

## Blind Date 831

### [Chapter 831 On The Rooftop](#)

Josie's graceful neck bore a resemblance to that of a noble swan, yet her expression remained stubborn and defiant.

Dexter was discussing the news with Morgan,

Suddenly, she curved her lips into a smile. "Consider it a gift from me to you. Are you satisfied?"

As soon as these words left her mouth, the man in front of her boiled with rage. He leaned in closer, his thin lips so heated that Josie instinctively recoiled upon contact. "If you have the audacity to act, you must also be prepared for the consequences."

Startled, Josie took a step back. "This is the Olsen Residence!"

"So what?" Dexter laughed. It was summer, and Josie wore a skirt. When his large hand landed on her fair, long legs, she almost stumbled, instinctively reaching out to him for support.

"Dexter! I'll call the police!" Josie gritted her teeth, struggling to hide her own trembling.

She was turned around, a potted plant of considerable height concealing their unrestrained encounter. Dexter held her firmly, his warm breath brushing against her. "If I were to marry Heather, would you consider getting married too?"

Josie fought to control her trembling and her waning patience. "I'll send her the video of us in bed!"

Dexter rested his head against her shoulder, letting out a soft chuckle. "I didn't even know you had made videos. You're quite the entertainer, aren't you?"

Josie's face turned a bright crimson, and her whole body tensed with the fear of being caught. Both the agony and ecstasy were amplified twofold.

"Do you think Morgan would still want you if he knew?" the man inquired calmly, his voice stifled by a grunt.

Josie sank her teeth into Dexter's shoulder, causing blood to immediately seep through the pristine white shirt. "You're repulsive!"

Dexter's grip on her throat tightened, his demeanor growing even more menacing. "Do you genuinely intend to marry him?"

"What difference does it make if I were to marry? We're already divorced!"

Upon hearing these words, he escalated his forcefulness. "If you dare to marry, I wouldn't mind adding another child to the Bastille family," he declared boldly.

Josie's eyes narrowed, and she exerted all her strength to push him away. However, the more she pushed, the firmer his resistance became.

His large hand remained firmly on her waist, its grip tightening. Dexter spoke in a hushed tone. "Let it out."

Josie clenched her teeth, adamantly refusing to utter a sound.

He forcefully inserted his fingers into her mouth, compelling her to open it. "I've trained you; I understand your reactions better than you do. Scream"

It had been quite some time since they had engaged in such an encounter. Suddenly, in this precarious situation, she could sense Dexter's overwhelming desire, as though he wanted to consume her entirely.

Her voice quivered. "You will regret this."

When he heard this, Dexter's fingertips gently brushed her cheek, "If such a day ever arrives, I will kneel before you."

That implied it was never going to happen.

Just then, a familiar voice emanated from outside, "Where's Mr. Russell?"

It belonged to a man. Arnold had returned.

Josie's body grew even more tense.

The voice of a housekeeper followed, "Mr. Carter, I just saw Mr. Russell heading to the rooftop."

"The rooftop?" Arnold inquired with confusion.

"He was accompanied by Ms. Brandel's friend."

The moment these words were uttered, an eerie silence descended upon the atmosphere. Arnold said something, and the housekeeper departed. Then, the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs ensued.

Josie couldn't fathom the absurdity of such a rendezvous. She clutched Dexter's arm tightly, where anger had visibly swollen his veins, and implored, "Release me!"

He insisted more forcefully, "Let him see."

Tears streamed uncontrollably down Josie's face, "Let go!"

Without another word, the man gripped her chin and enveloped her lips in a passionate kiss. As their breaths became intertwined, only the muffled sounds of their encounter echoed throughout the rooftop. At that moment, Dexter emanated a strong, aggressive aura, resembling an enraged beast.

### [Chapter 832 Do Not Take The Medication](#)

Josie emitted two soft, subdued whimpers.

Arnold had already reached the rooftop's exterior. He attempted to push open the door, but to his surprise, there was no response.

"Josie, are you in there?"

Josie cast a fierce glare at the man who was intimately close to her, wishing to speak, but his kiss grew more fervent. "Let him hear how you flourish in my embrace."

She felt on the brink of suffocation.

Arnold received no response, so he unlocked the rooftop door and called out, "Josie?"

Dexter's voice resembled a haunting nightmare. "Do you believe that if he witnessed the woman he never had, brought to the edge of ecstasy by me, he would kill me?"

He appeared to envision Arnold's reaction and couldn't suppress a chuckle.

This fleeting trace of laughter ultimately dissuaded Arnold from forcing the door open. He remained there for an extended period, enshrouded in shadows.

The housekeeper returned and inquired, "Mr. Carter, is Mr. Russell inside?"

After a moment, Arnold turned around and replied, "He's not here, probably in the study."

The sound of leather shoes descending the stairs gradually receded into the distance.

Josie felt like a fish out of water, utterly drained, as if she had just survived a catastrophe.

Dexter had already released his grip on her, straightened the wrinkles in his black trousers, and resumed his usual cool and composed demeanor.

Josie, on the other hand, appeared disheveled, steadying herself by leaning against the wall.

"Remember, if you want to avoid more significant trouble, don't take the medicine," Dexter advised, brushing his shoulder. His fingers bore immediate evidence of the bloodstains.

Josie retrieved the belt of her skirt, designed like a leather strap, and swung it fiercely, striking Dexter. "We're already divorced; why are you still treating me this way!"

Dexter remained motionless, unaffected by the belt's metallic buckle striking his wrist bone with a painful clink. He didn't even furrow his brows as he calmly stated, "I've told you before, you are mine."

Tears glistened on Josie's face, her energy completely drained as she replied, "I belong to myself."

The scorching sun overhead caused tiny beads of sweat to form on the man's forehead. He looked up and remarked, "It's going to rain. We shouldn't leave today

With that, Dexter pushed open the rooftop door.

"Dexter!" Josie shouted, her voice filled with determination "If you dare touch me again, I'll jump off of this building!

He stood still, his face remaining expressionless as he replied, "You can give it a try."

Josie immediately turned around and walked toward the rooftop's edge.

Dexter finally showed emotion, adding a threatening tone, "If you dare to jump, I'll have Paul taken care of."

Josie's actions came to an abrupt halt when she heard this. She asked anxiously, "Do you have news from Pop?"

The man didn't respond, simply descending the stairs. His silhouette disappeared into the shadows without pausing for a single step.

Josie felt completely defeated, collapsing onto the scorching ground.

When it came to playing a game of chess with Dexter, she was utterly outmatched.

He was right, a storm was about to hit, and the stifling weather made it evident.

Josie remained seated, letting the heavy rain wash over her as if it could cleanse away the traces on her body.

The rooftop gate was left open. As the housekeeper approached and saw Josie sitting silently in the rain, she was startled. "Ms. Warren, what are you..."

An umbrella appeared overhead, snapping Josie back to her senses. "I... I've sprained my ankle; I can't stand up."

The housekeeper finally understood and quickly helped her up, saying, "You're all wet; you should take a bath."

Josie was assisted downstairs. When Laura came out and saw her in this state, she was surprised, "I've been looking for you for so long, you..."

The housekeeper explained the situation again, and then Josie asked, "Are there any spare clothes?"

"Yes, you can go take a shower in my room."

### [Chapter 833 The Biggest Beneficiary](#)

Laura led Josie to her bedroom, which was clean and tidy, with very few personal belongings. It was evident that the room wasn't frequently occupied.

After Josie finished her bath, she emerged to find the torrential rain outside hadn't ceased, showing every sign of continuing unabated.

The Olsen residence was vast, so expansive that a single day wouldn't suffice to explore it entirely. Josie had never taken a comprehensive tour of the place. She asked Laura, "Has the Olsen family always lived here?"

Laura, while using a hairdryer to dry Josie's hair, replied, "Not entirely. The Olsen family has had its ups and downs. Back then, the various branches of the family were scattered, and Mark's branch wasn't even based in Wavery.

Josie suddenly recalled that Dexter had mentioned Mark's remarkable recovery from a near-death experience, after which he had gradually expanded his business in Wavery.

"Mark acquired this place. It's rumored to have been built over a century ago. After several renovations, it has become what it is today."

Josie must have been absent when Mark purchased the property, as she didn't remember it.

No wonder I don't remember this place.

Josie contemplated this information. Once her hair was dry, she thanked Laura and inquired, "Has Summer not woken up yet?"

Laura shook her head and explained, Mark is still resting in bed. He hasn't come to terms with the fact that Summer would commit suicide."

Thinking of Dexter's pride in his abilities and the fact that there was little he couldn't accomplish, Josie felt no sympathy for Summer. She remarked, "If, and I stress 'if, something happens to her, who will inherit her shares?"

Laura looked somewhat apprehensive and fell into deep thought. "It all depends on Mark's decision. Arnold is out of the question. There's a high possibility that Heather and Dexter might get married, and it could be her."

"That would mean the Olsen family would be completely under her control."

"Indeed." A knock at the door interrupted their conversation. Laura answered the door, and it was a housekeeper reminding them, "Dinner is ready. Mrs. Olsen has requested your presence... along with Ms. Warren."

Laura acknowledged with a nod and then turned back to find Josie wearing a peculiar expression. "What's wrong?"

Josie inquired, "How did you decide to become involved in the Olsen family's business and attain the position you hold today?"

Caught off guard by the question, Laura hesitated for a moment before responding. "If I hadn't fought for myself, would Zach be as he is now? He would have killed me long ago."

The hint of sorrow in her words revealed the gravity of her situation, causing Josie to lower her guard slightly. This reason seemed convincing enough.

If something were to happen to Summer, the biggest beneficiary might not necessarily be Heather. Mark would not likely hand over his assets to an outsider, and Zach, being a member of the Olsen family, would be a more trustworthy choice. Laura could potentially be the biggest beneficiary in such a scenario.

As soon as that thought surfaced in Josie's mind, however, it was disrupted by Laura's explanation.

Moreover, even if Summer were to pass away, Dexter would likely have a plan to secure the Olsen family's shares.

Josie inwardly chided herself for overthinking, for the woman before her seemed genuinely gentle.

"Let's go." Josie said, playing along with the pretense of her sprained ankle, allowing Laura to assist her into the dining room.

At the long dining table, Claudia occupied the main seat. Seeing Josie's condition, she inquired about it, to which Laura explained, "She twisted her ankle on the rooftop. I apologize for not taking better care of her."

Claudia furrowed her brows, and Dexter's lips curled into a faint smile. "Ms. Olsen, what brought you to the rooftop?"

Josie nearly ground her teeth but maintained her composure. "I was admiring the scenery."

Dexter ladled a bowl of soup for Heather and placed it in front of her, saying, "The view at the Olsen Residence is indeed beautiful. Once the rain stops, we should go take a look."

Heather looked somewhat surprised. "It doesn't seem like the rain is going to stop anytime soon."

Laura and Josie exchanged glances, and Laura then spoke up. "Mother, there's a thunderstorm outside. I'm a bit concerned about Josie going home. Can she stay over for the night?"

#### [Chapter 834 Visiting](#)

"Of course," Claudia readily agreed.

However, Zach couldn't resist adding a sarcastic comment, "I've been suspecting that something unsavory has infiltrated the Olsen family recently. Summer is still unconscious, and it's not wise to have such an ominous presence lingering in the Olsen Residence, is it?"

These words carried a disrespectful tone, and Josie's calm facade cracked as she felt a surge of disgust. Before she could respond, Dexter fired back, "Are you suggesting, Mr. Zach, that despite Mrs. Olsen's years of devout prayers and vegetarianism, she still can't keep negative influences at bay?"

As he spoke, he absentmindedly played with his rosary beads.

Zach, growing impatient with the conversation, turned his attention to his meal.

Claudia chose not to pursue the matter further and instead gave Josie a comforting look.

On the other hand, Josie discreetly glanced at Arnold, who remained silent and wore an uneasy expression.

Claudia signaled the servant to pour wine for everyone. After the wine was served, she inquired, "Arnold, how is the investigation by the Securities Regulatory Commission progressing?"

Arnold slowly chewed a piece of bread before responding. "If someone is attempting to frame me but can't produce any evidence, the Securities Regulatory Commission will likely clear my name. I'm already in the clear."

Claudia nodded. "Summer is facing difficulties, and you mustn't let your father-in-law worry any further.",

"After dinner, I'll go and accept the consequences."

"Arnold, you appear quite worn out," remarked Dexter, his gaze fixed on him. "The recent Securities Regulatory Commission investigation must have been exhausting. Managing everything during this time" must have taken a toll."

Arnold's emotions remained inscrutable as he replied. "In my position, who hasn't faced scrutiny a few times? Dexter, if the day comes when the Russell Group faces a similar situation, feel free to seek my advice."

Dexter continued to manipulate his prayer beads, his smile concealing a sharp edge. "We won't."

Josie sat at the dining table, observing the duel of words between the masters, unable to swallow her food.

After dinner, a housekeeper arrived with the news that Summer had awakened. Consequently, everyone went to visit her.

She was conscious, but her demeanor was somber as if she had lost half of her spirit. Her gaze was listless and disinterested as she glanced at everyone, but it sharpened when it landed on Josie. She furrowed her brows and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Josie responded calmly, "I've come to see you. If we consider our ages, you're a year younger than me, so I treat you like my younger sister. Am I not welcome to visit you?" She stated this with a warm smile, but she noticed that Summer's expression grew increasingly panicked.

Summer clutched Arnold's hand tightly, as if trying to suppress something, and said, "I'm not your sister" "It seems I may have overstepped." Josie flashed her a smile.

"Sum..." Mark was being assisted by someone as he entered the room, but his voice fell silent upon seeing Josie.

She nodded respectfully to him, and as he passed by her gracefully, a gust of wind seemed to follow him. Josie maintained her composure.

Mark's voice echoed, "Why are you acting so recklessly? How could you do this to your family, and more importantly, to yourself?"

Summer, shielded by her husband, refused to lift her head. "I didn't want to live anymore."

Mark raised his cane in anger but was restrained by Arnold. "Father, Summer just woke up. Don't argue with her. The doctor mentioned she might have claustrophobia. Perhaps we shouldn't have kept her confined in the family estate."

Arnold patted Mark's back affectionately as he spoke.

"Claustrophobia?" Mark initially didn't comprehend. "Why didn't she have this issue before?"

Summer briefly lifted her gaze, meeting a fiery stare that seemed to scorch her. She quickly averted her eyes.

Dexter stood behind her, graceful in the bright light, and his gaze bore a silent warning.

"I'm sorry, Summer. You shouldn't have been confined to the family estate." Mark sighed.

#### [Chapter 835 The Grievances Of Summer](#)

Clearly, Summer was unwilling to accept.

She kept her head bowed. Mark said in a low and authoritative voice, "What do you plan to do? Is it appropriate for a married woman to mingle with other men outside?"

He earnestly advised his daughter, whom he had raised with tender care, "No matter what, apologize to Arnold. That will put this matter to rest."

Summer let out a deep sigh and suddenly pulled out the IV from her wrist. "Why should I apologize? He doesn't care about me. Why are you so concerned?"

The sudden surge of hostility caught everyone present by surprise. Mark stood up abruptly. "Why are you speaking to me in this manner? Can't I have a say in this?"

Arnold immediately pulled out a tissue to press against the blood that was gushing from her. "Sum!"

"Have you ever cared about me? Since I was young, all your attention has been on Liana. When have you ever cared about me? I've been abroad for years. Do you know how I've managed? Have you ever cared?" Summer's emotions ran high, and her pale face grew even paler.

Mark leaned on his cane, took a few paces back, and watched the scene unfold before him in disbelief.

"Do you have any idea how I used to clutch my dolls and wait for both of you to come home when I was a child? But all you ever talk about in front of me is the missing Liana!" Summer burst out in frustration.

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Leaning against the wall, Josie listened to the intense commotion inside and felt a bit agitated all of a sudden. She wanted to smoke a cigarette, but there were none in her pocket.

"Now that she's back, you can't wait to hand over the entire Olsen family to her. What about me? I have worked so hard for the past two years. Does it mean nothing to you? Am I not your daughter too?"

"That's outrageous!" Claudia rebuked angrily, "Haven't we treated you well enough? We've provided you with resources and connections. All of you are my daughters. How could there be any difference!"

Claudia seldom got angry. Heather patted her back. "Mother, Sum is just upset right now. Don't take it to heart. Let her vent her anger, and she'll be fine!"

"Shut up. It's not your place to speak," Summer suddenly said softly as she looked at Heather.

The latter pursed her lips and lowered her head.

It was precisely those words that completely infuriated Mark. With a swift raise of his hand, he delivered a slap!

The entire room fell silent.

Arnold stood protectively in front of Summer. "Father-"

Mark covered his chest with a look of disappointment as if he was upset with someone's inability to meet his expectations. "Tell me," he said, "I gave you the authority, didn't I? But what did you do? You lost one project after another. Zach and Laura are doing much better than you. Who can you blame for this? Before Liana returned, we were just as accommodating to you. How can you now vent your frustrations on her? She has been wandering outside for so many years. She is the last person who should be blamed!"

After listening, Summer swept her gaze over everyone. "So it's all my fault, is it? Then why did you save me? You should have just let me die!"



“Enough!” Arnold pressed Summer down and took the lead to calm her down before saying, “Sum is emotionally unstable. Let her calm down on her own. Please understand, Father and Mother.”

Mark glared at Summer for a long while. Finally, he pulled Heather with him and left the room.

Summer watched as the group of people walked away. When her gaze met that burning stare, she withdrew as if shocked by electricity.,

After a moment, Arnold also stepped out and closed the door behind him.

“Sum won’t calm down anytime soon. Arnold has had a tough time lately,” remarked Dexter as he leaned lazily to one side.

“Spouses should always compromise with each other. If everyone is as casual as Dexter, they might as well not get married,” Arnold said with a soft chuckle.

Everyone knew what he meant.

#### [Chapter 836 Follow Dexter Blindly](#)

Mark took a deep breath and gently patted Arnold’s hand. “All these years, you have been caring for Summer. Thank you.”

“What are you talking about? She was my sister before, and now she’s my wife. Naturally, I will take care of her.”

“All right then. I’ll handle the repercussions brought on by the Securities Regulatory Commission for you.” Mark decided after a moment of contemplation.

Dexter raised his eyebrows slightly, and a hint of coldness flashed in his eyes.

Josie understood as well. With one of their daughters married to Arnold, the Olsen family essentially secured a peaceful life for the rest of their lives.

Mark truly loved Summer. Josie could feel it. It was what a father could do for his daughter.

Mark exuded an aura of calm and dignity, a testament to his years of struggle and perseverance. It was as if no matter what happened, he was there to protect his daughter.

Josie gazed at Mark and was lost-in-thought.

If my guess is correct, how should I face all of this?

After giving his earnest advice, Mark turned to Laura and added, “Zach is quite worrisome too. Keep a close eye on him.”

Laura nodded to show she understood.

At that moment, the housekeeper brought over a bowl of soup. “The medicine is ready.”

Claudia took it and went back into the room.

Before Mark left, he wanted to say something to Heather, but his gaze fell on Josie instead. “How come you’re here?”

At last, Josie received his attention. Her eyes were filled with complex emotions. "I came to the Olsen family to take shelter. Don't you welcome me, Mr. Olsen?"

Mark's brows furrowed. His initial fondness for Josie had completely vanished when Heather returned.

He nodded at Dexter. "You handle it."

Having said that, he left with the assistance of his housekeeper, and his figure gradually receded into the distance.

Heather's face showed anxiety as she looked worriedly at the man beside him.

Dexter gently patted the back of her hand in a comforting manner. "Go take a bath and have a good sleep." "Dex, I don't want to." She gripped Dexter's wrist tightly. There was a strong sense of urgency in her grasp.

He laughed. "I'm not doing anything wrong. What is there to fear?"

The affection in those words caused Laura to look at Josie with concern.

The latter, however, did not mind at all. She wished she could peel off the skin from Dexter's face. Pretending that her foot hurt, she said, "I'll leave as soon as the rain stops."

Once back in the room, Laura, seeing that Josie was all right, finally breathed a sigh of relief. "I was scared to death just now. I really thought Summer was going to lose her temper."

"She was just throwing a tantrum. She still needs to rely on the Olsen family for support." Josie saw through it. After a pause, she continued, "Mark seems to spoil her a lot. After all, she's his daughter.

But speaking of it, Zach really lacks a sense of presence. I used to think that in such a family, boys would be valued more than girls."

It was not in line with the practice of the country. Josie furrowed her brows as if she had thought of something, but in the end, she did not voice it out.

The torrential rain showed no signs of stopping outside. Laura went into the bathroom to take a shower while Josie, who was feeling stifled in the room, decided to go out for a walk.

The Olsen Residence was vast. As she walked through the brightly lit corridor, raindrops fell on her arm and brought a refreshing coolness.

She walked to the end, where she saw a flash of crimson in the darkness, and the scent of smoke permeated the air. A man's figure stood still, his silhouette lonely and desolate.

Josie wanted to leave.

"Up ahead is Mark's study. Where are you going?"

The man's voice had a certain heaviness to it as a result of years of smoking. He stepped closer, and the sound of his leather shoes echoed with each step. "Don't tell me," he said, "that you just happened to be passing by."

Josie looked up and saw Arnold's face.

He exhaled a puff of smoke, which hit her in the face, forcing her to squint her eyes.

“Why aren’t you asleep yet?”

“Just came out of Mark’s study to have a cigarette.”

“What did he say to you?”

“You’re quite curious, aren’t you?” Arnold’s smile was icy. “You’re too bold. This is the Olsen family. Do you know what happens when you blindly follow Dexter?”

He was referring to the madness that occurred during the day.

#### [Chapter 837 Not Let Down](#)

The torrential rain relentlessly fell that dark night.

Josie didn’t want to recall the humiliation of the afternoon, so she avoided him. “Thank you for not pushing the door open and entering at that time.”

Regardless, given the circumstances at that time, it did provide her with a sense of dignity.

The smile in Arnold’s eyes grew colder and colder. He brushed away the hair sticking to her cheek. “I regret it.”

Under the glow of the wall lamp, Josie looked at him, puzzled. “Regret what?” she asked.

“I regret not taking you on the day you were drugged.” Arnold’s tone was calm, but his words were significant, causing her brows to furrow tightly.

“Have you lost your mind?”

“I’m not insane.” Arnold toyed with a strand of her hair, unable to let go. “Even if it means letting those despicable people succeed, I still want you, Josie. I regret it every single day.

While he was on the rooftop today, his regret reached its peak.

Josie pushed him away, lowering her voice. “Did Mark invite you for coffee or alcohol? Stop acting crazy with me!”

Arnold smoothly stepped back, leaning against the wall. His demeanor reverted to that of his carefree days, exuding an air of nonchalance. However, the desire for possession in his eyes was blatantly obvious. “I’ll get a divorce. You’ll come with me, Josie. I can do it.

His gaze was exceptionally resolute yet extraordinarily indifferent, filled with rationality.

Josie began to realize that his intense emotions were not solely to spite Dexter.

“Your wife is in the next room, falling apart, and here you are contemplating divorce, Arnold. As a husband, this is quite inappropriate.”

A strong sense of immorality surged within her.

Arnold remained silent, simply staring at her, wishing he could possess her.

"If you divorce, the Olsen family will no longer be your support. The Carter Group can't always have smooth sailing. Are you planning to continue relying on Mr. Dalton?"

"Why not?"

Josie almost burst into laughter. She turned around. "Even if I leave, I won't go with you. We're all adults here, so don't get carried away."

A shadow fell over her as he gently held her, resting against her shoulder. He let out a soft sigh, his body carrying the scent of smoke. "Dexter intends to expand Russell Group's influence. He has to rely on the Olsen family. Therefore, his relationship with Liana is inseparable. You won't get another chance."

Upon hearing that, a pang of sorrow suddenly struck Josie's heart.

"You can't manage what I'm planning to do."

"Those who strive will not be let down. Give it some thought."

At the end of the corridor, someone pushed open a door, casting a beam of light. Silhouetted against the light, someone stood. Arnold and Josie seemed like two intertwined vines leaning on each other.

The rain had been falling all night, showing no signs of stopping.

The next morning, everyone was seated in the grand hall of the Olsen residence, with Claudia brewing coffee for everyone.

Heather sat to one side, learning flower arrangements from the housekeeper. From time to time, she would ask Dexter for his opinion. He would occasionally offer a few suggestions or help her adjust the placement, their demeanor close and intimate.

Laura sat at the desk, dealing with work.

Arnold had just stepped out of Summer's room when he reported a few things to Mark. Suddenly, his phone rang.

Whatever was said on the other end prompted him to shift his gaze onto Dexter, who was instructing Heather in flower arrangement. "I'll be right there," he said.

"Where are you going? It's not suitable to go out in such heavy rain," Claudia asked.

Arnold respectfully replied, "There seems to be a problem with my father. I need to go and check on him."

Speaking of which, Claudia didn't ask any more questions. She walked him to the door. "Take care on your way."

Mark withdrew his gaze after Arnold left. "This kid is still not indifferent enough."

#### [Chapter 838 Visiting The Olsen Family](#)

"We're talking about his biological father. We can't expect too much from him." Dexter picked up a pair of scissors, cut off the root of the rose, and continued the conversation with a smile.

With a gentle squint, Mark expressed his disagreement, "When do you plan to let his father out?"

Even he knew Dexter was in control of such matters.

The young man cast a glance at Josie, who was sitting in the corner. Then, he placed the rose in the vase, its petals swaying gently.

"Perhaps when he stops harming others." Dexter chuckled. "Still, Mr. Olsen, it's in his nature to harm others, so he needs to be restrained."

Mark took a sip of tea, his brow smoothing out. "Don't corner a desperate enemy. If he is forced to fight like a trapped beast, you won't gain any advantage."

Dexter didn't comment on whether it was good or bad. He simply said he understood.

The housekeeper stepped forward to refill the coffee at the right moment. "A message just came from the Simmons family, saying that the lady of the house has passed away.

Mark expressed surprise, "You mean the Mrs. Simmons who rose to power through her lover?"

Claudia said, "Why are you looking at me? I haven't been involved in worldly affairs for many years. I'm not clear about these things."

The housekeeper chimed in, "Yes, there was quite a fuss about it a couple of years ago. Everyone said she was very resourceful."

"How did she die?"

"It was said to be a sudden death."

With a cold huff, Mark seemed as if he had heard a joke. "The Simmons family is a prestigious one, not a place where any Tom, Dick, or Harry can rise to power. She seduced so many men with her dirty deeds in the past, and now she's getting her just deserts!"

What he said seemed to make sense, but Josie, sitting on the side, understood the hidden meaning. She fathomed Mark was criticizing her indirectly.

Heather curiously asked, "Father, what's the matter?"

"All you need to know is that a woman who interferes in someone else's marriage never meets a good end." As Mark finished speaking, his meaningful gaze landed on Josie.

She was dressed lightly, so she felt somewhat cold in the rainy weather. Her fingers were exceptionally pale

Last night, Mark saw her interacting with Arnold. So, it was only natural for him to say those things that day.

However, Josie felt the words were more suitable to be directed at Heather.

She wasn't angry either. The corners of her mouth slightly lifted in response to Mark's gaze, blatant and straightforward.

Confronted with her bare gaze, Mark furrowed his brows. A kind of indescribable emotion slowly rose within him.

Josie looked around, then suddenly said, "Mr. Olsen, I've always been curious about the structure of the Olsen residence while working as a designer. I wonder if I could have the opportunity to take a look around today."

After she finished speaking, she thoughtfully added, "Laura can accompany me."

At this point in the conversation, it seemed the host had no room for refusal. With a respectful yet sarcastic tone, he remarked, "I was under the impression that you had already thoroughly explored the Olsen residence, Ms. Warren."

Josie understood what he implied and responded with a smile.

Before Laura could get up, Claudia stopped her, "Let me do it, Laura. You're busy."

As soon as those words were spoken, Heather couldn't sit still. She stood up. "Mother, our house is large, and your legs aren't in the best condition. Let me show Ms. Warren around."

Her words were reasonable, but Mark gave her a sidelong glance. "You are the young lady of the Olsen family. Your only duties are to enjoy coffee, arrange flowers, and accompany Dex. Not just anyone has the right to order you around."

He was belittling Josie between the lines.

On the surface, she was calm and unruffled, but inside, discomfort churned within Josie. Such criticism and belittlement were nothing compared to what she had experienced in her twenty-some years of life.

However, as the words came from her father, Mark, she couldn't help but take it to heart.

Josie caught Dexter's cryptic gaze. Looking at her, he spoke lightly. "The rain has lessened. Let's leave before it stops completely."

#### [Chapter 839 Dog](#)

The atmosphere chilled for several long seconds.

Claudia broke the silence. "Come with me."

The design of the Olsen residence's structure was indeed ingenious, grand, and exquisite.

"When it was time for the renovation, I put forward quite a few suggestions."

As Josie was touring around, she exclaimed in surprise, "You can design too?"

No wonder she took the initiative to take her for a tour.

Claudia nodded. "When I was young, I dabbled in everything but mastered none. This was something I particularly enjoyed."

Josie was secretly startled by those coincidences.

There was a coffee garden in the backyard, where coffee trees blanketed the hills, hidden in the misty rain, presenting a magnificent sight. Around the right time of the year, there would be dedicated coffee bean pickers to harvest and process the beans to become the exclusive coffee served to guests at the Olsen residence.

That kind of spending was not extravagant, but it was thoughtful and meticulous, exuding a rare warmth.

“When we were young, there was a coffee garden in the backyard of our old house. We earned our first pot of gold from those coffee beans. As we grew more successful, he became reluctant to engage in these low-profit activities. But out of nostalgia, he decided to move the coffee garden here.”

In the corridor, Claudia and Josie stood together, gazing into the distance.

Her voice carried a gentle warmth and a hint of fatigue as if she was telling a long, drawn-out story.

“You... and Mr. Olsen, your relationship seems very deep. Has it always been this way over the years?” Josie asked curiously.

At this point, Claudia’s smile softened, and she sighed. “People change, and in the end, love turns into deep familial affection.”

Josie shook her head. “I don’t want that. Love is love, from beginning to end. If it’s going to turn into familial affection, I’d rather not have it.”

“You’re too naive.”

Claudia led her into an exhibition hall. The place was airy and transparent, housing many valuable items. However, Josie’s gaze fell on an old, yellowing painting.

The drawing depicted a cartoon character. The strokes were quite naive. It was clear that a child had drawn it. Josie recognized it. “Is this... Dexter?”

Claudia sighed. “This was drawn by Leanne before she got lost. She did a great job, didn’t she? She’s so talented. What a pity”

“May I take a look at it?”

Claudia handed her a pair of gloves.

Josie understood her own painting style very well. Due to the involvement of architecture, it inevitably became a bit rigid. However, the painting was drawn with exceptionally soft strokes. Despite that, she could still see a hint of similarity.

Her head was aching a bit.

It was as if she had traveled through time, witnessing the young girl from the past, engrossed in her drawing.

Just then, a noise came from outside. At the end of the corridor, a Shiba Inu dashed in. Its eyes were sunken, showing signs of age. It leaped into Claudia’s arms and then stared intently at Josie.

She jumped in surprise. "This is..."

Someone quickly rushed in from outside. "Mrs. Olsen, I apologize! Pepper probably caught your scent. I couldn't control it."

Claudia squatted down and petted the dog. "That's all right. How has Pepper been eating these past few days?"

"It's fine. It just looks a little lethargic."

Claudia nodded, then turned to Josie. "When we were young, I was always away on business trips. I was worried that Leanne would feel lonely, so I bought her a dog. She loves spicy food, so we named it Pepper. But later on, Leanne got lost. Mark is allergic to dog hair, so this dog has been living in the backyard for over a decade."

Josie listened, her gaze lowered to the dog.

Its eyes were sparkling like water, unable to move its gaze away from her.

Josie's heart was racing. It was as if fate had reunited her with the dog.

#### [Chapter 840 Exposed](#)

"It doesn't bite."

Josie slowly crouched down, patting the head of the dog named Pepper, who surprisingly didn't shy away. "For a dog, a decade or so is already a long life," she said.

"Yes, indeed."

Pepper patiently waited from its youth until its old age, all for the return of its owner.

It responded to Josie's touch, rubbing against her palm with force, making a soft purring sound. Soon, the sound grew louder, eventually turning into a full-blown bark, startling even Claudia.

Josie remained still, letting it move. She wanted to hold it with both hands.

Just then, Heather's voice came from outside. "Where is Mother?"

The housekeeper replied, "She's inside."

As Heather pushed the door open and stepped in, she was immediately greeted by the near-mad barking of a dog. Startled, she instinctively hid behind the housekeeper, exclaiming, "What? What is that? Where did this dog come from?"

The housekeeper quickly shielded her. "Ms. Olsen, it's all right. It's just Pepper!"

"What Pepper?"

Heather's scream also frightened the dog, causing it to squirm in Josie's arms. If she hadn't been holding it back, it would have dashed off long ago.

Pepper started barking at Heather.



"It's okay. It's okay! Pepper, everything's fine now!" Josie held it, doing her best to soothe the dog's emotions.

Heather's face was as pale as a sheet. Seeing the dog gradually calm down, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. However, she still didn't dare to get close. She asked Claudia, "Mother... where did this dog come from?"

Claudia looked at her, her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "This is the dog you raised when you were a child," she said.

Upon hearing those words, Heather's face turned even paler. She looked somewhat at a loss. "When I was a child? I-I don't remember."

Josie could see clearly now. Heather's confusion was mingled with panic and fear.

Claudia turned around, only to find Josie and Pepper snuggling up to each other.

At that moment, Heather hurriedly stepped forward, her hands trembling. "Mother, as you know, I've forgotten many things. I never thought that I would be afraid of dogs when I grew up."

She attempted to approach Pepper, but it was extremely resistant as if it had seen an enemy.

"All right. It's normal to be scared. People change." Claudia spoke up, preventing her from coming any closer.

"How did you get here? Where is Dexter?"

Heather gradually returned to her senses. "He had an unexpected matter to attend to, so his secretary came to pick him up."

Claudia nodded, and Heather gave a bitter smile. "I've even raised a dog. Why has no one ever told me?"

"Your father is allergic to dog hair, so after you got lost, we kept the dog in the backyard. Only a few elderly people know about this. Even Summer is not aware."

Heather nodded slowly, her head lowered as she tried hard to find a topic of conversation.

"Ms. Warren, you don't seem to be afraid of dogs. Have you raised one before?"

"I've never raised one before." Josie gently soothed Pepper before handing it back to the housekeeper.

"You've never raised one before, yet you were quite bold just now."

Josie looked straight into Heather's eyes, which were tinged with a hint of panic, and smiled. "Perhaps I was just born not afraid of dogs. But it's strange, Ms. Olsen. You used to love dogs when you were little, but you don't like them now as you've grown up. That's quite unusual."

A love for animals was innate and generally wouldn't change.

It was evident that Heather was trying her best to stay calm. "I was scared just now, but perhaps with time, I'll get used to Pepper."

Josie constantly wore a gentle smile. She handed over the drawing she had been holding, "Your drawing skills are impressive. Here, this is yours."

Heather was taken aback. Upon clearly seeing the content of the painting, she furrowed her brows noticeably. She managed to squeeze out a smile. "Thank you."

Josie removed her gloves and bid farewell to Claudia. As she left the exhibition hall, Pepper kept watching her and making a whimpering sound.