

Blind Date 611

[Chapter 611 Waiting for Her Divorce](#)

Morgan handed Josie the neatly packaged breakfast, a tinge of remorse in his eyes. "I'm sorry for what happened yesterday."

A small chuckle escaped her lips when she sneered, "About what?"

Morgan's frown deepened at her distant demeanor.

"I admit I took advantage of your soft spot to gain the upper hand over Dexter at yesterday's meeting. It's been a while since we last met, and I used our reunion to my advantage. I'm really sorry for that."

He could have spared her from all of it, but he didn't.

Sipping the warm coffee, which warmed her heart and stomach, Josie responded with a snicker tinged with sarcasm, "It's alright. I'm used to it anyway."

Her casual words couldn't mask the underlying sense of loneliness and sorrow.

Morgan frowned at her reply. "Josie, I didn't have much of a choice."

Given the circumstances, he had no other option.

Josie smiled, her inner beauty radiating. "No need to apologize to me. You know the stakes in the business world. I don't need to say much, but you're well aware of Dexter's nature. He doesn't take losses lightly. So, brace yourself for his retaliation."

She warned Morgan of his potential reality in a lighthearted tone.

The latter gazed at her, realizing that the Josie in front of him had transformed into a fierce and resilient entity, akin to a rose with thorns, captivating and unyielding.

It was rumored that Dexter was indeed planning to take action against the Bastille family. However, Morgan showed no signs of fear. "Trust me, the Bastille Group is just as formidable as the Russell Group. I just need some time, and I'll make sure Dexter won't be able to bring me down."

Josie casually placed the breakfast back in its original position. "Hmm, I believe you."

She had always known that Morgan was intelligent and accomplished. But now, everything has changed. In her heart, Morgan was no longer the person she had once admired.

"The scarf I gave you, I remember seeing it discarded in the trash. So, I'm curious, why did you suddenly pretend to be sentimental and wear it before Dexter?" Josie's words carried a sense of melancholy.

The past was still etched vividly in Josie's mind.

After the fallout with Morgan, they had stubbornly drawn distinct boundaries. As she passed the trash bin, she caught sight of the scarf she had once knitted for him.

"You misunderstood me back then," Morgan explained, the sunlight streaming through the car window, casting a golden glow on his cufflinks, exuding an air of luxury.

He continued, "Even if I were to explain, you wouldn't believe me. But I hope you understand that what happened back then wasn't my intention."

The morning light gently kissed her face, revealing a coffee stain on her lips.

Morgan's heart skipped a beat, and he reached out to wipe it away.

Josie evaded his touch.

His arm froze momentarily, but he wasn't embarrassed. Morgan retrieved a tissue and gave it to her.

Josie declined. She asked, sounding rather awkward, "Why did you come back?"

A momentary flicker of hesitation displayed in Morgan's eyes as he smiled. Since Josie had asked, he felt compelled to tell her the truth..

Both of them were perceptive adults and understood the underlying implications of their words.

Morgan tightened his grip on the tissue. "Because of you."

Josie was taken aback, realizing his answer was as straightforward as it sounded.

"I don't want to see the woman I love going with another man. I want to pursue you again."

Morgan's honesty surprised her.

Josie was no fool. She thought Morgan was delusional, suddenly proclaiming his feelings for her after everything that had happened between them, "Do you even know what you're saying?"

"I want us to be together like how we used to. I'm confident I can provide you better care than Dexter." Morgan's voice held a solemn yet playful undertone, his heart racing in the morning light.

However, Josie's expression grew colder, and her anger intensified.

"I know you resent and hold me accountable in your heart, but it's okay. I can wait for you to divorce and for us to fall in love again. I'm telling you my true feelings now, but I'm not expecting an immediate response."

[Chapter 612 Your Love Terrifies Me](#)

Morgan lightly tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. "After all these years, I've come to realize that my feelings for you are more determined and profound than any I've experienced with other women. Will you please consider giving me another chance?"

Unlike Dexter, whose possessiveness and need for control prevented any space for others to bond with Josie, Morgan's attitude bore more flexibility. He was open to the possibility of Josie being with someone else while patiently waiting for her to change her mind.

However, at that moment. Josie found herself unable to respond.

Meanwhile, Morgan remained composed, sharing his thoughts without succumbing to anxiety.

"Did I scare you? I apologize if I did," Morgan said, his tone laced with genuine concern.

Josie shook her head, a hint of frustration mingling with her laughter. "Tell me, what is it about me that you like?"

She couldn't believe the man who had once walked away from her could still hold love in his heart.

Morgan tapped the steering wheel again, deep in thought for a moment. "I'm drawn to your purity"

"My purity?"

Josie's lips curved into a cold sneer. "My purity? Unfortunately, that ship sailed long ago. The Josie standing before you is a woman driven by material gain, willing to trade in her marriage for it."

Morgan's gaze locked onto hers. "That's not true.

"Are you sure? Let me enlighten you. After you left, my father suffered a severe car accident. I endured hardships to make ends meet: I'm no longer the naive girl who only fantasized about love.

Nobody can fool me anymore. Especially you of all people!"

As Josie uttered those words, fueled by anger and pain, she couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction when she saw the helpless expression on Morgan's face.

"I'm not worthy of your love. Let alone being someone else's wife, if I were single, I still wouldn't choose to be with you.

With those words, Josie decisively severed and crushed any budding affection from Morgan.

Morgan's expression changed, taken aback by her blunt rejection.

"Am I not on the same level as him? The Bastille family's wealth can match that of the Russells! If I wanted to, Dexter would pale in comparison if I took control of the Bastille Group! It's funny how Dexter Russell, known for his competence, had to rely on you to salvage his business!"

"Yes! You're intelligent and remarkable. It's precisely because of these qualities that I feel undeserving of you," Josie's voice rose in response.

"Then why did you choose Dexter?"

Morgan couldn't fathom why Josie chose Dexter over him, considering that Dexter was not the person that society had largely heralded as outstanding.

Josie took a deep breath inside the car, her emotions swirling in the confined space.

"I'm not that exceptional, and neither is he. But no matter how much he hurts me, he will never abandon me. Morgan, your love terrifies me. Even if Dexter isn't perfect, I still wish him well."

Ironically through their conversation, Josie had come to terms with the intense and potentially scandalous incident from the previous night at Dexter's office.

All Josie could recall were Dexter's awkwardness, cunningness, brutality, and childishness.

He had flaws, but she knew all his dark qualities stemmed from his deep concern and love for her.

Morgan narrowed his eyes and asked, "Can you see yourself with him forever?"

Forever? Josie laughed sarcastically, avoiding a direct answer to the question.

"I don't want to keep you around, Morgan. I'm not a good person and not worthy of your time and efforts."

Morgan quickly responded, "I don't believe that."

"Many people out there think poorly of me."

"But I knew you before all the rumors and gossip."

Morgan's response was swift, catching Josie slightly off guard.

"Go back and get some rest. I didn't come here today to burden you with my love confession."

Morgan had no intention of giving up. He proceeded to unlock the car's central control, ready to embark on his journey.

Today, he opted for a more relaxed attire, dressed casually compared to the formal attire he wore yesterday. His demeanor exuded a sense of steadfastness and unwavering determination as he basked in the soft morning light.

[Chapter 613 Repeating Mistakes for Josie](#)

Josie's heart twinged at the plausibility that she could have fallen for the spirited Morgan if she hadn't met the charismatic Dexter.

But alas... fate had brought Dexter to her, and she loved him.

Morgan was a proud man, yet he wasn't ashamed or affected for pouring out his feelings for Josie.

"I'm sorry. I'm not worth it." Josie frantically got off the car as if fleeing from him.

Being perceptive, Morgan understood Josie's unspoken message and chose not to pursue her.

He sighed and couldn't help but picture Dexter's cold and stern expression. Just then, his phone rang. His assistant, Duggar Seraph, called, "Mr. Bastille, please come back immediately! Uh... your half-brother has shown up at the company and caused a scene..."

Duggar hesitated to use the term "half-brother" since he wasn't a blood relative but an illegitimate child....

"What's his motive?"

"He's demanding fifty percent of the shares of Bastille Group!"

-Morgan's heart sank as he watched Josie's figure disappear around the corner.

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel and muttered, "I'll be right back!"

Josie arrived at Mason Garden, where the winter flowers in the garden hung heavy and drooped like frost-kissed eggplants.

A delicate layer of frost coated their petals, creating a shimmering and transparent effect.

As she walked by, she crouched down and gently brushed off the frost.

A servant lingered near the doorway, witnessing the scene, and a random proverb came to mind, "Knowing the vastness of the world, yet cherishing the beauty of the grass and trees."

"Mrs. Russell, are you alright?" the servant inquired with concern.

Josie mustered a smile. "I'm fine."

Her current countenance was a facade, masking the turmoil within.

Josie's unintentional sabotage against Dexter and Russell Group may have been skillfully concealed, escaping the notice of the general public. Still, the keen-eyed Russell family remained fully aware of the situation.

Yanis slammed his hand on the table in the meeting, fixing a piercing gaze on the man standing before him.

"We entrusted Russell Group to you, and you keep bending over backward and making foolish mistakes for that woman?"

"That's not what you told me before!"

Yanis was infuriated by Dexter's uncalculated decision and squirmed at the thought of implicating the future of Russell Group.

Dexter raised his eyes, emanating a strong aura.

"We didn't take any hits in yesterday's meeting and won't in the future. You know damn well what I'm capable of," Dexter declared, exuding confidence.

He had a vindictive streak and would never let Morgan manipulate the woman he cared about and turn her against him. Even if Morgan had the resources, it was highly doubtful he'd have the luck to come out on top...

"

"Dex..." Wyatt interjected, unable to hold back his two cents.

"Well, long time no see," Dexter greeted with a fake smile.

"How are you coping with everything up north? I bet the freezing weather and tough business are keeping you on your toes," Dexter's words dripped with sarcasm as he made his remark.

Wyatt nodded in agreement and said, "Yes, you're right. By the way, Dex. This is a tough situation we're dealing with. Let's not forget that the Bastille family holds significant sway in Rivodia. We should tread carefully and avoid getting on Morgan's bad side."

Dexter squinted his eyes, playfully twirling his finger in the air. "Get on his bad side? How dare he expect. nat to back down after waltzing into Wavery and meddling with my affairs?! That's not how the real world. works, my friend!"

Yanis couldn't resist interjecting, his sarcasm dripping with every word, "Well, do tell us, Dexter. What has he done to get under your skin? It's quite comical to think that every man on this planet revolves around. your less-than-impressive wife!"

Dexter raised an eyebrow, a mischievous smirk playing on his lips, "Oh, trust me, not every man is smitten. by her charms. Just look at how Uncle, you've been so besotted with my mother, and we all know how that ended up, don't we?"

"How dare you!" Yanis exclaimed, standing up and pounding the ground with his cane.

"Oh well, I know aunt was gone too soon, and it's understandable that Uncle, you're lonely and needy. But if you were to marry Xanthe as your new wife, it would be awkward for me to call you 'Uncle, don't you think?"

Dexter's words carried a sharp edge as he scornfully vented his frustration at Yanis. He showed no regard. for the fact that he was criticizing his own mother in the process.

"How dare you!" Yanis boomed, his voice filled with fury.

"Enough, Dex! That's too much!" Wyatt interjected, attempting to intervene and prevent further escalation.

"Since the weather up north is getting so rough and unpredictable, it might be a good idea for you to hold. off on venturing out to sea for a while," Dexter taunted, subtly redirecting the conversation towards Wyatt and turning the tables on him.

[Chapter 614 Mrs Carter](#)

As Dexter exited Yanis' office, he abruptly asserted, "Josie will forever be Mrs. Russell, and no one can deny it! No one should ever think about challenging her status!"

His words carried an air of determination and authority.

Consumed with anger, Yanis grabbed his cane and seemed ready to hurl it at Dexter.

Dexter glanced over his shoulder, seemingly unfazed by Yanis' fury. "Uncle, there's only one thing I won't compromise-my claim on this woman. She's mine."

"People should learn to mind their own business and keep their envy in check," Dexter enunciated gravely before exiting.

As Dexter walked away, clanging and shattering noises echoed inside the room.

In Mason Garden, Josie received a call from Mrs. Langman.

"Would you like to join me for an afternoon tea at Viva la Rivodia?" she asked straightforwardly.

Josie hesitated momentarily before inquiring, "Who else will be there?"

"What do you think?" The fact that Mrs. Langman initiated the invitation meant that the person in question held considerable status.

"Get the car ready. I'm heading out. "Josie stated, her hair still slightly damp and partially tied after the

up

shower.

The servant appeared perplexed. "But didn't you just get home, Mrs. Russell?"

Josie draped a smoky gray coat over her shoulders, exuding a subtle air of coolness, as she stood before the mirror to assess her appearance.

Irrespective of the circumstances, an air of competition and rivalry loomed.

The afternoon tea was scheduled on the top floor of Viva la Rivodia, in a café named Sky Palace, which was renowned among socialites and ladies seeking an elegant afternoon tea experience.

Sitting gracefully by the window, Summer wore a shawl and radiated the essence of a refined lady with her poised posture.

She was surrounded by a group of women trying to butter her up, but Summer brushed them off with a dismissive response.

Only when Josie approached closer did she finally notice Summer wearing a mask, revealing only a pair of captivating eyes.

Summer sneered upon seeing Josie. "Mrs. Russell, you're fashionably late."

Josie chuckled softly, "Well, it seems Mrs. Carter beat me to it."

The waiter came over, inquiring about Josie's choice of beverage. "A caramel macchiato with seventy percent sugar, please."

Summer stared at her coldly. "You seem remarkably calm."

Contrary to her expectations, Josie showed no signs of weariness or aggression.

She even managed to curl the corners of her mouth ever so slightly. "It's an honor to be personally invited by Mrs. Carter."

The afternoon sun enveloped the two women in its warm embrace as they sat face to face.

Summer's grip on Josie's hand tightened, bracing herself for the conversation she dreaded.

Josie calmly placed her hand on the table and urged, "Just say whatever is on your mind." Summer removed her mask, revealing a fatigued expression that surprised Josie. Her pale complexion betrayed the toll of countless affairs.

Unexpectedly, Summer's tone softened as she began, "Josie, I had a dream last night."

"I had this dream where I went back to the time before I turned eighteen when it was just me and Dex, and no other girls could come close to him. On one of his birthdays, when our families were celebrating with him, my mom asked if he wanted little Summer to marry little Dex, Summer shared, lost in memories.

Hearing about their past again, Josie didn't react as fervently as usual. Her expression remained impassive,

as if numb to it all.

Summer fixed her gaze on Josie, her lips curling into a knowing smile, leaving Josie in suspense. "Do you know what he said then?"

It was Mark who intervened. He dismissed that unfitting question for the occasion, "Our approval doesn't really matter, does it? It all comes down to whether Dex is willing. He's always had a mind of his own."

Just then, the young Dexter nonchalantly chimed in. "Why not?"

Reminiscing the innocent snippet of childhood, Summer blushed, "But I was just a little girl back then."

Unbeknownst to Dexter, his casual consent to marry her had left an indelible imprint on Summer's heart.

Dexter's casual agreement to marry her became a cornerstone sustaining her throughout the years.

But then, when Josie came around, those once meaningful words had lost their significance and faded into oblivion!

[Chapter 615 No Privacy](#)

Josie's response wasn't one of anger. Exuding an air of authority, she calmly retorted, "Those are all childhood memories and things of the past. Mrs. Carter, don't you think it's disrespectful to your husband to bring it up again?"

Josie's gaze locked with Summer's, their eyes entangled as if invisible threads held them.

Summer's lips curved into a cynical smile as she stared at Josie.

"Josie, you may have perfected the art of playing Dex to your advantage, but..."

Confused, Josie interjected, "Mrs. Carter, you're using the wrong terminology. What does winning or losing have to do with me? The union between the Olsen and Carter families was decided without my involvement. I have no part in it, remember?"

As the waiter brought the coffee, Josie accepted and stirred it with a spoon absentmindedly.

"If you're not happy marrying Mr. Carter, perhaps you should express your discontent to your parents and the Carters instead of directing your anger towards me."

Meanwhile, the gentle winter afternoon sun cast a warm and tender glow on Josie.

"Did you happen to see today's headline in Wavery? It claims that 'Mrs. Russell betrayed during the negotiation, causing substantial losses for Russell Group'," Summer remarked, placing one hand on the seat and gently massaging her temple, "Is it true?"

Josie pressed her lips together.

Dexter was right. Being Mrs. Russell meant having every move scrutinized and exposed to the public eye, necessitating caution and vigilance.

Josie cleverly digressed to another topic, "It's interesting how quickly Mrs. Carter got wind of the news, She was cognizant that Larry had kept a lid on the incident from leaking out.

"In addition to being Mrs. Carter, I also happen to be the future heir of the Olsen Group."

Before taking the helm at the Olsen Group, Summer had a background in finance and had fostered connections throughout the industry, making it a breeze for her to gather information

Asserting her position as the heir of a corporation, Summer aimed to intimidate Josie with her superiority and capabilities.

However, the latter was unfazed.

"As far as I know, this news hasn't reached the public yet. Your attempt to mock me seems premature, don't you think?"

Summer raised an eyebrow, contemplating the idea of leaking the information.

"True, it may not have caused a huge stir yet, but what if I let it slip?"

As Josie savored her coffee, she crinkled her nose in response to its excessive sweetness.

"If you really had the guts, you wouldn't have invited me here under false.

Josie had a keen understanding of Summer's motives.

"Before you showed up, I had no intention of doing so. But now that you're here, I do." Summer smirked cynically.

"There's a rumor claiming the man who betrayed you during the negotiation meeting is none other than Morgan Bastille, the heir of the Bastille family in Rivodia. Interestingly enough, he also happens to be your ex from university."

Summer's words sent a shock through Josie's system. How did the word of her private matters get out so swiftly?

Josie would have been able to tackle the situation if it were just Dexter who knew. But now, even Summer had found out. Goodness gracious! Was there no privacy left?

Josie forced herself to swallow the sickeningly sweet coffee. "So what?"

"Does Dexter know about this?"

Josie remained silent.

"Ah, he knew," Summer feigned naivety.

"What perfect timing for Morgan to make his entrance, huh?" she smirked.

"Sure, but what does that have to do with me?" Josie responded nonchalantly.

Even though Summer had found out about their connection, the revelation did not faze her in the slightest.

So what?

"Mrs. Russell certainly knows how to work her charm," Summer said, a hint of intrigue in her smile. "Let's see what unfolds in the future."

"Is this why you asked me out? Frankly, I have no interest in getting caught up in your schemes,"

With those words, Josie stood up, but before turning around, she noticed a figure in the distance.

Clad in a sheepskin vest, the man stood tall with an air of elegance that commanded.

Arnold nodded politely to the other ladies before making his way toward Josie.

He approached as he greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Russell."

[Chapter 616 It's You Again](#)

He rarely addressed her as Mrs. Russell.

Josie locked eyes with Arnold, feeling estranged after they hadn't seen each other for so long, "Mr. Carter came to pick up your wife, huh?"

Arnold lifted his gaze and looked beyond her to Summer, who was lounging in the background, observing his interaction with Josie with a cryptic look.

"Andy, please send Mrs. Carter home," Arnold ordered.

Summer's smile deepened. "Are you done with your work?"

"Yeah, just came down from the meeting. It's so cold. Why didn't you layer up?" Arnold. approached and wrapped the scarf he was holding around Summer's neck.

"Oh? I didn't feel cold at all talking with Mrs. Russell. See you at home." Summer said with a smile, then walked over to Andy.

"See you at home."

"Drive safely," Arnold reminded Andy..

The two of them left together, and only then did Josie divert her

"I suppose I should see myself out now."

"I heard about what happened yesterday," Arnold said abruptly, "are you okay?"

He wore an unexpectedly serious expression, catching Josie off guard. "Absolutely. Being his wife, I don't think he would be too hard on me."

Her defense of Dexter was evident, but Arnold couldn't help but scoff. "I heard he recently had an incident with a young female worker at Heaven on Earth, but surprisingly, he let her off the hook."

Josie arched her eyebrows, trying to comprehend the meaning behind Arnold's words. She was confused about who he was referring to, and his intentions remained unclear.

"You know, you're partly responsible for this mess, Josie remarked, subtly blaming Arnold.

Arnold's eyebrow shot up, surprised by her statement.

"She's your assistant. Her misconduct and questionable character are your responsibility. Otherwise, we wouldn't be dealing with this chaos. So, yes, I am holding you accountable!"

Josie asserted, her voice tinged with a hint of resentment.

It dawned on him that Josie was fully aware of everything, including Heather's existence.

He let out a soft chuckle, his hand resting casually on the side. "Looks like Dexter has been an open book with you."

Just as Josie was about to continue speaking, their attention was diverted by shattering glass and ensuing commotion from outside.

They exchanged glances and walked out together, joining a crowd that had already gathered. Summer could be seen forcefully pushing a woman to the ground, spilling coffee all over.

Summer's anger was palpable as she huffed, "Can't you watch where you're going? Are your eyes just for display? If you don't need them, maybe someone else does!"

The woman on the ground kept her head down, biting her lip, appearing distressed and hesitant to speak up. "I'm sorry, it was an accident. I'm willing to pay for the clothes I ruined."

Summer sneered upon hearing those words.

Andy stood awkwardly to the side, exchanging a glance with Arnold. "Um, this... lady accidentally bumped into Mrs. Carter."

"Heather?" Arnold's eyes widen in alarm, his voice filled with surprise.

Josie's attention shifted, and she realized that the woman on the ground was Heather-the same person she had encountered before.

How did she end up here?

Summer raised an eyebrow upon hearing the name. "Oh, it's you again. I should've known I'd run into trouble with someone like you."

Heather trembled slightly. "Ms. Olsen, I'm deeply sorry for the inconvenience. I'm willing to compensate for any damages caused, including the cost of the clothes."

"The compensation doesn't bother me," Summer raised her voice, her tone filled with resentment.

"It's your conduct that does. Consider this a lesson for your own benefit."

Heather was at a loss for words.

Looking at the teeming crowd, Heather felt increasingly humiliated.

Arnold stepped forward, placing himself between Summer and Heather. "That's enough.

There's no need to stoop to her level. We have a meeting to attend, remember?"

"Arnold," Summer teased, a mischievous glint in her eyes, "are you sympathizing with her now? I heard she used to be your assistant."

Heather's expression turned sour at the mention of her past connection with Arnold. "Mr. Carter, I can handle this on my own."

[Chapter 617 No Wonder He's Smitten with Her](#)

"Alright, that's enough!" Arnold scolded in a firm yet restrained voice.

Summer's expression contorted with displeasure at his reprimand.

Josie took a deep breath and stepped forward, navigating her way through the crowd.

"Mrs. Carter, I see that you have other guests to entertain. Why don't you leave this to me? I'll make sure she learns her lesson while you take a moment to compose yourself."

Summer furrowed her brow, casting a skeptical glance at Josie, "You?"

Josie maintained a composed demeanor and reminded Summer of her priority. "We must handle this properly."

Whispers circulated among the onlookers, drawing attention to the uncanny resemblance between Heather and Josie.

Unwilling to extend the public spectacle in front of the city's socialites and elites, Summer fixed Heather with a fierce glare before striding away.

Arnold exchanged a meaningful glance with Josie and quickly followed after Summer.

As the crowd was dispersing, Josie approached Heather and extended her hand. "Come on."

Amid the chaotic scene, Josie stood before Heather. With the former's poised and distant demeanor, she appeared like a guiding presence in front of Heather.

Heather hesitated momentarily before firmly taking Josie's hand to lift herself off the ground.

"Thank you, Mrs. Russell."

"So, you still remember me," Josie commented, tilting her head slightly.

"We met in Spain," Heather recalled, reminiscing about their previous encounter where Josie had stirred up some trouble while seeking information.

Josie nodded and approached the counter. "A cup of hot cocoa, please."

The waiter swiftly prepared the beverage and handed it to Josie, who then extended it to Heather. "Here, this will help warm you up."

As the chilly winter wind blew, they stood facing each other, Heather appearing somewhat lost. "Mrs. Russell, I truly appreciate your help today. I wouldn't know what to do without you."

Observing Heather's submissive and hesitant demeanor, Josie smiled slightly, "Aren't you afraid that I might cause you trouble?"

"No. You're not that kind of person, Heather replied with confidence.

Her certainty piqued Josie's curiosity. "You seem to know me quite well."

"With the few encounters I've had with Mr. Russell, he had mentioned you, Heather explained.

Upon hearing this, Heather looked at Josie cautiously, analyzing her expression.

Josie nodded.

"I want to clarify that the incident in Spain was not a deliberate attempt to cause trouble. If you have any lingering dissatisfaction or frustration, please direct it towards me."

Heather was taken aback by Josie's words. She responded swiftly, "Oh, no! Mrs. Russell. you're in a whole different league while I'm just a nobody. How could I even imagine venting frustrations to someone like you?"

Josie hadn't fully realized it before, but now she felt the weight of her new status as Mrs. Russell.

I'm just an ordinary person who happened to capture Dexter's attention and become Mrs. Russell. The privileges and wealth that come with it shouldn't be romanticized." Josie expressed with unwavering clarity.

Josie's words hit home, leaving Heather with a bitter taste. "No wonder Mr. Russell is so smitten with you...." she muttered under her breath.

"So, now that you're no longer working for Arnold, why are you working at a coffee shop?" Josie asked, noticing Heather's attire resembling that of the waitress.

"Oh, it's my day off today, and I picked up a part-time job. I never thought I'd run into Mrs. Carter..." Heather expressed her embarrassment.

"She didn't mean any harm with her actions earlier."

I understand. It's because I let my emotions get the best of me."

"Are you struggling with money?" Josie asked, cutting to the chase.

"You know... People like us aren't allowed to complain about not having enough cash. I'm not a local here in Wavery, and if I want to make a life here, I still have a financially,"

Heather confessed bashfully.

"Arnold isn't tight-fisted. He must have given you a considerable amount during the Spain. trip," Josie replied nonchalantly.

Heather looked up abruptly, panic flashing in her eyes. "Mrs. Russell..."

Josie maintained eye contact without saying a word.

"I didn't mean it," Heather referred to the video incident.

"I know. I watched the whole thing, so I won't blame you," Josie's smile didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Arnold must have spent a significant sum hiring you, am I correct?"

[Chapter 618 Apologies](#)

Heather had nowhere to hide: Josie saw right through her. "He gave me two hundred thousand."

Josie nodded, "That's quite a sum."

If Dexter was a sexually impulsive man who fell into a scandalous trap and handed someone a potentially devastating advantage, the timing of the two hundred thousand couldn't have been more opportune.

Arnold was indeed a savvy businessman, and this money was well invested.

Even if he couldn't achieve his desired outcome, he could use the video later to manipulate the dynamics between them at a critical moment.

Voila! What a guaranteed gain!

"I had no other choice. I have limited options in this circle," Heather explained quickly.

"Having no parents, Arnold sponsored my university education. He has shown me great kindness, and I feel obligated to repay him."

"People do desperate things for money, and survival often takes precedence. We all have our own paths to follow, and I respect your choices," Josie responded calmly.

"But what you did jeopardize my marriage, and I couldn't let it slide."

Hearing Josie's comment, Heather's grasp on the cup of hot cocoa weakened, nearly causing it to slip from her hand.

"I... I'm truly sorry..

"I don't hold you solely responsible," Josie reassured her.

"From now on, I will avoid any further contact with Mr. Russell, Heather stated firmly. determination in her eyes.

Josie showed understanding and spoke softly, "You look stunning in white. Just make sure your future actions reflect that purity."

Observing Josie's diminishing figure, Heather felt a sense of relief wash over her.

Despite their differences, she couldn't deny that Josie was a woman worthy of Dexter's love.

Im so sorry." she whispered softly to herself.

As Josie made her way down from the building, she spotted Dexter's car parked below, its hazard lights flashing.

She quickened her pace and approached the vehicle. The car window rolled down.

"What brings you here?"

Dexter closed his files, his demeanor warm. He opened the car door. "I heard you were here, and it so happened that I was passing by."

Their unresolved argument lingered, creating a subtle air of awkwardness between them.

Josie settled into the car, and Dexter's gaze briefly flickered toward Heather before he shifted his attention to Moses. They exchanged a knowing glance, their eyes conveying an unspoken understanding.

The engine started, and Josie couldn't help but notice a gift bag placed beside her.

Josie's curiosity got the better of her, and she eagerly picked up the gift bag, turning it over in her hands.

"What's inside?" she asked, her voice laced with anticipation.

"It's a phone I bought for you on my way here. Open it and find out," Dexter replied, a touch of satisfaction in his voice. He had noticed her broken phone earlier and wanted to make amends.

Josie carefully unwrapped the gift with a grateful smile and opened the box, revealing the latest smartphone model.

Josie's eyes widened in surprise. "How many gigabytes does it have?"

"One terabyte, Dexter answered, a hint of pride in his voice.

"Hmm, impressive," Josie responded, her curiosity piqued.

She started exploring the features of the new phone. "Well then. I forgive you offensive actions yesterday."

Dexter chuckled softly. "Thank you, Mrs. Russell, for your forgiveness."

Josie was weary, so she rested her head on his lap and closed her eyes. She heard him ask. "Who did you meet today?"

"I ran into Arnold and Summer," she replied honestly.

"You're always so honest, he remarked.

"Well, you know it's because I don't want to upset the jealous king back home," Josie said, mischief in her eyes as she opened them.

Dexter smiled but kept his opinion to himself, remaining silent.

Feeling restless lying there, Josie's hand reached out for the document he had just read. She opened it and took a quick look. To her surprise, 'Bastille Family' were printed in bold on the page.

Josie paused.

Dexter narrowed his eyes. "What's up?"

Josie swiftly closed the document. "Are you snooping into the Bastille family?"

"Know yourself, know your enemy, and you will win every battle," Dexter replied, leaning down to fix her hair.

"How much do you know about the Bastille family?"

Josie chuckled, "Are you trying to gather intel from the ex-girlfriend of your enemy, who also happens to be their enemy?"

Dexter lightly tapped her cheek, a playful warning. "You catch on quickly."

"Not much. I only know that Morgan is the illegitimate child and the future heir of the Bastille family." Josie replied.

"That's all?"

"Yep, that's about it!" Josie confirmed with a nod.

Chapter 619 Send Her Away

Dexter's face was plastered with a wide grin. "Your ex doesn't seem to understand."

Josie shot Dexter a disdainful glare.

He tossed the document aside and said casually, "The industry dominating Rivodia is electronic and information technology, and forty percent of the biomaterials here are owned by the Bastille Family."

"His family alone owns forty percent?" she asked, her voice thick with disbelief.

"That's nothing," Dexter huffed.

The sight of Dexter trying to one-up her ex was enough to make her chuckle.

Josie exited the car before Dexter when they arrived at the Mason Garden. Moses had received news about Heather. "Heather is being bullied by Summer."

Dexter shut his eyes, his voice feigning indifference. "She'll keep being an eyesore if she stays in Wavery. Send her back to Rivodia, Dexter ordered.

"Alright."

Tilting her head quizzically, Josie stared at Dexter, who had yet to exit the car. "What are you. doing?" she asked.

Dexter's lips slowly lifted into a warm smile. "It's winter now," he responded. "Shall we go. skiing together?"

"Skiing? That sounds great," Josie answered, her eyes lit with childlike glee. "Just us two?"

Larry and Moses exchanged glances, their eyes twinkling with excitement. "We have wanted to go for a long time, too," they said in unison.

Josie's face broke into a wide grin. "Cool! We'll go together then."

Dexter glared coldly, his eyes like lasers boring into their souls. "Have you completed the tasks I assigned?"

"We haven't taken a break for a year. Even a dog must have a rest day, right?" Moses grumbled.

Dexter looked at Josie and chuckled at Moses' comment.

There was a place in Wavery that had been snowing for half a year. A thick layer of snow had

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formed, attracting many tourists with their skateboards.

Larry beamed as they arrived. "This is the city's biggest and most well-equipped ski complex. You could do almost any form of skiing here."

Everything was covered with a blanket of white, softening the edges of the world. "I don't know how to ski, actually," Josie mumbled after she heard Larry's explanation.

"You'll get the hang of it as you try it out," Dexter responded coolly, raising his eyebrows.

Dexter's non-judgmental comment reassured Josie, and her perception of him slowly improved. She found that he was nice to hang out with as long as he was treated like an ordinary person and approached without ulterior motives.

He specially assigned a coach to instruct Josie on how to ski, and within a short moment, she could already ski on a flat surface.

Josie felt restless on the flat surface. At that moment, she saw Dexter skiing down a steep slope at lightning speed. He landed firmly at the bottom of the hill, and Josie's eyes widened in excitement.

Josie bounded towards Dexter. "I want to try that too!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flushed and her breath coming in short gasps.

Dexter put his arms around her shoulders and teased her, "If you end up falling and bursting into tears, no one's going to run towards you to comfort you."

Josie's lips turned down into a pout, her eyes narrowing in determination. She was about to shove Dexter away and find the coach when he grabbed her wrist and pulled her close. "Are you sure you want to try?" he asked, his voice low and challenging.

Her excitement was evident in how she nodded rapidly, her eyes shining with anticipation.

The coach instructed Josie on everything she needed to take note of as she stood beside Dexter. After they were satisfied that she had remembered the important points, they finally allowed her to try skiing down the slope.

Josie took a deep breath of the crisp, clean air as she stood at the tip of the hill. The clear blue sky stretched above her, and the ground was covered in a thick layer of pristine white snow. She felt like she was in the world's cleanest and most serene place, accompanied by the person she was closest to.

Josie took a deep breath and shifted her gaze back to the ground. She glided down the slope, the wind howling around her and the other visitors whistling and cheering. She felt weightless and free like she was flying.

Dexter followed behind on his ski board, controlling his speed to observe her from a safe

[Chapter 620 Learning to Ski](#)

She tumbled headfirst into the snowdrift, the cold air biting at her nose and cheeks. She could taste the snowflakes on her tongue as she gasped for breath. After a moment, she lifted her head and took a deep breath of the crisp winter air.

Dexter picked up her ski poles, panting as he approached her. "You fool."

Josie's face fell into a pout. "It's only my first time."

The ski complex was a hive of activity, with people of all social classes enjoying a day of skiing.

No one there could recognize Josie and Dexter, and for the first time in a long time, she felt like a normal couple skiing with their friends in wintertime.

This was what she had always hoped for with Dexter, to be able to just be themselves and enjoy each other's company.

Dexter noticed her unfocused gaze and gave her a pinch on her cheeks. "Get up now. The ground is really cold. You can try again."

Josie held onto his hands. "I like this place."

"We can come here often if you like it here," he said, firmly pulling her from the ground.

He assured her confidently, but Josie felt this could be the last time.

She sighed softly at the thought. As she took her first step, she noticed her left ankle was sprained. Dexter knelt down beside her and gently unlaced her boots. He massaged her ankle tenderly; his lips curled into a playful grin. "I shouldn't have let you do this," he said. "It hurts, doesn't it?"

Josie glared at him. "It's all your fault for not taking good care of me."

Dexter was baffled by the way she shifted the blame on him. A smirk played on his face as soon as he heard her comment. Josie's face scrunched up as he continued to rub her ankle with a controlled force. A jolt of adrenaline surged through her veins, fueling her with renewed vigor.

Out of the blue, she leaned in closer to Dexter and gave him a peck on the lips.

Dexter was caught off guard. His hands froze in mid-air seconds after the kiss.

When he regained her senses, her head had already turned to look at the people at

the top of

the hill slope. "I feel so bad for spoiling everyone's mood."

Dexter briefly glanced in their direction. "Nothing to worry about. Let's head back."

He quickly removed both of their ski gear and carried her on his back as they made their way toward the exit.

Josie tried to reach back, but he held her tightly. "We have to let them know we're leaving," she asserted. "We can't just abandon them."

"Do you think everyone is as foolish as you? They'll catch up with us soon. Don't worry about them."

She wrapped her hands around his neck, leaning close as he carried her. The white layer of snow softened the edges of the ground and covered the pine trees by the road. Tiny patches of green revealed themselves amidst the layer of snow.

Dexter carried her steadily on his back as they walked towards the exit, but it felt like it was taking forever to reach.

The air was crisp and cold. The snow fell gently, like a million feathers drifting down the sky.

Josie's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Have you carried anyone else before?" she asked sharply.

Dexter shrugged. "Who else could've had this privilege?" he responded, his voice casual.

Josie couldn't believe his words. She felt a pang of jealousy and insecurity. "You've never brought anyone else here before either?" she asked again, her voice trembling.

Josie regretted the words as soon as they left her mouth.

Dexter had been treating her so well lately that she had forgotten their boundaries. She brought up something from the past-mentioning anything from the past would have made him angry before.

However, Dexter didn't throw a tantrum at her. Instead, he responded nonchalantly, "No."

He had carried Leanne numerous times when they were still in school, but it wasn't something worth mentioning now.

Josie's lips beamed into a wide grin. She knew she shouldn't be feeling this way, but she was becoming more reliant on Dexter as time passed. Everything he did for her made her heart swell with admiration.

She knew she had to control her feelings for him.

"I'm fine now. You can let me down," she muttered softly.

Dexter let out a light chuckle as he pointed at the exit. "Not bad, Jo. You took a long time. before you asked me to let you down."

She scratched her head, her cheeks turning red as she let out a nervous chuckle.

After they left the ski complex, Dexter took her to a nearby clinic to check on her ankle. "You really are a piece of work."

