

## **Blind Date 841**

### [Chapter 841 Claudia Grows Suspicious](#)

“Mother...” Heather returned to her senses, not realizing that she was being somewhat cautious.

Claudia withdrew her gaze and said in a reassuring manner, “If you don’t like that, Pepper can stay in the backyard. There’s no need to force it.”

Heather let out a subtle sigh of relief and replied, “Mother, thanks for your understanding. However, I will come by often and visit Pepper.”

Claudia hummed in agreement and promptly left. However, she couldn’t help but recall Josie’s earlier words: You used to love dogs when you were little, but you don’t like them anymore after growing up...

Liana loved everything, especially animals. She believed that that would never change even as she grew older as it was something innate.

However, Heather’s expression earlier was that of caution and fear, as well as a certain... disdain.

It was baffling to her that her daughter was showing such emotions.

Claudia suddenly felt a little gloomy, as if something was enveloping her, something she couldn’t break through. She took a deep breath before taking a turn and heading toward the shrine room.

Meanwhile, Heather remained standing in the same spot and took another glance at Pepper, who had a leash attached to it. The dog suddenly barked at her. Feeling startled, the woman patted her chest to calm herself down.

She was gripping the drawing so tightly that she nearly tore a hole in it.

Josie returned to where she came from, only to find that the place was empty, except for the housekeeper, who was cleaning..

She instructed, “Please tell Mrs. Olsen that I’m making a move first.”

The housekeeper nodded respectfully and replied in a gentle voice, “Ms. Warren, someone will be waiting for you at the entrance of the Olsen Residence to send you back.”

Josie was rather surprised to hear that as it was unlike the Olsen family to be that kind.

The rain had stopped and sunlight poured through the clouds. At the entrance of the Olsen Residence, the bougainvillea was blooming vibrantly. Josie narrowed her eyes and walked further down. To a surprise, she saw a Mercedes AMG G 63 parked there.

The license plate of the car was extremely attention-seeking.

Josie’s heart skipped a beat.

It was likely that Moses had driven the car there as he had walked straight toward her after getting out of the driver’s seat. “You should get into the car.”

Josie let out a slight scoff and replied, “I really don’t understand the world of the rich. Where’s his car?”

Moses braced himself and replied, "It's staying in the Olsen Residence as Ms. Olsen said she liked it."

Josie pressed her tongue against the roof of her mouth and merely replied, "Oh."

Moses did not dare speak any further.

After taking a deep inhale, Jiang Shu eventually walked over and got into the car.

The faint scent of sandalwood inside the car reminded her of the man's aura, calm, yet at the same time, exuding a sense of authority.

Without looking at him, she said, "Even the Olsen family's housekeeper is working for you. Dexter, you're really something huh?"

No wonder he is always so updated with the news.

From the corner of her eyes, she noticed the man's gloomy expression. In fact, his expression was so grim. that he looked almost sickly. "One should always be thorough in their actions. For example, if I were you, I wouldn't have met Arnold in the middle of the night."

He found out.

Josie had always felt bad toward him when it came to matters concerning Arnold. She stiffened slightly before getting straight to the point, "Where's Pop?"

Dexter looked up slowly, his gaze landing on her scraped wrist. "When did I ever say I knew where he was?" he replied with a hint of amusement in his voice

Josie quickly covered the spot on her wrist that had just been bitten by Pepper and said anxiously, "You clearly said it. Dexter, don't toy with me. You know how important this is to me."

Remaining nonchalant, Dexter extended his big cold hand and grasped her wrist firmly before forcefully flipping it over.

His eyes were elongated, which was characteristic of that of a womanizer. However, all they exuded was a powerful sense of oppression. "I do have a lead, but I can't confirm anything yet."

"Just tell me what it is, I can look for him myself!" Josie said forcefully, her brows furrowed in frustration., At that moment, she could hardly be bothered about the fact that the man was touching her.

Dexter ignored the woman and took out a band-aid from the storage box before sticking it on her hand.

It was simply impossible to get him to say anything he was unwilling to say.

### [Chapter 842 Grandpa Is Ill](#)

As she had a history of getting hurt easily, Dexter had made a point to have first aid kits placed in every car in his garage.

At the thought of what happened the previous day, Josie could not help but feel a sense of irony.

She withdraws her hand abruptly and said, "You should save your affection for Liana. She would be delighted to have it. It would be a waste to shower it on a heartless person like me!"

With the sunlight casting a glow on her face, one could clearly see the anger that was shimmering in her eyes.

Even though Dexter was usually susceptible to her tactics, his current expression was unreadable. He gripped her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"Josie, do you really think your temper is worth a fortune?"

Although it was nothing valuable, it was enough to soften his heart.

Josie took a deep breath and was about to step out of the car when the man yanked her back in. After slamming the car door shut, Dexter pinned her against the seat. With an ominous shadow looming over her, Josie exclaimed in fright, "We're in the car!"

"Is my neck. ex-wife jealous?" Dexter snorted coldly, tracing his fingers across her smooth cheek down to her

Josie was trying her best to resist the itch as she replied, "Why would I be jealous?"

"Liana."

"The two of you are a match made in heaven. When you get married, I'll definitely prepare a grand gift for you."

Feeling amused, she could not help but laugh out loud. However as she laughed, sorrow and bitterness. gradually filled her eyes.

Dexter slightly furrowed his brows before reaching out and lightly slapping her with the back of his hand. Instead of a forceful hit, it seemed more like a flirtatious gesture.

Josie raised an eyebrow and said, "Isn't that the case? Do you dare to say that you will never marry her?"

With an unfathomable expression on his face, the man sat up straight. He pulled out a cigarette and started smoking, savoring each puff.

Also sitting upright, Josie said, "You can't guarantee that."

She had to admit that she did feel a pang of pain in her heart as she looked at his side profile.

"The business arena is like a battlefield. It is not as simple as you think," Dexter said as he exhaled a puff of smoke, his gaze softening.

Just then, a car was seen approaching from the front. Looking at the car, he said, "Follow Larry."

"I'm not interested in your affairs, I can leave on my own." Josie composed herself. She was feeling almost suffocated due to the multitude of secrets she had been harboring recently.

Dexter reached out to open the door. With one leg out of the car, he said before leaving, "Grandpa is in the hospital. If you still care about him, you should go see him."

After saying that, he shut the door and strode toward Larry's car which was parked ahead, his figure exuding a cold aura.

Without looking back, he got into the car and drove off, disappearing from sight.

Since she refused to leave, he would leave instead.

Moses quickly got into the car. Turning to look at Josie in the back seat, he said cautiously, "Josie..."

Snapping back to her senses, Josie asked anxiously, "What happened to Grandpa?"

Aware of the situation, Moses replied, "He had suddenly fainted and has remained unconscious in the hospital. It has been over a month now."

Upon hearing that, Josie became even more worried. Disregarding Dexter's words, she said, "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

"Mr. Russell didn't allow—"

"Take me to the hospital."

Josie could feel her heart beating faster and faster throughout the journey. After having a close shave with death, the old man was already not in the pink of health when she met him previously. As such, she was extremely worried after hearing that he had fainted again.

Among everyone, Henry was probably the only one who had never exploited her for any personal gain.

The nature of their relationship had long evolved. To her, he was no longer just Dexter's grandfather, but he had become her grandfather as well.

As Moses drove at top speed, it only took them a while to arrive at the hospital. The moment the car came to a stop, Josie got out. Just as she was entering the elevator, her phone suddenly vibrated; someone had sent a message.

She froze when she glanced down and saw the text: The results are out. Where are you?

#### [Chapter 843 Test Results](#)

Henry stayed in the VIP ward where it was peaceful at noon, and hardly anyone could be seen.

Josie stood at the door. Several times, she raised her hand to knock, but each time, she could not bring herself to do it.

She hesitated for a long time and was filled with worry and fear. Her fear was overwhelming. With Paul gone, if anything were to happen to her grandfather, she did not know how she would cope.

In the end, she did not knock on the door. Instead, she sat on the bench in the hallway and was lost in a sea of thoughts.

Seeing her in such a state of unease, Moses could not help but worry. He cleared his throat and said, "Josie, I'll go get you some food."

Josie did not lift her head. "Since he told you to watch me, then just watch me properly. Don't speak unnecessarily."

Moses abruptly halted his steps. His motion of pulling out his phone froze midway. Awkwardly, he rubbed his nose.

About half an hour later, Mallory arrived in a hurry. She had not even opened the file holder in her hand.  
-Josie-

Catching a glimpse of Moses, she stood still and hesitated for a moment.

Josie finally looked up. "Come over here."

Mallory hesitated for a moment before handing over the document bag and softly saying, "I just returned from Lightspring. No one else has handled this. I haven't looked at it yet."

Josie glanced at Moses and noticed that his intense gaze was fixed on her. She tightened her grip on the document bag and took a deep breath.

After a moment, she finally mustered the courage to open it and pull out one of the documents. It was Heather's and Claudia's.

Her fingertips rested on the final result and slowly moved away.

Result Interpretation: The maternal probability is 100%.

Upon seeing the result, Josie's hands began to tremble uncontrollably, and her face turned pale.

In all paternity tests, the certainty of denying biological parentage was 100%, while the confirmation of biological parentage was 99%.

One of her speculations had already been confirmed.

There was another one...

Mallory looked at her with worry.

Josie closed her eyes for a moment. Then with a sink-or-swim determination, she pulled out another report.

That belonged to her and Claudia.

Her hands trembled even more as she continued to look down.

Commissioned Identification Matter: Parental Relationship Identification.

Child: Josie. Mother to be tested: Claudia..

Child's sample for testing: Hair. Mother's sample to be tested: Hair.

Interpretation of Results: The maternal probability is 99.999999%.

Suddenly, Josie's grip loosened, and the paper slowly fell. Just as it was about to hit the ground, Mallory swiftly caught it. She quickly straightened it out and said, "I don't know what you saw, and I won't ask or look, but I hope you're prepared."

Josie felt a heavy weight in her heart. With a trembling voice, she asked Mallory, "Do you have a lighter?"

"Yes..."

Josie placed the two pieces of paper together, walked over to the trash bin, and set the papers on fire. The flames flickered and quickly consumed the papers. Josie let go and stared at the pile of ashes in the trash bin with a pale face.

In this world, only she knew the secret.

From a distance, Moses watched her series of actions, and his brows furrowed in concern. But with the documents burned, even if he wanted to investigate, he would not know where to start.

The scientific explanation left Josie in a daze, and she was almost gasping for breath.

There were no ifs, ands, or buts this time.

Those instances of tacit understanding were no longer mere coincidences but the natural intuition between mother and daughter.

How dare Heather take my place!

Just then, the door to Henry's ward was opened from the inside. It was Marilyn. She was the first to see Moses. "What are you doing here..."

Immediately after, she saw Josie. She was surprised and delighted. "Jo!"

Josie was still struggling to calm herself down, but she managed to squeeze out a smile. "Ms. Marilyn." Inside the hospital room, only the sound of the EKG served as a reminder of human presence. Henry had awakened. He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling. His face was thin and aged, and he looked weak. Josie slowly moved forward with her heavy heart.

#### [Chapter 844 I Am Both Leanne And Liana](#)

"He woke up a week ago. The doctor said there's nothing seriously wrong for now. But with age, a major illness can take a lot out of him. He needs to take it easy and recuperate," said Marilyn.

"Dex is always worried and comes over to check on us every day. Henry was afraid he'd neglect his duties, so he told Dex not to come anymore. Who would have thought he'd tell you? Doesn't this just worry you?"

A look of sorrow crossed Josie's face. She finally understood why she felt an inexplicable closeness every time she saw Henry.

It was not until she sat by the bed that Henry finally reacted and gradually focused his gaze on her face. He stared at her for a few seconds before blurting out, "It's you, Leanne..."

It felt as if something had seized Josie's heart.

Marilyn was startled. "He's confused. This is Jo, Josic, not Liana."

Josic signaled that it was okay, then immediately took hold of the old man's thin, bony hand. She forced a smile. "Grandpa, it's me."

It's me. I am Leanne, also known as Liana.

Henry also laughed with tears streaming from his dry eyes. "Is that so? I remember. I'm not confused."

His mental state was not the best. He lacked energy and was actually quite confused.

However, Josie nodded while holding her tears back. "You're not confused. I came to see you. How are you feeling?"

"Everyone has to die. We all will eventually. Don't worry about me, Leanne," Henry said slowly. His gaze lingered on her with reluctance to let go.

The more he spoke, the more Josie choked up. Eventually, her eyes turned red, and she began to sob. She rested her forehead on the back of her grandfather's hand, and her back was trembling.

"Why are you crying? Did you not eat well? Or did you not sleep well? Leanne, you mustn't stay up late. You need to eat on time. You've grown so much. It's been a long time since I last saw you."

The tears Josie had been holding back these past few days suddenly burst forth, and she could not help but break down into uncontrollable sobs.

Perhaps it was not just for these few days but also for all the lost years.

Why didn't I recognize my grandfather the first time I saw him

Why didn't I do anything after encountering so many things later on?

Memories flashed before her like a carousel of images, and she blamed herself.

Josie was crying so hard that even Marilyn, who did not understand the reason, felt distressed.

Only Henry patiently comforted her and treated her as if she were his own granddaughter.

"Did Dex bully you? Tell me. I'll sort him out!"

When Dexter was mentioned, Josie finally began to calm down.

"I'm just tired. Very tired." She took a deep breath and revealed her truest self.

That really frightened Henry, and he was about to sit up. "Who bullied you? Tell them that the entire Russell family is behind you. Let them come find me!"

A warmth spread through Josie's heart, and her tears turned into laughter. She asked Marilyn for a towel and gently wiped Henry's face.

Fortunately, she discovered the truth just in time.

What she feared the most was that it would be too late for her to fulfill her duties as a filial child.

Henry let her do as she pleased and seemed more and more confused. He said to Marilyn, "See, it's good to have a granddaughter. That boy, Dexter, never gives me a moment of peace."

Marilyn responded with a bitter smile.

Henry looked at Josie and suddenly asked, "Have you been doing well all these years away?"

Josie's movements came to a halt..

"It was not as good as when I'm by your side." Even without regaining her memory, Josie could feel the warmth from her grandfather. She could imagine how well she had been treated before.

Henry patted her hand. "Will you stay by my side from now on?"

"Okay."

#### [Chapter 845 Justin Can Help](#)

After leaving the hospital room, Marilyn still felt a bit apologetic, for Dexter and Josie were already divorced. She was worried that Henry's mentioning of Liana might upset Josie.

"He's getting old, Jo. Please don't take it to heart."

Josie shook her head, then asked, "When exactly did he fall ill?"

Marilyn gave it some thought before giving a specific timeframe. "Over a month ago."

After saying that, she thought of something else, but the words never left her lips. After all, Dexter had warned not to tell Josie why Henry had fainted, as it would make Josie feel guilty.

Regardless, Josie already recalled the hardships during that time. It was right after Paul disappeared. She even had a falling out with Dexter, blaming him for not being like Arnold, who had followed her to Rivodia to ensure her safety.

She considered the timeframe. So, it was because Grandpa was sick?

Then, why did he never mention about it?

Taking a deep breath, Josie gave Marilyn a few instructions on taking care of Henry, then left the hospital.

Meanwhile, Mallory was waiting in the parking lot when she spotted Josie approaching step by step, with Moses following behind.

"I'm leaving with Ms. Whiteford. Are you still gonna follow us?" Josie turned to the side.

"No..." Even though he said this, he still didn't leave.

As Josie entered Mallory's car, Moses also quickly climbed into that Mercedes AMG G 63 and tailed them. out of the hospital.

Dexter had only instructed Moses to take Josie to the hospital and nothing else. Therefore, after the latter followed them out of the hospital entrance, he turned the corner and left.



Seeing the Mercedes disappearing in the rearview mirror, Mallory shifted her gaze to the passenger seat. "Why are you letting Dexter's people tail you? Aren't you afraid he will find something?"

"What could he find? The report has already been burned by me. Moses has no way to investigate it. At most, he'll just be curious about why you're with me. But you and I have been through hardships together, so it's only normal for us to meet. Even if he reports back, he won't have much to say."

Josie looked at the mirror in the car and reapplied her lipstick. Instantly, her face regained its color.

She glanced sideways, asking, "There are exclusive channels for obtaining information in Heaven on Earth, right?"

Mallory compressed her lips, having guessed the woman's thoughts. "If Calvin finds out, things will get incredibly complicated."

Calvin, at first glance, seemed like an unpredictable spoiled rich brat yet actually had a clear sense of boundaries. He would never get involved with things he shouldn't. Toward Dexter, apart from camaraderie, Calvin also exhibited unwavering loyalty

Everyone said that Dexter's success today wouldn't have been possible without the help of his right and left-hand men.

The right-hand man was naturally Calvin, while the left was Zachariah.

"But you've been with him for so long. You must have already developed your own network of informant yes?" Josie speculated boldly. In order to stay by the side of someone as tactful as Calvin for so long, one needed not only personal charm but also sufficient intelligence.

Her movement of applying lipstick slowed down. "Mallory, I won't lie to you. I'm at a dead end now. If you're willing to help me, I will definitely repay you in the future, but if you aren't, I won't force you either I just hope you'll pretend that today's events never happened."

As she had cried, her eyes were still red and swollen, making her look quite pitiful.

Mallory's heart was moved by Josie's struggles and decisiveness.

"There is someone who can handle this for you. I've been grooming him for almost a year in the country club. You know him as well."

Josie was puzzled. "Who?"

"Justin."

Justin? After getting into trouble, he got detained by Calvin in the country club. Hmm, a lot of time has passed, indeed. To think he has been under Mallory's supervision all this time.

#### [Chapter 846 Reclaiming What Is Rightfully Hers](#)

"My younger brother."

Mallory hummed in agreement. "He has changed a lot now. I'm sure you're aware, too. If you trust him, I can arrange a time for you two to meet."

“No need. I’m being watched by many people; it’s too conspicuous. I’ll go back and contact him.”

Since Josie’s identity had been usurped, it was likely that her every move had been under constant surveillance.

“I think I more or less have an idea about the outcome. What are you planning to do?” Mallory asked clearly.

Upon hearing this, Josie paused her lipstick application and slightly lifted her gaze. Ahead of her was a bustling stream of traffic, which, framed by towering skyscrapers on either side, seemed as insignificant as ants.

“Reclaim what’s rightfully mine.” The lipstick cover snapped shut with a click, a sound that seemed to emphasize her determination.

And on her face was an unprecedented resolve.

Mallory floored the gas pedal, overtaking everyone on the wide road.

On the top floor of Russell Group, Moses had just finished with his report and left when Zachariah happened to walk in from outside with a box of tea leaves in hand. “I just got some chamomile tea. Want a drink?”

Dexter removed his neatly tailored suit jacket and set it aside while Zachariah had already taken a seat, starting to boil water on his own.

“How’s the Southern District?” Dexter sat in the main seat.

“Edward Carter has been beaten to the point of needing medical attention and can no longer handle it physically. Arnold has already applied for bail pending trial.”

Dexter scoffed, “He’s been applying for years without any success. He sure is persistent.”

Zachariah grabbed a handful of tea leaves, placed them in the teapot, and poured in hot water before putting on the lid.

“Some battles are destined to be lost from the start. He’s simply overestimating his capabilities. That person from Rivodia can’t get involved with this; he can’t even manage the recent fall in the Carter Group’s stock prices, let alone Edward.” Zachariah poured tea into the cups. “I wonder why Arnold is so hell-bent on him.”

Dexter took one. “He’s doing this because Mr. Dalton still has value to him. He’s a desperado. It’s really not known who’s being used as a tool”

Zachariah frowned. “He’s that confident that Mr. Dalton won’t betray him?”

“He has been handling affairs for Mr. Dalton for so many years and has long become the latter’s confidant. When the time comes, whose orders those subordinates will listen to is still up for debate.” Dexter brought the teacup to his nose, took a light sniff, and then took a sip. “If he gets caught, Mr. Dalton won’t be able to escape either. Their fates are dependent on each other”

The tea was slightly bitter, not to his liking.

“Then, what on Earth are they doing? The Carter Group’s stocks are plummeting so much that they’ve practically lost the trust of their investors. On top of that, Russell Group has snatched several major projects from them in the construction sector. They already seem to be on the verge of collapse. Why isn’t Mr. Dalton doing anything about it?”

Zachariah was the puppet master, so he was fully aware of the current situation of the Carter Group.

“There’s no need for him to intervene. Wavery still has the Olsen family. Mark will naturally clean up the mess for Mr. Dalton.”

Realization dawned on Zachariah, and he clicked his tongue. “As long as he doesn’t divorce Summer, he has a way out. He’s truly riding on her coattails.”

Dexter didn’t express his opinion and instead stared at the ripples in his teacup.

“What about you?” Zachariah playfully nudged the man’s arm. “There’s a rumor going around about you and Liana. Are you gonna ride on her coattails?”

At the mention of that, Dexter pressed the center of his forehead. “No.”

“I’m not joking with you. You and Liana have been close since childhood, so she’s not considered a third party. Moreover, if you and the Olsen family have a marriage alliance, Russell Group will undoubtedly become more powerful. Don’t tell me you’ve never considered this.”

As Zachariah spoke, he fixed his gaze on Dexter’s expression but unfortunately couldn’t discern anything. He drew in a sharp breath, adding, “You’re not... still thinking about Josie, are you?”

#### [Chapter 847 Involving The Police](#)

Like a lion waking up, Dexter opened his eyes as these words were spoken.

Zachariah’s pupils dilated, “Did I guess right?”

The look in Dexter’s eyes turned slightly gloomy. “Don’t make wild guesses.”

The two of them had known each other for many years, so their friendship was deeply rooted. Zachariah could guess what he was thinking with considerable accuracy, which was why he was able to handle every matter so smoothly.

“I’m just saying. Josie and Liana are worlds apart, so be careful not to choose the wrong path.”

Perhaps it was due to his family background, but Zachariah always looked down on Josie. She had no influential family background, and she was seen as being out of her league by marrying Dexter. Moreover, her actions later on only worsened Zachariah’s impression of her.

She was nowhere near as precious as the one from the Olsen family.

Upon hearing those words, Dexter’s eyes grew colder and more ruthless. “I’ve never thought that I’ve chosen the wrong path.”

Zachariah hesitated for a moment, not quite understanding what he meant. Who exactly did he choose?

Dexter stood up and said, "I have drunk chamomile tea many times, but I have tasted nothing special. Take it out of my office."

Noticing that he was clearly upset, Zachariah didn't dare stick around any longer. He closed the box of tea leaves and took it away. As he reached the door, he ran into Larry, who greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Shaw."

Zachariah raised an eyebrow at him and asked, "Do you like chamomile tea? I'll give you some."

Larry smiled awkwardly and glanced at Dexter as he replied hesitantly, "No one in Russell Group likes this tea."

"I actually think it's okay. Your boss is in a bad mood, so I'd advise you not to say any further unless it's something positive," Zachariah said half-jokingly.

"Are you done?" Dexter raised his voice, clearly exasperated.

Zachariah clicked his tongue and quickly slipped away without saying another word.

Larry stepped forward and reported, "Mr. Russell, our ople have lost contact with Sky Palace. All things considered, however, Arnold couldn't possibly hide someone in a place like a club. It's too conspicuous

Dexter stood before the floor-to-ceillag window, overlooking the traffic and pedestrians below, who seemed as insignificant as ants. The look in his eyes was gloomy and inscrutable.

He said in a deep voice. "The most dangerous place is often the safest. Have your men keep a close eye on his gang

"I'll arrange for surveillance."

After Larry finished his report and was about to leave, Dexter suddenly called cut to him, "Was there a

Larry pondered for a moment before replying, "Yes, but there's no updates. I'm not sure if it's because there's no progress in the investigation, or if he has encountered some obstacles."

"What's his name?"

"Scott Buraho."

Find a way to keep him investigating. It's easier to get things done at the club with the involvement of the police."

Larry took note of everything, glancing at Dexter's indifferent silhouette. Suddenly, it didn't seem so cold anymore, but rather, it carried a touch of warmth.

"Mr. Russell... You sure are concerned about Ms. Warren's matters. It's just a pity that--"

Dexter lowered his gaze and finished the sentence for him, "It's a pity she doesn't appreciate my efforts."

On the office desk, there was a pot of sunflowers that were about to bloom, its buds emitting a faint fragrance.

This was the flower Josie had once picked from the greenhouse and placed on his desk. She said that she hoped when he was tired from work, seeing this flower would remind him of her, and he wouldn't feel so exhausted.

"Don't leave me, Dexter." Her words, her laughter, and the vivid look in her eyes still lingered in Dexter's heart.

Back then, their relationship was still strong, and they hadn't reached the point of divorce.

Dexter closed his eyes.

She probably never imagined that they would end up in such a situation.

#### [Chapter 848 Sold Off By An Acquaintance](#)

Upon receiving the crucial information, Josie's heart pounded in shock.

Did she get sold off? But, why was she eventually taken to the hospital and then adopted by Pop? Why did that person kidnap her and sell her off?

As Josie pondered, a chill ran down her spine.

Two days later, she finally met Justin.

The hidden coffee shop required a detour through several alleys. Josie walked all the way in, finding a spot in the corner of the shop. There sat Justin, donning a baseball cap and a mask.

She walked over, her brows furrowed as she asked, "Are you pretending to be a spy?"

Glancing around, Justin said, "Ah, I was worried that someone might be tailing you."

Josie put down her bag and sat down, calmly saying, "We are siblings, so it's normal for us to meet occasionally. Act more natural and stop hiding."

Upon hearing this, Justin finally stood up straight.

"A few days ago, you asked Mallory to entrust me with a task, and I have an update about it." He took an envelope out of his bag and continued, "Heather secretly met up with a famous art teacher in Wavery

#### [Chapter 849 Learning To Paint Through The Night](#)

Josie lowered her gaze and opened the envelope. Inside was a stack of photographs.

In the photos, Heather was dressed modestly. She met with the teacher. Under his guidance, she began to learn painting.

Josie could not help but let out a cold laugh. Her actions at the Olsen Residence that day had caught Heather's attention. She was imitating everything about her, even the fact that she was painting, which had been overlooked.

Heather desperately wanted to win the trust of the Olsen family.

"All we know for now is that she has booked this teacher for a month without anyone's knowledge."

Upon hearing that, Josie stuffed the photos back into its original place. "So how did you find out?"

Justin suddenly felt a bit embarrassed, and he scratched his head. "Well, I found a job suited to my skills."

Josie curved her lips into a smile. "In this year or so at Heaven on Earth, you've learned quite a few things."

It was hard to believe that Justin was once a troublemaker and caused his family endless worry. Now, he earned to have lost that rebellious streak. It appeared that Calvin and Mallory had done a good job in guiding him.

"I've changed for the better," Justin said, feeling a bit nervous under her intense gaze. "Sis, I know I was a mess before, but I've genuinely improved now. I have the ability to take good care of our father, and.... you."

It was indeed rare to hear those words from him. Josie felt a warmth in her heart, but then, as if remembering something, she sighed.

"I know, and I'm happy for you."

The waiter brought the coffee over. Josie stirred the latte art with a spoon and said casually, "I'll still need your help in the future. Just keep an eye on Heather."

"May I ask why?" Justin looked at Josie. It had been a long time since they last met, and he noticed that the innocence once present on Josie's face was gone. Instead, it was replaced with a mix of worry and determination.

Josie lifted her gaze, but she did not intend to reveal the truth just yet. With a flicker in her eyes, she said, "She and I are love rivals. Didn't you know?"

Justin was taken aback. "So what's written on the gossip columns is actually tr...."

Josie nodded in agreement. "Indeed."

"So, you... you're really still hung up on Dexter?"

The news of her divorce was the talk of the town in Wavery, but Justin did not pry. She had always been decisive. However, the previous photo scandal had him constantly worried. When he heard people gossiping about it, he even beat someone up

Back then, he had yelled. "She's not that kind of person!"

Josie rolled her eyes. "I suppose so."

Justin was somewhat conflicted. "Actually... it's true that Dexter is quite a good man, but you can find someone even better. You don't need to take this risk."

It was a clumsy attempt to console her. Josie laughed. She was amused by his innocence.

"Anyway, keep an eye out for me. Let me know if there's any movement. When I'm free, we'll talk." Justin did not understand and asked, "How has Dad been doing lately?"

He had been busy too, and it had been a long time since he last saw Paul.

His question made Jessie's spine stiffen. The matter of Paul's disappearance was known only to a select few...

"He's fine, just as before," Josie chose her words carefully. Justin was young and impetuous. As such, it was not suitable for him to know the truth.

"Oh, so he's living with you now? I should find some time to visit him. It's been a while since we last met. Has he been complaining about me to you?" Justin casually remarked before taking a sip of his coffee and grimacing at its bitterness.

"timmm... You do have a good sense of self-awareness." Josie subconsciously tightened her grip on the corner of her clothes and feigned calmness. "Let's wait and see. I'll have someone keep an eye on Heather, and she'll have someone watching me too. It won't look good if she sees us together."

Her calm voice was very persuasive. For a moment, Justin did not realize something was amiss. He did not ask why it would be a problem for them to meet.

#### [Chapter 850 The Archery Club](#)

After leaving the cafe, Josie still had a dinner engagement to attend.

As Angel mentioned, the project for the seaside luxury hotel was underway. Several higher-ups were personally involved, and the investor of the project insisted that the person in charge must attend as well.

When Angel handed it over to Josie for confirmation, Josie hesitated for a moment. "Is the investor related To Russell Group?"

She was genuinely afraid that Dexter might be among the attendees as it was something he was capable of doing.

Angel checked and said, "No, they're not from Wavery

Only then did Josie feel at ease and confirm her attendance at the dinner engagement.

The location of the dinner was an archery club. It was chosen because the investor was fond of it. When Josie arrived, Angel was already waiting outside and clutching a stack of documents.

"You came alone?" Josie took the documents and skimmed through them.

Work doesn't involve personal feelings. Of course, I came alone."

Josie glanced at her expression and continued to read the documents. "Ever since you returned from Rivodia, you've been impatient with Jade. What's wrong?"

She saw through everything with such precision that it made Angel feel guilty. "Nothing..."

"Jade is a reliable, promising young man. In a couple of years, he will have everything he should have. Make sure you hold onto him."

After Josie finished speaking, she closed the file and strode in. For her subordinate, her words were already more than enough.

Angel quickened her pace to catch up and responded softly in agreement.

They arrived a bit early. The arranged venue was empty, brightly lit from within, and incredibly spacious. In the distance, many targets stood erect.

Every kind of utensil was readily available, and the snacks had been prepared in advance. Josie came out after changing her clothes. Her hair was tied up in a high ponytail, and she looked very neat and spirited.

fley waited for a while, but no one came.

Josie was bored and wandered among the various bows and arrows. She casually picked up one. The longbow was full of tension. She then took an arrow, squinted her eyes, and focused on the target.

The bow was drawn to its limit. Lier hand released with all its might, and the arrow shot out.

It hit the target right in the eighth ring.

Angel was surprised. "Ms. Je, you know archery?"

Josie pulled out another arrow. "I've never played before. This is my first time."

She discovered that she was quite talented.

She stared at the bullseye and shot another arrow. Her expression was tense as she played several times in a row.

Her mind was filled with the words Justin said that day. The images of Heather and Paul kept replaying in her mind and stirring up confusion.

Just then, the sound of heavy footsteps echoed from behind. Someone was approaching.

Following that, a familiar yet icy voice rang out. "Ms. Warren really has some good techniques."

Josie frowned, and her back tensed. The arrow in her hand had not yet been released. Holding her bow and arrow, she slowly turned around. A clear figure appeared in her eyes a few meters away.

Her pupils contracted. With a sudden loss of strength in her hand, the arrow flew toward the incoming person.

Someone exclaimed in surprise.

The arrow sliced through the wind with a whistling sound and narrowly missed the person's ear as it flew past.

"Mr. Bastille! Are you all right?" His companions, scared out of their wits, hurriedly rushed forward to check on him.

The arrow grazed Morgan's ear, and a faint streak of blood appeared. He touched it with his fingertip and chuckled lightly. "Such audacity."



Josie stood still with her hands hanging loosely by her sides. There was not a trace of remorse in her demeanor, only an added touch of indifference.

Why are you here, Mr. Bastille?"

Morgan watched her take two steps back. He pulled out the arrow that was stuck in the wall before walkin toward her. "I'm an investor. Shouldn't I be here?"

That was within her expectations. Yet upon hearing his response, Josie's eyes still darkened.

She knew it.

"So... M. Bastille knows Ms. Warren," one of the higher-ups quickly chimed in the moment he noticed the tense ation.

We're old friends," Morgan said with a sly smile. He stood in front of her and presented the arrow with both hands.