

Blind Date 671

[Chapter 671 Arnold Carter! You're A Selfish Scumb*g!](#)

"I just got word that the project handled by Carter Group company has completely fallen apart!" Josie's face turned pale at the news. "How is that even possible?"

The two elders looked worried.

"Today is New Year's Eve, and very few people know about this yet. The police and are still in the dark, but it did collapse. I'm not sure if anyone got hurt!" Laura quickly explained.

A chill ran down Josie's spine. "This can't be true! How could it collapse? I personally supervised all the materials!"

The fact that Laura received this information indicated that there was a source. "By tomorrow morning, this news will be all over the place."

After hanging up, Josie was still in shock. But regardless, she couldn't ignore the situation. She stood up and said, "Dad, Grandpa, I have an urgent matter at work. I need to go out for a while. You both should rest early!"

"Ah! In such a hurry on New Year's Eve?" Old Mr. Russell was also worried.

Josie didn't have time to explain. Hastily changing her shoes, she grabbed the car keys and assured them, "Don't worry, I'll be right back."

She rushed out, and the old man's voice warning her to drive safely lingered in the background.

"Ah, young people are always busy with work these days."

Old Mr. Russell resumed his seat, exchanging glances with Paul, "I hope everything's alright..."

Josie randomly selected a car from the garage and headed straight to the construction site. Fortunately, it was New Year's Day, and the roads were relatively clear, allowing her to drive smoothly.

However, she was sweating profusely while driving.

How could the building collapse?

Hopefully, there are no casualties, but if there are...

Josie couldn't imagine the potential implications this might have on her studio. Once the news broke tomorrow, it would undoubtedly be a massive setback.

As Josie arrived at the scene, she noticed a few people scattered around the construction site, all wearing safety helmets with lighting equipment attached.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the central part of the site had collapsed, and the extent of the damage appeared irreparable.

Her heart racing with anxiety and shock, she hurried to the scene and questioned, "What's happening? Are there people stuck under the debris?"

However, no one seemed to notice her, let alone respond to her desperate questions.

Growing frustrated, she turned to one of the workers wearing a safety helmet. She firmly gripped his arm, pleading, "Please, you have to tell me what's happening!"

The person was visibly nervous, perspiring profusely. "W-who are you..."

"I'm the project's designer. Tell me, please!" Josie shouted, her anger rising.

The fear was evident on the person's face, and he nervously wiped off the sweat, saying, "...I-I think there are people down there, trapped..."

Josie's heart sank.

Suddenly, a booming voice came from behind her, "Josie?! What in the world are you doing here?"

She turned her head and saw Arnold striding towards her furiously.

He, too, was wearing a safety helmet, his face flushed with rage.

He reached out and grabbed her arm, trying to pull her away.

"What were you thinking coming here? You should've stayed home!" he scolded.

Josie pushed back against his grip, her hand instinctively striking him with a resounding slap.

'Smack!'

The impact of the slap caused Arnold's head to jerk to the side.

"I personally supervised the replacement of those materials. How could this happen?" Josie exclaimed, her anger evident in her trembling voice. "Did you have a hand in this?"

Despite the slap reddening and burning his face, Arnold maintained a stoic demeanor.

Josie locked eyes with him, "The construction finished three days ahead of schedule. Something seems off, doesn't it?"

Arnold didn't utter a word.

"You must have pushed the workers to work overtime secretly during the night, didn't you?"

Arnold grabbed her arm, attempting to pull her away.

"Let's discuss this outside. It's not safe here."

Josie broke free abruptly, striking him. "Arnold Carter! You're a selfish s*umbag!"

[Chapter 672 Someone Died](#)

Arnold dragged Josie to a desolate spot and released his grip on her. The bright lights illuminated the slap marks on his face.

Panting heavily, Josie confronted him, "Is it true?"

“D”mn you, yes!” Arnold bellowed angrily, his neck veins bulging. “I pushed the workers to work extra hours during the night!”

After learning the truth, Josie took a step back. “Did you go back to using the shoddy materials?”

Arnold turned his face away. “It doesn’t matter now; talking about this is pointless.”

Pointless?

Josie had taken on many projects, and there had never been any mistakes or accidents. But this time, there was a possibility that lives were lost.

She gazed at the collapsed area, now a ruin, dark and starkly contrasting to the light on this side.

“Why did you do this? You already have an alliance with the Olsen family. You can’t be short. of money. Why did you take it this far?”

She kept pushing Arnold for answers, desperate to understand the motives behind his selfish. decision.

Arnold remained tight-lipped.

“People died on New Year’s Eve. Do you know what that means, Arnold?”

“So what? There are countless projects in Wavery across the entire country. Haven’t there been casualties before? Even the Russell Group had its share of accidents. I can easily bury this news, so f*ck that!”

Arnold snapped, anger evident as he punched the wall, causing his knuckles to bleed.

Josie exclaimed in disbelief and expressed her frustration, “Don’t you see? The Russell Group incident is why I supervised this project so closely! Our history together demanded it!”

However, she never anticipated that Arnold would secretly pressure the site workers to work late nights on the project.

The collapse occurred shortly after the project’s completion, indicating the use of severely substandard materials.

With a heavy heart, Josie watched Arnold’s reckless actions lead him into a pit despite her efforts to save him.

The person in charge’s excessive accommodation back then had now made sense; they were only trying to appease her.

Arnold appeared momentarily surprised by her statement, but a scornful smile spread across. his lips, “No matter what challenges the Carter Group encounters, just like the Russells, we’ll come out stronger!”

Josie was so furious that it took her a while to calm down.

“Heck! Why are you selling yourself short like this? Remember how cocky you were when you asked me if I’d be your mistress? Where did that confidence go?”

The man's eyes gleamed with unresolved emotions at Josie's confrontation.

"At first, Laura was eager to take over this project, but I had reservations, so I asked if were up for it. Do you remember what you said to me back then?"

The current situation was far from what Arnold had promised her back then.

With frustration evident on his face, Arnold turned away. He located a safety helmet, which he promptly placed on her head. "Leave it to me; I know what to do. Everyone will still be lost in the festivities tomorrow, enjoying a happy and harmonious New Year!"

Just as Josie was about to say something, he promptly tightened the safety helmet, hushing and gesturing for her to stay out of it, "You don't need to get mixed up in this. Just act like you weren't even here today and pretend you know nothing about it."

"You!"

Suddenly, a man hurriedly approached from the center of the ruins. He was drenched in sweat, and his voice quivered, "Mr. Carter, there's someone... someone trapped down there..."

Josie shuddered, feeling Arnold tense up beside her.

"Who is it?"

"Someone... someone identified him; his name is Will, and he's from the construction team..."

"Is he alive?"

There was no response, only silence.

In shock, Josie screamed, pushing Arnold away, and sprinted toward the center of the ruins.

She fought through the crowd and was horrified to find Will trapped under immense debris, his body contorted and lifeless gruesomely.

Her stomach churned, and she spun around, vomiting.

[Chapter 673 You Can't Silence Me](#)

Not long ago, Will and Josie had a heated argument about the materials, but now, he was gone in the blink of an eye.

Josie crouched down on the side, taking time to regain her composure.

Arnold hurriedly walked over, asking, "It's New Year's Eve. What was he doing here?"

"I heard... I heard he wasn't at ease with this project and always wanted to come and check on it. After his family gathering on New Year's Eve, he took a stroll and ended up nearby, so..."

After explaining, nobody said anything.

No one could decide momentarily whether he was to blame for the accident or if it was his fate.

After a brief pause, Arnold closed his eyes, "Before dawn breaks, take care of the body, inform his family, offer compensation, and make sure they speak nothing about it."

"Alright."

Josie took in everything and finally stood tall. She shot a frosty, hollow stare at Arnold. "And what happens next?"

Arnold locked eyes with her from afar, exuding a chilly and distant aura. "In this world, money rules. Even some people's lives can be bought."

Arnold's brutally frank words made Josie's stomach churn once more.

Her expression became intricate as she inquired, "And what about me? Can you silence me too?"

"Can you buy my life as well?"

Josie's words carried an emotional weight that silenced everyone present.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she felt profound sorrow. In her heart, Will was a devoted team leader.

When they worked together, his employees spoke highly of him, emphasizing how he never delayed paying their salaries,

Despite their later disagreements over different ideas, Josie didn't believe it was his fault.

After all, Will was a living, breathing person!

Hearing Josie's words, Arnold momentarily gave her a cold and distant gaze.

Then, he removed the safety helmet and signaled for her to follow.

He walked away, his once imposing figure now looking small amidst the vast ruins.

Josie took a deep breath and eventually caught up with him.

As she approached, Arnold opened the car door. Inside were loaded with gifts prepared by Andy for Will's family, and he handed Arnold some documents. "Mr. Carter, all of Will's information is right here."

Arnold skimmed through it and said, "You can go home

Andy was frantic, "Shouldn't I go instead? If you show up, the situation might get out of control."

"Don't worry. I need you to go back and keep an eye on public opinion online."

Arnold said, gesturing at Josie. "I'm heading to console Will's family. Do you want to tag along?"

Perplexed, Josie could only follow Arnold; he was in charge of the project.

Arnold took the driver's seat and drove the car from a side road onto the main road.

On New Year's Day, the streets and roads in Wavery were eerily quiet, and Josie sat in the passenger seat with a perturbed look.

Neither of them spoke.

After an unspecified period, the front began to show some activity. Josie raised her noticed the sign: Trinity Wavery Hospital.

Frowning, she asked, "Why are we at the hospital?"

Arnold stepped out of the car and retrieved many gifts from the trunk. "Will has a son with cancer. The family exhausted all their savings for his treatment, and his wife is spending the New Year at the hospital keeping the son company."

Josie was taken aback; she hadn't expected this situation.

"That's why he chose to work as a contractor on our construction site. His son's cancer is a financial burden; they need the money."

Arnold continued, saying, "Taking on projects involves risks; everyone is staking their life on it:

With his long strides, Josie had to jog to keep up.

"He didn't have to die; he could've earned more money for his family's medical

"Do you think they feel the same way?"

Arnold blurted out the ugly truth.

Josie was momentarily speechless. expenses!"

[Chapter 674 Happy New Year](#)

Josie and Arnold strolled by the hospital's security checkpoint.

Since it was New Year's Day, the hospital buzzed with a festive atmosphere, trying to cope with a challenging situation.

Arnold and Josie reached the ward entrance, where they saw everyone gathered around the TV with meat loaves and candies on the table.

The three hospital beds were filled, and most of the patients lying on them were bald with pale faces.

Arnold stepped forward and went straight to the third bed. He grinned and said, "You must be Lucia."

Josie followed closely.

Taken aback by the unexpected presence of a tall and handsome young man, Lucia promptly got to her feet. "Yes, I am. And you are..."

"I am Will's boss. The project has ended, so I came to wish him a Happy New Year."

Arnold placed the gifts on the table.

The middle-aged woman bore the marks of life's hardships, evident from the wrinkles on her smiling face.

"That's very thoughtful of you to visit. Unfortunately, Will isn't here right now. He should be back soon."

Despite the cheerful ambiance, Josie felt deep sorrow, and tears welled up once more.

"Sir, please have a seat." The boy lying on the bed kindly gestured to a chair.

He seemed to be about sixteen or seventeen, appearing frail and weak due to his illness. However, warmth radiated from him when he smiled, showing no sign of decay.

"My dad will be back soon."

Lucia was busy attending to Arnold and Josie. "You know, the hospital is very basic without proper tools; they don't even have decent tea. I apologize for the poor hospitality."

"It's fine. I'm not a tea drinker." Arnold stopped her.

"Could

you come outside with me for a moment? I have something to ask you to convey to.

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Will."

Considering the presence of the child, he spoke very tactfully.

Perceiving Arnold's cryptic hint, the woman's initially relaxed expression faltered momentarily.

She glanced at Josie, gleaned that something was amiss, and a flicker of panic crossed her face.

Arnold led the woman outside, and Josie chose to stay behind; the atmosphere was somber and harsh, and she wished to spare herself any further distress.

Seeing that Josie had stayed back, the boy offered a handful of candies with a warm smile. "Happy New Year, little missy. Help yourself to some candies."

Despite the bitterness in her heart, Josie smiled and took one from the bunch. "Thank you."

She gracefully took a seat. "How old are you this year?"

"After the New Year, I'll be eighteen."

In the prime of his youth, while other eighteen-year-olds were enjoying a cheerful New Year with their families, he was stuck in this confined and melancholic hospital room.

"What an exciting age! I believe things will get better for you in the future."

The boy seemed a bit downhearted. "Will it really get better? I don't want to burden my parents."

Tears welled up in Josie's eyes as she choked on the candy. She shook her head reassuringly. "It will get better; trust me."

To be terminally ill at such a vibrant age and losing his father, how could he bear it?

Josie couldn't imagine the pain he endured..

As Josie left the ward, she couldn't find Arnold. It wasn't until she had walked a fair distance. that she suddenly heard the sound of a woman sobbing. She turned and saw Lucia huddled in the dimly lit corridor, crying uncontrollably.

Her collapse clearly indicated that she had already learned the devastating truth.

Standing beside her was the man, his face expressionless and his fingertips glowing crimson as he chain-smoked one cigarette after another.

After a while, he finally broke the silence. "How much do you need? The Carter Group can cover it."

[Chapter 675 I Know Where Dexter Is](#)

Reducing a life and a family's value to mere money felt heartless, disheartening, and despicable.

Lucia collapsed to the ground. "Before he left, our son said he wanted cherry pies from his favorite bakery, but... but..."

Lucia's voice faltered, and Josie couldn't face her.

"When things were toughest for our family, Will once said he wished he could get hit by a car just to get compensation for our son's medical expenses."

Her voice was numb, tears welling up, "I never thought it would come true."

Arnold took a slow drag on his cigarette.

After a while, Lucia stood up. "I want you to be accountable for my son's medical and nutritional expenses until he gets better."

Lucia's appeal was entirely warranted, showing her sensibility and compassion.

Arnold frowned. "Of course, besides that, you can also request additional compensation."

"He gave his life for this project, and I don't want to treat his life as a means to make money."

The woman had endured numerous hardships in life, yet she upheld her and her husband's dignity.

Josie felt a profound admiration for her.

After speaking, Lucia walked toward the ward with her weary body. When she reached the door, she paused, took a deep breath, and entered.

The dimly lit corridor was now empty, leaving only Josie and Arnold. They stood. sensing the gravity of life.

"You knew it all,"

apart.

Josie confronted him as they exited the hospital. Standing in the cold breeze, she felt a sense of clarity.

Arnold pulled a cigarette from the pack, lit it, and exhaled a cloud of smoke.

“You were aware of Will’s family situation when you selected his construction team for this project. He was desperate, ready to shoulder all the blame for you if anything went wrong.”

Commercial competition always instilled fear in people.

Arnold blew out the smoke, which hung in the air before him. “Don’t act like so well. I never thought that way.”

“The facts presented to me don’t align with your claims,” Josie said, feeling a sense of unease with the man beside her.

Right from the start of their acquaintance, she sensed that Arnold was a mysterious and sinister figure. She had been naïve to believe he was a lonely man with a conscience.

Arnold remained silent.

After a while, Josie glanced up and was taken aback to see him trembling as he held the cigarette. At the same time, the bloodstains on the back of his hand made him look more like a desperado.

He took a deep breath and offered his final response. “No matter what you believe, I never intended for anyone to die.”

Josie continued walking.

“If this incident hadn’t happened, I’d be at the Olsen family’s right now, raising glasses with those phony hippos and hypocritical people instead of standing here in the cold.” Arnold’s voice trailed after her, repeating, “I didn’t want this, Josie.”

Hearing this, she finally stopped in her tracks.

So, Arnold was celebrating the New Year with the Olsen family today. No wonder Laura wind of the project accident so quickly.

Seeing her stop, Arnold approached and firmly grasped her cold wrist. “And what about you? You’re alone at home on New Year’s Day, yet you rushed here so swiftly.”

Josie was caught off guard and glared at Arnold. “I came because I was concerned about the accident.”

A faint smile appeared at the corner of Arnold’s mouth. “Really? Would Dexter have allowed. you to come if he was with you?”

“He’s not the kind of person you described!” Josie wanted to break free, feeling that this man. was being unreasonable.

“You don’t have to deny it because I know where Dexter is tonight.”

She froze.

[Chapter 676 He Has Fallen in Love With Her](#)

“Where is he?”

Amidst the tension, Arnold cracked a joke and said, “You finally admit he’s not at home.”

How shameless! Josie realized she had fallen for his cunning words. She was seething with anger and yearned to break free from his hold.

Arnold firmly grasped her hand as they crossed the pedestrian crossing, approaching the pharmacy on the other side.

"I will tell you everything after you treat my wound," he said, tightly gripping her hand.

Josie was like a marionette, helplessly being led by Arnold.

He bought medicine and gauze, placing them before her, and commanded, "Tend to the wound."

Anger thrummed through her veins as Josie grabbed a cotton swab to clean Arnold's hand. Half-expecting to wince in pain as the alcohol touched his skin, he bit his lower lips.

When Josie looked up, she saw Arnold frowning in silence. Disheartened, she became gentler while tending to his wound and murmured, "Violent men reap what they sow."

Arnold remained composed as she tended his wound and asked, "Are you in such a hurry today because of me?"

Josie jerked a sharp breath and swallowed dryly as Laura asked a similar question. Josie quickly shook it off and continued, "I helped you, thinking you'd return the favor for a clean slate. It's a pity you can't appreciate it."

"No one's looking for a clean slate here," Arnold's voice was icy as he held her chin firmly, locking eyes with her.

Josie's breath was caught in her throat as she caught a whiff of his cold tobacco scent.

Suddenly, she curved her lips and burst into laughter as if something funny had been said.

Arnold furrowed his brows in confusion.

"Arnold, you couldn't possibly be falling for me, could you? This is beyond the boundaries of friends or foes. Can I take this as a confession?" Josie's smile faded slightly as she spoke. She had hoped Arnold would deny it and mock her for being self-centered instead.

An uncomfortable silence lingered in the air. Finally, he stared at Josie with cold, piercing

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eyes and uttered, "Yes."

Josie's heart lurched.

"I helped you, and later I threatened to make you my lover, all because I fell in love with. you, Josie," Arnold announced. His muscles stiffened, and his heart was thudding at the back of his throat as he uttered those words.

“Isn’t it ridiculous? I’m in love with the plain and foolish Mrs. Russell.”

Josie stood frozen in place, avoiding his gaze. “I’m not in the mood for jokes,” she said dismissively.

“I’m not joking,” Arnold insisted as he forcefully turned her back to face him. “You should divorce Dexter.”

Josie scoffed at his command. “Are you out of your mind? I am and will remain Dexter’s wife. What gives you the audacity to ask for a divorce? And even if I did, what about Summer?”

She realized the unyielding connection between the Olsen and Carter families.

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However, to her surprise, Arnold seemed to see a glimmer of hope in her words. He whispered in her ear, “Divorcing her is just a matter of time. Someone like Summer cannot hold me back.”

His unwavering conviction surprised Josie. Those words were throbbing in her head. “You don’t have to leave him,” Arnold murmured, lowering his head to plant icy lips on her fair neck, sending shivers down her spine. He seemed utterly engrossed by the act as he whispered sweetly, “I can wait.”

She felt like she was going mad-insane!

[Chapter 677 Lianne Has Been Found](#)

The sensation of his kisses lingered, and a wave of fury surged through her.

Her heart was thundering as she forcefully pushed Arnold away and gasped for air. “I don’t want to hear any of this. Where is Dexter?” she demanded.

He noticed a glint of distress in her eyes.

As Arnold remained silent, Josie quickly dialed Dexter’s number. The phone rang for forty- six seconds, yet there was no response.

Why isn’t he picking up the phone?

Josie was persistent and dialed again. After a few rings, Arnold interrupted, “Forget about it. He won’t answer your call tonight.”

Her brows furrowed as fear coiled in her stomach. Reluctant to believe, she demanded, “What do you know? Has something happened to him? Speak up, Arnold!”

With his back against the wall, Arnold squinted as the glaring lights in the pharmacy stung his eyes. He closed them briefly before speaking, “Don’t you know? Lianne has been found.”

The slow and deliberate words froze Josie on the spot, and her heart went cold. “What?” Her voice was barely audible.

“Lianne has been found. Tonight, on New Year’s Eve, she was brought back to the Olsen. family for the New Year. They are welcoming her home.”

There was a tinge of mockery in Arnold. Josie opened her mouth to respond, but no words came out. She was at a loss for what to say.

Was the call Dexter received a while ago about this matter? Did he leave her behind to meet Lianne as soon as he found out?

She could hardly believe it; Lianne had come back.

She had hoped that Lianne was alive and back, but only if she was certain of Dexter's love for her. Even if Lianne returned, she remained confident in their relationship's strength, forged through countless trials and tribulations.

But now she was back.

An impending doom slowly crept in.

Lianne had always been someone special to Dexter. But now, uncertainty loomed over Josie.

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Would Dexter choose Lianne over her in the future? She felt her confidence falter.

Arnold taunted Josie, "Surprised?" Her face turned pale as the blood drained out of her face. "You and Dexter aren't as strong as you believed."

Josie retorted bitterly, "Don't act like you know me so well."

"Isn't it true? He went to the Olsen's house tonight, and you didn't know, did you? He doesn't even trust you enough to share this," Arnold taunted.

Once again, Josie felt a stab in her heart and clenched her fists. "This is between us, and you're meddling too much."

She strode away from the pharmacy. There weren't many cars on the road, and her car remained parked at the construction site. She had no choice but to walk as the cold wind blew against her face.

Josie couldn't find the courage to make a third call to Dexter. She feared it might interrupt his reunion with Lianne.

Before Lianne's return, everything was mere speculation. Now that she was back, it shattered. Josie's assumptions and left her powerless.

In the distance, the sound of a car horn blared. It was Arnold catching up in his vehicle. He rolled down the window and said, "Mason Garden is 30 kilometers away. Save your energy and hop in."

Josie ignored him and insisted on walking.

The car screeched to a halt. Arnold walked up to Josie, lifted her, and shoved her into the car.

[Chapter 678 Nightmare](#)

Arnold pressed Josie into the front passenger seat and put on the seatbelt for her.

She ceased struggling and appeared to have given up.

Arnold drove the car along the empty street and did not speak to her. He did not stop until the car arrived near Mason Garden.

Still, he did not unlock the door but said, "Believe me when I say that the headlines for the next few days will not be about the construction issue but about the Olsen family finding their beloved long-lost daughter."

Josie believed him. Still, she did not respond but stared ahead blankly.

She did not doubt that Arnold could suppress the news about the construction failure. Furthermore, information about Liana's return to the Olsen family would shock the nation.

After all, everyone knew the Olsen family had been searching for her for more than ten years. Now that they finally found her, the media was eager to cover the news extensively.

Arnold turned to Josie. "I will ask someone to bring your car here tomorrow."

Then, he unlocked the car door.

Josie did not respond. She unfastened the seatbelt and entered Mason Garden.

It was late, so no one was in the villa except a dozing-off servant. She was astonished to see Josie dejectedly entering the villa and blinked a few times to ensure it was not a dream. Then, she said, "Mrs. Russell... Why are you back at this hour? I thought you were staying the night in Russell Mansion."

Josie was exhausted and did not feel like explaining. The servant knew not to press further and kept quiet as she watched Josie walk away.

Too many things had happened tonight, and each matter stretched the limit of her endurance. Having to experience them all at once left her physically and mentally exhausted.

All she wanted was a good night's sleep. However, she lay on the cold bed wide awake, unable to sleep a wink.

If not for the occasional sound of fireworks outside, she would have forgotten that it was New Year.

She gathered the courage to check her phone, but there were no notifications. Dexter did not

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call back or send a message.

She could not help but wonder what he was doing.

Is he with Liana?

They must have many things to talk about.

The thought sent a stab to her heart. She curled up her body and covered her ears in despair, trying to stop herself from speculating further.

No, Dexter is not like that.

Josie, you should trust him.

She kept telling herself this and finally fell asleep after much difficulty. However, she had a nightmare.

Josie dreamed she was talking with Will, but Will suddenly turned into a corpse lying on a pile of ruins. She ran away in panic, only to see Dexter and an unknown woman embracing. They seemed intimate, like a real married couple.

Josie could not stand watching them and screamed as she awoke from the dream. Her clothes were drenched with sweat.

Then, she glanced outside and saw it was almost dawn.

A servant knocked on the door. "Are you okay, Mrs. Russell? Should I come in?"

Josie's lips were dry. She mumbled, "No."

She did not dare to fall asleep again. Instead, she curled up in bed and waited quietly for daylight.

Three hours later, when the sky was bright, Josie heard the noises of a car coming to the villa. It was Arnold's staff bringing her car back. She listened to the servant talking to the person briefly.

Around another half an hour later, she heard noises of a Porsche coming into the yard and parked there. A servant greeted, "Mr. Russell, you're back."

Although the noises came from downstairs, they felt like they came from another world.

Josie listened and heard Dexter enter the villa. He came upstairs and carefully turned the doorknob. It seemed he was afraid of waking her.

Once he entered, he walked stealthily to the bed and lifted the blanket to look at Josie.

[Chapter 679 Dexter Was Out All Night](#)

When Dexter came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, he was surprised to see Josie seated at the corner of the bed. "Why not sleep a bit more?"

Josie hugged her knees and looked at him. "I can't sleep anymore. Why were you out the whole night?"

Josie's eyes flickered with expectation as she asked this question. She hoped Dexter would answer truthfully.

Dexter looked down and dried his hair with a towel. "I had to deal with something complicated. It took more time than expected."

He avoided her gaze as he answered.

Josie's heart sank. Still, she did not show emotion as she replied, "It must have been severe. since you had to deal with it on New Year's Eve."

Dexter did not notice anything strange with her words. Instead, he recalled something. "When I returned to Russell Mansion this morning, Grandpa said you left last night and never returned. Did something happen?"

His inquiry sounded flat and emotionless. Josie tried to detect concern from his tone but could not hear any.

"I had to amend an urgent design."

Dexter did not find an issue with her excuse. Perhaps he was too tired.

"It's not safe going out that late. Try not to do that again." Dexter frowned slightly and towel down.

"Sure." Josie stepped forward and did not talk about him being out all night again.

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Dexter embraced her from behind and basked briefly in her warmth before saying, "You called me twice yesterday. What's wrong?"

He returned her call this morning, but no one answered. Then, he called Mason Garden and was told she had returned.

Dexter seemed exhausted. Josie sensed a heaviness in his tone despite his attempt to conceal

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"I wanted to ask when you would be home, but you didn't answer." Jose squeezed out a smile and glossed over the matter.

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"I was busy..."

Dexter tightened his embrace, but Josie felt he did it out of guilt.

She recalled what Arnold said.

He said she and Dexter did not trust each other.

Dexter needed sleep and lay in bed. At the same time, he wrapped his arms around her waist. and would not let go. "Stay with me."

His clinginess moved her compassion. She took a deep breath and said tentatively, "Dexter, we are husband and wife. I've been honest with you. Will you also be honest with me?"

She suddenly stopped feeling his warm breath on the back of her neck. It seemed he was surprised by her question, but he soon answered, "Of course."

"You won't lie to me, right?"

Dexter sensed something was wrong. He opened his bloodshot eyes and moved her to face him. "Why do you suddenly ask these questions?"

His behavior seemed so natural that Josie was relieved. She began to suspect the truthfulness of Arnold's words.

She shook her head and replied, "It's nothing. I was thinking about New Year's resolution."

Dexter tightened his embrace.

Josie fell asleep until the afternoon and woke up to find him missing.

She ran barefoot out of the bedroom and glanced downstairs. Coincidentally, Dexter stood at the door and was about to head out. He looked up upon hearing noises and frowned. "Put on your shoes."

But Josie did not move from her spot. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to pick up your father. Have you forgotten?" Dexter replied teasingly.

Josie nodded. She had indeed forgotten about the matter. "Can you bring me dessert from Kodille on your way back? I'm craving its strawberry cake."

Dexter smiled and grabbed his car keys. "Sure. Go wear your shoes now."

Then, he walked out and started the car. Josie returned to her room and remembered Russell Mansion and Mason Garden had chauffeurs. Why is Dexter picking Pop up on his own?

bet head and felt it was not right to be suspicious of him. However, she could not stop the seed of suspicion from sprouting in her heart

The more she thought about it, the more he found the matter strange. Ultimately, she could not stand her doubt and rushed out of Mason Garden after Dexter's car left. Then, she hailed a taxi and said. "Can you follow that Porschel

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The taxi driver glanced at Josie strangely. "Miss, are you blackmailing someone or catching a cheating partner?"

This was a high-end area. The taxi driver had picked up many passengers from this place and heard many strange requests.

Josie did not have time to explain. "Just follow that car."

"All right then." The driver was highly experienced. He stepped on the accelerator and steered the car to tail Dexter's Porsche. What was even more impressive was that he drove the SUV as if it was a Tesla.

Since Josie did not use her car, Dexter did not realize someone was tailing him.

However, Josie's suspicion grew as they traveled. It became apparent that Dexter was not heading to Russell Mansion.

After some time, his Porsche suddenly stopped and picked up someone by the road. Josie frowned and recognized that the person was Larry. He held a document envelope and leaned toward Dexter to say something.

Dexter drove away after taking the envelope.

Josie was puzzled. She could not figure out what document it was that Dexter had to pick it up himself.

As the taxi moved past Larry, Josie bent down to conceal herself. She realized she was still in her pajamas. She had only worn a jacket over it as she rushed out of the house.

I do look like I'm catching a cheating partner....

Strangely, Dexter did not meet with anyone else but traveled with the document to an institution. Josie looked at it from afar and saw it was an institution for DNA testing.

What is he testing?

She instructed the taxi to stop at a distance. Then, she saw Dexter leave the car and enter the institution, holding the document.

Once he entered, she finally dared to get out of the taxi. "Wait here for me."

However, the driver was reluctant. "Miss, it... will cost more."

"I'll pay you double."

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"Okay!"

Josie sneaked into the institution, but the receptionist stopped her. "Greetings. Do you have an appointment?"

Josie looked up slightly and was stumped. "An appointment?"

The receptionist looked at her and replied politely, "We're a private institution, and we can't let anyone in without a prior appointment."

That's strict. No wonder Dexter chose this place.

Josie had a sudden idea. "How fast can I get the test results?"

"It will usually be ready in one or two hours."

Two hours... I only have to wait and see if Dexter comes out in two hours...

"Sorry, I'm waiting for someone."

Josie found a corner and sat down, waiting for two hours. While waiting, she wondered if Dexter had come here to get DNA tests for Liana and the Olsen family.

Dexter met with Liana after her return. He must have suspected something and thought to get a test to confirm it.

Josie kept track of the time. When it was time for Dexter to come out, she left the institute in advance and hid behind the door to observe secretly.

"Mr. Russell, let's meet up somewhere else next time. I'll have to head back. Have a nice day." A man in a white lab coat shook Dexter's hand.

Dexter nodded. He was holding a different document envelope from before.

Josie stealthily returned to the taxi and watched Dexter through the window.

He stood on the steps and read through the document. He seemed to have prepared himself for the result. His expression appeared conflicted. It seemed he could not accept what he read.

Josie watched him take a deep breath and return to the car.

The driver observed her expression and asked softly, "Does your husband have an illegitimate child?"

Josie almost had a breakdown. "Mister, can you focus on driving and stop being a busybody."

Dexter left the institute and headed toward Russell Mansion. He was finally bringing Paul to Mason Garden.

Josie realized he was driving uphill and could not trail him anymore. She knew how astute he was and how he could easily catch her.

"Bring me back to Mason Garden."