

Blind Date 571

[Chapter 571 Challenge Accepted](#)

Just as everyone thought Xenia would give Summer a hard time, the former walked confidently to Josie and declared, "As many guests are aware, Mrs. Russell is here today, too, to bless the newlyweds. I heard that Mrs. Russell is a Grade 8 pianist, and I've always admired you. Hope we have the chance to witness your skills today."

Both Josie and Laura were startled. Obviously, Xenia had no good intentions and was provoking Josie!

Everyone's gaze was focused on the elegant Josie.

Arnold, who was greeting the guests, wanted to stand up for Josie but was subtly held back by Summer.

Josie instinctively looked around for Dexter. He was standing diagonally across from her. When the warm light shed on the suit-clad man's face, it accentuated his dignified aura. Dexter raised his glass at Josie and didn't intend to help her out at that moment.

He wanted to test how independent Josie could be.

Josie looked at Xenia and replied with a smile, "It's my honor to have the chance to play with Watson. However, we're here to celebrate the bride and groom today, so I think it's better not to steal the spotlight."

The guests fell silent when they heard Josie's wise response.

Xenia sneered at Josie in a voice that was only audible to her. "Mrs. Russell, are you intimidated? Don't tell me you don't know how to play the piano. Is Mr. Russell aware of it?"

Laura's expression turned ghastly. "Hey, watch your words!"

Josie was finally stirred up. She could put up with Xenia's humiliation but couldn't allow her to implicate Dexter.

Staring at Xenia with her guard up, Josie clenched her fist and said to Laura, "I accept her challenge."

Suddenly, Xenia declared loudly, "I'm looking forward to your performance. Hope you don't mind it. Everyone, please enjoy!"

Josie said with a stone face, "After you, Ms. Watson."

Xenia was feeling smug for trapping Josie. As she walked toward the piano, she wondered if Josie actually knew how to play the piano. She merely wanted to embarrass Josie.

Laura was anxious. "Can you play the piano?"

Josie gave Laura an assuring look.

Xenia started playing The Blue Danube. During her debut, the agency company arranged intensive classes for her to learn all sorts of skills, including piano. So, Xenia had not forgotten how to play, but her fingers.

Nonetheless, her posture was attractive. The crowd was soon mesmerized by her performance. Toward the end of the performance, the hall resounded with applause. Truth be told, the guests acknowledged her confidence and beauty more than her piano skills.

She bowed at Josie and said, "It's your turn now."

Xenia thought although she was not an excellent pianist, her skills were good enough to defeat Josie. She stood beside the piano, ready to witness Josie's embarrassment and to claim her victory.

In fact, it had been a while since Josie played the piano. When she sat down and touched the keys, the memories and feelings came flooding back.

She pressed a few keys and produced incoherent sounds, which caused the audience to boo her.

"She should just get off the stage and stop embarrassing herself..."

"Ha! I thought she was great."

Suddenly, her fingers started moving swiftly as she played a piece. Her arms moved gracefully like a dancing swan.

She was playing Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No.2. It was known as one of the most difficult piano pieces, and many pianists found the piece challenging.

[Chapter 572 The Guy Who Taught Her Piano](#)

Everyone was flabbergasted and was soon captivated by her exceptional performance. They were so immersed in it that they only regained their composure after Josie finished playing the song.

Xenia stared at Josie in disbelief, knowing that she was utterly defeated in this competition.

Josie completely outperformed Xenia with her excellent skills. Not only did she know how to play the piano, but she was also a piano virtuoso!

On the other hand, Xenia felt like she had dug her own grave.

Laura excitedly applauded first. "Bravo!"

With her prompt, the others joined in the applause, some admiringly and others reluctantly.

Standing in the corner, Dexter received many envious glances. The guests praised his wife but didn't notice the depression in his eyes. He never knew Josie could play the piano.

Josie didn't leave the stage after playing the concerto. She gazed at Dexter's in a daze, and her eyes tinged with a faint sorrow.

She subconsciously continued playing the piano. This time, the song she played was Für Elise.

She had learned the piano at school. In a past relationship, some mocked her like Xenia and commented that she was not in the man's league because she couldn't even play the piano. She was angry and felt inferior. The man brought her to the music room and promised arrogantly, "It's no big deal. I'll teach you.. Others don't deserve to have me as their teacher."

Josie chuckled and said worriedly, “But I have zero basics.”

The guy wasn’t bothered by it. He held Josie’s hands to press the keys. He taught her to recognize the notes, play songs, and polish her skills.

As such, Josie patiently learned many songs throughout her university life. She was his only student.

Just then, the music stopped abruptly. Xenia had secretly unplugged the power she couldn’t allow Josie to continue playing, or she would become the laughingstock of the city tomorrow!

Josie stopped her movements and opened her eyes, feeling lost as she was jolted back to reality.

Out of the blue, Dexter appeared behind Josie, took her hand, and led her to his side to signify his protection over her.

“Dex?”

Dexter smiled at her and squeezed her hand assuringly. “I’m so proud of you, honey.”

Xenia’s face turned pale as she was intimidated by Dexter’s cold aura. “I’m sorry, Mr. Russell. I have been abrupt...” She apologized.

Dexter disregarded her apology and rebuked impatiently, “My wife’s time is precious and not something just anyone can occupy.”

Xenia was utterly embarrassed today, yet she couldn’t say anything. How she wished she could vanish into thin air.

“Ms. Watson, if you want to compete next time, it would be better to compete against your fellow entertainers.” Dexter, being who he was, made a harsh remark indicating that Xenia was way out of her league.

“Y-Yes, sir.”

Dexter narrowed his eyes and warned, “A wise person wouldn’t cross the line. You’re the Carter Group’s spokesperson. Didn’t your agency company instruct you to maintain your image? Otherwise, the consequences can be dire.”

Xenia’s face reddened in shame. She felt so abashed that she was on the verge of tears. “Yes... You’re right.”

Dexter held Josie’s hand and left the stage. “Good job. You’re getting better at carrying yourself as Mrs. Russell. He commented nonchalantly..

[Chapter 573 Hold Tight](#)

Dexter’s gentleness made Josie regret remembering someone whom she shouldn’t. She cracked a smile. “I hope I didn’t disgrace you.”

Dexter replied with a smile, “Not at all. When did you learn the piano?”

“When I was in uni.” Josie thought about it and answered honestly.

She could feel Dexter's hand stiffen momentarily.

"You're pretty good at it."

Meanwhile, the guests who attended the wedding realized how absurd the rumors were. How would a loving couple like Dexter and Josie possibly get divorced?

"I'm tired." Josie mumbled.

Her face was pale. Dexter carried her to the lounge, which was a quiet space. "I still need to talk to some people. Rest here first. We'll go home together later."

Josie nodded. "Okay. I'll wait for you."

Dexter kissed her on her forehead before striding back to the hall that was filled with materialistic people. Everyone was socializing with the intention to garner benefits.

Josie sat obediently in the lounge. There were only servers passing by with food and drinks.

The servers, too, had witnessed Josie outshining Xenia just now and admired her boldness and dignity. A server approached her and asked, "Mrs. Russell, would you like to have some drinks?"

Josie was thirsty, so she thought about it and said, "Can I have some orange juice, please? Thank you."

Just as the server was about to pass a glass of orange juice to Josie, a fair hand intercepted and took over the glass to pass it to Josie.

Surprised, Josie lifted her head to see a familiar face. "Summer?"

Dressed in a white gown, Summer stood arrogantly before Josie.

The observant server sensed something was off and quickly left.

Holding the glass of juice, Summer uttered, "You've gained all the spotlights in my wedding, Mrs. Russell."

She had seen how composed Josie was and knew she could never be as elegant as her. Even Claudia was impressed by Josie's poise, which made Summer even more annoyed..

She would be in deep waters if Josie returned to the Olsen family.

Josie adjusted her shawl alertly and asked, "What do you want?"

"What else can I do? You're so capable; there's nothing I can do to you." Summer sat down beside Josie and said saltily, "Besides, I'm well aware that there's no chance between Dexter and me."

Josie didn't intend to act before Summer. "I'm glad you know."

"However, it doesn't mean that others don't stand a chance. You better hold tight to the identity and don't be dragged down."

Josie was not interested in entertaining Summer but silently clenched her fists.

“You should worry for yourself if you’re so free. Oh well. Arnold’s parents are no longer around, so you don’t have to deal with the elders. But he has plenty of women out there. Are you able to secure him?”

Josie smirked. “Even the public knows he loves you. But if he really does, why is he involved in so many scandals during this period?”

Josie’s comment hit the bull’s-eye. Summer tightened her grip on the glass. Indeed, Arnold was a ladies’ man. Xenia didn’t mess with her but went after Summer; this proved she knew who Arnold truly cared.

“That’s none of your business.”

Josie took the glass of juice from Summer and said, “My matter is none of your business too.”

Summer stood up with a grin. “From now on, I’m Mrs. Carter. We’ll inevitably meet on various occasions, and I look forward to it, Mrs. Russell.

[Chapter 574 She Left First](#)

After Summer left, Josie continued sitting in the lounge for quite a while. It was her third time in the Olsen Group’s hotel, but she had never carefully observed the furnishings here.

The furnishings of the hotel were luxurious but not extravagant. Its elegant style corresponded to Claudia’s taste.

Mark must love her a lot. If Liana were still around, maybe she wouldn’t have to stay in the monastery and isolate herself from the outside world.

At this thought, Josie smiled ruefully.

She wanted to go and find Laura but accidentally sprained her ankle when she stood up. Her heels broke, which left her in an inconvenient state. She looked around the lounge in exasperation, but there was no one she could seek help from.

Just then, Claudia walked into the lounge, surrounded by a few other ladies. She lifted her eyes and noticed the helpless girl, who looked completely different from her confident self just now.

“Mrs. Olsen, she’s...” Her companion asked when they saw her gazing at Josie hesitantly.

“Nothing. Go ahead. I’ll come later.” Claudia sent her companions away and walked up to Josie. “What Happened?”

Josie was startled when she heard the voice and became nervous to see Claudia. “I...”

Claudia was observant and quickly noticed her broken high heels. “Wait for me here.”

Josie was upset as she watched Claudia walk away. Although Claudia was Summer’s mother, their personalities were completely different. Josie felt apologetic toward Claudia for disrupting her daughter’s major occasions repeatedly.

Not long after Claudia left, Josie’s phone vibrated. She was relieved, thinking Dexter had texted. To her shock, it was a message consisting of a picture. In the picture, a man dressed in home wear was

pressing. his body against a woman on the bed. He placed one hand on the woman's chest while kissing her neck.

It was obviously a couple who were madly in love. The man's side profile could be seen clearly.

Instantly, Josie's feet felt like jelly. She tightened her grip on the phone. The man in the picture was so familiar that she could recognize him at one glance.

Gulping, she enlarged the picture to confirm her perception. There were no traces of the picture being digitally edited; the two people in the picture looked natural.

The ID which sent the message was one from Wavery. Josie called the number immediately, but no one answered.

— Just then, Laura came down from upstairs with a coat over her shoulder. She walked up to Josie and said,

"I'm leaving now. Come with me."

Josie was still standing in a daze at the spot.

"Hey, Josie. Are you okay?" Laura waved at Josie. Only then did Josie regain her composure. "What is it?"

"I said I'm leaving. Let's go together."

Josie unlocked her phone screen and mumbled, "I-I'm waiting for Dexter."

"The men are busy socializing, and it won't end that soon. Why don't you come with me to check out the house?"

"Okay." Josie was filled with complicated emotions. She felt light-headed and wished to leave the place as soon as possible.

"Oh, your heels are broken." Laura exchanged her shoes with Josie before the two left the hotel together.

By the time Claudia rushed back to the place after asking for a pair of sandals from the server, Josie was nowhere to be seen.

Dejected, Claudia noticed the heels Josie left on the floor. She instructed the server to keep them away and wrote down an address, "Get them fixed and send them to this address."

[Chapter 575](#)

Seated in the car, Josie examined the picture scrupulously one more time.

It seemed like a digitally-enhanced screenshot from a surveillance camera.

She drew two conclusions after she was done with her examination – the picture was real, and there was video evidence as well; the sender eagerly wanted to show her the person in the picture.

“Did something happen? You don’t seem like yourself today.” Laura frowned at her after noticing her preoccupation.

Josie locked her phone instinctively. “Everything’s fine

After a while, she asked, “Laura, what would you do if someone used facts to drive a wedge between you and your relations?”

It was a rather complicated question. Laura gave the matter a thought before replying, “It depends on what the facts are. If it’s something severe, the relationship is bound to break apart anyway

Is it severe enough? Josie wondered internally. She wanted to trust Dexter. “Hmm... It’s kinda severe, I suppose.”

Laura snorted out laughing. “What’s going on? If it’s severe, there’s no other way around it. ‘Kinda’ doesn’t really mean anything. Oh, we are almost there.”

The car turned into a fancy neighborhood. After arriving, Laura brought Josie to the thirtieth floor of the building.

The apartment complex was Waterfront Heights, a high-end one, but Josie was so deep in her thoughts. that she didn’t notice anything around her. She hastily put on a jacket to cover her bare skin only when she suddenly remembered the meeting.

“How’s the psychiatrist like?”

Laura flashed a cryptic smile. “He’s very... good-looking.”

Josie arched her eyebrows.

The doctor was already waiting for them in the apartment. The door was unlocked, so they could enter the place on their own.

This was one of the larger units of the complex that had a wide panorama over the city. The apartment looked minimalistic, revealing the aesthetic taste of the owner.

Looking around her, Laura liked the vibes of the apartment. “Dr. Morgan, it must be hard to find such a great apartment in the heart of the city.”

The orange rays of the sunset poured through the French window, enveloping the man in a warm glow. He stood with his back facing them, playing around with a metal contraption that reflected some of the light.

Josie narrowed her eyes – it was a lighter.

He wore a white shirt with a gray cardigan, making him look tall and sturdy. Judging from his physique and aura, one would hardly think he was a psychiatrist.

When he heard their entrance, he turned around and looked straight at Josie with dark eyes that seemed to have the power to lure one into his world.

When Josie made out who he actually was, she froze.

"Of course, he replied in a deep voice.

Laura quickly nudged Josie, who was still shocked. "This is my best friend, Josie. I'm so thankful that she's been taking care of me lately. Josie, this is Dr. Morgan, whom I always talk to you about."

It was none other than Morgan Bastille.

The precision of his reply surprised Laura.

While carefully observing Josie's reaction, he stretched his hand toward her calmly, not betraying any hints of surprise at Josie's sudden arrival.

"Hi"

Though countless different emotions were raging within her, she shook his hand. "Hi...".

He gave her a squeeze just as she was about to retract her hand. Startled, she met his dark gaze and seemed entrapped by his eyes.

Morgan smiled and let go. "I've heard about you from Matthew countless times. Now that we've finally met each other in person, I must admit that you're one of a kind indeed."

"Oh, not at all, she denied almost instantly. "When did you return?"

Laura was about to reply, but Morgan beat her to it. "Ten weeks ago."

[Chapter 576](#)

His Old Flame

Morgan had been a man of few words. Just as Laura was about to say something, she received a call from work.

"Josie, carry on the chat with Dr. Morgan," Laura said, then she went to a corner to accept the call.

Josie nodded and pinched the hem of her shirt subconsciously. It was a sign that she was nervous, and this habit hadn't changed after all those years.

Morgan opened a bottle of water before passing it to Josie. "You dressed up quite formally today, looking very different from how I remembered."

Josie took a deep breath, but she didn't accept the water. Finally, she plucked up enough courage to look at him. "Morgan."

"Well, you still remember me. He smiled.

Of course. You were there in all my memories when I was younger.

"I recalled you studied financial management, not psychiatry." Hence, she had no clue that Laura's psychiatrist was him.

"I studied this field after going abroad. It seems to be going quite well." With that, he forced the bottle of

water into her hands. "But it's a surprise that Matthew is your friend."

"Morgan, I'm married," she suddenly blurted.

He froze for a moment before quickly retorting, "I know."

He's been speaking with Laura. He probably knows a lot about me.

"But I also know that..." He suddenly scooted closer and spoke into her ears. "He hasn't been treating you well."

His words were like a catalyst that triggered all her emotions about the topic. She shoved him away and replied. "It's none of your business."

Right at that moment, Laura turned around after finishing her call. To her, both of them seemed like they knew each other beforehand and held grudges.

"What's wrong?" She walked to them.

Josie stared at Morgan with conflicted emotions. "Laura, I have to leave first. I forgot that I have something up."

With that, she hurried away.

Laura was at a loss regarding what had just transpired. She looked at Morgan, who gestured gentlemanly.

"Go after her."

Josie had gotten quite far. She heaved breathlessly, almost unable to accept Morgan's return. After so many years, I thought he would never come back here.....

Memories of their relationship came flooding back like a torrent, as though it was a dream.

In her first year in university, she was a local in Wavery, while all her roommates were from other cities. The difference in their habits made it difficult to mingle with them, so Josie mostly spent most of her time alone, focusing on her studies.

Her first encounter with Morgan was in a convenience store. That day, she lost track of time while studying in the library until it was way past curfew in her dorm. She found a twenty-four-hour convenience store and bought food as she looked at the hazy moon in the sky.

Even late at night, Waverly was a busy city. Sports cars raced after one another, owned by the flamboyant young men locally. Even their car plates were extravagant.

Josie had one of her hands in the pocket of her denim dress as she smoked a cigarette, thinking about how to wake up the dorm master to get back into the dorm.

It was at that moment Morgan appeared.

An ostentatious car pulled to a stop before her, with a driver even more flashy than the car. His bewitching eyes stared straight into hers, but the smile on his face made him seem harmless.

What a good-looking man.

"Hey, love." He arched his eyebrow as he spoke in a thick British accent.

"Hello."

With another smile, he passed some money to her. "Can you grab a pack of cigarettes for me?"

[Chapter 577](#)

Priceless Treasure

Josie managed to catch his words, but she froze when she saw his bandaged left leg. Ah, so he's injured.

Even though there was a woman next to him, she was on her phone, ignoring them completely.

"What brand?"

"Anything."

Josie finally decided to take a pack of Marlboro and handed him the change, as well as the cigarettes.

As she came closer, he got a good look at her. She had bright, clear eyes and the naivety of a young girl with a slight fragrance.

Looking at the cigarette, he joked, "Do you want to have supper together?"

She didn't catch his words. Admittedly, it was quite a challenge for a local in Wavery to understand the thick accent.

Looking at her confused expression, Morgan repeated himself patiently.

When she finally understood his question, she looked at the other woman, who didn't show any reaction and shook her head. "That's fine."

After rejecting him, she took the books on the bench and disappeared into the night.

The other woman finally put her phone down and smiled at Morgan. "You're not appealing enough for her."

"Some people simply have no taste."

After that encounter, Josie deliberately walked past that convenience store for a while. Perhaps he left a deep impression on her at that young age. However, he never appeared, just like any other stranger.

The next time they met was in late spring when the cherry blossoms bloomed. Josie's friend joined a volunteering club and dragged her along.

At that moment, Morgan was already in his final year. While his peers were busy revising for the finals, he had already achieved impressive results. He even became the private pupil of a famous professor.

He had always been a carefree person, marching to the beat of his own drum. In high school, he was already a frequent customer of the pubs, going to bed only when dawn was about to break. Since university offered even more freedom, he would make full use of it.

Hence, his name was well-known, but most people hadn't met him.

When Josie opened the bus door, he was introducing himself cavalierly at the back.

People were already excited when they heard his name.

Nevertheless, the sound of the door opening when Josie entered still caught his eyes.

As he paused and looked at her, the group followed suit.

It was a small bus, so not many people were on board. When Josie met his gaze, her heart skipped a beat.

His face stood out in the crowd, but the unexpectedness of meeting him there had caught her off guard, temporarily freezing her on the spot.

On the other hand, Morgan's eyes lit up as though he had found a treasure. After a while, he retracted his gaze and continued the conversation nonchalantly.

Josie heaved a long sigh and found a window seat.

The bus started moving, and everyone started focusing on something else.

As the bus left the hustle of the city, the scenery became more beautiful as they moved south. Josie was quietly taking pictures with her camera.

Suddenly, someone plopped down next to her with a huge force. Shocked, she turned around and found herself face-to-face with the haughty man with a face many would die for.

[Chapter 578](#)

Will You Be My Girlfriend?

She froze. "You—"

Morgan didn't give her any chance to reject him. "Let me have a look."

It was common knowledge that Morgan was a proud character. Many wouldn't let the opportunity to be taught by him pass.

Josie frowned, but her question was unrelated to the topic. "You know how to speak in our local accent?"

Morgan laughed. "My mom is from Wavery herself. I think I have a pretty good grasp of it."

That's true. He sounds natural, just like a native.

Josie glared at him, a flush coloring her puffed cheeks. "You lied to me."

"Oooh, someone remembered me. What an honor," he teased.

She didn't reply to him after that.

When they arrived at the destination, her palms were sweaty, as though she had just been through an ordeal.

Morgan's leg was already healed. He was just wearing a plain white tee that day. As he yawned and stretched, sunlight glistened on his black hair. Even from afar, he looked mesmerizing.

Josie gathered her courage and glared at him in annoyance.

Unfortunately, he turned around and met with her fierce glare. Both of them froze.

Even if the earth somehow formed a huge crevice, she would be too embarrassed to jump into it.

Just like that, she spent a week with him, not knowing how they ended up spending so much time together.

They were at Willowbrook Valley, an underdeveloped region living in poverty. They were helping an elementary school located halfway through the valley. The kids there would have to walk several miles in the dark just to go to a school that was severely lacking in resources. The cement of the walls had fallen off over the years, making it look like a dilapidated building.

However, when Morgan was teaching the eager students in the small classroom, he seemed to shine brightly in Josie's eyes.

He had been around the world with his cousin and was quite knowledgeable. His stories enthralled the students.

His usual flamboyance had disappeared from his gentle voice when he was focused on teaching. He seemed like a different person to her.

Still, the habits of being a sheltered, rich kid remained. He was not used to the food there. Fortunately, Josie thought of different recipes to improve it, putting a lot more effort into Morgan's meal compared to the rest.

After ruminating for a long time, she finally asked, "Do you think they will look at our suggestions in the report?"

Morgan lowered his head to look at her. Through the leaves, glimmers of sunlight fell on her face. He could even see the tiny fuzz on her face if he moved closer.

His heart skipped a beat, but he kept a composed demeanor.

"Go ahead and write it. I'll help you with the rest."

"For real?"

"Yeah."

The sun slowly disappeared on the horizon, leaving shades of golden and pink in the blue sky. It was beautiful.

Looking at Morgan in plain clothes, Josie's thoughts wandered away.

—

After they went back to the university, Morgan carried out his promise. This was the first time he treated something so seriously. They wrote their suggestions in a report and started a charity donation that received great feedback.

It was not easy arranging all that, and to Morgan, it was not worth putting in the effort and time. Still, he did everything perfectly.

__”Josie, I’m not a patient person; I’m quick-tempered, and I admit I’m pretty awful. There probably won’t be a lot of change in me. Even so, would you agree to be my girlfriend?” At a party celebrating their success, he whispered the question in her ears as he hugged her tightly.

[Chapter 579](#)

Josie agreed without having any idea what love meant.

Morgan came from a wealthy family.

He took her on a helicopter, flying through mountain ranges. She could see the vast blue sky with white, fluffy clouds from the windows. As she looked down, she felt insignificant compared to the vast beauty of

Mother Nature before her.

He also brought her to a hilltop in London that provided a bird’s eye view of the bustling city. The breeze that blew past brought the fragrance of the flowers.

He even brought her out to the sea. She remembered the star-filled night sky that looked like a galaxy. As they gazed starry-eyed at the night sky while the boat swayed calmly, fish would sometimes leap into the boat, scaring Josie.

Morgan gave Josie the experiences she never had. But when she talked to others about him, she always said with a smile that he had been haughty and arrogant, behaving as though the entire world owed something to him when he got mad. Nevertheless, he treated her very well.

There were times he pulled an all-nighter to write assignments with her. She still remembered how he broke his leg on a skiing trip, how he tried to cheer her up when they had arguments, how he socialized seamlessly in important dinners regarding his future, how he pranked others, and how mean he could be

when he mocked her.

Just like that, they spent two uneventful years together.

Like everyone else, they had fights, but they pulled through it. Some were envious of them, some jealous, and some waiting to get a good laugh at Josie. At that time, Josie was still unaware that there could be a lot of possibilities in life. By the time she realized it, Morgan’s temper started getting worse.

When her father visited her, she was completely unprepared for his arrival. She quickly left her lecture and called Morgan into the washroom to pick her father up. He complained, but he still agreed after a few seconds of silence.

Josie thought that he had some hidden concerns.

Morgan did as he was told and arranged everything. When Josie arrived at the hotel, she heard him explaining the restaurants and the food around them. Though he was polite and respectful, Josie frowned when she heard that; it didn't sound like him at all.

When he saw her, he whispered in her ears, "Just at the right time. I've got something up, so I have to go first."

She nodded.

Paul stayed for three days. Josie didn't contact Morgan during that period, and he never appeared.

However, there were rumors about Josie forcing him to meet her parents.

Before Paul left, he advised, "Sure, that kid is polite, but you don't belong in his world."

Everyone else thought she was not good enough for him.

After a while, Morgan came to pick her up from her classes and brought her to parties as usual, as though

happened.

However, he had always been quick-tempered. On top of that, he didn't like to be restricted. Because of his family, he could basically do anything he wanted. On the other hand, Josie could not afford to be as whimsical as him. When a fight started between them, it was like a war.

Josie had her pride as well. She left him in front of all his friends, running away as she texted, I'm not good for you. This Cinderella doesn't suit your highness.

When Morgan saw the text, he threw the phone into the pool. Meanwhile, his friends exchanged glances. with each other, not daring to say a word.

Josie was not far away. She could hear the voices of his friends, but Morgan never looked for her.

[Chapter 580](#)

Still a Playboy

She still remembered how strong the winds were that night. She trembled in the dress he bought her, holding her arms together as she held back a sob.

She remembered the helplessness when she walked back, as though every step she took was trampling on her pride. She remembered convincing herself that he was different and that she should be more understanding.

However, on her way back, she saw him kissing another woman. To be precise, it was his famous ex-girlfriend that was sitting next to him in the car on the day Josie had first met him.

Josie started shaking as she looked at them stonily. Suddenly, she recalled someone telling her, "Believe it or not, you will not end up with Morgan."

And that prediction had come true.

Someone saw her and poked Morgan, who threw a fierce glare, annoyed they were disrupting him from his sensual diversion. However, he paled when he saw Josie with that woman still in his arms.

After that, he started hooking up with various women and went to pubs all night without giving a damn about Josie. He seemed to have returned to his days before he met her, spending money as though nothing mattered-the most valuable thing to him was money.

That was the night they last saw each other.

When his ex-girlfriend visited Josie, she was in a hospital with an intravenous drip to cool down her temperature.

"What happened?" the ex-girlfriend asked in shock, but Josie did not reply.

Then, her red lips moved again, more rude this time. "Where's Morgan?"

Josie still didn't give any reply.

"Didn't he tell you?" Understanding now dawned on the ex-girlfriend's face.

"What?"

"I shouldn't tell you. He will be mad at me." She laughed. "After all, it's not something to be proud of."

Josie replied calmly, "Explain."

When Josie first met Morgan at the convenience store, the conversation that ensued in the car went something like this.

"You're not appealing enough for her."

"Some people simply have no taste," Morgan scoffed.

"Tsk! Weren't you checking her out just now?"

"Jealous?"

"What for?"

"I'll give you up for her."

"Young lady," the ex-girlfriend spoke, looking at Josie's pale face with a similarly bewitching eye as Morgan's. "Perhaps you didn't know that Morgan's dad died in a car accident before his wedding. It's all because of him that his mother steadied her footing in the family. He's the pride of the family. Perhaps his family allowed him to fool around at this time, but he is bound to inherit the business. Of course, I won't give him to you."

Josie let out a cold snort. The pain that shot through her heart sent tears streaming down her face.

She finally understood that what she thought was true love had always been a lie. From the beginning, she had been a fool all along.

Morgan was not a simpleton. He was great at playing around with people's emotions. Just like a cat in the dark, he could hide his true self completely. As long as he wanted to, he could make any girl fall for him. while he would never invest any true feelings in the relationship.

I should have known who he was from the beginning.

The ex-girlfriend didn't push her any further. She patted Josie's shoulders and left.

The girls toyed by Morgan could fill up an entire truck, and Josie was merely one of them. Yes, that's just who Morgan is. He's not going to stay faithful to one person, and he won't spend the rest of his life peacefully with just a woman.