

## Blind Date 891

### [Chapter 891 Slap Me Again](#)

The rain seemed endless, and the air was filled with the sweet scent of aster. The couple walked down the alley while sharing an umbrella, finding their way back home.

Josie hugged her hands at her front, feeling slightly cold without a jacket. She also seemed to have grown even paler.

She stole a glance at Dexter. Noticing that his expression wasn't overly cold, she asked somewhat hesitantly, "Why didn't you tell me when Grandpa fell ill, Dexter?"

The man's knuckles turned white from the force of gripping the umbrella. Without turning to her, he retorted, "Tell you to make you worry?"

"But..." She recalled having a row with him at that time. "You could have just told me. Then, I wouldn't have scolded you so severely."

A cold snort escaped Dexter's lips. "That isn't necessary." He looked at her. "Don't you scold me enough?"

Josie pursed her lips, tacitly agreeing with him.

After a brief silence where all she could hear was the sound of the rain hitting the stone bricks, she suddenly heard Dexter asking, "Josie, do you love me or hate me more?"

This question caught Josie off guard, but she blurted, "Of course, it's hate."

Dexter's brows instantly furrowed, and his voice involuntarily turned hard. "To what extent? You hate me so much that you wish to kill me?"

Josie went along with the flow. "Yeah. In all my years, Paul had never hit me like that."

At her words, a sense of guilt began to germinate deep within Dexter. He knew her current restraint was solely because she was on his turf. Once she got out, she would return to her fierce and aggressive self, truly wishing she could kill him and wouldn't show him a shred of mercy.

"I acted impulsively that day," he said with a frown, unsure of the appropriate tone to convey his sincerity,

Josie glanced at him, fighting back a smile. It was clear that Dexter was not one to back down. From the beginning, he had always been in control, and someone at the helm would never make a mistake.

Therefore, he was particularly awkward at that moment.

Josie shrugged. "It's okay. A storm must be brewing out there now, with everyone. condemning her. Getting slapped was well worth it."

As soon as those words rang out, Dexter looked away, his expression inscrutable.

Josie knew that he was keeping his anger in check.

She stood still and enunciated, "This is precisely what I want to see her fall from grace, losing all standing and reputation."

He swung his gaze back at her, his gaze sharp as a drawn blade. "So, you refuse to listen to me, yes?"

"Do you still want to hit me?" Going on her tiptoes, Josie leaned forward. "I likewise think a slap was too lenient for me. I don't mind if you slap me again."

He has already hit me, so there's no difference whether he does it once or twice.

Unbeknownst to her, as she said that, her cheeks puffed slightly, and her eyes were brimmed with grievance.

In truth, she still cared about that slap, devastated about him raising his hand against her for Heather.

Dexter held the umbrella with one hand, the tips of his fingers as cold as ice. His expression remained unchanged, and he wasn't angered. "Don't be capricious."

That was all he said.

Josie frowned, often irritated by his nonchalant demeanor.

"Dexter, I've been wondering about this. If it were Liana, would you have been that impulsive?" she pressed.

The rain was pouring increasingly harder, making the ground slippery underfoot.

Dexter's voice was somewhat hoarse. "To keep the Olsen family in line, I did use her and treated her as a hostage. In this, I owe her."

Josie's gaze turned blank. She had known that all along, but hearing him say it out loud still made her feel discomfited.

She took a deep breath. "So, you wouldn't have if it were her."

But when it's me, it's a different story altogether.

#### [Chapter 892 Heather Attempted Suicide](#)

"Truthfully, Dexter, I don't mind you protecting her because of her identity. I can understand that you're bound to Liana by life and death. But putting that aside, you haven't truly fallen in love with her, have you?"

Josie had contemplated multiple times whether to reveal her true identity to Dexter. She wanted to see his reaction at that moment, yet she also feared it because she didn't know who she could trust to that very day.

There was still a red mark on her face. The stubborn look in her eyes as she stared at him. then had Dexter's brows crease even deeper.

His silence almost plunged Josie's heart into a chaotic mess. No matter how much he had. tormented her during this time, she knew that hidden within was a sense of possessiveness, and the source of it was love. However, that was no longer certain then.

“Owing someone can generate sympathy and even love.” Josie enunciated, almost in despair.

“You’re overthinking things.” Dexter’s hand that held the umbrella was getting sore, so he switched to his other hand.

“Then, do you say you’ve got no pity for her and only used her?” she shrieked in the rain.

“Josie!” Dexter raised his voice with a frown, his tone icy. “What about you? How do about Morgan, this so-called first love of yours? Has he made you relive your past memories?”

Upon hearing that, Josie immediately pushed him away. Like an angry little cub, she spun on her heel and stalked away.

She walked into the rain, and Dexter quickly followed with the umbrella, grabbing her wrist. “Why, did I hit a nerve, and you’re now too lazy to argue?”

On the day of Liana’s birthday, he saw her nestled in Morgan’s arms with a relaxed expression in the hall. It was clear that she was dependent on him.

A thorn lodged deep in his heart, and it was simply impossible to remove.

Josie’s entire face was lifted, and she wore an expression of utter exasperation. “Dexter, we’re already divorced. Don’t be hypocritical.”

“I think you’re the one being hypocritical,” Dexter increased the force of his grip. Suddenly, he waved his hand and tossed the bothersome umbrella away. Bending down, he kissed her, their lips meeting amidst the icy rain.

The heavy rain drenched the two of them in no time. Josie pushed against him with both hands in front of her, struggling fiercely. She sobbed, “Dexter!”

In the secluded alley, they were both trapped in the rain, trying to salvage their fragile love with desire.

It was too cold, and Dexter pulled Josie into his arms, kissing her fervently. His breathing grew increasingly heavier. “Josie, I’ve told you that you are mine,”

She pounded the man’s solid chest desperately, her palms bright red. But gradually, her body went limp from his kiss, and the relentless rain made her yearn to draw closer to his warmth.

Dexter sensed her softening, but just then, his phone in his pocket suddenly rang.

It was his personal phone, and no one would call him on it unless it was urgent.

Josie pinned his hand down. “Don’t answer it.”

The two of them moved slightly apart. Dexter’s voice was hoarse as he leaned in for another kiss. “Okay.”

The phone rang for forty-five seconds before disconnecting, only to persistently ring again.

After that happened three times, Dexter’s brows furrowed. In the end, he reached in and took his phone out. It was a call from Larry.

He pulled Josie into his arms and answered the call. "What is it?"

Larry was frantic. "Ms. Olsen attempted suicide, Mr. Russell!"

Strangely enough, the early autumn rain was also accompanied by lightning. It illuminated Josie's pale face.

Dexter's expression stiffed slightly. "When did this happen?"

"Just an hour ago. She's in the emergency room now, and Claudia has arrived."

His large hand rested on Josie's waist.

Larry asked, "Aren't you coming over, Mr. Russell?"

"No," Josie said loudly.

After saying that, she hung up the phone for him.

#### [Chapter 893 Not Wanting Him To Leave](#)

Josie took the initiative and hooked her arms around the man's neck, her eyes dark and sultry. "Stay here today. You've already been missing for several days, anyway. One more day of absence wouldn't make a difference."

"Okay." Dexter replied as he lowered his head and leaned his forehead against hers.

Just then, his phone rang again, except this time, the call was from Claudia. Upon seeing the caller display, Josie fell silent.

Dexter furrowed his brows, but eventually, he still answered the call.

"Dex, I beg of you..." Claudia pleaded.

Meanwhile, Josie clutched the corner of her shirt as chills ran down her spine.

As soon as the call ended, Dexter picked up the umbrella, opened it over their heads, and handed it to her.

"You're drenched. Why don't you head home for a bath so you don't catch a cold?" Dexter suggested.

Alas, Josie didn't answer.

"Her fate remains uncertain. I need to visit her out of consideration," the man continued.

Josie locked eyes with him. "When I was in Rivodia, my life was also hanging by a thread. It's no big deal."

With that, Dexter placed the umbrella handle into her palm. "Be good. She's frail and lacks the desire to live. I need to make this trip."

"Are you a doctor?" Josie retorted before taking a deep breath. "Do you really have to leave today?"

When Dexter lowered his gaze, the woman quivered, her eyes cold and dark.

Needless to say, Dexter couldn't bear to see her like that and hastily grabbed her hand. "I'll only drop by for a look, and I promise to be back tonight."

"Dexter Russell!" Josie choked out. "If she wanted to die, she wouldn't have waited for you to be called. She's gone to this extent because she wants to force you back to her side! You held me earlier, and I stayed. Now, I don't want you to leave. Will you stay?"

Dexter's brow knitted into a frown. "Russell Group still has tie-ups with the Olsen family.

Besides, we're the reason she committed suicide. I can't just abandon her."

Josie, however, only became more frustrated. "She has already become Liana Olsen, and the Olsen family doesn't lack anything. You can either compensate her with money or restore her reputation. I'll even apologize to her myself if all else fails. In any case, you're not allowed to leave!" she bellowed, the rage in her voice so intense that it was terrifying.

I don't care what it takes... I refuse to let Dexter get close to Heather any longer!

By then, the car that Larry had arranged was already waiting at the alley entrance. Dexter glanced at it, his expression turning grimmer by the second. "Please try to put yourself in my shoes, Jo. This will be the last time."

A chill instantly ran through Josie's body, and her hand slipped from the lack of strength. As much as she hated to admit it, she knew it was impossible to make Dexter stay.

With that, the latter strode past her into the rain and climbed into the car's backseat.

Josie was finally snapped back to reality when the engine roared to life, prompting her to drop her umbrella and dash toward Dexter. Unfortunately, the car had already moved off, so she chased after it like an outlaw on a mission.

"Dexter!"

She wanted to tell him she was the real Liana, the girl he grew up with. She wanted him to know that Heather was lying and that he shouldn't visit her.

As Josie ran, tears and rain rolled down her face. One thing was for sure-never before had she felt such a strong urge to tell him the truth.

However, the car was driving too fast, so no matter how hard Josie ran, she couldn't keep up. When she eventually reached the corner, she tripped on a small stone and stumbled forward, crashing heavily onto the ground.

"Ah-"

Blood seeped out when her forehead hit the ground, only to be quickly washed away by the heavy rain.

Just then, the car screeched to a halt.

In her daze, Josie saw a figure jump out of the car and rush to her side. "Josie!"

Even though she couldn't decipher what else was said, she remembered being lifted up and quickly put into a car. Afterward, she could hear someone constantly talking to her, but sadly, she couldn't comprehend anything.

Her mind was a mess, and all her thoughts were far too jumbled up to make any sense.

Overwhelmed by immense sorrow, she eventually fainted.

#### [Chapter 894 Regaining Memories.](#)

Josie had a very long dream.

Even in her dreams, the torrential rain continued to fall as she sat in the back of a car, a teddy bear in her arms. "Leanne, you can't cause trouble for your parents when we get to the new place, okay? You have to behave yourself," the servant beside her reminded.

Lost in thought, she stared out the car window, not hearing a single word.

It was foggy outside as they drove into a massive mansion complex. After taking a turn, the driver suddenly slowed the car down and honked the horn..

"Why is there a child?" he grumbled.

Leanne quickly rolled down the car window, and to her surprise, she saw a boy kneeling in the middle of the road. Not only did he seem to be crying, but he also looked incredibly defiant and aggrieved.

A servant beside him hurriedly stepped forward to apologize to the driver, muttering about an unexpected situation.

Fully aware that the part of the neighborhood was inhabited by the rich and powerful, the driver knew he couldn't rush them and had no choice but to stop where he was. "We're in a bit of a hurry, too. When can we get going?"

Still clutching her doll, Leanne suddenly unlocked the car door and hopped out, her eyes filled with curiosity as she stared at the boy.

She found him very handsome, especially with his soft and delicate features. In fact, he might even be mistaken for a girl if it weren't for his short hair!

Upon sensing a figure approaching him, the boy looked up excitedly. "Mother..."

When he saw the little girl, however, his smile instantly vanished.

Leanne tilted her head in surprise. "What's wrong? You've hurt yourself. Let me help you up."

Even though the boy's palm was covered in blood, he glared at her without uttering a word.

Instead of losing her temper, Leanne stayed quietly by his side until he was forcibly dragged away.

She was only four years old, yet she was already conscious of facial attractiveness and even knew she preferred handsome boys.

Coincidentally, she often saw that little boy afterward. Their homes were only separated by two streets, and they even attended the same school.

She heard some people calling him Dexter while others called him Dex.

Leanne had always been overfamiliar with others, so since she only knew the handsome boy in the new neighborhood, she'd cling to him every day and badger him non-stop.

The boy might always seem annoyed, but deep down, she knew he wasn't a bad person.

Just like that, she followed him around, calling him "Dex" wherever they went. Time flew by, and soon, he had gone from elementary to middle school.

As the boy grew taller, he gradually stopped minding Leanne following him everywhere. He even started to enjoy her company and willingly played with her.

Over the years, one could say Leanne practically grew up in the Russell family. She'd sleep at her own house but always spent the rest of her time by Dexter's side.

Henry, too, treated her very well, as if she were his granddaughter.

Fortunately, Leanne relied on Dexter as much as he relied on her.

Although the two of them attended the same renowned school in Wavery, Leanne was still in the sixth grade of elementary school while Dexter had already skipped grades to high school.

There was no doubt that Dexter was a particularly prominent student. He was intelligent and scored the highest among his cohort of more than a thousand students. As such, he was picked to give the freshman speech on stage on behalf of his fellow schoolmates. With his rich, deep voice and good posture, many girls couldn't help but whisper about him amongst themselves.

Leanne looked at the familiar figure on stage, unable to control the twitching at the corner of her mouth.

As it turned out, she had been complaining to him throughout their summer vacation. "Why are you the top student in the whole school while I'm the last?"

Now a young man, Dexter beamed with joy and burst out laughing. "It's because you're dumb."

The two of them would go to and from school together every day, and no matter how late classes ended for Dexter, he'd always wait for her.

Needless to say, everyone knew Leanne clung to him like a leech.

Quite a few of his suitors even sent gifts her way, and she accepted them all, happily indulging in the candies till they almost gave her cavities.

#### [Chapter 895 Young Dexter](#)

It wasn't until during the first semester when Dexter was in grade 11 that the school, in an effort to alleviate academic stress, specifically held a singing competition. Watching his classmates jumping around like monkeys let out of a zoo, Leanne remained indifferent,

On the day of the finals, she sneaked off to sleep backstage, undisturbed by any commotion.

What she hadn't expected was that she would sleep so soundly. By the time she fully woke up, both the front and back stages were already deserted. A vast darkness had descended. The window hadn't been shut tight, and the night wind was very cool. As it poured in through the window, it felt particularly chilling.

She slowly rose to her feet, straining to make out her surroundings, but could only discern faint shadows. Her heart pounded in her chest, and she swallowed hard. Feeling her way along the wall, inch by inch, she tried to locate the door.

She heard her own rapid breathing amplified manifold in the pitch-black room, her legs feeling somewhat weak.

When the door suddenly swung open with a click, she was so startled that she jumped, let out a scream, and then her legs gave way, causing her to fall clumsily to the ground. The person who opened the door seemed equally startled by her reaction and stood frozen in the doorway.

It was at that moment that Dexter entered her line of sight. Once she saw him clearly, she was on the verge of tears. "Dex!"

Dexter stood upright at the door, appearing very stalwart, still maintaining the posture he had when he first opened the door.

He was somewhat taken aback. "Leanne, how come you're here? I've been looking for you for ages!"

She got up, her voice muffled from the shock. "I fell asleep and no one woke me up."

Young Dexter laughed and stepped forward. With a familiar case, he slapped his hand against the wall and the room was suddenly bathed in light. The abrupt brightness stung her eyes, causing her to close them. It took her a moment before she could open them again,

She dusted off her clothes, watching him in his school uniform, tall and thin, bending over steadily to open a drawer and pull out a pair of white headphones. He said, "If I hadn't left my headphones here, I really wouldn't have found you."

With childlike innocence, she reached out her hand, asking him to hold her.

With a sense of helplessness, Dexter extended his hand, hoisted her onto his back, and walked out.

She was lying on him, feeling sleepy, when she suddenly remembered, "Dex, did you participate in the singing competition? What did you sing?"

Dexter was surprised. "You don't know?"

"I don't know! Was it a nursery rhyme?" she asked, her voice still carrying a childlike innocence.

"I sang an Uprian song." Dexter couldn't help but sigh. "You're still a child, but I've already grown up."

"How old can you be? You're just three years my senior"

Despite the three-year-gap, the difference in their maturity was significant.



That summer after she graduated from elementary school, she managed to get into the middle school of the same institution with her barely passing grades. Henry was so delighted that he took them both on a special trip abroad.

It was quite strange. She had traveled to far-off places and returned unscathed. Yet, on the eve of starting school, she simply vanished after returning home from the Fu family's house, disappearing from the lives of the two people who loved her dearly.

The dream was chaotic, with many things surfacing in the mind, rushing out one after another, exceptionally vivid and clear.

The image of the young boy in her dreams gradually merged with the man standing before her. A strong sense of dependence surged within her, almost making her lose her voice.

"Ms. Warren! Ms. Warren is awake! Where's the doctor? A familiar voice echoed in her ears. She struggled to open her eyes, seeing the stark white ceiling above.

Her forehead hurt, and so did her brain.

Josie stared at the ceiling for a while before accepting the reality of waking up from a dream.

Why did she wake up? Perhaps it was because her memory stopped there.

"Ms. Warren?" the doctor asked as he took measurements of her vitals. "How are you feeling?"

#### [Chapter 896 Unbreakable Bond](#)

She turned her gaze around the room, where only a few people were present, including Larry and a few attendants.

The familiar figure was nowhere to be found.

Josie remained silent. Larry understood and stepped forward, whispering, "The doctor said you're fine. The rain has also stopped. Mr. Russell has gone to handle some matters, and he'll be back soon."

His voice was gentle, as if he was afraid that Josie might overthink.

Her head was splitting with pain. She naturally knew what he meant by handling matters. "Water..." she murmured.

The attendant served her a glass of water.

Josie took a sip, assured the doctor that she was fine, and then leaned against the head of the bed to rest for a moment.

The rain outside had indeed stopped.

She never expected that her lost memories would be returned to her on a similar rainy day.

She could now be more certain that she was Liana, and also Leanne.

The gentle Dex who used to treat her kindly had now grown into the cold and ruthless Dexter.

And she never expected that the two most important chapters of her life, before the amnesia and after the amnesia, would be given to Dexter.

What a coincidence. Dex, our bond really is unbreakable. Josie thought to herself. But it's quite amusing that such a bond could still be exploited by others in times of vulnerability. Those people are far too bold. Do they really think I'll never return? Indeed. If I hadn't found the clues, I might never have known that I am Liana.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the sky outside began to brighten. Josie finally put down the water. cup in her hand and asked Larry, "When can I leave this place?"

Larry hesitated, "Mr. Russell said you'd have to wait until the injury heals."

Only then did Josie notice the gauze on her forehead. She lightly touched it. The pain sobered her up.

"Is he referring to my wound or hers?"

Larry was caught between a rock and a hard place. "Of course it's yours."

Josie chuckled.

"Ms. Olsen smashed a water glass and slit her wrist when no one was paying attention to her. Fortunately, she was discovered in time, so her life was not in danger. Under such circumstances, she specifically asked to see Mr. Russell. The Olsen family has been waiting, and Mr. Russell has been absent for several days, which has already caused complaints. Now, he simply cannot be absent. Please understand him."

Josie's smile broadened, appearing somewhat flamboyant under the bright white light. "The way the two sisters garner sympathy is exactly the same. What's a inere scar compared to the reluctance to let her child take some risks to get what she wants."

Larry didn't know what opinion to express, so he simply remained silent.

The phone on the bedside table suddenly rang. It was Dexter. He had probably managed to soothe Heather.

Josie didn't pick up and instead hung up the call.

He kept calling.

So, Josie removed her SIM card. She finally found peace and tossed her phone aside.

#### [Chapter 897 Did Not Show Up](#)

Dexter couldn't get through to Josie on the phone, so he directly called Larry instead. The latter carefully glanced at Josie before stepping outside to answer the call.

"Mr. Russell, Ms. Warren has woken up... Yes, she's in a bad mood... The doctor is here... She..."

Larry stood at the door, answering every question on the phone. Suddenly, the door behind him opened from the inside. Josie, dressed in a white nightgown, stood there quietly.

Larry was taken aback for a moment, “Ms. Warren...”

Josie gripped the icy doorknob. “Ask him when he will return.”

Larry was taken aback but quickly regained his senses and asked Dexter verbatim.

On the phone, it was unclear what was said, but Larry relayed the message. “Mr. Russell will be back by dawn.”

Josie gave a slight nod, her expression indifferent. “Tell him I’ll be waiting for him.””

After speaking, she didn’t wait for Dexter’s response. She re-entered the room and closed the door behind her. She sprawled out on the soft bed. The rain outside had stopped. Under the illumination of the street lamps, the scenery was tranquil and elegant.

Josie took a deep breath. No matter how long she had stayed in Dexter’s territory in the past, she never felt a sense of belonging because she hadn’t grown up in such an environment. But now, she had regained her memories. All these belong to me.

She had been unconscious for a long time, so she wasn’t tired now. While waiting for Dexter to return, she reinserted the card into her phone and saw many unread messages.

That included Laura’s messages: I’m really speechless. Heather actually used the same trick as Summer. Nevertheless, the difference in treatment is clear. This time, Mark almost ended up in the hospital too. Heather really has guts. The doctor said her bone was visible. After three hours of emergency treatment, Dexter arrived. Everything is finally fine.

After reading through all the messages, Josie then read Morgan’s. He was anxious. He texted: Josie, don’t get confused.

The subsequent voice messages he sent were filled with urgency. Josie found it amusing and listened to it several times in a row.

He was worried that she had once again fallen into Dexter’s trap, but in reality, she had never left.

After a long and difficult night, dawn finally broke. The lake outside merged with the horizon, and the scene was a blanket of white. The street lights went out, and Josie got up to wash her face, feeling much more awake.

She looked at herself in the mirror, deep in thought. When Dexter returns, I’ll come clean to him. After all, he was once my dear Dex. He has the right to know.

Yet, she kept waiting, waiting until the sky gradually brightened, until the morning glow spread out, and the view before her eyes brightened. She waited until the sun slowly rose to its zenith, but Dexter never returned.

Outside, there wasn’t a single sound to be heard. Dexter hadn’t returned, so Larry didn’t dare to come in. and report.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Josie picked up her phone. It was already eleven in the morning.

She told herself to forget it.

"F\*ck! You're going to be the death of me, Josie! What the hell were you doing?" Morgan started cursing as soon as the call connected.

Josie took a deep breath. "Come pick me up at the art gallery. I'll be waiting for you at the entrance."

It took him just over ten minutes to drive over from his place, and along the way, Morgan had already figured out the ins and outs of the matter.

"What's wrong with your head? Did he hit you?" Seeing her bend over to get in the car, Morgan narrowed his eyes and immediately wanted to check her condition.

Josie brushed his hand away. "I bumped into something"

Morgan was somewhat skeptical. He drove at a high speed. "Heather attempted to end her life again this morning. Dexter was there. He couldn't leave."

### [Chapter 898](#)

Josie had guessed it. Otherwise, her departure from the art gallery that day wouldn't have been so smooth. Dexter's people didn't dare to stop her.

"Is she dead?" She was concerned about this.

For a moment, Morgan was taken aback. He asked, "What?" Then he responded, "Pfft. No. If she really wanted to die, she would have done it long ago."

The car was heading toward her place. Sensing Josie's silence, Morgan, who rarely spoke for Dexter, said, "If I were him, I probably wouldn't have a better solution either. The Olsen family is powerful. It's impossible not to consider the pros and cons."

That's right. I'm basically nothing compared to the pros and cons. Josie did not express an opinion.

Upon returning home, Morgan walked in with a look of disdain. "This place is too small. I'll have someone get you a new one."

Josie stepped over the couch and poured him a glass of water. "How much longer can you stay in Wavery? Where will I live when you go back?"

Morgan stared at her. "Come back to Rivodia with me."

Josie showed no interest and propped up her head. "I'm quite comfortable living here. Though it's small, it has everything I need, and it gives me a sense of security."

That was a demeanor only a girl who had tasted hardship could possess. Morgan, having seen many daughters of elite families, found her exceptionally unique.

But he looked left and right, still unsatisfied. He sat down reluctantly, his gaze filled with affection as he looked at her.

Fatigue and weariness filled Josie's eyes. She looked at him and suddenly said, "Morgan, if the person you met were the old me, perhaps we wouldn't have ended up parting ways."

Morgan slightly furrowed his brows, asking, "Why?"

Josie curved her lips into a smile.

Because at that time, she wouldn't have felt inferior, as they were considered a good match in terms of social status. Naturally, he wouldn't have looked down on her family background.

She recalled something. "But it's not necessarily so either. It's nothing."

If that were the case, she wouldn't have met Morgan. The one who would captivate her would undoubtedly be Dexter.

Two days passed, and the accusations of plagiarism against Heather vanished without a trace. It seemed as if everyone had an unspoken agreement not to mention it anymore. It was clear that a powerful force had suppressed public opinion for the sake of Heather's mental health.

She had injured her bone, so layers of gauze were wrapped around her wrist. She couldn't sleep peacefully, only finding comfort when she saw Dexter staying by her side.

"Dex, do you also despise me?" Heather asked, tears streaming down her face. "Do you think I've disgraced you all by resorting to any means necessary?"

Dexter sat in his chair, legs crossed, his tone indifferent. "Leanne, the worst thing a girl can do is to be self-deprecating."

As those words were spoken, Heather's tears flowed even more, her voice choked with emotion. "I know, but I'm at a loss. I want to make my parents happy, and I want to be worthy of being your fiancée. I'm sorry..."

After a restless night, Dexter's voice sounded somewhat weary. "I've taken care of the issue with the painting for you. From now on, no one will dare to speak out of turn in your presence."

Heather was taken aback for a moment, then quickly asked, "What about Josie?"

He lifted his sharp gaze.

"Can you handle her?"

Dexter's eyes remained calm and undisturbed. "Leanne, this is not something you need to worry about."

Heather covered her face, continuing to cry. "I know it's her, and I know you're willing to indulge her, but what about me, Dex?"

The two were close, yet Dexter sat in place, not comforting her. "You are different, so you shouldn't compare."

After a long while, Heather took a deep breath and withdrew her hand, her face streaked with tears. "Dex, don't worry, I know my place. But I am your fiancée. She should have some boundaries, right?"

#### [Chapter 899 Henry Is Near Death](#)

By saying such words, Heather was essentially giving Dexter permission to be with two women at the same time.

Dexter frowned, for he had never imagined that her obsession with him was so great.

“Leanne-”

“I’m tired and would like to rest, Dex. You should go out first.” Heather managed to force a smile even uglier than if she had cried.

Outside the ward, Claudia waited anxiously. When she saw the man coming out, she hurriedly asked, “How is Leanne?”

Dexter massaged his temples. “She’s asleep. I should get going now, Ms. Hadey.”

Claudia seemed to have aged overnight. She nodded and said, “Please don’t take it to heart, Dexter. We’ll make things up to Leanne and give her the love that had been missing these years together, okay?”

Since Heather attempted suicide, she was truly scared.

In the face of her plea, Dexter’s brows furrowed deeper. He wanted to say something, but in the end, he -chose to remain silent.

By the time he left the hospital, Larry had been waiting for a long time. “Morgan picked Ms. Warren up.” he said.

Dexter closed his eyes in rest, having expected as much.

She must have been disappointed that I didn’t come home, so it’s probably for the best that she left. In the time to come, there will inevitably be many more things that will disappoint her.

At the lack of a response, Larry couldn’t help but say, “Perhaps she’ll understand if you explain things now.”

Dexter didn’t reply to that. After he had closed his eyes for a moment, his personal phone rang. The caller ID indicated that it was Marilyn. He exhaled and cleared his throat before answering it. “Ms. Marilyn.”

The person on the other end rapidly said something, upon which Dexter’s expression changed. A storm was brewing.

“These are all companies Xanthe is collaborating with Justin rushed over. Thirsty, he downed an entire bottle of water.

Josie took the list from him and quickly scanned through it. It was detailed, clearly stating which corporation each company belonged to.

The list didn’t include Russell Group, so it seemed that Dexter has truly cut all ties with his mother.

She also couldn’t find anything wrong with the rest of the companies. Her brows furrowed. Could it be that I had been investigating in the wrong direction?

Justin noticed the bandage on her head, “What happened to your head? Did Dexter hit you after the art exhibition?”

The art exhibition, it was his credit in finding out the painting Heather plagiarized. Hence, he naturally knew as well.

Josie shook her head. "Which corporation owns this Stardust eCommerce?"

Justin glanced at it and said, "I'm not sure. It's an independent enterprise."

"Help me look into the owner behind the scenes." Xanthe's most frequent collaborator was that company.

Justin agreed, then remarked in concern, "Sis, Dexter has been at the hospital these past two days.... Heather is using a ruse of self-injury."

Josie shot him a sidelong glance. "It'll only work if someone is willing to take the bait. He willingly panders. to her, so there's nothing I can say."

Justin was just about to say something further when his phone rang. He picked up the call, only to be somewhat surprised after hearing from the person on the other end.

After hanging up, he muttered, "It seems this ruse of self-injury won't last much longer."

Josie didn't hear him clearly. She lowered her head and continued typing on the keyboard.

"Sis, I just got news from our informant at the hospital who said that the patriarch of the Russell family is er death. Dexter is by his side. It seems he won't have time to bother about Heather."

Justin spoke in a light and breezy manner, his tone suggesting that he was enjoying the show. He didn't notice that Josie had already stopped typing on the keyboard.

Josie's eyes widened slightly. Looking at him in disbelief, she asked, "What did you just say?"

Justin was surprised by the look on her face. "I... I said that the patriarch of the Russell family is near death.

Dexter..."

Before he could finish speaking, Josie had already stood up and started to head out. But no sooner had she taken a couple of steps than her legs gave way, and she had to lean against the wall to keep from falling.

#### [Chapter 900 The Death Of Henry](#)

"Sis!" Justin cried out lowly, rushing forward to support Josie.

Josie gripped his hand as though clutching at a lifeline. She murmured, "Take me to the hospital."

If one listened closely, her voice was audibly choked.

The floor where Henry was hospitalized was sealed off. Besides the medical staff coming and going, everyone else was stopped outside.

When Josie arrived, the place was filled with members of the Russell family's branch family. Claudia and Heather were also among them, the latter pacing anxiously. When she looked up and saw Josie, she was briefly stunned.

"You're here?"

Josie likewise looked at her. Since she is here despite having nearly died, the news from Justin must be true.

Upon seeing her, Claudia instinctively stepped in front of Heather. That action had some emotion start brewing in her eyes, but they quickly subsided.

She walked straight up, her voice trembling. "Let me in

The bodyguards in charge of keeping everyone out were of the Russell family. At that, they were caught in a dilemma. "We're sorry, but Mr. Russell has ordered that no one is to be allowed in."

From that angle, one could see a solitary figure standing at the end of the corridor. He stared at the red light above the operation room, his back radiating a sense of intense loneliness.

Larry was by his side.

Sometime later, the doctor stepped out of the operating room and approached the figure standing there. He said something or other before bowing deeply.

Josie watched from afar. Her legs gave way once again, and tears streamed down his face.

Subsequently, Larry sprinted over. At the sight of him, the eyes of the people at the back lit exclaimed, "Mr. Peeple!"

Heather

Pushing past the bodyguards, Larry focused solely on Josie, panting heavily. "Quick, Mrs. Russell! Hurry!"

Josie's mind went blank. She followed him straight into the corridor. After a few steps, she broke into a run and sprinted toward the operating room.

It was just like when she was a child and joyfully ran to Henry's arms. Back then, he would scoop her up and spin her around a few times before saying with a grin, "Good girl, Leanne. Have some candy."

However, the person awaiting her then was an elderly man with gray hair lying amidst a pile of medical equipment, no longer capable of carrying her.

"Grandpa, it's me, Dex." Beside the operating table, Dexter knelt down and held his grandfather's cold hand, his eyes red-rimmed.

"Please look at me..."

confirmed that he was still alive.

Is eyes. The faint sound of the medical equipment

He strugglingly repeated, "J-Jo... I-I want to see Jo..."



Josie had already entered the operating room. She cried out to Henry and fell to her knees on the other side of the operating table, clutching his hand tightly. "I'm here, Grandpa. I've come. Please don't leave me."

Henry turned his head with much difficulty and looked at her. "You're here, Jo."

Josie nodded fervently, too choked up to speak.

"Why are you crying? I get to see you in my final moments, so I have no regrets." With an oxygen mask on his face, Henry slowly said, "You're the one I'm most worried about."

Sobbing. Josie held his gaze and assured, "I'm doing well, Grandpa."

Henry looked at her. He wanted to touch her face but had no strength left after his hand lifted halfway. Josie leaned her face into his hand, her tears scorching

"Dex is lucky to have married you. You two must... must... get along well and not fight... I'm entrusting him to you. Please take good care of him for me."

As Henry spoke, he pulled Dexter's hand over and placed it atop Josie's hand.

A gentle warmth enveloped the couple, and their gazes meet in the air.

To keep Henry from worrying, no one told him that they were already divorced.

Dexter immediately grasped Josie's hand and promised. "Okay, Grandpa. We will definitely do that."

Josie also reacted quickly. "We give you our promise, Grandpa."

Henry's breathing gradually weakened. "You two were together previously... and will still be together in the future..."

After he had said that, his strength faded, and his withered hand slipped down.

"Grandpa!"