

Blind Date 781

[Chapter 781 An Apology](#)

Josie was taken aback, and she thought about their era's context. "Was it a blind date?"

"Yes. In that era, arranged marriages were common. In the blink of an eye, several decades have passed." He sighed nostalgically and continued, "Looking back, there was actually no love between us at the beginning. But it was quite enjoyable to live that way, with quarrels and fuss, negotiations and compromises."

Josie burst into laughter upon hearing that.

"I remember the fiercest argument I ever had with her was when I wanted to resign and go teach voluntarily in another place. Our child was only three years old then. We argued so fiercely that it felt like the house was about to collapse." He was reminiscing, and a hint of pride could be heard in his tone when he added, "Guess what! In the end, I won the argument."

The gentle elderly woman scoffed lightly. "What's the point of winning an argument? You were only there for two days."

He expressed his dissatisfaction by saying, "I missed the child."

In his youth, the elderly man was full of kindness and ambition. He thought his willpower would allow him to stay in the mountains for a long time, but unexpectedly, he collapsed after just two days. When, people are alone, they don't care about anything, and they're willing to endure any hardship. However, once they encounter warmth and get used to that warmth, they become incredibly vulnerable.

Josie couldn't help but say, "You must've missed her too, right?"

Upon hearing that, the elderly man and elderly woman exchanged glances. Even at their age, they could still feel a bit embarrassed.

"She has endured many hardships with me over the years," he answered.

Every day, she did the housework, took care of him, and made a living. She had been wholeheartedly devoted to that for many years.

That wasn't just about what was written on paper. Instead, that perseverance was all it took. It also required a bold and powerful love.

Everyone wanted to live a peaceful life with the ones they cared about. In the end, they would hold each other's hand tightly before death, promising that if there was a next life, they would still want to be together.

Yet, that was something hard to come by in the modern era.

The elderly man held Josie's hand and looked at her with a solemn expression. "Young lady, did I hear you. say that you've lost your marriage?"

-Josie was slightly dazed. "Yes."

“Did he not treat you well?”

How should I put it? Since our marriage, Dexter has been very good to me, so good that I feel he is the second man in this world, after Pop, to treat me this well. Suddenly, Josie couldn't control her trembling. She slowly bent over her knees, seeking a sense of belonging. It was as if a movie was playing in her mind, with various characters making their appearances.

“I'm the one who owes him an apology,” Josie replied.

Two days later, under Laura's persuasion, Josie went to the studio to distract herself with some work. However, as soon as she stepped out of the ward, she looked up and saw Larry.

She furrowed her brows, a flicker of surprise crossing her mind. Dexter's ward is also here. If Mr. People is here, could it be that Dexter hasn't been discharged yet?

Sure enough, as if arranged by fate, in the next second, Josie saw the man walking out of the ward.

His complexion was worse than the last time they met, but when he stood before her, even though his edges had softened, his imposing presence was still there.

Josie didn't know why she always felt fear in the face of his approach.

Just three steps away, Josie regained her composure and pulled up a seemingly relaxed smile. “Hi, Mr. Russell. What a coincidence.”

A pair of exquisite leather shoes came to a halt right before her eyes.

Originally, Dexter was just silently staring at her. Upon hearing those words, his expression became even more gloomy. Suddenly, without warning, he moved closer, his large hand gripping her lower jaw

He sneered, “What are you afraid of?”

[Chapter 782 Strangle Her](#)

Josie looked up.

He removed her mask and asked, “Are you afraid of being recognized? Have you done something shameful?”

He spoke each word and sentence like a very angry, trapped beast.

Josie was in severe pain from the chokehold. She struggled to slap his hand away and called out, “Dexter!”

He leaned forward, his cold laughter reminiscent of an Epean vampire. “You don't want to tell me who that man is. Is it because you know him? Not only do you know him, but I do too.”

It was a declarative sentence.

Oxygen was gradually squeezed out from her lungs. Everything in sight suddenly became hazy, like a filming technique in a movie, filled with bizarre and colorful lights,

Eventually, even his appearance became indistinguishable.

He must have found something. Josie eventually calmed herself down.

She decided to stop the pointless struggle. If Dexter wanted to strangle her, then so be it.

It seemed as though he could sense the woman's will to live diminishing. Dexter opened his weary eyes, his rationality returning. In the end, he chose to let go,

Suddenly, the strength drained away, causing a two-step retreat, teetering on the brink of collapse. It was a rather sorry sight.

Dexter clearly had no intention of letting her go. As he approached, his anger was not as abrupt as before, which made Josie even more afraid.

He said, "I want to strangle you to death so badly.

After that, he couldn't help but say some hurtful words. "However, even touching you makes me feel dirty."

He couldn't possibly strangle her to death. Josie didn't dare to provoke this man on the brink of collapse further. She kept her distance, clutching her neck and coughing forcefully. "So, let's get a divorce. Your assets are complex. It would be better for you to draft the agreement."

Dressed in black from head to toe, Dexter appeared somewhat hunched. He looked as if he had walked straight out of the apocalypse.

He felt some regret because he didn't mean to hurt her. He was just too angry.

-Josie looked at him calmly, without any anger or aggression. The more she looked at him that way, the more uncomfortable Dexter felt.

"Are you going to give up on me?" Dexter asked softly.

Josie was almost suffocating, gritting her teeth as she nodded. "Yes. Since you already know, I won't hide it anymore. If we continue like this, we can't return to how things were. I can give up everything, but I want to find Pop."

Dexter bit down hard on his back teeth, the taste of iron filling his mouth as his vision swirled before him.

It was as if a chasm separated the two, making their connection feel unreal. The most tragic thing was the collapse of one's public image, followed by the extinction of one's beliefs.

"Do you feel guilty toward me?" Dexter asked.

Josie didn't even dare to take another look. Her expression was indifferent when she replied, "I don't feel guilty at all."

She bent down to pick up the fallen mask. Before she could stand up, she heard Dexter's breath becoming unsteady, and his voice was slightly sharp when he demanded, "Don't pick it up."

Josie froze.

"I said don't pick it up. Did you hear me?" The tone was even more intense, still a declarative sentence.

With a sidelong glance, Josie looked at him, and a hint of emotion unexpectedly stirred within her heart.

At that moment, Dexter seemed somewhat fragile, as if when she picked up the mask, something he had been persistently holding onto would completely collapse.

The sunlight slanted, time moved forward, and Josie finally tightened her hat, put it back on properly, stood up straight, and turned to leave.

The man's seductive voice caught up with her. "If you divorce me, you'll be the one at fault in the marriage. Russell Group's legal team will leave you penniless."

Yet, Josie didn't halt her steps. With an unusual determination, she continued to move forward, never looking back.

"Give me a reason." He wanted a reason compelling enough for a divorce.

Still, she didn't look back.

The only response Dexter got was the silence of an entire corridor and the dust in the air gently falling.

[Chapter 783 Loyalty Unswerving](#)

After parting ways with Dexter, life still had to go on. Josie understood that she should first settle down in Wavery, knowing that every subsequent event wouldn't be easy.

When she arrived at the studio, she found only a handful of employees at their desks, including Angel and Jade. Josie was somewhat surprised. "Why are there only a few of you?"

Several people looked up in surprise. Among them, Angel was the most astonished, "Ms. Jo! You're back!"

The last time they met was a thing of the distant past. That moment felt as if it had spanned lifetimes.

Josie squeezed out a smile. "I just got back. Is everything okay?"

During the time when Paul went missing, she devoted herself entirely to the search, completely unaware of the current operational status of the studio.

Upon hearing that, several people exchanged glances, finding themselves in a bit of a predicament.

Josie pulled out a chair and sat down. "It's okay. Spill it."

"Quite a few colleagues have already resigned a few days ago. The situation at the studio isn't good. Didn't Ms. Brandel tell you?" Jade reported cautiously, "Now there are only four of us left in the studio, plus Alice, who's out discussing collaborations, making it five."

Josie reminisced about the grand opening of her studio, and comparing it to the present, it really felt like people hardly had loyalty.

She flashed a bitter smile. "I'm sorry. My issues have caused trouble for everyone."

She feared that if her personal information was dug up by netizens, it would inevitably involve her studio. Laura didn't tell her because she didn't want to upset her.

Angel immediately waved her hand. "Ms. Jo, don't say that. When the studio was doing well, you and Ms. Brandel never treated us poorly. Now it's just going through a rough patch, but it will get better one day."

A wave of warmth surged through Josie's heart. She felt grateful that in that cruel city, there were still people who supported her.

"I don't want to force anyone. If the pressure becomes too much, feel free to leave at any time. But if you're still willing to believe in me, give me a chance. Stay, and let's give it our all together," Josie said.

When Josie said that, she was actually unsure. The current situation is far from optimistic.

Angie was the first to stand up. "I'm willing."

Jade was the second one. "I'm also willing."

"I'm willing, Ms. Warren."

Even though there were only four people, and their voices weren't loud, when they spoke, it was deafening. Josie nodded, expressing her heartfelt gratitude to everyone.

Laura was surprised that Josie was still willing to stay at the studio. "You should be by Dexter's side right now, helping him through this tough time. Don't let others take advantage of his vulnerability," she advised.

Josie stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, talking on her phone. "Staying by his side will only make things harder for him."

After a prolonged silence, Laura sighed and said, "I have plenty of resources at my disposal right now, but Mark is always watching. Therefore, the options I can offer you are limited."

"I understand. Thank you."

After hanging up the phone, Josie received a project from Laura. She carefully read through it and saw that the destination was Mandarin Oriental Hotel. The business partner was there, and she needed to negotiate that collaboration..

Josie then chose to go with Angel.

Before leaving, Jade was very worried. "Ms. Jo, are you sure you don't need me to come with. you?"

Josie raised an eyebrow. "I'm sure."

Once the car had driven off, she turned to Angel in the passenger seat and asked, "Are you two together now?"

Angel's face turned beet red instantly. "Is it that obvious?"

Josie laughed. "He looked so worried about you."

People in love were always sweet toward each other, unable to hide any of their feelings. They wouldn't mind flaunting their relationship.

Upon arriving at Mandarin Oriental Hotel, Josie entered discreetly, but she was still recognized.

[Chapter 784 The Humiliation](#)

Josie's breathing gradually became rapid. In the standoff, the long-standing conflict between the two finally erupted. Zach was determined not to let her go without a good humiliation.

"Sure." Josie stepped forward, the front of her high heels pressing down on Zach's foot. She leaned her entire weight forward, causing him to grit his teeth and glare at her.

"I wonder if Ms. Shaw finds out, will she be able to hold herself back from causing a scene at the Olsen Residence? If Laura steps down, what will you have to compete with your sister, Mr. Zach?"

With a hint of mockery, Josie's expression infuriated Zach, who pushed her away. "What's so great about Laura? She's nothing more than someone I once beat to the brink of death!"

"Oh." Josie nodded. "I've heard that most of the projects you have were secured by her. Mr. Zach, would you really dare to say those words in front of her now?"

The greatest affront to a man's dignity was to belittle him and mock him for living off a woman.

Zach was furious, his hand raised high, ready to strike. "You b*tch!"

"Zach!" A voice suddenly came from the stairs.

[Chapter 785 Hitting A Wall](#)

Looking up, he saw a woman in a white dress approaching quickly. She walked up to Zach and pulled his hand down. "What are you doing? You've caused trouble for me again."

It was unmistakably Heather.

With a reluctant sigh, Zach put down his hand. "She deserves a slap."

With a sense of guilt, Heather looked at Josie. "I'm sorry. You should go ahead."

The playful expression on Josie's face immediately vanished when she saw Heather. She glanced at Angel and headed straight for the elevator.

She had barely taken two steps when Zach's voice came, sounding impatient. "What are you here for?"

"Today, I'm accompanying Dex to an event. I don't need you stirring up trouble at this critical moment!" Heather's voice wasn't loud, but it was very clear.

Angel looked up anxiously, only to see Josie's face expressionless, as if she was unaffected.

Before stepping into the elevator, the person in charge of Mandarin Oriental Hotel finally stepped forward. "Mrs. Russell, we apologize for the inconvenience earlier. It really wasn't our intention--"

Josie interrupted, "Every businessman has his own set of principles. I can understand that."

After the incident, they were unsure of Dexter's stance. They didn't know if she would still be his wife, so naturally, they didn't dare to lend a hand.

She could understand that.

The studio was keen to secure the design rights for a piece of land and needed to meet with the minister of the Ministry of Land and Resources. He was attending a function at Mandarin Oriental Hotel that day, and that was her only opportunity.

"I'm sorry." The secretary emerged from the door with a look of regret on her face. "Mr. Campbell is busy."

It was indeed challenging to arrange a meeting with officials of such rank, especially when matters were still unresolved. It was only natural to avoid meeting to prevent any suspicion.

Josie saw it coming, so she answered, "Thank you for your efforts."

However, just as she turned around, he saw a person of similar status rushing over. After exchanging a few pleasantries with the secretary, he was let in.

Angel's eyes widened in anger, and she stomped her foot. "How can this be? Why do they get to go in?"

Josie felt a bitter taste in her mouth, realizing that her current status was even more precarious than when she had nothing at all.

"Ms. Warren, I have a solution," the secretary said, unable to bear the situation any longer.

"Please give me your advice."

"Go find Mr. Russell, plead with him, and ask him to give you some authority. Things will be easier to solve then."

Those words didn't help at all.

These people are all waiting for me to make a fool of myself. Josie found a place to sit and began to flip through the documents.

The location of the land was tricky. Without an experienced and highly skilled design team taking over, that project wouldn't be handled properly.

Josie was very confident. In the entire Wavery, there were only three teams, at most, with that capability, and hers was one of them.

The other two companies were mostly industry leaders, not necessarily vying for that project, so they were actually the top choices.

If they're not choosing me now, it can only mean this is a blatant act of targeting. Josie opened a separate room next to Arthur Campbell's private room.

An antique, intricately carved screen partitioned the space in the middle.

Vague silhouettes of people could be seen, yet there was a strong sense of secrecy.

While stealing glances, Josie handed the menu to Angel. "What would you like to eat? You choose."

Angel flipped it open and was taken aback by the numbers she saw. She whispered, "It's too expensive. Do we still have money in our studio account?"

Josie didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Just order."

She was seated facing the screen, straining to see into the other room. At that moment, only Arthur was there. As dishes were served one after another on their side, there was finally some activity in the other room.

A man led a woman, followed by a few others, quickly filling up a table. Arthur exchanged pleasantries and shook hands with them.

[Chapter 786 Heart Torn Apart](#)

"Heather?" Angel was also looking, and she instantly recognized the woman she had just met.

Josie's heart skipped a beat. As their eyes met, an unspoken message passed between them. Heather's here, so what about Dexter? He's surely here as well!

Josie quickly heard his deep, melancholic voice. She couldn't make out what he was saying, but the timbre of his voice was highly distinctive and unforgettable.

She vividly remembered that this voice had once whispered in her ear repeatedly, uttering all sorts of embarrassingly intimate words.

Yet, it felt unfamiliar at that moment.

Josie's expression suddenly turned cold, realizing she seemed to have fallen into a trap.

The gathering in the room was lively. As the alcohol flowed, the merriment only increased, with no signs of the party winding down. Arthur, in high spirits, suddenly asked aloud, "May I be so bold as to ask, are Mr. Russell and Ms. Olsen about to tie the knot?"

The scene suddenly fell silent.

Josie poured a glass of wine down her throat.

Angela tugged at her and said, "Ms. Jo, you can't drink anymore."

At that moment, Heather's welcoming words could be heard from inside. "I'll definitely send some celebration gifts to you when the time comes, Mr. Campbell."

With a charming smile, Josie said, "I'm drinking to boost my courage."

Their banquet lasted until ten o'clock.

Presumably out of fear that it would create a bad impression if word got out, they dispersed quickly.

Josie quickly led Angel to the underground parking lot. She walked briskly as if she didn't want to give herself a chance to change her mind.

Angel originally wanted to gossip a bit, but seeing Josie's expression was off, she simply shut her mouth.

Car by car, they searched until they finally found Arthur's vehicle. Josie, clutching the documents, knocked on the car door, but there was no response.

She knocked again, and the car window rolled down. However, it wasn't Arthur in the driver's seat, but a grim-faced Dexter.

Josie's smile froze on her face, her nose filled with the scent of alcohol. She couldn't tell if it was her own or his.

Angel was left outside, hearing no movement for a long time. She peeked out stealthily, only to see Josie nodding calmly and saying, "Sorry for the disturbance."

After that, she quickly walked away. Angel, in a daze, followed her. "Hey, Ms. Jo!"

Heather in the passenger seat looked disheveled, hastily adjusting her clothes at the last second before the window was rolled down. Even a fool could tell what had happened, and what was about to happen.

Josie couldn't tell if Dexter had done that to annoy her.

"Really?" That was the first word Josie said to the man.

She had to admit that the moment she laid eyes on them, her heart ached uncontrollably.

"Ms. Jo!"

In the dimly lit basement, Angel was chasing after Josie with a pile of documents in her arms. She was walking so clumsily that she almost tripped. Instinctively, she reached out and managed to grab the hem of Josie's clothes.

Angel looked up in confusion and asked, "What's wrong?"

Josie was truly exasperated, feeling somewhat lightheaded. She rubbed her forehead and replied, "I've been tricked. Let's call it a night. Can you manage to take a taxi home by yourself?"

Angel blinked, and in the next second, Josie had taken the documents in Angel's hand, turned around, and walked into the crowd outside.

Once Angel gathered her thoughts, she shouted, "Be careful, okay? Don't forget to have some hangover remedy!"

In response, Josie answered casually, "Understood."

Honk!

Suddenly, a car horn blared from behind, startling Angel, who was standing close by. She quickly sidestepped and shielded her eyes from the harsh glare of the headlights.

A Porsche 918 Spyder whizzed past her. As it did, she peered through the lowered car window and caught sight of the man in the driver's seat. Her eyes lit up with surprise and delight. "Mr. Russell!"

Dexter naturally didn't hear it. His profile was extremely cold and stern.

This time around, his passenger seat was empty.

[Chapter 787](#)

Josie's tolerance for alcohol had been improving. She didn't even need a hangover remedy anymore. When Laura went to pick her up from the convenience store downstairs, she was carrying a bag of yogurt, only to see this woman, who said she needed a place to stay, walking over calmly.

"Didn't you say you were drinking?" Laura asked.

"I'm not drunk." Apart from her hair being slightly tousled by the wind, Josie looked incredibly good.

"I thought I could drown my sorrows in alcohol," Laura said with a disdainful glance at the yogurt, before leading her upstairs.

Inside the elevator, Josie teased, "There's no man hiding in your room, is there?"

Laura casually showed her the watch. "At this hour, if there was a man here, I wouldn't even let you in."

The two people looked at each other and both smiled.

"I heard you met Zach today. Did he give you a hard time?" Laura opened the door..

"Your information is becoming increasingly accurate."

-Josie's casual remark made Laura pause for a moment, then she smiled and said, "Regardless, I am now the favorite in front of Mark."

Josie somehow produced a pack of Marlboro, the slender cigarette elegantly held between her long fingers, a pleasing sight to behold.

She tried to imitate Dexter's way of smoking but ended up choking and coughing for quite a while.

Suddenly, Laura said, "Heather holds ten percent of the shares, and Dexter intends to help her acquire more."

Without realizing it, Josie furrowed her brows, unexpectedly recalling the words Heather had mentioned not long ago. Celebration gifts?

She let out a sigh, and by the time she came back to her senses, Laura had already fallen asleep on one side.

The phone was extremely quiet.

Suddenly, a vibration sound rang out, lasting only a second. It was from an unknown number.

She picked it up and glanced at it, then dialed back, but no one answered.

She tried calling again, but the other end had turned off their phone.

Before leaving, Laura left an invitation for Josie the next day, "If you still want to compete for that project, you can go there on my behalf."

Upon opening it, Josie saw the name "Laura" prominently written as the host of the charity dinner.

She lazily lifted her eyes. "Laura, when you persuaded me to set up the studio, you were more passionate than you are now."

Laura paused in her actions. Without turning back, she said. "I am being pushed forward by reality. As for the irrational dreams, you can fulfill those for me."

The banquet was held in a quaint antique hotel. The event kicked off with a charity auction. After exchanging pleasantries with Peter, Josie focused on Arthur.

Right then, Laura called and said, "Since it's for charity, bid on anything you like, and put it on my tab."

Josie laughed helplessly. "You're truly extravagant."

Dexter wasn't present that day, but Heather was. She was dressed in light colors, resembling a white magnolia in summer. Every move she made carried an enticing fragrance. In a short span of time, several gentlemen had taken turns occupying the empty seat next to her.

She was not as delicate as before. Her demeanor and image were completely different from the girl next door who was making soup when Josie first saw her.

It was clear that she didn't want to live an easy life anymore, which was why she had been actively getting out and about.

A charity dinner was scheduled for later, but Josie didn't plan on staying long. After being in a confined space for an extended period, she felt a certain discomfort in her chest.

Wherever she was, she could always hear whispers and see unfriendly glances, like thorns in her back. Josie was under tremendous pressure, but she was surrounded by familiar faces from Wavery's upper-class society.

Unexpectedly, someone dared to come forward and cause trouble. The person clinked his glass with hers and said, "Ms. Warren, I'm glad to finally meet you."

Josie smiled politely and tilted her head slightly. "And you are?"

He was a young man.

"My name is Zachariah Shaw." He handed over a business card.

[Chapter 788 The Wife Of A Friend](#)

It read: Director of Bank of Wavery. Mr. Shaw.

The bank director appeared extremely refined, unbuttoning a button on his coat. After exchanging some pleasantries, he asked, "Is Ms. Warren alone?"

"Yes." Josie remained poised, her keen observation skills allowing her to see through the person in front of her. That man was here to cause trouble.

The exchange of glances revealed a formidable character.

"I'm also alone." Zachariah looked toward the stage. At that moment, many people in the banquet hall were dancing. Seemingly struck by an idea, he asked, "I wonder if Ms. Warren would be interested in having a dance?"

Josie hadn't guessed that he was there to cause trouble. She instinctively wanted to refuse, but then she heard him say, "Mr. Campbell has a partnership with our bank. If you want to meet him, I can help."

Josie swallowed the refusal that had reached the tip of her tongue. He was a figure in the banking world, and she couldn't afford to offend him. She placed her hand on his extended invitation gesture and said, "My dancing might not be very good. Please be understanding."

Zachariah, hands clasped behind his back, led her into the center. No one would turn down a spectacle. and for a moment, all attention was focused on them.

Every step Josie took was precise, making her and Zachariah the center of attention. Zachariah leaned in slightly. "I can't help but feel a sense of guilt."

"Huh?"

Zachariah's smile didn't reach his eyes as he said, "As the old saying goes, one should not covet his friend's wife."

Josie's expression changed. "Mr. Shaw--"

Indeed, Zachariah was a friend of Dexter.

Before the sentence could be finished, Zachariah interrupted, "Ms. Warren, you are truly capable. In all the years I've known Dexter, you are the first person to achieve so much."

The dance continued. A surge of frustration rose in Josie's chest as she understood why Zachariah had appeared. She tried to break free from his grip forcefully, but unexpectedly, she was spun around and thrown out. Unaware of the situation, the onlookers thought it was part of the dance and applauded enthusiastically.

Josie's movements were somewhat stiff. "Please behave yourself. Dexter and I are on the verge of a divorce, so it's inaccurate to call me your friend's wife. Besides, I didn't entirely choose to be in this situation, so perhaps you could refrain from condemning me?"

Zachariah broke into a smile, revealing his teeth. He looked rather charming.

Supporting her to stand, Zachariah's smile faded. "I won't condemn you."

In the next moment, he suddenly raised his voice. "Ms Warren, you're indeed impressive, truly worthy of your former title as Mrs Russell's wife. Would you be willing to grace us with a solo dance at today's event for everyone's enjoyment?"

The words were sharp, revealing his malice without trying to hide it. For a moment, the room fell into at silence so deep one could hear a pin drop as everyone exchanged uneasy glances.

Josie's position was undeniably awkward. She had already declared her intention to clean up. If she backed. out then, it would be like inviting everyone to look down on her, or in other words, devaluing

herself. If she didn't back out, she feared that there would definitely be people gossiping behind her back, accusing her of being narrow-minded.

Regardless, Zachariah carried an unmistakable hostility, making his stance clear. He intended to make her feel uncomfortable.

Zachariah had already let go of her hand and left first. With that, the unrelated people scattered, not wanting to get involved in the mess. Only Josie was left in the central position. The situation was quite embarrassing.

Arnold was actually present that day, keeping a low profile in the corner. Seeing the commotion, he was about to step in to help Josie, but someone grabbed his hand in the next second. It was Summer. Her tone was icy cold when she said, "You better not go up there. Avoid bringing shame to the Olsen family and giving the media something to write about."

Arnold sharpened his gaze.

With a warm smile, Summer picked up a glass of wine and said, "I'll go."

[Chapter 789 A Nobody](#)

At the standoff, Summer gracefully emerged from the crowd, "Mr. Shaw, you're in high spirits. You're willing to take time out of your busy schedule to attend tonight's fashion banquet, just to share a dance with Mrs. Russell."

Zachariah's gaze sharpened instantly. "Ms. Olsen, you're mistaken. That's not the purpose of my visit."

"I heard Mr. Shaw didn't take on a single project tonight. He only did one thing," Summer said with a smile, looking at everyone. "You all saw it. He was dancing with Mrs. Russell."

Josie stood still, her expression growing increasingly unpleasant. She couldn't understand the sudden appearance of Summer, but she was certain there was no good intention behind it.

Zachariah scoffed coldly. "Dancing with her is hardly a big deal. It's just an opportunity to appreciate Ms. Warren's charm."

When he spoke these words, he didn't address her as Dexter's wife. Clearly, he intended to leave Dexter out of it and solely humiliate Josie.

Everyone understood and simultaneously burst into laughter.

It was not exactly friendly.

Summer also laughed, feeling the gaze from the corner. She walked over to Josie with a serious expression. "Mr. Shaw, you shouldn't make things difficult for Ms. Warren. Who knows how many people will come to trouble you if she acts coquettishly?"

Josie's hand was held by Summer. The sudden difficulty made Josie stiffen.

Zachariah, with a hint of discomfort, chuckled at the words. "I must admit that I hadn't thought it through. Thank you, Ms. Olsen, for showing me the way."

Summer and Josie exchanged a glance. Summer then said, "Indeed, she never sleeps with a nobody."

The remark was dripping with sarcasm. Josie's mouth corners drooped, and she even noticed someone not far away raising their phone to take a picture.

She wanted to say something, but Summer forcefully silenced her. Lowering her voice, Summer said. "Think carefully. Do you really want to confront me here?"

Josie's hand, along with her retort, was suppressed.

Until the crowd dispersed, Summer and Josie stood facing each other on the hotel balcony.

Summer raised her wine glass, pouring the wine into the flowerpot. "After more than a year of prosperity,

I never thought you'd see this day, Josie. How does it feel to shoot yourself in the foot?"

Josie stood straight, her face expressionless. "I've never done such a thing. I have nothing to say."

"No?" Summer laughed. "Such photos have already been leaked, and you still deny it? Do you enjoy playing the innocent so much? If I were Dexter, I would divorce you immediately."

It seemed she knew that Josie and Dexter were not yet divorced.

Josie stared at Summer. It had been a long time since they last met, and she noticed a few more fine lines on her face. It seemed that the scheming and plotting of the Olsen family had not been few.

"We've already gotten a divorce, Ms. Olsen. No need for you to worry."

Summer was taken aback. She hadn't expected Josie to be so nonchalant. "A-Are you really willing to divorce him?"

From beginning to end, she believed that what Josie was attracted to was Dexter's position of power.

"Why wouldn't I want to? What I desire is not a marriage filled with suspicion. Even without Dexter, I can still live well."

Josie was so candid that Summer couldn't help but scoff. "No... Dexter would never agree to this."

After all that time, she knew Dexter harbored genuine feelings for Josie.

"I've made up my mind, and I believe this is also what you want, Ms. Olsen. Once the divorce is finalized, you'll be the first one I'll inform. By then, I'm curious to see if you can outshine your own sister and truly become his wife."

After some thought, Josie found such a scene quite amusing.

"You!" Summer raised her hand.

[Chapter 790 Original Photo](#)

Josie blocked her and raised her chin proudly.

“Who does Heather think she is? How dare she compete with me?” Summer was fuming with frustration.

Josie raised an eyebrow. It seems that the relationship between the two sisters isn't good. Moreover, Summer's desire to become Dexter's wife is undying. However, she's still married to Arnold.

“Isn't that so?” Josie released her hand and sized her up. “I didn't understand it until I saw Heather. She's always in a white dress, gentle in demeanor, just like you were at the beginning, Summer. You've been imitating her all along, trying to make Dexter happy, just like she does.”

At Josie's words, Summer's brows furrowed, a trace of an indiscernible emotion crossing her face. It was obvious that Josie had seen right through her.

“Perhaps you imitated the old Liana because of her demeanor. You might not have even realized that one day Liana would return to Dexter's side, and at the same time, take away Mark's affection, Summer, I truly find you pitiful,” Josie said, each word pronounced distinctly.

The retort she couldn't voice in the crowd was now fully vented in solitude, bringing her a great deal of relief.

Summer looked at Josie with a peculiar gaze, one that traveled from top to bottom, and then suddenly, she laughed. It was a genuine, amused kind of laughter. She said, “Josie, you're too full of yourself.”

Josie furrowed her brows.

“Perhaps you will never truly understand what's going on until the day you vanish from Wavery,” Summer said.

After saying that, Summer laughed even harder.

Utterly baffled, Josie broke out in a cold sweat and was about to leave when suddenly, Summer called out to stop her.

“Josie, I know who the man in the photo is.”

Josie's footsteps came to an abrupt halt.

Summer took steps toward her, their eyes meeting once again. Josie said slowly, “You did it. The photos, you're the one who sent them.”

Summer wore an expression of modesty when she said, “I couldn't possibly orchestrate such a large operation on my own. However, I do indeed have the original photo in my possession. If I send out these photos, what do you think Arnold will do?”

When she uttered Arnold's name, it signified that she indeed had the photograph in her possession.

Josie's fingers clenched tightly as she struggled to calm herself down. “I think you should be threatening Arnold with this, not me,” she said. “After all, my reputation is already ruined. It won't matter to me if people find out who the man is. But it's different for you. You'll have to deal with the gossip about a man's infidelity, and it could even bring down the Carter Group.”

“Yes. When the time comes, the public will sympathize with me, and the Olsen family’s stocks will rise. Even my parents will feel sorry for me. I might even get a divorce. As for the Carter Group you mentioned, what does their downfall have to do with me? I still have the Olsen family and fifteen percent of the shares. Whatever happens to Arnold, it really has nothing to do with me.”

Summer spoke quickly, surprising yet also expected by Josie.

Indeed, Summer had always been such a selfish woman.

“By the way, there’s another advantage. With the Carter Group’s downfall, Russell Group might very well turn the tide in their favor.”

Summer said so much without making Josie show any emotion. Josie frowned when she asked, “Are you going to publish the photos?”

Summer pursed her lips. “It depends on my mood. Maybe one day, when I’m in a good mood, I’ll publish them.”

Being threatened and controlled wasn’t a pleasant feeling.

Josie was inclined to let her do so, but she had made a promise to Arnold to help him unconditionally once, so those photos could not be revealed.