

Blind Date 801

[Chapter 801 Strange](#)

The monk hesitated for a moment, but seeing Josie's confident expression, he turned around and went in to deliver the message.

After a moment, he stepped out. "Please, follow me."

Josie followed promptly. The monk guided her through a meandering corridor and into a tower. They climbed the stairs and pushed open a door. Inside, a slender woman knelt on a cushion, her back facing them. In front of her stood a sculpture of the Virgin Mary.

Josie gave a nod of acknowledgment to the monk, after which the latter promptly departed.

She stepped forward, kneeling beside Claudia. "I'm here in Rivodia on business today. I heard about the churches here, so I came to pray here. I hope you don't mind, Aunt Claudia."

Claudia kept her eyes closed, her hands perpetually clasped together.

"God created all living things. He'll only disfavor those who are not sincere."

Josie lit up three candles. "I heard that before Liana returned home, you had been here. So, you'll come back every quarter to pray."

Claudia continued to close her eyes, twirling the rosary beads in her hand.

"What I seek, I seek with a sincere heart."

Josie clasped her hands together sincerely. She hadn't believed in Christianity before and had learned this during her time at Sousturham. It was Claudia who taught her.

"My father has disappeared," she began. "You would think that whether he was kidnapped or simply lost, there should be some trace of him. But he just vanished into thin air, and despite the efforts of multiple parties, no one has been able to locate him. I had no choice but to come here and pray."

Josie knelt beside Claudia, her eyes clear and bright.

After a while, Claudia ceased twirling her prayer beads and opened her eyes. "This is a tragedy. Seeking assistance from someone else is futile, and even beseeching the heavens may not offer a solution."

"So, what should I do?" Josie responded quickly, turning to look at her. "Didn't Liana find her way back after you came here? I want to try my luck."

Claudia was also looking at her. "Before this, I devoted myself to religion for over a decade, but to no avail."

Josie paused slightly, finding it rather peculiar. Claudia seemed to have a strong faith, yet it appeared her belief wasn't quite steadfast.

She spoke word by word. "Indeed, you suddenly found her after being devoted to religion. Isn't that strange?"

Claudia looked at her for a while with a calm expression. Then she stood up, found a bible scripture, and knelt down again. "I always believe that people have their own blessings."

"Blessings," Josie mused, thinking about the actions of the Olsen family, and let out a light chuckle.

"Maybe so, but in this world, there are far too many orphans without any status. I'm simply one of them"

Claudia's movement of flipping through the scriptures halted. "Aren't you..."

"I was adopted." Josie understood what she wanted to ask.

She stood up. "I mean no disrespect, Aunt Claudia. We've had brief moments together, moments that I've always held dear in my heart. I feel I should remind you that sometimes what our eyes perceive may not necessarily be the truth. What if it was a trap?"

After Josie finished speaking, she put her hands together in prayer toward the Virgin Mary sculpture and then turned around.

"What kind of design is this?" A crisp voice suddenly came from outside the door. Someone pushed the door open and came face to face with Josie.

The latter was stiff all over. She hadn't expected to see Heather here, who actually came with Claudia.

Heather was slender in build. At this moment, she was wearing a light pink flowy dress that perfectly matched the atmosphere of the church.

She held two cups of tea in her hands. Seeing Josie, she smiled slightly. "Ms. Warren, are you here to see my mother?"

A chill ran down Josie's back, as if a venomous snake was slowly slithering along.

"Hello, Ms. Olsen."

[Chapter 802 Can We Make Up](#)

"Yes, as I mentioned previously, I'll be accompanying my mother for a while," Heather gently reminded Josie, prompting her to recollect their encounter at the entrance of Mason Garden that day.

She indeed had said something similar to Dexter.

Claudia was flipping through the bible, murmuring words as if she hadn't heard their conversation.

"I didn't realize you were here. I'll bring you another cup of tea later." Heather stepped forward, placing the tea cup in front of the statue and Claudia then turned around. "Let's step outside for now."

Josie had the same idea.

The church was bustling with visitors, yet this particular area appeared surprisingly serene. Heather guided Josie along the winding corridor, with a sizable pond by their side. Lotus flowers adorned the pond, displaying a picturesque scene in full bloom.

"This place was originally abandoned. It was only after my mother donated a considerable amount of money for its restoration that it was refurbished," Heather explained. "This is also where I reunited with my mother."

Josie inquired calmly, "Reuniting with family must be an incredible sensation, isn't it? When the day arrives that I locate my father, I imagine I'll experience the same as you."

Heather contemplated for a moment, her gaze distant. "Certainly, but there's still a distinction between those connected by blood and those who aren't."

She was insinuating about the relationship between Josie and Paul.

Josie remained calm, looking toward the smoke curling up in the distance. "Do you have a wish?"

Heather also looked over. "I don't believe this."

"Do you believe that man can shape his own destiny?"

"Of course."

"But what if some things are destined by fate, and no matter how hard we try, we can't change them?"

Heather slightly furrowed his brows, staring at Josie, trying to discern something from her faint smile, but to no avail.

"I'll be going now." Josie had no intention of staying longer. Her steps had become noticeably lighter.

"Josie," Heather suddenly called out, a hint of urgency in her voice. "Will you and Dex make up?"

It appeared that a lack of confidence spurred this question. Halting in her steps, Josie turned around and -remarked, "Who can predict what the future may bring?"

Heather cautiously asked, "Do you still love him?"

"But my love for him is futile. It only holds value if he loves me in return," Josie said with a wry smile.

In reality, she had no insight into Dexter's thoughts, but her current response was evidently displeasing Heather.

Josie left. Heather stood still, watching her figure gradually fade away until it was completely out of sight.

"What are you looking at?" A steady voice came from behind. It was Claudia who had come out.

"Mother? I'm... I'm fine, just enjoying the scenery." Heather quickly regained her composure, observing Claudia's expression. "Josie's behavior today is really strange. Did she say anything to you?"

As Claudia walked out of the winding corridor, her expression was inscrutable. "I can't discern anything special in her words."

Heather let out a quiet sigh. "But she told me she still wants to reconcile with Dex. Mother, you know he's the only one I love."

Upon hearing this, Claudia let out a sigh and gently patted Heather's hand. "The daughters of our Olsen family, I don't know what enchantment they're under, but they all seem to have fallen for the men from the Russell family."

Heather's smile was strained. "Sum is married now, so I'm afraid she doesn't have another chance. But my feelings are genuine."

"Dexter has arrived in Rivodia. I'll find an opportunity."

"Great!"

"It's been a long time since I've seen Sum. Do you know what she's been up to?"

When asked about this, Heather pursed her lips. "I don't really know."

Claudia hummed in response, then Heather continued to ask. "Mother, did Josie really not tell you anything?"

"Nothing much. What's up with you?"

[Chapter 803 Wayne](#)

Josie never really expected to get any information out of Claudia, but the more she interacted with her, the more she felt that something was off.

"What exactly is suspicious?" Angie asked curiously from the driver's seat.

Heather was acting strangely as if she was worried about something being discovered.

Josie was at a loss for words, shaking her head. "How long will it take for us to get back to the hotel?"

Angel glanced at the navigation. "It's going to take an hour."

The church was quite a distance from the hotel. Josie expressed his fatigue, then closed her eyes for a short nap.

She was jolted awake by a crash. The car had been hit, causing her body to lurch forward. Her forehead bumped against the seat, leaving a bruise. "What happened?" she asked.

Angel was terrified, her lips pale. "Ms. Jo, someone hit us!"

Josie rubbed her forehead and looked up to see a black car blocking their way firmly.

Looking in the rearview mirror, she saw several cars behind them, effectively surrounding them.

This road was secluded, usually devoid of any passing cars, and now it had naturally become the perfect spot for a beating.

Josie took a sharp intake of breath, a sense of foreboding washing over her.

Angel had never seen such a scene before and was rendered silent from the shock.

A figure emerged from the vehicle. He looked fierce and menacing, clutching an iron rod in hand while gradually closing in.

Snapping back to reality, Josie immediately took out her phone. He scanned through her contacts, but in the end, she dialed 110 directly. The call was quickly answered. "Hello, how can I assist you?"

The bodyguards had already surrounded the car, even politely tapping on the window.

"I... You can find my location through my number, right? I don't know where we are, but we're surrounded by the mafia. Please, come save us!"

After Josie finished speaking in one breath, the bodyguards could no longer wait. They immediately raised their iron rods and smashed the car windows!

"Ah!" Angie exclaimed. "W-What are you trying to do?"

One of them, his face marked with a scar, leaned over to look at the back seat. "Ms. Warren, this isn't our first meeting.

Josie gripped her phone tightly, studying the person in front of her. Recognition dawned on her as cold sweat trickled down her face. "...You, you're one of Mr. Dalton's men."

The person chuckled. "It seems you do remember. When Mr. Carter took you on the highway, I was there too. I remember you quite well."

Cold sweat increased on Josie's body. "What are you trying to do?"

The man's smile faded, and with a wave of his hand, the rest of the bodyguards immediately swung their iron rods, smashing the car to pieces. The noise was deafening. They then dragged Josie out of the wreckage.

"Young lady, after you ran away, Mr. Dalton spent a lot of effort looking for you, but to no avail. Can you guess what happened?" The man pinned her to the ground, his iron rod placed in front of her. "Mr. Carter almost lost his life!"

Josie took a sharp intake of breath, striving to keep her composure. "I presume you found me not to kill me, but because Mr. Dalton needs me alive, right?"

The person intensified his grip. "This won't stop me from teaching you a lesson!"

Josie endured the pain.

She had only been here for a day. Her arrival was kept a secret, yet Wayne's people had located her so swiftly. This speed was indeed rather unusual.

Someone was tipping them and wanted her dead!

oelt regret deep in her heart, realizing that her actions had been too hasty. She worried that she had become the top target on Wayne's wanted list. Her safety in Rivodia was already compromised, and with her divorce from Dexter, she found herself in even greater danger.

[Chapter 804 What About Our Divorce](#)

"Wait!" Josie looked up, her gaze falling on the trembling Angel. "You can reprimand me, but this young lady is innocent. Let her go."

“Why should I listen to you?” the bodyguard asked, glancing at Angel.

“The person Mr. Dalton wants is me. It has nothing to do with innocent people. I have no parents or a husband. It doesn’t matter if you take me away, but she’s different. She has parents, and she’s from Wavery. If she goes missing, the situation will become hard for you to handle.”

Josie continued quickly, striking the iron when it was hot. “More leads are popping up now. You guys wouldn’t want to invite trouble, would you?”

The bodyguard seemed to agree with Josie’s argument. He asked, “What if she alerts others after I let her go?”

“Well... why don’t you leave her somewhere far away, where there’s no one around? It would take her a while to get back. By the time she makes a report, you would have already dealt with me, right?” Josie was doing her best to buy some time.

“Ms. Jo... I won’t leave! I can’t abandon you and escape alone!” Angel cried out loudly, terrified by the situation.

“Listen to me. I can’t protect myself, but I can protect you,” Josie shot Angel a meaningful look.

“What a bunch of loving sisters, eh?” The person gave Josie a backhanded slap before signaling for others. to drag Angel away. “Take her away. Oh, and before you go, break one of her legs!”

“Yes!”

“No, don’t come closer...”

The bodyguard raised his iron rod, aiming straight for Angel’s leg. He swung with all his might, intending to cripple her. She didn’t even have time to dodge. She closed her eyes and braced herself for the impending pain.

Josie’s eyes widened in dread. Just then, a car sped toward them. It headed straight for the bodyguard, knocking him to the ground and sending his iron rod clattering onto the pavement.

“Josie!” A stern voice rang out. She turned to look and was startled to see the car door open, with Dexter sitting inside, veins bulging on his outstretched hand.

“Dexter?” Josie was surprised. “What are you doing here?”

“D*mn! An ambush!” The bodyguards weren’t pushovers, though. They all rushed forward, trying to aim at Dexter’s weak points. He dodged their attacks nimbly, counterattacking by grabbing one of the men’s wrists and breaking it..

There were too many people, and he couldn’t move freely in the vehicle. So, Dexter jumped out of the car, picked up an iron rod, and began to fight them off, all while pulling Josie behind him.

Dexter didn’t come alone, but he probably didn’t anticipate such a huge number of enemies, as he only brought two or three bodyguards with him. The fight was getting more intense.

The clashing sound of iron rods was grating, tugging at Josie’s heart. She clutched the corner of Dexter’s clothes, alerting him to be careful. “To the left! Be careful!”

Dexter tilted his head back, delivering a kick to the person on his left, sending the attacker flying several meters away. Then, he continued his fight with the person in front of him.

“D*mn it! Didn’t they say they were divorced?”

Josie heard someone in the crowd cursing angrily.

Perhaps it was that sentence that caused Dexter to lose his focus momentarily. Someone rushed from behind, about to crash into Josie. Thankfully, he reacted quickly, grabbing Josie and spinning her around, so that he could use his body to shield her.

Bang!

The iron rod struck his back, emitting a dull thud that sent a jolt through Josie’s heart.

Dexter’s face paled in an instant, and it took him a while to straighten his back.

Josie looked up incredulously in his arms and exclaimed, “Dexter!”-

He gripped the iron rod tightly in his hand, his brows furrowed in frustration. Cursing under his breath, he muttered, “It’s that spot again.”

Afterward, he mustered all his strength to stand up, smacking his assailant on the back of his head with an iron rod and kicking him away. Only then did he feel his anger subside.

The opponents were numerous, and Dexter was gradually losing his strength. But just then, sirens rang out in the air. The police had arrived.

[Chapter 805 Of Righteousness And Courage](#)

A black car was leading the way in front of the police car. Larry jumped out of it and yelled, “Mr. Russell!”

The police arrived, and everyone promptly dropped their weapons. All that was left was a chaotic mess on the ground, mixed with traces of blood.

“You’ve got some nerve, starting a brawl!” A group of police officers stepped forward and ordered, “Everyone, get down! Hands on your heads!”

Those people were all habitual offenders who were accustomed to the process. Despite their impatience, they still got on their knees.

Dexter did not move from his spot and explained, “We are the victims.”

The police officer raised an eyebrow and deadpanned, “From the looks of it, you seemed more like the aggressor just now.”

The misunderstanding prompted Josie to explain hastily, “Officer, we are truly the victims here. I just called the police earlier. You can check the records if you don’t believe me.” She took out her phone and sifted through the call log.

The head police officer was puzzled, but soon someone piped up, “It’s her.”

The confirmation cleared the tension in the air.

"Tell me what's going on."

Josie went over to help the frightened Angel up and explained the situation to the police in detail.

The police officer finally understood the situation. He kicked the man with a scar on his face, shouting. "You guys again!"

It seemed as though that was not their first encounter.

"Miss, do you have any disagreements with them?"

"Disagreement... hmm. I-I suppose they were going to take advantage of us ladies," Josie replied simply. Since their kidnappers were habitual offenders, the police probably couldn't do anything about them, let alone trace anything back to Wayne.

"D*mn you! Who's trying to r'pe you?" Some of the attackers grumbled in protest.

"Shut up!"

The police officer approached Dexter and asked, "What about you? Tell me. What were you doing?"

Dexter happened to wear a black dress shirt and long pants. Due to the sweat and blood stains, the - contours of his chest and abdominal muscles could be seen through his tight shirt. Standing under the sun, he exuded an aura of rugged charm.

Dexter glanced at Josie from a distance, his emotions complex as he replied, "I was just passing by and decided to step in."

The police officer raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. "Isn't this too much of a coincidence? To 'step in' with a few bodyguards in tow?"

Dexter stopped speaking. Larry immediately stepped forward, handing over a business card. "Mr. Russell is here in Rivodia for a summit. He brought a few bodyguards with him for safety reasons."

The police officer looked at Dexter with suspicion, continuing to scrutinize him.

Dexter was growing impatient under their gaze and furrowed his brows. He asked, "Just tell me. Are the ladies unharmed?"

Indeed, aside from Angel being terrified, both women were safe and sound.

"Officer, he's telling the truth." Josie came to the rescue.

Finally, the police stopped their questioning. As the police cleaned up the area, Dexter and Josie exchanged a glance. In his gaze, there was a mix of reminiscence and unfamiliarity, as if they hadn't seen each other for many years.

Upon returning to the hotel they were staying at, Dexter erupted with an aura of murderous intent. The scent of blood still clung to his body. Josie got out of the car and followed closely behind him, matching his pace.

After walking for a while, as they were nearing a crowded area, Dexter stopped and turned around, reprimanding, "Go back."

Josie remained still and insisted, "Your shoulder was also injured last time. It must be worse today. I'm responsible for your injury, so I need to make sure you're okay before I can rest easy."

The statement was filled with a sense of responsibility! Sadly, it lacked a touch of concern.

He gave her a cold smirk and drawled, "I'm just doing what's right. Whether it brings me fortune or disaster has nothing to do with you."

"It's okay," Josie responded quickly, "but I have something to tell you."

It's as if a conversation was her true purpose..

Dexter was at his wit's end with her, so he left first. Before leaving, he instructed Larry to guide her to his room.

As his figure receded into the distance, Larry hurriedly explained, "Mrs., oh, I mean Ms. Warren, there were many people around. Mr. Russell was worried that you might be criticized."

"I don't care about that."

Larry was about to praise her for being considerate when she continued, "I'm just afraid that if he dies, it will cause trouble for me."

He was speechless.

[Chapter 806 He Is The Target](#)

The pair entered the room one after another, ensuring no one saw them.

Dexter stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, his shirt already removed. A deep laceration ran across his broad shoulders, oozing blood and looking incredibly gnarly.

A doctor soon entered and thoroughly examined the man's wound, his expression somewhat grim, "Mr. Russell, have you been injured in this same spot before?"

Josie gazed calmly at Dexter, only to hear him give a hum of acknowledgment.

"This might be rather serious. I'll give you some basic treatment now, but you'll still need to get to the hospital for an X-ray as soon as possible."

Alas, Dexter didn't give a direct answer to that. "Let's apply the medicine first," he replied.

As the doctor pulled out a bunch of medicine, Josie couldn't wait any longer and piped up. "I'll take over from here. You can leave the room."

Even though the doctor hesitated, he finally nodded and left after seeing Dexter's expression change.

Just like that, two people remained in the vast hotel room. Josie walked behind Dexter and gently applied the medicine to his wounds, her movements delicate yet precise.

"Those were Mr. Dalton's men. He has set his sights on me and might cause trouble for you, too," she hastily explained.

With his bare chest exposed and reflected in the mirror, Dexter looked exceptionally sexy as he stared at the woman tending to his wounds. "Why would he find trouble with me? We're already divorced."

Upon being reminded of their situation, Josie felt her hand tremble and accidentally spilled the medicine, causing Dexter to furrow his brows.

"You saved me, so of course, he'd go after you," Josie said with a slight smile. "He might even think you still have lingering feelings for me."

Since Dexter wasn't in the best mood, it was no surprise that he didn't like the joke.

Knowing that, Josie promptly withdrew her smile, a hint of mockery in her gaze.

"Did those people say anything when they came?" Dexter asked.

By then, Josie had finished applying the medicine and began to bandage him. "They said that after I left, Mr. Dalton spent plenty of time and effort looking for me. He probably vented his frustration on Arnold, which nearly cost Arnold his life," she answered, realizing that was the only helpful thing she could say.

Dexter froze upon hearing the name and closed his eyes. "The person in the photo is Arnold."

It's time to lay the cards out on the table.

Josie, too, no longer wanted to deny it. "When I saw him that day, he was undoubtedly covered in wounds. There was no way he could've done what he was accused of."

Dexter slowly opened his eyes. "Who took the photo?"

"I don't know..." Josie blurted out. Looks like we're back to the first question, huh?

"Mr. Dalton..." Dexter muttered as he fell into deep thought. "If Arnold had let you go, why didn't Mr. Dalton beat him to death?"

For a moment, Josie was taken aback. "Their relationship is complex. Arnold was probably kept alive because he could still be useful."

"Arnold was taken in by Mr. Dalton in his hour of need, only to repay the latter with a deadly betrayal. If I were Mr. Dalton, I wouldn't let him walk away alive," Dexter reasoned as he met the woman's gaze through the mirror.

His words were sharp like a knife, and Josie could feel chills running down her spine.

"Why is he still keeping Arnold around and using him, then?" she asked while finishing up with the bandages. "You suspect Mr. Dalton, but this doesn't benefit him in any way."

Dexter quickly put on a clean shirt, though he left it unbuttoned. "The absence of any benefits is what makes this so suspicious. Who would be the biggest victim if something bad happened to you?"

Josie knitted her brows. "Apart from me... It'd be you."

Oh no... Dexter's their target!"

It was common knowledge that Dexter treated his wife exceptionally well, so it stood to reason that she was his soft spot and greatest weakness.

Hence, the plan was to hit where it'd hurt the most.

A chilling intensity surged in Dexter's eyes as he suddenly asked, "Arnold has tried barging through a checkpoint with you, hasn't he?"

Of course, Josie knew the man was referring to the incident at the intersection on Rivodia's expressway. "Yes... It didn't work, though."

To her bewilderment, Dexter merely chuckled. "This relationship has truly shown what it means to be together in life and death."

[Chapter 807](#)

Even though she didn't understand what Dexter had meant, Josie remained calm and walked out from behind him. "I'm done bandaging your wounds. I'll be leaving first."

Dexter casually looked at her, not saying anything more..

"Don't forget to get an X-ray at the hospital," Josie reminded before leaving the room.

"Mr. Peeple will remember it."

Seeing that the man didn't seem to care about his own body, Josie fell silent and walked out of the room.

She caught Dexter's lonesome shadow cast by the light just because the door closed, but sadly, they had nothing to do with each other anymore.

Upon thinking of that, Josie couldn't help but let out a bitter chuckle.

To get from Dexter's room to her own, she had to navigate a corridor that led to a scenic balcony overlooking an endless river view. It was, without a doubt, a popular spot for many bigwigs to gather for their business meetings.

Wearing a mask on her face, Josie hurried past without paying much attention when she suddenly collided with a figure. The person's chest was firm and knocked her backward, causing her to yelp when a sharp pain shot through her forehead.

An attendant by the side promptly spoke up. "Please watch when you're going, miss."

"I'm sorry," Josie muttered as she lifted her gaze.

Upon getting a closer look at the man before her, she frowned.

Dressed in a black suit, Morgan oozed gentlemanly charm and quiet confidence. He had the demeanor of a powerful man, and the youthful exuberance from years ago was no longer discernible.

Josie didn't recognize this version of Morgan, yet at the same time, she knew it was him.

“Miss?” the attendant repeated when he realized she was in a daze.

“Oh...” Josie replied as she regained her composure and noticed the suitcase in the attendant’s hand. Ah. Morgan must’ve just checked in. Most of the people staying in this hotel are leaders attending the conference, and since he’s a resident of Rivodia, it’d be strange if he didn’t come.

“So sorry about that,” Josie quickly added with a little nod. However, just as she was about to leave, she felt her wrist being grabbed, causing her body to stillen.

Morgan held her slender hand for two short seconds before letting go. “You’re hurt.”

Sure enough, Josie had grazed herself during the recent scuffle, and he noticed the wound. even though it was tiny.

“Thank you for your concern, Mr. Bastille. I’ll take care of it.”

Morgan instantly raised an eyebrow and pursed his lips.

Meanwhile, Josie withdrew her hand and strode off without giving the man a second look.

Even after returning to her own space, she was still somewhat surprised. Morgan had revealed his feelings and appeared before her once or twice, but nothing about it felt. authentic. He always seemed like he wasn’t being serious and had only uttered those words. casually.

In short, he was like an insignificant object, and Josie had almost forgotten his existence. because of his lack of initiative.

The conference continued the next day, and as usual, the tiered seating auditorium was packed with people. Thankfully, the media’s focus had shifted away from the news about Dexter and Josie.

“Mr. Bastille! Mr. Bastille has arrived!”

Josie hastily looked up and saw Morgan Xun at the entrance, surrounded by a group of people. He was as distinguished and composed as the day before, but now that he had cameras in his face, he seemed a bit more approachable.

Without further ado, Morgan stepped onto the podium and began his speech. “Hello, everyone. I’m Morgan Bastille, the acting representative of Bastille Group. It’s a pleasure to meet all of you on such an occasion.”

With her gold-rimmed glasses perched on her nose, Josie gazed at the man from afar to see if she could find traces of the arrogant, domineering young man she once knew. Unfortunately, she came up with zilch.

Morgan seemed to have sensed her lingering gaze as he casually glanced her way, his resolute demeanor suddenly softening a little.

Josie panicked and averted her gaze, but because of that, she met the scrutinizing eyes of Dexter, who had been watching her like a hawk.

He lost track of how long he had been watching her, but his eyes twinkled with amusement with every passing second. When he saw her getting flustered, that amusement he felt only. intensified.

[Chapter 808 Up For A Meal](#)

“Ms. Jo, Morgan is really impressive. I’ve seen the articles about him. He’s a standout from the powerful Bastille family.” Angel leaned towards Josie, whispering softly, her eyes never leaving the man on the stage.

Josie was apathetic about the info. “He’s a posthumous child of the Bastille family. The entire Bastille family will belong to him in the future.”

After all these years, she still remembered those words.

“Really?” Angel was confused, “But I heard that the Bastille family has a second scion, Shawn. He’s been quite ruthless in the past six months. Morgan stood out after escaping Shawn’s. relentless pursuit and trap.”

Shawn? Josie wasn’t quite sure, for her focus was on Wavery. She had no interest in keeping. up with the news about the Bastille family.

“It seems that Morgan’s attendance at such an event today confirms his position as the head. of the Bastille family is secured.”

Josie felt utterly bored as she listened. The look in Dexter’s eyes earlier lingered in her mind. It was clear and indifferent, yet meaningful.

Once the formalities were over, the significant political and business figures began to delve into work, discussing future collaborations. In every sentence exchanged, hundreds of millions worth of assets were involved.

Josie wasn’t interested in that. She only used that as a pretext to come to Rivodia and had not intention of starting anything there.

However, Dexter seemed quite interested. He sat in his seat, yet group after group of people kept coming up to him to chat as if he held a cornucopia instead of the mess that was Russell Group.

“Mr. Russell, it’s truly a feat to get a free slot in your schedule.” A hearty voice belonging to a bald man sounded.

“Mr. Jablon, it’s only natural that I meet you first upon entering your scene.” Dexter extended his hand, his movements somewhat restrained, possibly due to a shoulder injury.

Mr. Jablon, Eugene, didn’t seem to care about the awkward movement. Instead, he turned to the side and said, “This is the Mr. Bastille I often mention to you. He is one of the most. prominent figures in Rivodia. Even the higher-ups treat him with respect.”

His words were filled with pride.

Morgan stepped forward with a smile. “Mr. Russell and I go way back.”

Dexter nodded with amusement twinkling in his eyes and shifted his position to face Josie. “Mr. Bastille is well known for his decisive and swift actions. I’ve always admired him.”

"It's thanks to Mr. Bastille that I'm able to secure this position," Morgan said with a meaningful look. "How about this? Let's go out to dinner tonight. The meal will be my treat. It's a good setting to have a discussion."

"That's great to hear! I heard Mr. Bastille was famed for being a big eater during his school days. How about that, Mr. Russell? Let's follow Mr. Bastille's lead tonight, shall we?"

Eugene seemed carefree and had a heart of gold.

On the other hand, Dexter was nonchalantly indifferent, neither agreeing nor disagreeing. Thus, they took it as a tacit agreement.

"Since it's my treat, let's include everyone's staff as well," Morgan suddenly suggested.

Josie, who was observing from the sidelines, was startled by his suggestions and then found she was under everyone's scrutiny.

She attended the conference under the name of Russell Group. When he mentioned Dexter's employees, she naturally considered herself as one.

Dexter stared into the distance and replied, "It depends on the employee's wish."

Morgan also turned his gaze at her. Eugene found it strange but also looked at her curiously.

Josie raised an eyebrow, fully aware of their ill intentions. However, it wasn't a good time to refuse. "It's my honor," she answered.

It was decided just like that. After the conference, Morgan's car took the lead, guiding the vehicles behind him to the most famous hot spring clubhouse in Rivodia.

Once they were settled, the server asked the type of pool they each preferred.

When it was Josie's turn, she was about to respond when a voice interrupted, "Medicine pool. She's not in good health."

Morgan, standing at the very front, was the one who responded, sounding incredibly natural.

[Chapter 809 A Chance Encounter With Heather](#)

Josie instinctively glared at him, catching a glimpse of Dexter's expression gradually turning menacing from the corner of her eye.

"How about that? I remembered correctly, didn't I?" Morgan asked with a smile. "You must have had a tough few years, so take your time and have a good soak."

Before Josie could even respond, Eugene asked, "Mr. Bastille, do the two of you... know each other?"

"First love."

Morgan's words never failed to shock people into silence. Astonishment was written across Eugene's face. He glanced at Josie, then at Dexter, whose face was taut with tension. "My goodness," he exclaimed, "everyone said Mr. Bastille was quite the charmer in his youth. Who would have thought he'd run into his first love like this? What a coincidence, don't you think, Mr. Russell?"

Josie gritted her teeth in frustration, knowing full well Morgan did it on purpose, deliberately making things difficult for her.

"What I mean is, I was her first love," Morgan corrected leisurely. His gaze met Dexter's directly. Sparks of palpable danger flew between them.

Josie pursed her lips, disinterested in their dispute. She turned to the server and said, "I'm on my period, so it's inappropriate for me to enter the water in such a condition. Please ignore me."

With that statement, she effectively declined Morgan's arrangement. Instead of acknowledging her response, the server turned to look at Morgan.

Morgan wasn't upset and shrugged. "Skip her, then."

Under the guidance of an attendant, the group headed toward a private dining room. Dexter led the way, not sparing another glance at Josie. As they walked through the corridor, one of the private rooms' doors suddenly opened, and a woman walked out. The woman looked up at the group in surprise. "Dex!"

It was Heather Riley. She was dressed in light, airy clothes. Her figure may not be voluptuous, but she carried herself with a youthful and playful grace, much like a young girl.

Dexter paused. "What are you doing here?"

Heather shifted to the side, clearing his line of sight. "I heard this hot spring clubhouse in Rivodia was amazing, and the vegetarian food was delicious too, so I brought my mother here to enjoy."

Inside the private dining room, the woman dining elegantly was none other than Claudia.

Dexter's forehead smoothened, nodding slightly at her. "Ms. Hadey."

"You have good taste indeed, young lady. The vegetarian food here is truly excellent," Morgan agreed with a smile. "How about this? I'll cover all your expenses for today."

As he spoke, he turned his gaze toward the attendant.

Before Heather could refuse, everything had been set in stone. She expressed her thanks, then walked over to Dexter and whispered intimately, "Dex, my mother will be going back for her prayers later, and I'll be so bored on my own. Can I hang out with you guys for a while?"

Dexter answered without a trace of hesitation, "We're a group of men discussing business, so it's not appropriate for a girl like you to join us."

"Why is it inappropriate? Isn't she... also part of your group?" Heather was talking about Josie. Her voice trailed off at the end of the sentence.

Impatience marred Dexter's countenance.

"Join us, then. I'm bored as the only woman in the group," Josie suddenly said, her voice laced with amusement.

Heather didn't expect her to agree. Even Dexter's brows were slightly furrowed at her invitation. At that point, he had no way to deny Heather, so he nodded in agreement.

Heather clung to Dexter's arm and led the way flamboyantly.

Josie's heart was unexpectedly calm when she watched them walking together intimately. Morgan, who had unknowingly moved to her side, remarked, "They actually make a good pair."

Josie cast him a sideways glance. "Are you satisfied now?"

Morgan chuckled lightly. "I don't understand what you're talking about."

Josie ignored him.

During the meal, Heather naturally sat next to Dexter. She paid him much attention and frequently filled his plate once it emptied.

Morgan also took the opportunity to sit next to Josie, occasionally chatting with her. She didn't seem too pleased, but it was enough to make Eugene envious. "Oh dear, if I had known everyone was bringing their partners today, I wouldn't have come alone. Are you all happy now?"

[Chapter 810 Getting Her Into The Water](#)

Morgan couldn't help but laugh when he heard this.

Dexter didn't laugh. Heather poured him a glass of wine, but Larry quickly moved it away, saying, "Mr. Russell can't drink alcohol."

"Why?" Heather didn't understand.

As Larry was struggling to explain, Eugene shifted the topic to Morgan. "Ms. Warren, you are the only woman I've ever seen who dares to show displeasure to Mr. Bastille. First love is indeed different, haha..."

Josie absentmindedly played with the food in her bowl, lacking any appetite. "Mr. Jablon, I've long heard of your reputation. I never thought you'd share the same love for gossip as womenfolk."

This remark was clearly loaded with malice. Eugene felt a moment of awkwardness, then managed to squeeze out a smile and said to Morgan, "She's quite a feisty girl, huh?"

Morgan curved his lips into a smile, pouring a glass of wine as a token of apology. "She's always been like that. Please forgive her."

In their conversation, it was as if they were back in their university days when he would take her out to see the world. He would often come to her defense during gatherings. Even if Josie said something wrong, people would not get angry out of respect for Morgan.

This was just like the old times.

Josie wasn't too keen on reminiscing. She stood up and said, "I'm going to get some fresh air."

Outside the private room, there was a large hot spring pool. Josie sat at the edge, her feet dangling in the water.

A figure appeared behind her at some point, also sitting down. "Dex is discussing work with them, I don't like listening to it, so I came out to sit with you."

It was Heather.

Josie didn't look at her. "Are you okay with letting Aunt Claudia go back alone?"

"With a driver to pick her up and drop her off, I have nothing to worry about," Heather said.

With a smile, Josie said, "Great." Eugene was a womanizer. To cater to his tastes, Morgan invited quite a few people over, men and women, though women were in the majority. They lined up by the hot spring pool, at sight that was quite pleasing to the eye.

Dexter was already bored to death, and he rested his head on one hand. Heather sat next to him and talked to him, but she didn't know if he was listening or not.

Before long, the atmosphere outside became lively. Those who had drunk a bit too much proposed a swimming competition. The women started to compete with each other, and it was then that their good figures were revealed.

Dexter was woken up by the noise. Heather pulled his hand. "Let's go take a look too."

Josie stood still, shoulder to shoulder with Morgan. Her previously upset mood improved significantly upon seeing this farce, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

This sight was extremely glaring in Dexter's eyes.

"We're one person short." Eugene was in high spirits. With five women divided into pairs for a game, they were still one short. He turned his gaze to Heather. "Ms. Olsen, would you like to join?"

Heather tightly grasped Dexter's hand, expressing her reluctance. "Let Ms. Warren join. I've been drinking."

Suddenly summoned, Josie subtly nudged Morgan's arm without changing her expression. He knew her all too well and said, "She's on her period. She can't go in the water."

Eugene nodded, cordially saying to Heather, "Having a drink won't hurt. The water is shallow. It won't drown you. Ms. Olsen, please do us the honor." After speaking, he glanced at Dexter.

The latter's gaze was constantly fixed impassively on the arms of Josie and Morgan as they touched.

Seeing no help forthcoming, Heather didn't want to dampen the mood in front of so many people, so she reluctantly agreed to go into the water.

As soon as she touched the water, Josie suddenly said, "Wearing clothes is considered a burden. Why don't you change into something else?"

Heather was reluctant. "It's fine, we're just playing around. No need to take it seriously."

Josie folded her hands, "You don't have any change of clothes if yours get wet, right? It would be better to change into something more comfortable now to avoid any inconvenience later."

She hit the nail on the head, prompting Eugene to quickly go get the clothes for the hot spring. "Ms. Warren makes a valid point."