

Blind Date 721

[Chapter 721 Fancy Becoming Mrs Carter?](#)

Dexter reclined slowly as if sighing. "You're correct. He does care about you a lot."

The rain painted streaks on the car windows, the outside lights gleamed in the darkness, and an older man with a crutch stood patiently at the doorstep.

"Otherwise, he wouldn't be waiting specifically for you on a raining night like this."

Moses stepped out of the car with an umbrella, opening the door for her. "Ms. Olsen, we've reached your home."

At that moment, Leanne realized they had arrived at the Olsen Residence.

Josie tried to stand up, but her knees wavered, and she stumbled into Dexter's arms. The sight of them embracing caught Mark's attention.

Dexter lifted his gaze slightly, his tone carrying more weight, "You better go in now. Your father must be very worried about you.""

The car pulled away swiftly, unfazed by the pouring rain.

"Mr. Russell, where to now?" Moses inquired.

Dexter again secured his rosary around his wrist, "Back to Mason Garden."

Half an hour later, they arrived at Mason Garden.

The main bedroom's light was illuminated.

The rain had dampened the cuffs of Dexter's clothes. He pushed open the door and entered, spotting the woman who had just emerged from the bath.

Their eyes met, and in a split second, she seized a cushion from the sofa and flung it at him.

Unsatisfied with the cushion, she grabbed a table lamp and launched it in his direction.

Dexter didn't dodge; his demeanor was calm and relaxed.

As Josie's barrage of items ended, she slumped onto the couch, breathing heavily. Then, he bent down, retrieving the table lamp and setting it back in place.

"Feeling better now?"

Turning her body away, Josie refused to engage with him.

"Are you willing to listen now?"

Josie wanted to leave the bedroom, but Dexter caught her wrist.

"You're really something, you know? Took Arnold's wine and slept with him. I haven't even brought this up yet"

Dexter sat down, tugging her to sit beside him.

“I didn’t sleep with anyone! Stop making baseless accusations.” Josie’s agitation was palpable.

Dexter ignited another cigarette, his gaze on her softening, turmoil simmering.

“...He practically forced me to drink, and I only leaned on him for a moment.” Josie changed her phrasing, realizing that playing innocent wouldn’t work.

“Why did you meet him privately?” Dexter took a deep drag from his cigarette, the tips of his fingers catching the tobacco scent.

“For Pop, of course!”

“If the Russell family couldn’t locate your father, what makes you think you could?”

It wasn’t arrogance on Dexter’s part but a fundamental law in Wavery.

Josie was a step ahead.

“I didn’t know Wyatt was hospitalized. If I had known, I wouldn’t have bothered.”

Dexter let out a dry chuckle. “I can’t blame you for that, I found out recently myself.”

Josie’s expression was a mixture of ‘you’re misunderstanding me.’

“We met privately a few times.” Dexter lifted his hand, brushing away the raindrops that fell onto his hand from her hair.

...Just once recently.”

His hand moved up to press on the teardrop mole at the corner of her eye. Josie let out a soft involuntary sound, a reaction he often elicited. Whenever their emotions ran deep, he tended to touch that teardrop mole.

It had become something of a habit.

“I don’t think you’re truly aiming to be Mrs. Russell. Dexter exerted more pressure. “Do you want to be Mrs. Carter?”

This was spiraling into absurdity. Josie suddenly pushed him away, frustration evident in her eyes.

“Dexter, is it that I’m not interested, or do you have a more suitable candidate?”

Pushed back, Dexter regarded her in silence.

“Why didn’t you tell me about Leanne joining Russell Group?”

“Now you know. So, are you going to interrogate me now?”

Arnold had a point; Josie would have been angry whether she was informed or not.

“You’re fond of her.” Josie’s frustration grew as if she were searching for traces of it on him.

Dexter closed his eyes.

“You’re actually fond of her!” Josie’s anxiety grew. She took a step forward, gripping his hands and making him open his eyes.

Her agitation was such that she practically leaned on him, her breath coming fast.

Dexter made a muffled sound, restraining her, “Are you trying to seduce me?”

“Answer me!”

[Chapter 722 You are the Only One for Me](#)

Dexter grinned at her. “Aren’t you a feisty one? I was taken aback by your actions at Sky Palace!”

“You didn’t give me much of a choice either... Josie mumbled.

Dexter observed her as she looked away meekly and felt his guard drop. “You’re the only one for me, you know?” He whispered as he gathered her into his arms.

“Surely you have many other lovers.”

“There is no one else, Jo. No one else,” Dexter peppered her creased brows with kisses.

Josie’s heart fluttered, but she quickly snapped out of her reverie when she felt something hard pressing against her. “Stop it.”

Having been denied his pleasure, Dexter frowned. “Jo”

“I will not rest until we find my father.” Josie quickly interrupted, her sorrow evident on her face.

Even though Liana’s presence complicated things between her and Dexter, Josie did not have the mental capacity to play chess with Liana. Without Paul, nothing mattered.

Dexter felt his lust evaporate when he realized how concerned Josie was. “Do you know Paul’s history?”

“Didn’t you look into it?”

“Only about his whereabouts after he came to Wavery.”

Josie exhaled. That’s all I remember about him too.

“What about before that?” Dexter asked.

“Do you also think his absence may be tied to his past?”

“My men went to look for your mother. She’s missing too.”

Josie stared at Dexter in horror. “What? Why?”

Could there be some horrendous secret behind what has happened?

Dexter pulled out his box of cigarettes again to smoke. However, Josie placed a hand on his to stop him.

“Two a day, remember?”

Dexter faltered. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not certain about this information, but I think he used to stay in Rivodia.”

“Rivodia, eh? I’ll send men to check out the area.”

“Bring me along. You know I won’t rest till I find Paul. If you bring me along, I might remember something.” Josie pled as she grasped his hand.

Dexter fell silent for a minute while flicking his lighter on and off, which cast him in bouts of bright light.

“That’s too risky,” he responded eventually but took half a step back when Josie leaned forward.

“Hah, are you doubting my abilities?”

Dexter laughed and shook his head. “You trickster. Come along then!”

The young man pondered for a moment before adding, “Morgan is in Rivodia. You might be able to get some help from him.”

“I’ll ask for help from him if I need it,” Josie mumbled mysteriously, but Dexter was appalled.

“Josie, he may be able to help you!” Dexter exclaimed as he put down his lighter to emphasize his point.

However, Josie giggled at him. “That was a joke.”

The next day, Dexter sent Josie, Moses, and his team of ten to embark on their journey to Rivodia. Although he was keen to go with them, he had to make sure Russell Group was well managed, and thankfully Josie understood.

“You can trust them, Dexter advised before parting with her at the airport, to which Josie nodded.

“And remember, your safety comes first.”

After parting ways, Josie and the team were on the way to board the plane when she was intercepted by a crew member. “Miss Warren? Someone is here to meet you.”

Moses stepped forward to protect Josie.

However, Josie quickly responded before Moses could. “I will go. Stay here and be on guard.”

The crew member brought her down a corridor reserved for VIPs to a room where a man was waiting for her. The man’s face was obscured by the Wavery morning newspapers, but Josie caught sight of the walking stick next to the man and quickly realized who it was.

“Mr. Olsen?” She called out.

The man lowered his newspaper. “You’re a smart girl, Ms. Warren, the man replied.

[Chapter 723 It’s a Pity You are not an Olsen](#)

Josie stared down at him from where she was standing. She knew that how she dressed expressed that she no longer carried the childish naivete she used to.

“I don’t think we met by coincidence, did we, Mr. Olsen?”

On the other hand, Mark Olsen was dressed neatly in a shirt and slacks and had a set of gold-rimmed spectacles, which made him look like a university lecturer instead of an owner of a large conglomerate firm in Wavery.

Mark refrained from responding. Instead, he gestured at a chair. "Sit."

Despite her reluctance to concede, she felt Mark's bodyguard stare into the back of her head with such vehemence that she knew she had no choice.

"I heard that Leanne met you yesterday at the Sky Palace," Mark did not waste time with pleasantries.

"Are you here to rebuke me on behalf of your beloved daughter?"

"She cried last night because of you."

Mark's remark nearly made Josie laugh out loud as she thought to herself. She really is the family's beloved. Her tears can compel her father, who is a busy head of the family, to speak to the person who had hurt her daughter personally! Most fathers would've just told their children not to engage with people who don't look eye-to-eye with them.

Josie raised an eyebrow, questioning silently.

Mark continued, "I believe many people offered to reward you if you left Dexter even though have been married to him for two years. Hence, I believe that bribery would not work. However, I heard your father has gone missing, hasn't he?"

Josie's questioning expression turned hard. "Are you threatening me?"

"No, that isn't my intention. However, I offer my services. If you're willing to compromise, I can hunt him down to the ends of the earth and beyond for you,"

Surely, I would have to pay a steep price. Josie thought to herself.

"I'm tempted. My father is important to me,"

Mark smiled and shrugged as if waiting for her to decide.

"However, if the Russells cannot find him in Wavery, how could the Olsens do any better?"

Josie was courageous enough to challenge Mark because she knew Dexter had her back.

On the other hand, Mark was astounded, but only for a moment. "The Russells have their tendrils weaved into Wavery, but the Olsens' authority can reach the furthest places of the world."

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Money and connections don't lie the Olsens can really reach the ends of the earth. Josie contemplated his offer sorrowfully with a loud sigh.

Mark expected Josie to beg pitifully and felt his smile melt away uneasily. "Why the loud sigh?"

“I’m aggrieved. You must have been fretting when you struggled to find Liana, who went missing. I did not expect someone who experienced what I’m experiencing now to use my missing father to threaten me. I guess empathy is a myth.”

Mark did not expect to hear that from Josie, but her words hit him hard.

Josie noticed that the sharpness in his eyes dulled as if he regretted his actions. “You’re a good lady, Josie. It’s a pity that you are not an Olsen.”

Josie felt her heart skip a beat. It was true that if she was an Olsen, she could have all the finances and authority backing her every action. Liana and Josie could have had the same fate, but their lives are drastically different.

However, Josie begged to differ.

“Is it a pity? I don’t think so. My family isn’t rich, and we had to work hard through school and at work. Even now, we have to pay for the medical bills. And yet, my father has been exceptional. He gave me all the love that he had. Sometimes, I think he loves me more than he loves his biological son. Do you think you could do that for your children?”

Mark knew that she insinuated that he did not love his children well.

[Chapter 724 Use Your Marriage as a Transaction](#)

Mark has met all kinds of characters in his life and knew that he was a good judge of character, and yet he secretly applauded Josie’s father for raising her to be a respectable young lady. She is firm. Most people would’ve agreed that they wish they had been born richer, and with the same breath, discount their parents’ efforts.

In fact, he was the one who was swayed by Josie’s resilience.

“I hope you will remain as stubborn as you are today after this blows over.”

Josie got up. “Your words make you sound complicit in my father’s disappearance, Mr. Olsen.”

“He is not worth my time,” the middle-aged man responded.

Josie, who intended to leave the room, felt her temper rise when she heard Mark. “Your pride will be your downfall, Mr. Olsen. Be careful not to lose Liana – you might find it hard to gather allies.”

Mark’s eyes widened in horror upon hearing her words.

“Guards! Keep her here! She will not be able to leave or go to Rivodia unless she apologizes for what she said!”

Josie’s temper flared. “How dare you do this to me!” She screamed, but the guards had already grabbed her wrists.

Mark rose from his seat. “You have nothing on me, you pathetic little girl.”

He knew that she was in a rush. Hence keeping her here would inconvenience her greatly.

With the guard pinning her down in her seat, Josie could only follow with her eyes as Mark walked past her towards the exit.

She began yelling his name to no avail but was surprised to hear Mark's footstep stop after opening the door as if something was stopping him from leaving.

"Here you are, Father. It was hard to find you."

Josie felt her spirit rise. "Arnold! Help me!"

Arnold peeked into the room over Mark's shoulder. "What are you doing, Father?"

Mark squinted at him, suspicious that Arnold could find him at such an opportune moment. "Why are you here?"

"I'm working. I heard that you were here and decided to drop by to say hello."

"How could you wear that to work?" Mark questioned, unable to believe what Arnold said.

"You know my style. Dexter's the one who dresses well."

"And does Summer know about this?"

"Of course!"

Josie tried and failed to twist around to face the door and began to shout even more. "Arnold! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am," Arnold responded, but Mark refused to budge from the doorway.

Arnold could not help but grin to himself. "Why are you picking a fight with a woman, Father?"

Mark raised an eyebrow when he heard Arnold's question. "And who is she to you?"

"You can say that she's... An old friend." Arnold emphasized, insinuating that Josie was his old flame. "I know her. You can leave her in my hands."

[Chapter 725 Arnold Could Not Hurt Josie](#)

Arnold beckoned to Mark and whispered something to him.

"Are you certain?" Mark's suspicions turned to doubt.

"Yes, I am."

Having his suspicions resolved, Mark snapped his fingers to summon his bodyguard and quickly departed.

Without the burly bodyguard holding her in place, Josie sat up with a sigh of relief and shook the muscle soreness away.

"How did you get on his bad side?" Arnold asked as he entered the room.

"I find it hard to believe you're here for work," Josie responded without answering his question.

“Would you believe me if I said I’m a prince, here to save the princess?”

“Well, mission accomplished. You can go now.”

As they exited the room, Josie saw the bodyguard Dexter sent to protect her still lingering outside.

When Moses saw her, he quickly announced that the plane was going to depart soon and beckoned for her to hurry.

Josie jogged to the boarding area. However, before she could hand over her boarding pass to the crew member, Arnold snatched the piece of paper away. Alarmed, she tried to wrest her paper back, but to her surprise, he had two pieces of boarding passes in his hand.

“Wow, I guess we’re on the same flight!” Arnold exclaimed.

Josie was astounded, but Moses was even more disbelieving. “Mr. Carter, I believe this would be inappropriate.”

Arnold grinned.

“The plane doesn’t belong to the Russells. Why can’t I board the same flight?” He responded lightheartedly as he handed the boarding passes to the crew member.

After boarding the plane, Josie stole the opportunity to call someone before she had to turn her phone on airplane mode.

“Sergeant Buncho?”

Arnold nearly choked when he realized that Josie had called the police.

“I want to lodge a report. I was unlawfully detained by Mark Olsen, the head of the Olsen family, at the airport. I have been released, but his actions deeply scarred me.”

Arnold’s shock gave way to reverence.

“I suspect that he is complicit in my father’s disappearance. Do you remember that you asked me whether we had any enemies? Now you have your answer,” Josie paused to listen. Then she added, “okay, I trust you will follow the lead I just provided. Let me know if you have news.”

She hung up the call and switched her phone off, but her expression remained stern.

“Did you just lodge a report against Mark Olsen?” Arnold grinned.

“Can’t I do that? He detained me for around three minutes!” Josie gritted her teeth as she recalled every grueling second of her encounter with him.

“A measly sergeant won’t be able to touch Mark, you know?”

Josie burst out in laughter and tilted her head towards Arnold. “Do I look that naïve? I know that, but I relish any small inconvenience I can create for them.”

“Would you like an exposé or a press conference?”

“Would you do that for me?”

She was so excited she could burst, but Arnold merely rolled his eyes at her.

Meanwhile, Dexter watched as the planes whooshed into the sky as the cold air wrapped around his body. Wisps of smoke curled around his fingers and disappeared into the mist.

Larry, his secretary, approached him hesitantly as he watched his employer stare at the sky.

“Mr. Russell, we just received news that Arnold Carter and Mrs. Russell are on the same flight.”

Dexter did not respond, as if he had already anticipated this report.

“Has the shipment at the port been delivered?”

“Yes, it was delivered at the same time Mrs. Russell’s plane departed.”

Dexter huffed. “That shipment is worth 80 million, yet they were unwilling to ship it out.

With Wavery’s authority breathing down their necks, I’m certain those are some black-market materials. The only way they could move it was to have Arnold send it out personally. He sure is a true business player.”

Larry nodded. “Should we inform Mrs. Russell?”

“She’ll know the moment she disembarks from the plane.”

Larry paused momentarily, adding, “Would it be dangerous for her? Arnold doesn’t tiptoe around death.”

Dexter squeezed his eyebrows together. Why does my cigarette taste like bile? Where is the usual hit of dopamine?

Turning to Larry, he shook his head. “He would never dare to hurt Josie.”

[Chapter 726 A Voice Recording](#)

Larry glanced at the half-burnt cigarette. “Mr. Russell, you haven’t smoked for a long time. Mrs. Russell would not be happy if she found out that you relapsed.”

Dexter stopped smoking because the couple tried to conceive, but bad habits die hard.

“Do not tell Mrs. Russell about it when she comes back,” Dexter shot Larry a look while stubbing the cigarette out.

Larry nodded. “I won’t. After all, men need an outlet. Smoking is nothing.”

“How’s the progress at the construction site?” Dexter asked as he got into the car.

“Things are still uncertain, although the plans are underway. We recently seized three projects from the Carter Group, putting them on high alert.”

Dexter leaned back with his eyes closed as he listened to Larry’s report. “Paul Warren’s whereabouts are still a mystery. Our men are canvassing a greater area to no avail.”

If the Russells could not find Paul, that meant that he most probably was not in Wavery.

“Send a batch of men to Rivodia.”

“Yes, sir!”

As the journey wore on, Larry contemplated whether or not to offer his opinion, and eventually did. “Mr. Russell, isn’t it dangerous to have someone from the Olsen family around you?” Indicating that he was uneasy about Liana Olsen.

It was evident that Mark Olsen planted Liana at the Russells so that he had an eye on what they were planning to do, yet Dexter allowed her to stay.

Many considered him to be playing with fire.

“Is she a threat?” Dexter asked as he opened his eyes when the car came to a stop.

Looking ahead, he saw Heather taking a picture of her simple outfit in the full-length mirror at the entrance to the Russell Group.

Larry followed his gaze and noted that the young woman looked youthful, even innocent.

“She looks harmless, but people usually only reveal their trump card at the end.”

When Heather noticed Dexter’s car, she quickly put away her phone and approached the vehicle. Peeking in through the car window, she called out to Dexter, “Hi, Dex.”

“I caused trouble for you last night, so my father had me come and apologize to you,” Heather looked down embarrassedly.

“He might’ve been harsh on you, so don’t be so hard on yourself. Go on in, I’ll come in soon.” Dexter replied monotonously.

“Okay!” Heather beamed.

Dexter watched her waltz into the building before dropping his smile. “Go back to the construction site. I need you to monitor them,” he instructed Larry.

Dexter strode into Russell Group and took the lift up to the top floor. As he entered his office, he heard someone speaking softly.

He walked cautiously to the pantry and heard Heather on the phone.

“Don’t be like that, Summer. You don’t know whether there were bad intentions behind those words.”

There was a moment of silence as the other party responded.

“I know, but I will never rest peacefully if I schemed my way to be with Dex.”

“I will not hurt Miss Warren. She’s a good person!”

Dexter peeked at Heather through the door gap to see her quickly hang up. She then tapped on her phone, and a voice recording started to play.

“You managed to secure a good life, didn’t you? You’re living in a luxurious home and have free access to high society. Even if your father recovers, your current lifestyle would’ve been. a fairy tale to

someone of your social status. Now that you've tasted luxury, you're holding on to it for dear life! What a greedy person you are!"

"You're right, I won't let go."

"Josie, you little snake!"

"Miss Olsen, although you vowed to give me what I already have, I believe nothing you offer me will be as much as lucrative as what I already have as Mrs. Russell. I will use my resemblance to Liana fully to my advantage. In fact, do you think Dexter thinks I'm Liana?"

[Chapter 727 Make Her Send the File](#)

Dexter listened to the voice recording. Anyone else would have felt enraged to be seemingly taken advantage of, but Dexter seemed unperturbed.

Heather listened to the recording again and sighed before turning to leave the pantry. Looking up from her phone, she realized that Dexter was watching her and took a step back in shock.

"Dex, when did you..."

"Give it to me." Dexter raised his hand.

However, Heather quickly hid her phone behind her back. "Someone gave me the recording. I believe she didn't mean what she said, so please don't take it to heart. I've deleted the recording too."

Dexter's open palm did not waver.

Fearing Dexter would get angry, Heather slowly placed her phone in his hand. "I already deleted it."

Dexter opened the chat application on her phone and found Heather's conversation with Summer.

Show this to Dexter Russell. Let him know the real Josie Warren. Summer wrote to Heather, but Heather kept declining her.

He tapped on the recording file, only for the phone to state that the file had been removed from the device.

"Are you upset, Dex?" Heather questioned tentatively.

little sister request for you to do these kinds of things frequently?"

"Does your little sister

Seeing that Dexter was not upset, Heather sighed in relief. "Not frequently, just sometimes."

"Why didn't you show the recording to me? I might have believed in you."

"I don't want to ruin your relationship with Miss Warren with underhanded tactics. The recording doesn't sound like her. Perhaps the recording was stitched together by someone to implicate her," Heather replied.

Dexter felt a little proud of this young woman. I'm glad that she doesn't resort to underhanded tactics.

“Nah, I’m sure Josie would say something like that,” Dexter responded as he walked towards his desk. He did not sound like he was blaming Josie. In fact, he sounded a little proud of Josie!

Josie has a sharp tongue – she would not back down from a fight without a last word.

Heather frowned and left to get a cup of Americano.

Dexter was in the midst of signing some documents when Heather entered his office.

“If that were Josie speaking, I would want to know the answer to her last statement about you mixing up her and me,” Heather asked.

Dexter stopped his writing. “I have never mixed you up.”

Heather’s frown deepened.

Does that mean that his feelings toward Miss Warren are different from his feelings toward me? Heather felt her heart swirl with unnamed emotions.

After signing all the documents, he closed them up with a snap and held them up to Heather. “Send these files to Sphinx Corp,”

“Why Sphinx Corp?”

“Do you feel torn between my company and Olsen Group since both companies want to cooperate with Sphinx Corp?” Dexter looked into the young woman’s eyes.

Heather took the files from Dexter. “No, I understand that business competition is tight. However, my identity as an Olsen makes it inappropriate for me to send confidential documents like this, no?”

Dexter grinned as if it did not matter to him. “I trust you.”

Three little words but it held great significance to the listener.

Heather nodded shyly. “I’ll go immediately.”

After she had left the office, Dexter rested his head in his hands in exasperation.

The day wore by.

Dexter had a dinner appointment with Sphinx Corp in the evening. Team members who were drinkers had mentally prepared themselves, but to their surprise, Dexter only brought Heather.

Rumors began to float around. “Why is Mr. Russell always taking Heather out for his appointments? What’s their relationship?”

On the other hand, Heather had a predicament. “Dex, I don’t drink,” she whispered urgently before they were ushered into the room reserved for their appointment.

Dexter nodded, his eyes glued onto his watch. “I’ll get them only to offer you tea.”

Heather blushed at his words. “Please don’t tease me...”

[Chapter 728 Keeping Secrets](#)

“How would I dare to ask a young lady of the Olsen family to drink with me? I will be in serious trouble if your father finds out,” Dexter joked and smiled, but his gaze remained stern.

“Anyway...”

“Stay with me.”

Those words pulled at Heather’s heartstrings.

This dinner gathering was to discuss a project. Although there was some alcohol, it was at a moderate level. Heather sat beside Dexter, listening to the discussion attentively.

After some time, Dexter’s business partner finally noticed Heather. “Miss, you look familiar. You remind me of Mrs. Russell. Are you...”

Heather turned to Dexter immediately.

Dexter answered calmly, “She’s my assistant. You’ve probably seen her when she sent documents to your company this morning.”

The business partner asked his secretary. His secretary nodded, confirming the truth of Dexter’s words.

“I’m sorry. I overstepped. The person appeared embarrassed.”

Heather excused herself to go to the washroom.

Heaven on Earth had many private rooms. Apart from Dexter’s meeting, there was another dinner gathering at the back. The gathering sounded lively, but there was a sudden disturbance, and someone suddenly kicked open Dexter’s door.

It was Summer. She came in with a glass of wine and said, “My, my, aren’t you Mr. Redford of Sphinx Corp?”

Mr. Redford glanced at Dexter before replying to Summer awkwardly, “This...”

Summer had a business gathering tonight and wore a fur coat. She looked sultry as she approached them. “Mr. Redford, how could you betray me? I’ve requested a meeting for a month, but you always refused. I didn’t expect to bump into you here.”

Mr. Redford’s face flushed embarrassedly. “Ms. Olsen, I have some matters to discuss with Mr. Wickam.”

“What is it?” Summer appeared drunk and behaved recklessly. “Don’t tell me it’s the construction in the south area.”

No one responded.

Dexter leaned into his seat and looked tired.

“I’m right then.” Summer raised her voice. “But I won’t accept this. The Olsen family’s proposal and fund were as good as Russell Group’s! Why didn’t you choose us!”

Mr. Redford looked at Dexter as if asking for help. "It wasn't because the Olsen family is not good enough. We felt Russell Group's proposal was more suitable for Sphinx Corp."

"Suitable?" Summer laughed as if she had heard a joke. Fury surged within her, but she had no way to vent it. She threw the wine glass on the floor, causing the glass to shatter everywhere. "I've worked as a researcher for three years. How would I not know what's suitable for your company?"

Then, she glared at Dexter, who remained silent, before stomping away in her high heel shoes.

Mr. Redford was nervous even after she left. "Mr. Russell, who knew this Ms. Olsen has such a temper?"

Dexter gave a vague smile. "She wasn't like that before."

Half an hour later, Dexter bid Mr. Redford farewell and watched him leave in his car.

Heather stood behind Dexter. The wind was cold at night. She clasped her hands to stay warm. "Dex, I heard Summer came by and caused a scene."

Dexter gave her an ambiguous glance. "She was distraught about losing the project with Sphinx Corp. It will most likely damage her status in the Olsen family."

Heather seemed confused about his words.

Dexter had instructed Heather to send documents today. She had plenty of opportunities to leak secrets to Summer during this period.

Yet, Summer's reaction from just now proved Heather did not reveal anything. In other words, Heather had fulfilled her duties.

"Yes, I will comfort her when I'm home. I don't think Dad will punish her over this."

Heather seemed unaware of the situation and did not pick up Dexter's hint.

Neon lights lit up the night scenery, allowing Dexter to glimpse her gentle expression. His heart softened/ slightly.

Perhaps I shouldn't only treat her as a pawn. If there's a chance, I should treat her as a friend.

[Chapter 729 Medical Malpractice](#)

Dexter's staff had already readied a car when Josie exited the plane. Her first destination was the hospital where Paul used to work in.

A black Porsche traveled from the airport's underground car park and sped toward the destination. Since Josie was the only passenger, Moses asked, "Mrs. Russell, what if Arnold follows us?"

They were not sure why Arnold came to Rivodia.

Josie looked at the city's night scenery and replied, "He can't be that free or generous to follow me to search for Paul."

Moses nodded.

They soon arrived at Rivodia City Hospital. The hospital director was informed of their arrival and rushed to welcome them. "Greetings, Mrs. Russell."

Josie was surprised. "Have we met before?"

"Mr. Russell informed me that you would be visiting. Please come in." The hospital led the way and brought Josie to an office. He poured her a glass of water and said, "I'm sorry you had to travel so far. How may I help you, Mrs. Russell?"

The hospital director observed Josie closely, trying to ascertain her illness.

Josie smiled, "I'm here to ask about someone?"

"May I know who?"

"His surname is Warren, and he used to be a surgeon in your hospital." Josie offered the hospital director a doctor's practicing certificate as she spoke. It had a photo of Paul.

The hospital director adjusted his glasses and looked at it with a tight frown.

Josie had a bad feeling about this.

"Mrs. Russell, this man last worked in our hospital more than a decade ago, but I was only transferred here ten years ago. Furthermore, it's such an old matter. I can't recall anything about him."

It was terrible news.

Josie clenched her hands. "In that case, can you help me check his records in this hospital? I want to know why he left."

"Sure," the hospital director agreed and immediately made a phone call

Around half an hour later, the hospital director left the room momentarily before returning with a folder.

"This is his complete record."

Josie immediately opened the folder and read it. She was surprised that Paul had conducted many significant surgeries during his period of employment in this hospital. Furthermore, he presented many medical papers. However, his career only lasted three years. Everything ended abruptly, and the record only stated a few words. "Termination of employment!"

The reason was severe medical malpractice.

However, the record did not provide details about it.

"I investigated and discovered that his license was revoked after this."

That was why he moved his family to Waverly and had difficulty getting stable employment.

Josie looked at how young Paul looked in the photo and wondered what kind of injustice he had suffered.

She recalled Paul was dependable and highly experienced. It was impossible to believe he had committed severe medical malpractice unless something had happened.

“Is there any doctor from more than ten years ago still in this hospital?”

The hospital director considered before replying, “The older doctors were all promoted and transferred elsewhere or retired... Oh, you can talk to the former hospital director. He might know what had happened then.”

“Where is he?”

“If I’m not mistaken, he’s still in Rivodia and is quite well-known. You should be able to find him quite easily. However, I’m afraid he might not reveal anything.”

Josie was not afraid despite the hospital director’s concern. She was willing to try any clue she could find.

Still, the hospital director did not know the person’s address, so Josie had no choice but to contact Dexter.

His staff in Waverly immediately attended to the matter. Soon, Larry sent a message. ‘His name is Robert Quincy. He is the proprietor of La Oriele in Rivodia’s southern district.

Josie read it and wanted to set off immediately. However, Larry sent another message. ‘Mrs. Russell, Mr. Russell reminds you to be careful.’

[Chapter 730 Popping Candy](#)

Compared to Waverly, Rivodia was a tourism-focused city with only a few nightclubs. Furthermore, La Oriele was the biggest.

It was three in the morning, the hour La Oriele was most busy. Women with alluring figures stood at the entrance to welcome their respective patrons.

Since it would be too eye-catching for a group of people to enter this place, Josie instructed the other men to wait outside while she entered with Moses.

La Oriele was an establishment where people spent money to have fun and get drunk. Josie and Moses sat in a corner to observe the surrounding. Although it seemed like a hedonistic place, many guards were patrolling. They had tattoos on their arms and looked fierce and intimidating.

“Since Robert is the man in charge, I don’t think he will come to this area.” Moses opened a bottle of beer.

“Can you see what they are looking for?” Josie observed the guards.

These guards were thorough with their spot checks. They looked into every booth seat.

Moses considered before answering, “In this kind of establishment, they are most likely searching for drugs.”

Josie agreed with his answer. “What do you think we should do to meet Robert?”

She and Moses exchanged glances.

The former grabbed the beer and took a few sips. It tasted so strong that she nearly teared up from the burn. Then, she pulled out a small packet containing pink powder from her pocket.

Moses widened his eyes in shock. "Jo..." He even forgot to call her Mrs. Russell.

Josie raised her hand. "It's only popping candy. I asked someone to get it for me before entering."

Moses pursed his lips. "Are you going to..."

Josie opened the packet and waited for the guards to come near before leaning back and pouring the content into her mouth. The candies crackled on her tongue. She acted like she was in the throes of ecstasy and slumped on the couch. At the same time, she pinched her face to make it seem flushed.

Moses played along and attempted to block her from the guards' view.

As expected, those blatant gestures attracted the guards' attention. They dashed to their table and pushed Moses away. "What are you doing?"

Josie smiled dreamily and fluttered her lashes. She acted like she was under the drug's influence.

"Dmn, b*tch!" The men pulled her up. "How dare you take drugs in Mr. Quincy's premise!"

Josie slumped to the floor and knelt, hugging one of the men's legs. "Sir, don't tell anyone..."

Even though Moses had seen many things in his lifetime, he could not help but be amazed by her convincing act.

These men had dealt with too many female drug addicts and had no mercy for them. One of the men kicked Josie away and said, "Call the police."

Josie hissed in pain and gritted her teeth, forcing herself to continue acting. "Don't... Don't call the police. I

have criminal records..."

"Why did you take drugs when you have criminal records? What an idiot!" One of the men grabbed Josie by her arm. "I haven't seen you here before."

Josie's eyes gleamed with a plan. "I know Mr. Quincy, your boss. If you don't believe me, ask him!"

The men wavered slightly at her words and exchanged glances. "Who doesn't know, Mr. Quincy? Don't act like you're buddies with him."

"I know him. Honest!" Josie kneeled on the floor. Her hair was a mess. She looked at the man imploringly. "I knew him since more than ten years ago when he was still a hospital director."

Josie was unsure, but she had no choice but to utilize this information.

The guards were stunned and looked at Josie with hesitation and uncertainty.

Josie continued, "I'm telling the truth. Ask him if you don't believe me..."

The leader of the guards immediately instructed someone behind him. "Go inform him about this."

Then, he kneeled and gripped Josie by her cheeks. "B*tch, this place is worth hundreds of millions. If you cause it to be closed down by the authorities, we will make you wish you were never born!"

He shoved Josie aside, but Josie recklessly clung to him and pleaded, "Sir, I won't do it again."

Silence followed.

Ten minutes later, the subordinate returned. "Mr. Quincy said to bring her upstairs."