

## **Blind Date 901**

### [Chapter 901 The Funeral](#)

Josie let out a heart-wrenching scream.

Dexter's eyes were red and swollen as he trembled uncontrollably. He refused to believe that his grandfather had shut his eyes forever.

Henry, who had watched him grow up, once turned down millions worth of orders just to attend his graduation ceremony overseas. He did it just to tell Dexter that even though he had lost his father, he still had his grandfather.

Later on, when Dexter took over Russell Group and encountered difficulties, Henry would always be by his side, analyzing and explaining the all considerations he had to take into account.

He loved this grandson more than anyone else. Even before Josie entered Dexter's life, he was still advising. Dexter on business matters, fearing that the latter might offend someone and have no one to back him up after he was gone.

Dexter trembled as he reached out to remove his grandfather's respirator. Yet he could clearly see a smile at the corner of the mouth.

Henry had departed with a sense of pride, a fact Josie understood as well.

Two days later, the Russell family held the funeral at Russell Mansion, the place where Henry had lived for most of his life.

The Russell family was in mourning, and many important figures had come to pay their respects. Vehicles were parked along the road halfway up the hill, leaving only a narrow path to walk through.

At the funeral, Dexter, dressed in black, stood at the main position. He bowing to those who came to pay their respects. His expression was one of exhaustion and sorrow.

Quite a few of the Olsen family members had arrived. Heather was bustling about, busy with this and that. To those who didn't know, they might have thought she had already become Dexter's wife.

Nevertheless, she didn't approach the altar.

Josie was also dressed in black. Since she had divorced Dexter, she no longer had the right to stand with him and preside over the funeral. Holding three stalks of flowers, she repeatedly bowed toward Henry's photo.

After paying her respects, she walked up to each member of the Russell family, expressing her condolences one by one. Finally, she stood in front of Dexter. As she looked into his eyes, they both fell into silence.

Josie held his icy hand, whispering softly, "My condolences."

Almost instantly, Dexter tightly gripped her hand.

Josie could tell that he was on the verge of collapsing.

Marilyn, deeply grieving, asked Josie to stay back. Even though it was against protocol, it was the right thing to do.

“Jo, Old Mr. Russell’s departure was sudden, but his will was prepared long ago,” Marilyn said, holding her hand.

Josie immediately shook her head. “This is inappropriate.”

“I know. A lawyer has to be present for the will.” Marilyn walked into the room, took out some documents, and handed them to her. “These were left for you by Old Mr. Russell. He specifically instructed me to deliver them to you.”

Josie flipped through the documents. They were related to real estate and investments that were worth even more than what Dexter had given her at the time of their divorce.

“This...”

“Old Mr. Russell cares deeply about you. He’s always worrying about you. That’s why he wants to ensure you have a safety net.”

The kind Henry had even thought of something like that.

Josie closed her eyes. “What good have I done to deserve such good treatment?”

The image of Henry’s gaze before he passed away surfaced in her mind. It was one that was lucid and content. She was certain that at that moment, Henry was clear-headed. He knew she was Josie, and he also knew she was Leanne.

She wanted to cry, but in the end, she laughed, tears sliding down her cheeks.

Many attended the funeral, including Xanthe. The attendant, unsure of what to do, asked for Dexter’s opinion.

Xanthe stood before him, her grief unbearable. “No matter what, I used to be a part of the Russell family. We’ve spent days and nights together. Dex, let me pay my respects.”

However, Dexter maintained an indifferent look. “You should have shown such concern when he was still living.”

With an awkward look on her face, Xanthe asked, “Even now, are you still unwilling to forgive me?”

“Grandpa wouldn’t want to see you.” Dexter turned around. “Leave before I call the bodyguards.”

### [Chapter 902 The Listening Device](#)

Josie stood on the second-floor balcony, taking in the scene before her.

When the phone in her pocket vibrated relentlessly, she picked it up and answered, “Hello.”

“I’ll wait for you at the foot of the hill.” Morgan’s voice rang out.

Out of respect, Morgan was also dressed in black. He sat in the driver’s seat, watching as Josie walked step by step toward him before getting into the car.

"I just received the news that Dexter's grandfather has passed away." Morgan's voice was calm, yet filled with concern as he looked at her. "Don't cry too much. It's not good for your health."

Josie, drained of energy, asked, "Why are you looking for me?"

They sat in the car, shielded by a privacy film. From the outside, one couldn't see in, ensuring they wouldn't attract any attention.

"The Russell family owes its current status to Old Mr. Russell. Over the years, people have feared of Dexter largely due to this reason. Now that he's gone, the power dynamics in Wavery are bound to be reshuffled," Morgan calmly described the current situation.

-Josie lowered her head, as she didn't have the energy to think about all that. Her mind was now in a complete mess.

"Haven't they already partnered with the Olsen family? Heather even showed up at the funeral. I'm sure those people wouldn't dare to act recklessly."

"How long can it last?" Morgan's voice was persuasive and magnetic. "What Dexter is doing isn't a long-term solution. Every day that passes without him marrying Heather, the danger he faces grows. Of course, he might have other plans."

He suddenly asked, "I heard that before Old Mr. Russell passed away, only Dexter and you were with him."

Josie was fiddling with her fingers. "Old Mr. Russell doesn't know we're divorced. My presence was to give him some comfort."

"That's as it should be. It also shows that Dexter trusts you a lot." Once Morgan finished, he picked up a pen from the control panel. "This is the most advanced listening device in the world. You can place it in Dexter's office, study, or even his bedroom. He cares about you so much, he won't suspect you."

Josie didn't respond, instead she looked at Morgan. "What are you trying to do?"

Morgan returned her look, seemingly puzzled. "Isn't this what you want, Josie? You're not still dreaming of reconciling with him, are you?"

The remark struck a chord within Josie. She averted her gaze as Dexter's vulnerable figure surfaced in her mind.

"If you don't do this, someone else naturally will. We're not the only ones keeping an eye on him."

At that moment, a car whizzed past them in a domineering manner, heading straight up the hill.

Josie recognized the license plate number. It belonged to Arnold's Bentley,

Morgan let out a sigh, placing the listening device in her palm. "Go ahead. It's always better to be one step ahead of the others."

Josie lowered her gaze to look at the object, then glanced at Morgan. In the end, she nodded after all.

In the evening, they had to keep vigil for the deceased. Heather was persuaded to return home, leaving behind only the close relatives of the Russell family. They were waiting for the dawn, to honor Henry with a ceremony in the ancestral hall.

Josie was essentially the only outsider, but she was different. Marilyn had specifically requested her to stay.

During the night, Josie spent a long time in the kitchen, making dozens of bowls of pasta for Marilyn to serve the family one by one.

As for Dexter's portion, she personally brought it to him. "Eat up. If you don't, you won't have the strength for tomorrow."

He sat on the balcony, staring blankly at the sky with a weary expression. He lifted his gaze and saw a fried egg lying on top of the pasta, garnished with some greens on the side.

"I almost forgot that you Can rook too."

In the later stages of their time together, she seldom cooked, and he naturally forgot.

Josie placed it in front of him, her tone somewhat like coaxing a child. "Are you going to eat it or not?"

"Josie, I didn't intentionally miss our meeting that day. In my current position, there are many things that are beyond my control."

#### [Chapter 903 Developed A Fever](#)

While saying that, Dexter lowered his eyes, his usual confidence gone without a trace. Josie seemingly glimpsed a shadow of that child sitting in the rain with a hint of pride in his grievance from the past.

But now that Henry was gone, there was no one left to carry him home.

"It's okay. I wasn't expecting you anyway." Josie placed the bowl on the table beside her.

Dexter fell silent for a moment. Then, he asked in a subdued voice, "Still, you were more or less hopeful, right?"

The corners of Josie's mouth turned down, and she found him utterly ridiculous. "Mr. Russell, I was stood

What do you expect me to say?"

"What would you have said to me if you had seen me that day?" Dexter asked while tilting his head back, his eyes as dark as night.

When two people were close, they often developed a kind of telepathy, especially when they understood each other too well.

After studying him for a while, Josie couldn't help but feel that life was truly unfair, for his countenance was so striking that it would stand out even in the entertainment industry.

"I would've asked you who is more important-me or Heather," Josie said with a bitter smile.

At that, the corners of Dexter's mouth twitched, for he knew that she was just joking.

Some words were meant to be spoken at a specific time. If that moment had passed, perhaps they would never be voiced again in that lifetime.

He missed that specific moment, and Josie didn't feel like saying it anymore since it would be pointless,

She glanced at the people beyond the floor-to-ceiling window behind the man. They all appeared calm, but each was actually occupied with their own thoughts.

"Will they affect you?"

"With Old Mr. Russell gone, nothing else matters now." Dexter didn't look back. He picked up the bowl of noodles she carried over and started scarfing it down. Whatever they want, they can have it if they can win me for it"

Josie was not accustomed to his apathetic attitude, finally understanding the meaning behind Morgan's remark that the power dynamics in Wavery would be reshuffled

Dexter suddenly stopped eating, his body inclined forward a fraction.

"Dexter"

Then, Jose again called out to him hesitantly. Desier

Dexter lifted his gaze slight; his eyes red rummed He her a smule that looked worse than it he had cated

She hesitated for moment before hitting her hands and placing them over his eyes in an attempt to stop

Ins tears from talinng

The following day, Henry's funeral procession took place. His resting place was the cemetery behind Russell Mansion, where he would sleep eternally with his ancestors.

Josie wore the bracelet Henry gave her in the past. He said it was a family heirloom from the Russell family, given to the eldest son's wife. No matter her status presently, she had always been Henry's granddaughter-in-law in the latter's heart.

The funeral was a simple affair. Everyone held a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and respectfully placed it before the grave. Dexter stood by the tombstone, shaking hands with those who came.

Clad in black, he was striking with his back ramrod straight. Yet, his demeanor was one of solitude.

When everyone had left, he stayed there alone. He arranged the flowers in front of the tombstone. Then, he sat down beside it and rolled up his sleeves.

No one knew what he was thinking. He sat under the sunlight with a twig in his hand, writing names on the ground, then erasing them, only to repeat it all over again.

That persisted until the afternoon when Marilyn invited Josie over, to which the latter responded with surprise.

After a moment, Josie stepped forward and crouched down to roll down his sleeves for him in exasperation. "You're always so flippant in front of Grandpa. He won't be pleased."

"Even so, he can't beat me anymore." Dexter allowed her to fuss over him, for he didn't really care.

Stilling, Josie glanced at him. "Just wait, and the beating will come in your dreams."

Dexter's lip twitched, but he said nothing.

That was Josie's second visit to Russell Mansion. The first visit had been during the New Year's Eve following their marriage. She had never expected the occupant to have passed into nothingness when she stepped foot in there again.

That night, Dexter developed a fever that spiked to thirty-nine point degrees, causing him to toss and turn restlessly.

#### [Chapter 904 Kept Him Company](#)

The Russell family's doctor came to look Dexter over and prescribed him some medicine. Then, he turned to Josie, who stayed, and said, "Mr. Dexter is ill due to overwork, but the root of the problem lies within his heart."

Josie glanced at the man lying on the bed. If it were in the past, she would never have believed that Dexter was sick at heart. After all, that could never possibly happen to such an arrogant person.

"Try to counsel him as much as you can. It's best if you can lift his spirits."

Josie stayed. Dampening a towel with water, she placed it on his forehead and repeated that process until three o'clock in the morning.

Dexter's sleep was far from peaceful. He kept sweating, and his brows knitted deeply together. It was clear that even in his dreams, he was not happy.

Josie wiped his sweat for him while musing to herself at times. It turns out that this strong man would also grieve and suffer at the loss of his closest family member.

By three o'clock in the morning, Dexter's fever had finally subsided. Josie couldn't sleep, so she sat by the bay window. It was autumn then. Outside, the hibiscus in the courtyard were blooming fervently in the night.

She endured the long hours, counting the time until the break of dawn. Finally, with a firm resolve, she walked to the table beside Dexter's bed and picked up His personal phone.

The phone case he was using was the one she chose for him, and the background was the words she personally wrote-Everything You Want Will Be Better Than You Expected.

He was puzzled at that moment and asked, "Why isn't it may all your wishes come true?"

Josie answered earnestly, "I read a book that said 'everything you want will be better than you expected' is of greater significance than 'may all your wishes come true. It's the best blessing one can give."

When Dexter heard that, his lips curved into a smile, and he accepted the phone case she personally put on for him.

The edges of the phone case had oxidized, indicating that it had been used for a long time. Josie hadn't expected him to have retained it for so long.

She opened the phone case and placed a tiny recording device inside. It was so small that it was almost imperceptible, and even if it were discovered or fell out, it wouldn't be suspected to be a recording device.

Even if she were interrogated about it, she could explain it off well.

Josie replaced the phone case, casting a glance at the man sleeping soundly before lowering her gaze.

When dawn broke, Dexter finally woke up. He opened his eyes, only to be greeted by the sight of Josie, who had fallen asleep sprawled over the edge of the bed. Her profile was chubby, and her lips were slightly pouted.

He gazed at her for a long time until the servant who made a shushing gesture to the person to deliver breakfast knocked on the door. He

Casually picking up his phone from the bedside table, he tapped open the camera and snapped a picture of her as though guided by some unseen force.

Once he fell ill, it lasted for a full three to four days. He stayed at Russell Mansion with absolutely no contact with the outside world.

#### [Chapter 905 A Fiancée Is Nothing](#)

She was on the verge of tears from frustration. Yet he, who had already made it into the city's team, patiently played one game after another with her.

The boy from her memories and the man before her eyes merged once again.

Perhaps it was guilt that was causing Josie to do everything without complaining.

Once Dexter had almost recovered from his illness, she took him to climb a mountain. It was a mountain within the Russell Mansion and was usually open to tourists.

Before dawn, the mountain path was nearly deserted. The autumn wind was cold. The two of them climbed to the summit, where they could overlook the myriad twinkling lights of Wavery.

Josie parted her lips as she was awestruck by the magnificent view.

At that moment, the sky was neither light nor dark. The sea surface was tinged with a shade of pale white that resembled that of a fish's belly. One by one, the lights of countless homes were extinguished. Dexter stood behind the woman and accompanied her as they watched the sun leap over the horizon.

The red glow covered the entire sky, and Josie was shivering from the cold. Suddenly, she shouted, "Dexter."

"Hmm?"

Josie cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted toward the horizon, "It will be right?"

Echoes of her voice filled the surroundings.

Dexter paused for a moment. His gaze fell into her eyes that were brimming with hope.

He let out a genuine laugh. His face relaxed and was no longer tense. The corners of his eyes crinkled, and his eyes brightened.

Only when the sun had risen halfway did the two people descend from the mountaintop and return to the Russell Mansion. The servant had been waiting for a long time. "Mr. Russell, someone is looking for you."

With a coat in his hand, Dexter's face slightly darkened

Inside the study, Heather was with the director of Russell Group. She was dressed in white, and her wrist was still wrapped in gauze. She looked somewhat surprised at the man in sportswear.

"Dex, no one could reach you, so the director had no choice but to look for me. I'm sorry," she said cautiously.

Dexter tossed his coat onto the couch. His expression was unreadable "As it should be."

"Are you feeling better now?" Heather clenched her fingers. Once again, she was being extremely careful

What's wrong with me? Dexter responded coldly, Trifive Thank you for your efforts."

The director had some matters to report to him. Heather excused herself from the study and stepped into the corridor. To her surprise she saw Juste sitting to one side and peeling an orange in her hand

Her fingers were as white as snow, and Heather thought of a phrase. A woman peels a fresh orange with her slender fingers.

"Are you leaving?" She asked bitterly as she pointed at Josie's bag.

Only then did Josie notice her. She put a slice of orange into her mouth and said, "Once I've finished what

I need to do, of course I'll leave. Please don't misunderstand, fiancée of Mr. Russell."

She spoke so casually as if she did not care.

Heather was in agony. "What... What have you two been doing these past couple of days?"

Josie voiced her confusion as she smiled at Heather, "Didn't he tell you?"

The vibrant and beautiful smile completely captivated Heather. She shook her head. "No."

"Forget it. He'll get mad if I say anything. You should ask him yourself."

Heather furrowed her brows intensely. "Make yourself clear."

Josie was just slowly chewing on a piece of orange and not saying a word.



“Josie, things are over between the two of you, right? I’m his fiancée now. I’m asking you. Please keep your distance from him.”

Her plea was filled with self-doubt. Josie looked up after hearing those words. “But even a marriage can end in divorce. What’s the significance of a fiancée then?”

As she listened, the more she felt that Heather was asking her to keep her distance from her instead.

Heather’s face was pale. She raised her wrist and said, “Consider it as a favor for the fact that I almost died for him.”

Josie spoke calmly, “Died? Life is the least valuable thing.”

Having said that, Josie rose and bypassed her before continuing her way down the long corridor.

#### [Chapter 906 Released For Medical Treatment](#)

Heather gritted her teeth and frantically searched for an exit. Feeling utterly insecure, she was desperate to know what Josie had done.

That was what Josie wanted.

In the study, the director had finished reporting on all aspects of Russell Group. Only after hearing Dexter’s orderly arrangements did he finally feel at ease.

“Mr. Lockhart, thank you for making the trip.” Dexter poured a cup of coffee and placed it in front of Seth Lockhart.

“Indeed, if it weren’t for Ms. Olsen, I wouldn’t even know Mr. Russell is here.”

Dexter made no comment.

Suddenly, Seth remembered something. “That’s right. Something has happened at the Carter Group.”

Dexter raised an eyebrow. A familiar figure outside caught his attention. It was Josie, striding through the corridor with her shoulder bag and poised demeanor.

Seth did not notice the unusual behavior of Dexter and continued, “Edward has been released for medical treatment.”

Suddenly, Dexter turned back to him.

News of Edward’s release on medical grounds caused quite a stir among many in their social circle. Despite his many years in prison, Edward had never managed to secure his release. Yet, now, he had suddenly succeeded.

And this happened after Henry passed away.

When Josie learned of the news, she had already left the Russell Mansion.

She had just stepped out when she received a call from Laura who invited her to have a meal together.

“It seems that the matter is already settled. Arnold has somehow pulled some strings and actually managed to bail his father out. Mark was the first to know about this.”

Leaning back in her chair, Josie deep in thought. "I've heard before that Arnold has connections with people in the city. Could it be..."

Laura understood and shook her head. "After all these years, if he wanted to succeed, he would have done so already. He wouldn't have waited until now."

Why now? Henry has just passed away, and Arnold chooses this moment to get Edward out of prison. It's clear as day that he's trying to humiliate Dexter.

Suddenly, Josie recalled what Arnold had said that day He had promised to rescue Edward right in front of Dexter.

They actually managed to do it so quickly.

Transfer of benetis must have been involved in this.

"Storm's brewing in Wavery," Laura said as she sliced a piece of steak and placed it on Josie's plate. "Give it some thought, and decide who you should align yourself with."

Upon hearing that, Josie scoffed, "So, I must rely on others to survive, is that it?"

Laura waved her knife and fork. "No matter which side succeeds, you'll end up the worst off."

There was some truth to that statement. After all, she had managed to offend all the people she should not have.

Josie gave a bitter smile as a memory surfaced. "How is Summer?"

"She has now completely given up on the Olsen family's business and handed it over to Arnold to manage. She's acting like a hands-off manager, a true socialite."

In fact, that was quite a good way to go.

What Josie recalled was that day at the art gallery when Summer behaved hysterically toward Arnold. She had said then she wanted Josie to disappear.

Logically speaking, since Josie had already divorced Dexter, Summer should be resentful toward Heather and not herself.

Yet, she still directed her anger at Josie.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Laura, do you believe in blood ties?" Josie suddenly asked.

Laura frowned. "In what way?"

"Telepathic connection."

"Of course, it will always be the case for blood relations."

"Really?" Josie was skeptical. She and Summer could be considered as close as sisters. Yet, right from the beginning, the two of them hated one another mutually, and there was no sense of connection.

She did have feelings for Claudia and for Mark as well.. but she did not know if they felt the same about her.

With that in mind, Josie let out another bitter laugh.

"I saw Heather today."

#### [Chapter 907 She Chose Morgan](#)

"Where?"

"Russell Mansion."

Laura slammed her cutlery on the table as her eyes widened in disbelief. "Where?"

"She looked really angry."

Laura was laughing so hard that she was gasping for air, as if she could already imagine Heather's expression. "That was mean," she said, giving Josie a thumbs up.

Josie laughed along. Just when she was about to say something, someone ran into the room and greeted, "Ms. Brandel."

Laura's smile faded. "What's wrong?"

The person handed over a contract and said, "This requires your signature urgently."

Laura browsed through the document and signed her name on it after making sure that there were no issues.

Meanwhile, Josie was quietly observing her, thinking that the once arrogant and domineering daughter of an elite family had truly transformed into a capable woman who could stand on her own.

After Laura finished signing, the person said, "Mr. Olsen requests that you be back home for dinner tonight."

Upon hearing that, Laura glanced at Josie before nodding with hesitation, "All right. I understand."

After the person left, Josie kept quiet while Laura was the first to speak. "Ever since we learned of Henry's death, Mark's health has been deteriorating. It might be due to seasonal changes."

Josie nodded while idly playing with the tassel on the corner of her blouse. "One tends to place more importance on family gatherings as they get older," she said.

Laura forced a smile and nodded.

"I will update you as soon as I hear any news regarding Heather and Dexter," Laura said.

Noticing her anxious expression, Josie replied in amusement, "I know you're on my side, but you don't need to tell me anything. I'm not going to choose Dexter."

Laura frowned. She had always believed that the ties between Josie and Dexter would never be broken.

"Are you going to choose Arnold?" she asked.

“No” Josie looked out the window where a car was parked. The attention-seeking license plate reminded her of someone. After a while, she withdrew her gaze and said to Laura, “I choose Morgan”

The expression on Laura’s face remained unchanged as she asked Josie for the reason. At the same time, the light in her eyes gradually dimmed.

Josie did not answer.

She was not able to contact Morgan for a few days. He told her that something unexpected had happened. to Bastille Group, and he had to go back to deal with it

Meanwhile, Justin had also found out which company Stardust eCommerce belonged to.

“It’s just a shell company. They have created multiple shell companies, but the Carter Group is the corporation behind it.”

Josie only believed it when she checked the documents and saw that the legal representative was Arnold.

She clicked her tongue and replied, “That was unexpected.”

She was shocked that Arnold was the one who provided the information to Xanthe.

Indeed, Arnold would take in anyone who was against Dexter. Besides, Josie had personally witnessed the close interactions between the two of them.

After all the twists and turns, it all came back to Arnold.

“Can you check Arnold’s recent schedule for me?”

A moment later, Justin replied, “Recently, he has been visiting Edward in the hospital every day. But Josie, why are you asking about him? Are we supposed to investigate Heather?”

Josie snapped out of her daze. Looking at Justin who had a confused expression on his face, she did not know how to tell him that she was actually trying to find out about Paul’s whereabouts.

Oh. I’m just checking because they belong to the same social circle.”

Justin felt slightly relieved after hearing that and replied. “You must tell me if there’s anything going on. It’s a messy situation. I’m worried that you might get into trouble.”

Josie felt a warm sensation in her heart. She patted her brother’s head and said, “I know. Besides, I have you, don’t I? You’re so quick-witted and dependable. Don’t worry, I know what to do.”

Only then did Justin feel completely reassured.

#### [Chapter 908 We Cannot Be Too Ruthless](#)

The media managed to snap a photo of Dexter when he left Russell Mansion that day.

In the photo, he was not accompanied by a bodyguard. He was the one driving the car with Heather by his side. Although there was no physical contact between the two, from the way they looked at each other, it was evident that their relationship was not simple.

The journalist wrote with a hint of ambiguity, stating that Heather was comforting Dexter over the loss of his grandfather and was accompanying him outdoors to clear his mind. It was suggested that the two might even bring their wedding forward.

After reading the article, Josie had only one thought in her mind: Is it really necessary for one to get married?

"Ms. Warren, so sorry I'm late." A warm voice sounded from behind. A middle-aged man dressed in a suit. extended his hand as he strode toward her.

Josie stood up immediately and shook his hand, saying "Mr. Zimmerman, I'm sorry to bother you."

The person who had just arrived possessed a gentle demeanor. He was easy to converse with yet also exuded an aura of authority.

He was Charles Zimmerman, who had recently been appointed mayor of Wavery.

"Not at all. I had some business here to attend to anyway." Charles sat down and continued, "Old Mr. Russell spoke very highly of you. He mentioned you more than once when I visited him previously."

Josie lowered her head humbly and replied, "Grandpa had also mentioned you to me, describing you as an upright and incorruptible official."

While she was sorting through the items Henry left her, she discovered a letter. The letter had several names listed one it, one of which was Charles.

Henry had instructed her to look for the man whenever she faced difficulties.

Charles smiled and got straight to the point. "I've looked into the matter you asked me about. It seems like of my subordinates didn't follow the proper procedures, but they did give our big taxpayer some leeway, allowing him to be released for five days to receive medical treatment."

He was talking about Edward.

Josie was carefully observing Charles' expression and could tell that he was one of Arnold's supporters.

"Just five days?"

"Of course," Charles replied in a straightforward manner.

Josie narrowed her eyes and said, "I asked because I'm curious. Sorry to have disturbed you"

"No worries, I'm aware of the power struggles in Wavery over the years. I've also heard about what's going on with your... your ex-husband. But there's still some room for mercy within justice. We can't be too ruthless."

Josie understood what he meant.

It seems like Arnold's clan had gained the upper hand within the system.

A trace of weariness could be seen on Charles' face after Henry passed away.

After exchanging some pleasantries, the man left. Meanwhile, Josie remained seated in the same spot, only leaving half an hour later.

She leaned against the wall in the parking lot and scrolled through her phone aimlessly.

After a while, the sound of a man's footsteps grew closer, heading toward her.

Josie looked up when she heard the sound of the car door unlocking.

Arnold only noticed the petite woman when he was in front of the car. He instinctively furrowed his brows but relaxed once he saw who it was.

"When did you arrive?"

Josie smiled and replied, "Are you upset to see me?"

Arnold leaned against his car and was not in a hurry to get in. "There must be something wrong when people act out of character."

Finally, his gaze fell on her phone screen, where it showed the news about Dexter and Heather.

Josie casually lifted her phone and replied with a hint of desolation, "I happened to be meeting someone here today and saw you by chance. I wasn't following you."

Arnold might or might not have been convinced as all he did was frown before making some room for her and saying, "Get in the car."

Josie drove as Arnold had been drinking. She glanced at the man beside her, who was resting with his eyes closed, and said, "You're able to get the mayor's company for just for a single project. Impressive indeed. No wonder you're able to get your father out."

As Arnold had expected that, he replied without opening his eyes, "Isn't it only right? He has already been locked up for so many years after all."

"Well, you're like a fish back in its element now that Grandpa is no longer around."

As his collar was too tight, the man tugged at his tie and replied with a smirk, "It wouldn't have made any difference even if he was still here."

#### [Chapter 909 Meeting His Father](#)

Josie didn't reply and only glanced at this man whom even drunkenness couldn't hide his charm, and asked indifferently, "Where to?"

Arnold squinted his eyes. "Don't you already know the few places I frequent in Wavery?"

These words were too intimate, stirring up Josie's memories of hardship with him. She asked, "Sky Palace?"

"Let's go to the hospital." He leaned over, setting up the navigation.

Emotions surged within Josie, yet she feigned calmness. "Is it appropriate at this late hour?"

Arnold said with a hint of teasing, "What are you referring to?"

"The procedure."

"I've arranged for the staff to take care of everything."

So, Josie stopped talking and stepped on the gas.

The hospital was brightly lit. Arnold walked ahead, his back appearing somewhat nonchalant. Josie stared at him, reminiscing about the past. Perhaps they could have become close friends if he hadn't chosen this path.

There were police officers stationed outside Edward's hospital room. Technically, visiting hours were over, but Arnold had no trouble getting in.

"Just wait a moment," he said, continuing on his way.

The door to the ward was slightly ajar, and Josie stood at the entrance. He could see Edward lying in the hospital bed, one hand handcuffed, the other hooked up to an IV drip. He looked to be in his fifties or sixties, his appearance not particularly aged, but his hair had already turned white.

It was evident that he was a serious and ambitious man in his early years.

Arnold sat next to him, exchanging a few words. During their conversation, Edward glanced toward the door. Josie instinctively dodged, avoiding his gaze.

After a while, Arnold opened the door and said to her, "Come in."

Josie furrowed her brows and followed him inside. Edward was already sitting upright, scrutinizing her meticulously.

Josie called out, "Mr. Carter."

Edward remained silent. The sharp vigilance in his eyes was unlike that of a convict who had spent several years in prison.

"Dad," Arnold called softly. "She was passing by and came to see you."

Edward took a deep breath, looking at Josie. "I know you. Your name is Josie."

She was very calm. "It seems Arnold has mentioned me

"More than once." Edward's response was clearly dissatisfied.

"I've been through thick and thin with Arnold. We can be considered close friends. It hasn't been easy for him to get you where you are today," Josie stated calmly.

"Old Mr. Russell has passed away. The fact that Arnold didn't get the chance for me to pay my respects is a sign of his insolence."

He was essentially reminding her one thing-Dexter would kill him if he had indeed shown up.

Josie's lips curled slightly. "Your good intentions are what matter most. You have done what you can do.. I'm sure Old Mr. Russell will rest in peace knowing that

With an indifferent snort, Edward looked at her with a somewhat strange gaze.

“Since the two of you have parted ways, devote yourself wholeheartedly to assisting Arnold. If you’re truly committed, your status doesn’t matter.”

Josie glanced at Arnold, unsure of what he had said to Edward, shifting the latter’s attitude to a somewhat ambiguous stance.

Arnold remained silent, pouring a glass of water to sober up.

“Assist him on his smuggling journey?” Josie’s voice was icy cold.

Edward was not surprised at all. “For those who want to achieve great things, courage is the most important. If you’re afraid to do even this, you might as well not call yourself a man.”

After hearing those words, Josie finally understood who Arnold had learned his inherent recklessness from.

“Mr. Carter, there should at least be some boundaries, right?” She chuckled lightly.

After a few seconds of silence, Edward came to a conclusion. “You’re not on the same path as him.”

He glanced at Arnold, who was drinking water. Puzzled Edward asked, “What’s wrong with Summer?”

Arnold’s lips curled into a smirk. “You’ve never seen her draw a gun. We’re birds of a feather.”

#### [Chapter 910 Not Playing The Role Of Lovers](#)

Josie made no comment. She was tired from standing, so she shifted her stance, lowered her head slightly. and said, “Mr. Carter, I will assist him.”

This statement clearly took both of them by surprise. Arnold looked up, the reflection of the light dancing in his eyes.

“He won’t end up like you.” She glanced at the handcuffs.

Edward’s face changed. This woman seems extremely defiant and hard to tame.

“After all, he doesn’t have any children yet, and it seems that Summer is not willing to have children for him. If he falls on hard times in the future, he won’t have the good fortune like you do, having a son to lend a helping hand.”

Josie spoke, her smile broadening. She did not show the slightest hint of fear.

“That is disrespectful!” Edward slammed his fist on the bed frame, but due to the handcuffs, his movements were severely limited.

“Take her away! Take this woman away from me!” He roared at Arnold, his eyes filled with rage. “Unfilial son!”

Arnold squinted his eyes, tightly gripping Josie’s wrist. He said in a low voice, “You’ve gone too far.”

Josie gave him a deep look and shrugged him off. “I’m not here to play the role of your perfect lover.”



After she finished speaking, she was the first to leave the ward. Arnold didn't follow her, but she could feel his gaze was not friendly.

Edward's voice, filled with anger, was still echoing. The door closed, and Arnold seemed to be pacifying him..

Josie was ready to leave, but just as she stepped out of the corridor, she saw a figure stumbling out of the elevator, running toward him.

She saw it clearly. The man had a scar on his face. It was Scar.

"Hey." She sidestepped, blocking his way. "What's the rush?"

Scar was taken aback. Upon recognizing her face, he stuttered, "M-Mrs. Carter?"

Ignoring the formalities, Josie noticed his evasive and panicked gaze, "Looking for your boss?"

"Y-Yeah..."

"He's busy with something. You can tell me anything." Josie casually sat on the chair in the hallway. gesturing for him to sit as well.

Scar was panting heavily, hesitating momentarily. "This.. isn't a good idea, is it?"

Josie flashed a radiant smile. "You called me Mrs. Mrs. Carter, so what is it that you can't tell me?"

Scar swallowed, leaning against the wall as he sat down I'll wait for Mr. Carter."

Stretching out her long legs, Josie played with her phone for a while, then casually asked, "How old are you. this year?"

"Twenty-three."

"How old were you when you became a thug?"

"Fifteen..."

Scar had been hustling in society since his early teens, notorious for his ruthlessness in fights. This was what caught Arnold's attention. However, after all these years of tough living, he found himself. surprisingly intimidated by the seemingly gentle and obedient Josie.

"Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

"Yes." But he quickly shook his head and changed his answer. "No."

People like him never keep a woman by their side for long. "Haven't you ever thought about getting married, like your boss? It would be so much better."

Scar's expression looked worse than if he had been crying. "He doesn't seem to be very happy either..."

Josie finally reacted and laughed. He is right. Arnold probably isn't going to be very happy when I'm Mrs. Carter.

Scar was apprehensive. He stared at the hospital room door as if he could bore a hole through it with his gaze.

“What do you need him for, this late at night?”

A little matter at the country club. It’s not a big deal.”

“Well, tell me about it. Perhaps I can help solve it.”

Scar remained silent, appearing quite troubled.

“I get it. You don’t trust me.” Josie averted her gaze from her phone and stared at him.

Scar was on the verge of tears under her gaze. “Boss has instructed for me to not tell you.”

“Why would I be involved? I have no vested interest in the affairs of the country club. Could it be that this matter is related to me?” she asked without taking her eyes off Scar.