?" he asked groggily.

Josie put her phone away. "Nothing," she answered, trying to brush off her frustration. "I just got a message from Laura."

She lowered her gaze, then lifted Dexter's chiseled jaw to meet her eyes. "God is really unfair," she noted in her delicate voice. "He gave you the best of everything. Even your face was carved to break many young ladies' hearts."

Dexter narrowed his eyes and smirked. "What's the use of having this face?" he asked. "Do you want it?"

"Of course, if I had a face that could charm the nation, I would have been able to satisfy my vanity."

"In our next life, you can have a perfectly carved face, and I'll take the ordinary look for a change."

"If that's the case, then I don't think I'll fall for you," Josie chuckled mischievously.

"How dare you say that?" The man pulled her down to the bed, his voice booming theatrically.

He tickled her sensitive areas, and Josie burst out laughing. It took a long time for her to regain her composure again.

"How's everything going in Rivodia?" After calming down, she snuggled into Dexter's embrace, sharing a precious moment.

"It's going well," Dexter responded. His expression suddenly changed, and an inscrutable mask adorned his face. "If Morgan came to find you, would you meet up with him?"

Josie was taken aback by the unexpected question. She couldn't bring herself to tell him that she had already met up with Morgan twice. "Why did you ask that?" she stuttered.

Dexter's eyes narrowed as he studied her strange expression. He sensed something was going on between them, but he knew it wasn't serious.

"Nothing. I was curious if you felt any sympathy for him."

His tone was smooth and collected, leaving Josie confused about what he was trying to get at. She wasn't sure how to respond, but then she remembered that the Bastille family was in Rivodia.

"If the public learns that Mr. Russell is targeting his wife's ex for reasons of jealousy, they must think you're a lovesick fool," she commented timidly.

"Am I not?" Dexter chuckled, attempting to tease his wife.

Josie narrowed her eyes and glared at him, her lips curling into a surly sneer. "Who would believe that you're a lovesick fool? All you do is seek revenge for personal reasons. Don't lovesick fools cater to their wife's desires?"

Dexter was amused by her comment and couldn't help but smirk. "Wasn't good at catering to your desires just now?" he said as he snuggled his face in her neck.

Dexter's smile was plastered on his face, but it faltered when he was reminded of a white figure.

The next day, Dexter met Paul on the way to the Russell Group. "Jo and I would feel more at ease if you stayed in the Mason Garden," he said in a solemn voice.

Paul had slowly warmed up to Dexter, and his attitude towards him changed as he let go of his prejudice against him. "That's very kind of you."

"Although I'm not sure why this decision was made so abruptly, I trust you have your reasons. I won't pry into it. However, I left many things in my old place, and I need to return home to retrieve them."

[Chapter 658 Mysterious Red Box](#)

Josie exchanged glances with Dexter before facing her father. "I'll take care of it. Just tell me what you need," she offered.

Paul stared at her quizzically. "Are you grounding me here? You're really not letting me go anywhere?" he asked, befuddled.

Josie nodded and explained, "The Mason Garden is large enough for you to explore for days. Pops, you have to be content with what you have."

Seeing his daughter's cunning smile spread across her face, Paul jokingly asked Dexter, "Is that something a daughter would say to her father?"

Dexter's lips curved into a warm, gracious smile. He passed Josie a cup of milk and gestured for her to finish it. "I'll get Moses to send you back. Please take care."

Josie's heart started to race as she thought about the danger she had put herself into. I reckon Wyatt wouldn't hit me out of the blue, would he?

"Okay."

After Dexter left, Paul gave Josie a list of things he needed. In addition to his clothes, he also listed many miscellaneous items.

Paul specifically emphasized one of the items on the list. "It's a red box placed in the first drawer of the wardrobe. You must bring it back."

Josie looked at the list carefully. "What precious item did you put inside?"

With a loud thud, Paul knocked his walking stick on the ground, expressing his irritation. "It's my private belonging."

"Oh? There must be money inside."

"Tsk!"

Josie stopped teasing him after that.

She felt a strong sense of familiarity when she arrived at their old home. Everything looked exactly the same as she had remembered it. It also didn't seem like anyone had been inside the house. She went to the wardrobe and opened the door, revealing a red box inside.

She wanted to open the box as soon as she saw it. She was curious about the contents and why Paul had been so secretive about it.

"Moses, it should be fine to take a tiny peek, right?" Josie hugged the box in her arms, hoping that Moses would approve.

Moses pursed his lips into a thin line and answered, "Why would it be an issue?"

Josie shook her head. "Pops will be mad."

"Alright, then just leave it."

"Pift," Josie scoffed. That wasn't the answer she anticipated. "I'm itching to know what's inside."

Moses was rendered speechless by her hesitancy.

"I don't care anymore. I'm opening it." Josie couldn't hold back her curiosity, so she rubbed her hands together and carefully opened the red box.

There were Paul's medical reports and other documents inside. Josie skimmed through them but didn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

She also found a stash of cash, but it only amounted to four hundred.

Underneath the cash was an old album. The brown spotted pages crinkled under her touch. Inside the album were pictures dating back to when she was in middle school, which was around the time they got their first camera. There were not only pictures of her but also pictures of Justin and Jenny.

Josie started reminiscing about her younger days as she looked at the pictures.

Suddenly, she noticed that there was also a medical license inside the pile of documents.

She froze in surprise. It had her father's photo when he was young, and his name, Paul Warren, was etched on it.

"Pops was a doctor in the past..." Josie had no recollection of her father being a doctor. From what she could remember, Paul had never had a stable job. He had been working multiple jobs to keep the family afloat.

He was a doctor!

Josie's forehead creased in disbelief. She couldn't believe that Paul had never told her this before. Who knew he was this skilled?

Below everything was a very thick document. Josie was eager to look through the contents, but her phone rang.

Moses passed her the phone, and she saw it was Angel calling.

Josie regained her composure immediately. She had told Angel that she could reach out to her if there were any issues she couldn't resolve.

"Hello," Josie greeted, taking the call and holding the box.

"Jo, there's a problem," Angel said, her voice betraying urgency. "Jade and I saw that they were using unauthorized materials for the concrete at the construction site. I tried to explain that we can't use unauthorized materials, but they wouldn't listen and said that we were interfering with their job."

Josie felt a surge of anxiety welling up inside her. "Are you sure?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Yes, we are very sure," Angel answered, her voice firm. "They were using unauthorized materials."

[Chapter 659 Who's Going to Take Responsibility if Something Goes Wrong?](#)

Josie took a deep breath and announced, "I'll be there as soon as possible. Please try to stop them."

As soon as she ended the call, she told Moses, "Please take me to the construction site."

Josie arrived at a construction site that was filled with sizzling tension as the two sides argued. The construction workers carried construction tools, making them look even more intimidating.

"Who are you to tell us what to do? Get away!" The man in charge snapped at them.

Jade stood in front of him. "Give me the official documents authorizing the use of these materials, or I won't back down."

"You little troublemaker!"

"Don't you feel guilty? How could you use unauthorized materials? Who's going to take responsibility if something goes wrong?"

The construction workers must have been surprised at how knowledgeable they were about the legality of the materials.

"It doesn't matter either way," Will said, hurrying to them and standing next to Jade. "I've told you that the materials are fine. We have to complete our work before the new year. Please don't affect our progress, young fella."

Jade stood rooted to his spot and directed his irritation at Will, "You're part of this too?"

"What are you getting at?" Will stomped his feet in frustration. "It's the Carter Group's project. We wouldn't have started the construction if something was wrong with the materials. The materials would take at least three to five days to be tested and authorized. Who will be responsible for the delay of our work then?"

He had a point; Jade was rendered speechless, with his lips pressed together in a tight line.

Will continued, "Are you going to take responsibility?"

Dumbfounded, Jade could not offer a rebut as he let the weight of Will's words sink in.

A delicate voice rang out from afar. "I'll take the responsibility," it said,

Josie strode towards them and stood by Jade's side. "If someone has to take responsibility for the delay in progress, I will," she announced, her voice booming so the rest of them could hear.

Will felt his head throbbing in frustration. "Ms. Warren, why are you behaving like them?" he asked.

He even referred to her by her last name.

"Will, I'm not making this up," Josie said, summoning a tight-lipped smile. "Since they pointed out the problem, shouldn't you be trying to fix it as soon as possible? Is there really a problem with the materials

used?"

When she first took on the project, she had her doubts about the materials used. Therefore, she inspected their progress personally to avoid any problems.

caused any problems. It's very sturdy, even though it hasn't been authorized."

There was indeed a problem with the materials..

Josie scanned the materials and interrogated, "Is it cheap?"

Will's frown deepened as he answered, "It's high-quality material."

projects before. It's never

Josie's lips quirked disbelievingly. "We'll also be in hot water if something goes wrong with the project. 1 can't let you use these materials."

"You!"

Amidst the heat of their argument, Josie remained calm and composed. She turned to Angel and Jade and said, "You guys did a great job today. The Carter Group should reward you for this!"

Angel and Jade exchanged worried glances. "Jo, will we get in trouble if we stop them from working?"

Will was already discussing the matter with the people involved.

"Don't back down. You're doing the right thing, and you have nothing to fear."

It made sense to stand their ground, but it was still daunting to be confronting brawny men with their construction tools.

Josie stood her ground defiantly, her small frame only making her determination more impressive.

"The person in charge from the Carter Group will be here soon. Ms. Warren, you'll have to answer to them," Will said indifferently, exasperated by her stubbornness.

Josie was unfazed by his cold attitude. However, she immediately thought of Arnold when he mentioned the person in charge of the Carter Group.

[Chapter 660 Heather Could Be Liana?](#)

She recalled their conversation before, which made her blood boil with anger.

If Arnold were to come over, he wouldn't be on her side.

Josie felt her head throbbing as she anticipated her encounter with Arnold. She didn't know how to face him.

After fifteen minutes, the person in charge from the Carter Group arrived. It wasn't Arnold but the manager of the project. Josie realized that Arnold was never officially involved in overseeing the project.

Why did he even bother coming the last time?

The manager walked into the crowd and searched around. "Where is Ms. Warren?"

Everyone's heads turned to look at Josie.

"Ah! We're terribly sorry for the misunderstanding. Our workers were careless and caused you distress." The manager approached Josie and took her hands in his.

"Please don't take this personally. We'll work on improving our workers' conduct."

-Everyone at the scene was stunned.

Josie's eyes narrowed at the manager's theatrics. It left her surprised as well. "It seems like you were aware that something was wrong with the materials used."

"That's not true! I was furious to learn that someone had tried to replace the materials of our concrete with unauthorized materials. I'm so glad you were quick to spot it! Thank you!"

The manager didn't relinquish Josie's hand as he spoke contritely.

Josie raised her eyebrow dubiously at his actions. "It was my employee who noticed it."

His

eyes widened in understanding, and he scurried to Angel and Jade.

“What’s your last name?”

“Haynes!”

“Mr. Haynes, I’m not sure if this matter is directly related to the company or if it was the construction team’s idea, but we will not allow you to use these materials. You cannot use them now and will not be able to use them in the future either.”

“Yes, I agree!” The manager immediately turned to the construction workers and barked at them. “Who is behind this? How could you order the wrong materials? Do you think the Carter Group is broke, so you couldn’t get the authorized materials? Don’t screw this project up!”

Will’s face turned red with embarrassment. He tried to say something, but his words died on his lips. He finally threw up his hands in frustration.

“Ms. Warren, I will have someone change the materials right away. You can send someone to oversee the process as well, the manager said with a lilt.

It was evident that Mr. Haynes was someone who was meticulous in his work.

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Josie couldn’t find any fault with the way he handled the problem. “Alright, please inform Mr. Carter that he shouldn’t take any shortcuts if he doesn’t want to end up in the same mess as the Russell Group.”

The things she said were a direct affront to Arnold, causing the muscles in Mr. Hayne’s face to tighten. He forced a smile before continuing. “Mr. Carter instructed me to address this issue as soon as he became aware of it. Please have faith in his character.”

His character? The way he flies off the handle at the drop of a hat? Josie’s face turned grim and serious, and she didn’t say another word in response.

It seemed like he didn’t want to be around her, either.

Later that day, the previous materials were taken away, and new sets of authorized materials were brought

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Josie kept an eye on them the whole day.

They did as they were told and didn’t make any slip-ups. However, this incident strained their relationship with the construction team, making it more challenging to collaborate with them in the future.

At the Russell Group.

After seeing Heather in Rivodia, Dexter's mind was awash with conflicting emotions. He felt a sense of dread as if he was being pulled back into the past.

After he saw Heather in Rivodia, his mind was reeling, and he felt an uneasy weight on his chest. He felt like he still had something left to do.

"Mr. Russell, I ran a background check on Heather. She's an orphan, so we can't be certain that her birthday was that day. It could just be a coincidence."

"How can they be so alike? They both have a liking for white dresses and have the same birthday. Even their personalities are similar." Dexter didn't want to admit it, but he had noticed many similarities between them.

"So, you believe she could be Liana Olsen?"

Larry had heard that Dexter was constantly plagued with thoughts of Leanne; they were like a constant ache in the back of his mind, never quite going away.

"I'm not sure. We'll need to get the Olsen family to find out the truth."