

Blind Date 811

[Chapter 811 Seeing Her Birthmark Clearly](#)

The swimsuit was placed in front of Heather. She didn't move, seemingly a bit nervous, as she looked up at Dexter.

He seemed puzzled because what Josie had just said did make some sense.

"The swimsuit is quite revealing," she said.

Dexter only took a glance and said, "It's a matter of a few minutes. Change it once you're done swimming"

There was no pity for her in his words.

"Does Ms. Olsen still have reservations?" Eugene, who was in high spirits, gradually became less enthusiastic, seemingly reproaching her for being overly concerned.

"No."

Feeling a bit disappointed that Dexter didn't stand up for her, Heather picked up her swimsuit and got up to change.

In the midst of waiting, Josie maintained a calm exterior, yet her palms were sweating with anxiety. She didn't even know what she was worried about. To be precise, it was more like anticipation...

Morgan fetched a glass of orange juice. "Have a sip, it will help you calm down."

Josie furrowed her brows, taking it over after a moment.

She stared at one of the women in the pool and suddenly said, "I've seen this woman before, she works in La Oriele."

Morgan was befuddled by her remark.

"The fact that you managed to bring the ladies from La Oriele to entertain your business partners, Morgan, you're quite something," Josie said, a teasing smile on her face as she stared intently at him.

Morgan was only surprised for a moment before quickly returning to his usual self. "Have you been to La Oriele?"

Josie laid her cards on the table. "I've been there, and I even saw you."

He sneered. "No wonder I thought the person that day looked so much like you. You didn't go with Dexter, did you?"

His voice was neither loud nor soft. Josie, afraid that Dexter might overhear, changed the subject. "What's your relationship with them?"

After changing her clothes, Heather came out. Morgan watched her as she walked toward him and said, "The Bastille family has so many businesses. Is it strange for me to invest in one or two country clubs with potential for growth?"

Of course, it was not strange, but it just so happened to be La Oriele, which inevitably made Josie suspicious. She nodded. "Anyway, I have no evidence, so whatever you say goes."

Heather walked up to Dexter. "Dex, does this look okay?"

revealing. He glanced at her and said, "Pretty good."

"Now that everything is in order, let's get started," said Eugene, finally regaining his enthusiasm. Josie was standing too far away, and Heather was facing her, so she couldn't see her back clearly.

With a whistle from Eugene, everyone simultaneously dove into the water, swimming toward the opposite bank. Heather wasn't very good at swimming and was slow. By the time the group had almost finished swimming, she was just starting to return.

It was at this moment that Josie could finally see Heather's back. It wasn't very noticeable, but one could indeed make out a birthmark.

As she swam closer, Josie could finally make out the exact location of her birthmark.

At her shoulder blade, there was a tiny red birthmark, almost imperceptible unless one looked closely. It was shaped like a cloud.

Josie confirmed that she wasn't mistaken. Her body tensed. The glass she was holding slipped from her grasp, crashing to the floor, and spilling orange juice everywhere.

Morgan was the first to stand up. "What's wrong?"

Upon looking over, Dexter immediately saw the scene of Morgan protecting Josie behind him. The former was incredibly tense, while the latter's lips were pale as if they had seen something terrifying.

Dexter made a move when Heather suddenly called out, "Dex."

He paused.

She extended her hand in the water. "Pull me up."

He lowered his gaze, his eyes landing precisely on her birthmark. It was that very mark that eased his furrowed brow, softening his expression slightly.

"Get up." He bent down, pulling her up, ignoring the pain that tugged at the back injury.

Josie stared at Heather, her face pale and her hands trembling.

[Chapter 812 Declaration Of War](#)

"Josie!" Morgan called out, trying to snap her back to reality.

Josie shuddered, but she couldn't regain her composure no matter how hard she tried. Amid the surrounding clamor, she shrugged off Morgan's hand and mumbled, "It's nothing"

Heather had already promptly put on her coat to cover her birthmark. Dexter instructed someone to take her away to change her clothes, then turned to Eugene and asked, "Have you had a good time?"

Eugene wouldn't dare to overstep, knowing full well that Heather was the precious daughter of the Olsen family. "Of course, of course."

The group dispersed quite quickly, leaving only a few people from before in the private room.

Josie stopped drinking orange juice and poured herself a glass of red wine, which she downed in one go, Morgan was taken aback and snatched the wine glass from her, exclaiming, "What a waste! Is this how you drink wine?"

Josie sat quietly, her soul seemingly miles away.

After changing her clothes, Heather emerged, only to find Morgan staring at her. "How brave of you, Ms. Olsen," he said, "I commend your courage for stepping up under such circumstances."

Heather's face flushed for a moment. She walked over to Dexter and said obediently, "It's fine. We shouldn't spoil the mood."

Dexter sat on the couch, lost in his thoughts. Heather cautiously asked. "Dex, I came in last place. I'm afraid I've embarrassed you."

He gently pinched her soft palm, his expression a playful smirk. "It doesn't matter what place you're in."

Eugene hurriedly stepped forward to apologize, saying that he might have been offensive due to the influence of alcohol earlier, and asked Heather for her forgiveness.

Heather didn't make a fuss, but she poured herself a glass of wine and approached Josie. "I haven't had a drink with Ms. Warren all night. Please accept my toast," she said.

Josie was taken aback by Heather's sudden friendliness. She tried hard to regain her composure and asked, "A toast? For what?"

Upon close observation, one could see a hint of nervousness in Heather's eyes, even a touch of pleading.

She was pleading for something.

"Of course, I should thank you for finally agreeing to divorce Dex and freeing him from his misery." Her sudden remark raised eyebrows among everyone present.

Josie remained seated, unmoving. She glanced at Dexter and smiled. "Should I congratulate you then for finally seizing an opportunity?"

As she spoke, she poured herself a glass of wine, clinked glasses with Heather, and said, "Here's to your successful rise to power."

Heather glanced at Dexter, her nervousness increasing. My feelings for Dex began when I was five or six. No one can compare."

After she finished speaking, she carefully observed the changes in Josie's expression.

"I've already wished you success."

Josie didn't react much, as usual, as if she didn't notice the birthmark on Heather's body.

Heather slowly sighed in relief.

“Heather.” Dexter’s voice was deep as he ordered, “Come back.”

The tension in the room was palpable, spreading throughout the entire private room. The open declaration of war between the two women left only Eugene in a state of shock.

D-divorce? Isn’t Josie’s first love Morgan? How... how is she also Dexter’s ex-wife?

With a slap to his forehead, Eugene finally realized that Dexter’s ex-wife was indeed Josie.

So, the situation today... was this!

Josie watched as Heather slowly walked back to Dexter’s side. The latter was oblivious to her gaze, a gaze so intense it was almost venomous.

“I’ll take you home,” Morgan offered, breaking the silence.

Josie immediately stood up and walked straight out of the private room, saying, “Thanks.”

She walked swiftly, her footsteps falling silently on the carpet.

She never believed that such coincidences existed in the world. Not only were hers and Heather’s birthmarks in the exact same location, but they also looked identical. Even twins couldn’t achieve such a similarity.

Somehow, Heather had accomplished that.

[Chapter 813 Overturning Fate](#)

The night wind was crisp and cold, blowing away the effects of the alcohol and clearing Josie’s mind.

She stood at the entrance of the country club, watching the hustle and bustle of people, remaining still for quite some time.

Morgan simply followed behind her, not uttering a word, his posture as upright as a towering pine tree.

Taking a deep breath, Josie was overwhelmed by the smell of alcohol in the air. Feeling nauseous, she rushed to the side of the trash can and bent over to retch.

She hadn’t eaten much that night, so naturally, there wasn’t much to throw up. She dry heaved for a while when suddenly, a large hand came down, patting her on the back.

Surprised. Josie looked up to see Morgan handing her a bottle of mineral water. “Rinse your mouth.”

Her face was pale, devoid of the strength to argue with him any further. She accepted it.

Once she had finished cleaning up, she stumbled her way to the side of the road. Her thin outer garment slid down her shoulders, revealing her beautiful figure underneath. Josie was so drunk that her entire body was limp.

Morgan held her hand, making sure she wouldn’t fall.

Morgan.” Josie crouched down, her voice hoarse and full of resentment. Her spirit still had not returned.

"I'm here. Morgan replied to her with exceptional patience..

"What would you do if one day, you found out something... something that could change your fate?" she asked earnestly while looking up at him.

Her gaze shimmered brightly under the street lights.

Morgan also crouched beside her and replied, "I would see if the situation was to my advantage or disadvantage."

Typical businessman mentality.

Pros and cons? Josie couldn't figure it out. All she knew was that this enormous secret was enough to turn the whole Wavery upside down.

"W-What if there are both pros and cons?"

When she asked him questions seriously, it was as if they were back in their university days. She would ask him all sorts of challenging academic questions, and he would always patiently answer them. Morgan found joy in the kind of reliance she had on him.

"Then try your best to eliminate the drawbacks and turn them into something beneficial for yourself."

Josie pouted in frustration. His suggestion was easier said than done. For Heather to have come this far, who knows how many parties had been lending their support to her. It's impossible for Josie to turn the tide with her own strength.

More importantly... does Dexter know?

As that thought crossed her mind, Josie's gaze once again became unfocused. It was at that moment that Eugene and his entourage emerged from the club, with Dexter conspicuously among them. Her gaze froze.

Dexter didn't seem to notice them. Instead, he raised his hand to fix Heather's collar and said, "I'll have Mr. Peeples take you home. Be careful on the way back."

Heather blushed, clutching the corner of Dexter's clothes. "Dex... Did I cause you any trouble today?"

Despite the neon lights, Dexter was well hidden in the shadows, his expression inscrutable. "It's not a bother."

"So, did you understand what I said to Ms. Warren?"

Heather's eyes were filled with the anticipation of a young girl experiencing her first love.

Dexter withdrew his hand and grunted in agreement, but his smile didn't quite reach his eyes. He beckoned Larry over. "Mr. Peeples, please escort Ms. Olsen home."

Larry understood his intentions and gestured for Heather to follow him. "Ms. Olsen, please.

Heather simply assumed it was a tacit agreement. At the very least, he didn't refute her words in front of so many people, which could be a sign of him not caring about Josie anymore.

Under Larry's escort, she got into the car and drove off, passing Josie.

The car window rolled down, and Heather smiled and offered charmingly, "Do you need a ride, Ms. Warren? You've had too much to drink."

Josie thought her face must have looked terrible then. She averted her gaze, and Morgan immediately understood her feelings. He replied in her stead, "She has me."

As a woman herself, how could Heather not understand the implications of his words? Heather felt a weight lift slightly off her shoulders. It was good that there was someone else; that meant Josie wouldn't be so fixated on Dexter anymore.

[Chapter 814 Business Enemies](#)

The phrase "She has me" reached the ears of Eugene and his entourage, clear and unambiguous.

Eugene instantly sobered up. He cautiously shifted his body and observed Dexter, who was still standing in the shadows. Dexter took out a cigarette and asked calmly, "Mr. Jablon, a lighter, please"

"Of course!" Eugene failed to find a single lighter on himself. He nudged his secretary beside him with his foot and whispered, "Lighter! Lighter!"

After much fanfare, he finally found a lighter. He hurriedly lit Dexter's cigarette, and its weak flame revealed the man's indifferent gaze.

"Mr. Russell... You. This. I'm also a man, I understand! Eugene said, thinking he had offered some comfort

Dexter slowly puffed on his cigarette, letting out a stifled chuckle. "What do you know?"

Which man could bear the fact that his ex-wife had left with her first love? Eugene couldn't say it directly, so he found a roundabout way to explain, "Women, well, I think Ms. Olsen, whom we just met, is quite a fine lady. Yes, quite good indeed!"

Dexter brushed off the ash from his cigarette and said, "She's like my younger sister. She doesn't count."

With a sigh, Eugene scratched his head, at a loss for words. He stood dumbfounded at the door with Dexter until the latter had finished smoking a cigarette. Dexter stared at the scattered ashes on the ground. "Mr. Jablon, how much do you know about the Bastille family's affairs?"

Eugene began to regret not drinking enough to pass out. He found himself in a bit of a predicament as he stammered, "Not much, just... what has been rumored out there."

Before their eyes, Morgan was helping Josie to stand up. She brushed off Morgan's hand and walked away on her own.

Morgan boarded his car and drove behind her at a slow pace.

"Morgan acquired Shawn's businesses, joined forces with Bastille Group's shareholders, and ousted his own younger brother, right?" Dexter asked. His back ached a little as he straightened his body.

“Yes... that Shawn, he’s an illegitimate child. For the past six months, he has been teaming up with other companies to attack Morgan. Just for this reason alone, Morgan could never tolerate him.”

As Eugene spoke about this, he was somewhat filled with righteous indignation.

“Other companies?”

“Rumor has it that they’re from Wavery. Although we don’t know who’s behind it, they’re powerful and ruthless. So, it’s not like Morgan had an easy victory these past six months. It just goes to show his tenacity.”

After all, as a fellow townsman from Rivodia, Eugene held a certain degree of admiration for Morgan.

“Tell me. Perhaps I really do know these companies.”

After some thought, Eugene mentioned a company name.

Dexter’s emotions were unreadable as he lazily fiddled with a lighter. He said simply, “It’s a company under Russell Group”

Before Eugene could even react, Dexter nonchalantly tossed the lighter into the former’s hands and declared. “Ill make a move”

The man, tall and upright, walked into the night, a pleasing sight to behold.

Eugene watched him leave, and after a moment, his legs gave way, and he collapsed into his secretary’s arms “Did you hear that? What what did he just say?”

His secretary was also breaking out in a cold sweat “H-he said that the company collaborating with Shawn is under Russell Group’s control”

Suddenly, Eugene’s vision went completely dark.

Dexter revealed this information for one reason only to make it clear to Eugene that his relationship with Morgan was never one of cooperation, but of opposition.

Tonight had been a feast with ill intentions, where Eugene alone reveled cluelessly in joy.

Lost in his thoughts, Eugene suddenly slapped himself and cursed out loud, “D*mn it.”

Meanwhile, Josie took a long trek back to the hotel. The gloom in her heart didn’t dissipate, and she never once looked back at Morgan’s car.

“Ms. Jo? What happened? You didn’t walk all the way back, did you?” Angel opened the door, only to find a weary and haggard Josie.

Josie didn’t say a word. She went straight into the bathroom and closed the door.

[Chapter 815 I Am Liana](#)

There was a very large mirror in the bathroom.

She shed her outer garment and all her clothes until she was completely naked. Josie turned around, her back facing the mirror,

At her shoulder blade, there lay a birthmark akin to a cloud right in the middle.

Not only did it resemble Heather's, identical in every way, but it was also in the exact same position, not a hair's breadth off.

Josie stared at the birthmark for a long time, a memory suddenly surfacing from her childhood. She remembered chasing after Paul, asking, "Dad, why do I have a birthmark?"

Paul gently patted her head. "Do you find it ugly?"

"No, it's just that I'm curious. Why do others not have it, but I do?"

Every summer, she dared not wear overly revealing clothes. Even later, when she was in bed with Dexter, she always deliberately covered her back. When he asked her about it, she simply said she didn't like it from behind. It didn't make her feel secure.

Dexter had always respected her, never forcing anything.

After a moment of thought, Paul said, "This birthmark, perhaps, could be the key to finding your biological parents in the future. So, it could also be considered a form of luck, don't you think?"

Josie nodded, then shook her head. "I want to stay with you. I don't want to find my biological parents."

Paul was comforted and laughingly called her silly.

With each memory of the past, a pang of sorrow struck Josie.

She always felt as if she was dreaming, and only when she opened her eyes again to see the birthmark on her back did she feel the reality of it all. This mark, which had been with her for over twenty years, played a crucial role at that moment.

Her speculation was confirmed. Josie and Liana. How remarkably similar we are. Even our eyebrows and eyes bear a striking resemblance.

Every time she saw Mark and Claudia, she felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

Fate had been hinting at her identity all along, yet she persistently used all sorts of excuses to avoid recognition.

Angel had been waiting outside for a long time, anxiously knocking on the door, "Ms. Jo, are you okay?"

Josie didn't hear it. Clarity washed over her at that instant as the cold water flowed down from her head to toe. How could Heather replicate my birthmark exactly in the exact same manner when the only other person who knew about it was Pop? If I am real, why was Heather able to pass the DNA test? Dexter even did it once on his own. Am I a fake, then?

Josie opened his eyes, her breathing suddenly becoming heavy. Someone has tampered with it. Heather alone couldn't have done this. How many people does she have backing her up?

She would need to use her immense intellect to unravel this mystery. She had an inexplicable premonition. Perhaps solving this puzzle will lead me to Pop!

After what felt like an eternity, Josie finally opened the bathroom door. Angel looked at her anxiously. "Ms. Jo, you scared me to death."

Josie was drying her hair with a towel, managing a smile. "I'm sorry. I'm fine. I'm just feeling a bit down."

Angel seemed a bit confused. "Um... Did Mr. Bastille come back with you? I noticed his car has been parked downstairs, and he hasn't left."

Josie raised an eyebrow, walking over to the balcony. Sure enough, she saw Morgan leaning against his car downstairs, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. His demeanor and the elegant way he moved were exactly like the scion he was back in university.

He saw her, his eyes curving into a smile, and he waved at her.

Josie closed the balcony door and returned to her room.

Angel was very curious, "Ms. Jo, you know Mr. Bastille?"

"He... could be considered an old acquaintance." Josie carefully chose her words. She had no intention of sharing her discoveries that night with anyone, as she was unsure who could truly be trusted.

[Chapter 816 No Need For Love](#)

On the final day of the conference, everyone's tense nerves finally began to relax. Meals were eaten at a more leisurely pace. In the hotel's restaurant, every table was occupied by important figures.

Josie and Angel arrived late, and there were hardly any seats left. They planned to pack some food and eat it back in their room. However, at that moment, a man in a suit came over and respectfully said, "Ms. Warren, Mr. Bastille invites you."

Surprised, Josie looked over and saw Morgan in the center, elegantly dining. He waved at her. She closed her eyes briefly, then reluctantly walked over.

Just as Angel was about to catch up, the man in the suit stopped her, "Ms. Teneson, come with me."

"What on earth do you want to do?" Josie sat across from Morgan, her expression somewhat troubled.

"You seem to be in high spirits. It looks like you've fully recovered." Morgan raised an eyebrow, cutting at piece of steak and placing it on her plate.

Josie glanced at the steak, then at Morgan, utterly baffled. "You've already taken over the Bastille family. What on earth are you after?"

His face was expressionless as he continued to cut his steak. "Being close to you brings me nothing. It might even upset Dexter, let alone the Bastille family."

Josie furrowed her brows. "What I mean is, the Bastille family has everything you could possibly want. Why are you so fixated on me?"

It was not that she was narcissistic. However, she could feel that Morgan's series of actions indicated he still couldn't let go of her.

“Or could it be, Mr. Bastille, that you have a soft spot for your first love? But that can’t be right. I’m not your first love. Your ex-girlfriends could form a line all the way to Friyx, so why me?” Josie leaned back in her chair, half-joking.

Morgan saw right through everything. “Are you still hung up on my ex-girlfriends?”

It was because of that very reason that the two of them went their separate ways in the first place.

His speech added a hint of ambiguity to the atmosphere, making it seem as if she hadn’t let go of him.

“No, I don’t remember anymore,” Josie said, noticing him adding another slice of steak to her plate, “All I remember is that for you, life is so fulfilling that there’s no need for love.”

Back then, he left mercilessly without a hint of hesitation.

Morgan’s thoughts began to drift slightly as if recalling something. After a moment of silence, he said in a deep voice, “What if I told you I regret it, Josie? Would you give me another chance?”

Josie stuffed a steak into her mouth. “Just a reminder, I’ve been divorced before.”

“I don’t care.”

“You don’t care? It seems time really can change a lot. The person who used to dodge at the mere sight of my father now doesn’t even care that I’ve been divorced”

With a mocking smile, Josie was filled with nostalgia for the past.

Morgan’s previously calm expression wavered for a moment, and guilt swiftly followed. “Everyone said back then you were forcing a marriage, and I didn’t want to get married. I’m sorry.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Josie said, having already let go of the past. “But what about now? If I asked you to marry me this instant, could you do it?”

Morgan looked at her, his eyes brimming with surprise and joy. “Of course.”

As he spoke, he raised his hand to signal his secretary to make arrangements. Josie quickly held him down, exclaiming, “Are you out of your mind!”

“The Bastille family and Bastille Group are already mine. No one can influence my decisions when it comes to marriage,” Morgan answered seriously.

This is madness. Josie didn’t expect him to be so bold. “I was just joking.”

Morgan took her hand in his, his gaze filled with endless affection. “Just remember. What Dexter can’t give you, I can.”

Listening, Josie felt torn apart. She forcefully pulled back her hand, stood up, and was about to leave when suddenly, she remembered something.

[Chapter 817 The Negative Was Handed Over](#)

“Since you’ve invested in La Oriele, do you know Mr. Dalton?” asked Josie.

Morgan leaned back in his chair, nonchalantly saying, “Who in Rivodia doesn’t know?”

“Have you met him?”

Morgan seemed to be thinking. “I’ve met him once. He was wearing a mask, so I don’t know what he looks like.”

Josie snorted coldly. “With a personality like yours, shouldn’t you dig until you find the truth? Aren’t you curious about his background?”

“In business, it’s all about profit. As long as he can bring me returns, I don’t need to know who he is or what he looks like,” Morgan reminded, toying with the knife and fork in his hand.

Josie furrowed her brows, feeling the chasm between the two of them growing wider and wider. “La Oricle is no place for the virtuous. You’d better back off if you don’t want to drag the Bastille family into this.”

Morgan remained seated. “Are you showing concern for me?”

Josić gritted her teeth. “I have a grudge against them, and I’m just afraid that when the time comes to settle scores, you’ll be roped into this.”

The amusement in Morgan’s eyes became more evident. “You dare to provoke Mr. Dalton?”

When Josie recalled how Wayne almost took her life, she couldn’t help but wish to kill him. “Why should I be afraid of him?”

She’s as brave as ever. Morgan nodded. “Indeed, there’s no need for you to.”

Josie couldn’t be bothered to argue with him any longer. Hence, she left directly, but she couldn’t find Angel. She circled around but couldn’t find anyone. Instead, she got lost and ended up standing outside an emergency exit.

She was about to leave when suddenly she caught a whiff of smoke. It was a familiar brand, the one that Dexter often smoked.

In response, she approached the staircase, and sure enough, she saw the flickering flames.

There, she heard Larry speaking. “Mr. Russell, we just received news. The higher-ups have already signed a cooperation agreement with the Carter Group. However, there’s a high chance that our people can intercept the deal. Arnold won’t be able to succeed.”

Dexter remained silent, neither approving nor disapproving.

Larry hesitated for a moment before handing over an envelope. “From Ms. Olsen.”

Dexter inhaled deeply, discarded the cigarette butt, and stomped on it. Then, he picked up the envelope to open it. After checking the content inside, he spoke in a heavy tone. “Today is the third day. She sure knows her place, and there’s no way she’ll dare to gamble. After all, we also have her photos. If they were

to be released, she would no longer be the future heir of the Olsen family.”

They also have the photos? Josie pondered. asked Larry.

Upon hearing that, Josie suddenly understood what Dexter held in his hand....

"How many years has it been since his father passed?" Dexter's voice was slightly hoarse from smoking.

"It should be about six or seven years now," answered Larry.

"Go handle it." Dexter needn't specify what to do for Larry to understand. The latter promptly turned around and left.

Dexter stood in place for a while, his figure thin exuding a melancholic and quiet aura.

He turned around with an envelope in his hand. Josie took the opportunity to walk out, and they crossed paths.

Dexter wasn't surprised in the least. He handed over an envelope and a lighter, saying, "Destroy it or keep it. It's up to you."

He knew all along that she was there.

Josie didn't respond, feeling she couldn't understand that man. "Who planned this?"

"Summer is unwilling to speak. Handing over the negatives is her bottom line." Dexter's hand paused in mid-air as he smiled mysteriously. "Why couldn't Arnold have been one of the people who planned this?" "He couldn't have done it, considering he was badly injured at the time." Josie answered quickly,

Dexter responded to her with a hint of mockery. "Don't forget, he's Mr. Dalton's man."

Josie hesitated but still took the envelope, feeling a small USB drive inside.

She hadn't seen Dexter for several days. He was absent from the conference, so she speculated that he might have gone to the hospital to treat the injury on his back.

[Chapter 818 One Of The Partners](#)

Josie wanted to ask something, but couldn't find the words. "...Thank you."

Realizing that the man before her had once braved storms with her during their youth, Josie felt a peculiar sensation. Unfortunately, he was unaware that she was Liana.

In fact, there were times when she was upset because of Liana. In other words, she was jealous of herself.

She turned around, and Dexter suddenly spoke. "After Morgan went abroad, he had been with several women."

Speaking of which, Josie furrowed her brows, turning around to ask, "What are you trying to say?"

Dexter reached into his pocket, contemplating lighting another cigarette. However, he decided against it. Upon realizing something. "Your first love isn't loyal to you."

Josie moved forward.

"He prioritizes his own interests. He has no feelings for you."

Josie paused again, finding his words somewhat amusing. "Mr. Russell, you seem to care a lot about me."

Dexter remained silent without giving a response.

She looked at the man standing a step below her when a sudden mischievous thought crossed her mind. "It's quite normal for an adult man to have women around him. What matters is to whom his heart belongs and for whom he is willing to make sacrifices. Isn't that right, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter narrowed his eyes slightly.

"After we got married, can you say there haven't been any women around you putting on a show?" Her mockery intensified.

Dexter cut straight to the point. "Can you accept him?"

Josie looked serious. "I'm still considering."

Dexter didn't hold back. He lit up a cigarette and said, "Your relationship with me isn't pure. Morgan is trying to be with you simply because he wants to control me and even Wavery's economy through you. When men act, their performance is no less convincing than women."

It was difficult to tell if Josie understood it completely or not. "Isn't that the same as what you did at the beginning? I'm already used to it."

As the ash from Dexter's cigarette fell, the look in his eyes grew indifferent. "First love is indeed different. You can't accept my act, yet you can accept his."

Josie chuckled softly as if she could smell the hint of jealousy that wasn't really there.

"The Bastille family will never accept a woman without a background or pedigree as Mrs. Bastille. If you're naïve enough to believe otherwise, then only disappointment awaits you." Dexter stared at her as he spoke word by word.

It seemed he already knew most of what she had discussed with Morgan earlier.

Josie glanced at the ceiling, feigning nonchalance. "What if he's just so in love with me that he can't help himself? Moreover, what if my time in the Bastille family just so happened to be smooth sailing?"

Dexter chuckled quietly, stepping upward, instantly towering over her by more than a head. He leaned down, whispering into her ear, "There's absolutely no chance of that happening."

Josie instinctively shivered as he leaned toward her, feeling a burning itch in her ear.

"One is the city's biggest taxpayer in the open, the other is the emperor of the city's underground. Do you think they could peacefully coexist in this city without colluding?" Dexter moved closer, whispering softly, his thin lips barely brushing against her earlobe.

Such contact was like a cruel torture.

"Morgan's not just an investor at La Oriole. He's also one of the partners. Has he mentioned this to you?" Dexter looked at her furrowed brows. "It seems he hasn't. You've been messing around with

Arnold. How much do you think he knows? It's foolish of you to judge such a secretive person solely by their outward appearance."

Dexter's cigarette burned completely, searing his fingertips. He tossed it on the ground, stamped it out, and walked away.

Josie stood still, watching his silhouette disappear into the light, feeling almost drained of all strength.

The situation was far more complex than she had imagined. Breaking free from it was not as simple as she thought.

Josie returned to her room and immediately plugged the USB into her computer. One by one, the images, appeared. As expected, the man's face in those images was that of the unconscious Arnold. After she finished viewing the pictures, she discovered something

Every photo was deliberately taken to avoid her back so that her birthmark was never captured.

[Chapter 819 Once Shared A Kiss](#)

Avoiding her was a deliberate move because she was aware of her identity. In other words, the mastermind intentionally concealed her identity, fearing that it might be exposed.

From the conversation between Dexter and Larry, Josie learned that Summer had given them the negative. Does she also know that Heather is also an imposter? What on earth are they trying to do?

Josie sat in front of the computer, lost in thought, unable to make sense of the recent turn of events. If it has to do with the Olsen family, does that mean I can trace Pop's disappearance back to them?

With that thought, Josie suddenly felt like she had a clearer understanding of the situation.

"Josie." Angel suddenly opened the door. "When did you get back?"

Josie quickly closed her computer and turned around. "Where have you been?"

"Mr. Bastille's secretary invited me for a meal, and when I returned, you were gone." Angel leaned in curiously. "I heard that you have a close relationship with Mr. Bastille. Is that true?"

Josie asked calmly. "Is that what his secretary said?"

Angel nodded in response.

"We were just ordinary friends who once shared a kiss," Josie said, astonishing Angel and leaving her speechless, even though she had mentally prepared herself for it.

Angel inquired further, "Does that mean Mr. Bastille wanted to rekindle an old flame?"

"He must be dreaming." Josie replied quickly, her gaze falling on Angel's face. "Is it hot outside? Why is your face red?"

Angel felt a bit nervous, covering her face. "I-Is it? I don't think so." Then she hurried into the bathroom to look in the mirror.

Josie watched her figure, her thoughts drifting away as if she had figured something out.

Josie was not initially keen on attending the event, but when the attendant who came to notify her mentioned that Dexter would be attending the party with a female companion tonight, her interest was piqued.

It was clear that the female companion was Heather, and because of that, Josie changed her mind and decided to attend the party.

Angel played along with the misunderstanding, "Let's go pick out a beautiful dress to outshine everyone else, shall we?"

Josie chuckled "The guests there are all capable businesspeople, so no one has the time to pay attention to their looks. This isn't a social gathering for socialites"

Angel let out a sigh In the meantime, Josie picked out a ladies black jumpsuit. It was subtly revealing at the chest, sexy yet sleek, bearing quite the resemblance to a business professional's attire

Angel was surprised by the outfit Josie had chosen As Josie looked at her reflection in the mirror, she could not help but reminisce about her innocent appearance when she first entered the professional world

Upon arriving at the venue, Josie noticed most of the ladies were dressed in a similar fashion as expected. Morgan was on stage, delivering a speech on finance. Josie raised a glass of wine, making a round of toast with everyone present.

Everyone was laughing, showing varying degrees of admiration for Josie. Over the past few days, she had not only managed to avoid appearing dispirited but also kept herself from making headlines with her ex- husband, Dexter.

It seemed she was a carefree woman who was unfazed by her past.

Morgan was speaking on stage when his gaze fell upon her, lingering for quite a while. Josie could feel his eyes on her, but she chose to look away.

The celebratory party was already halfway through when Dexter arrived fashionably late. He mingled effortlessly with everyone, his words and actions all perfectly appropriate.

As expected, Heather turned out to be his plus-one.

When the two walked side by side, Heather presented herself as if she were the future Mrs. Russell.

Just when everyone was speculating, Morgan finished his speech and stepped down from the stage. Under the gaze of the crowd, he walked straight toward Josie.

She watched him walking over with wide eyes, a sense of foreboding washing over her.

Morgan stood in front of her, asking Josie in front of everyone, "Are you happy with this venue?"

Josie raised an eyebrow, looking around without noticing anything out of the ordinary.

"That piano-we've played it before," Morgan responded with a faint smile, looking at the piano on stage that shimmered under the spotlight

[Chapter 820 He Taught Her Piano](#)

In an instant, Josie felt a chill run down his spine. He's doing this on purpose,

"The piano should be at Wavery University, shouldn't it?" she asked.

"I bought it over from the school," Morgan replied, taking her hand and idly playing with her fingers. "It's old and the quality is nowhere near as good as the pianos today, but it's part of our shared memories, isn't it?"

His tone was casual, yet it caused Josie to shudder.

When they were together for two years, they were popular figures in the school. On the day of the school anniversary, Morgan led her onto the stage, and they played a duet, their hands moving in harmony. Their performance remained the talk of the town for a long time.

Everyone said that Morgan's affection for Josie ran deep to his very core.

If he had not mentioned their shared past, Josie would have already forgotten about it.

She closed her eyes briefly, lowering her voice. "What do you want?"

"Why not put on a show for your ex-husband?" Morgan suggested, his smile contrasting with the icy coldness in his eyes.

Josie looked up and noticed Dexter was not far away. Heather was talking to him about something, but he seemed uninterested. It was unclear whether he was listening or not. He would definitely kill me if he finds out that I learned piano four hands from Morgan!

"I can't play," she said coldly.

"Are you not going to play?" Morgan moved closer to her, whispering in her ear, "Don't you want to annoy her a bit? Josie, I'm willing to be used by you."

He was referring to Heather..

Frowning, just as Josie was about to retort, a sudden thought struck her. She curved her lips into a smile and caught hold of his fingers. "It's been a while. I might not play as well."

Holding hands, they walked onto the stage together.

Morgan was pleased and said nonchalantly, "I think you play quite well with him."

In a stealthy manner, Josie gave him a kick under the table.

To the onlookers, it was quite a shock. They never expected Josie to have a connection with the eldest son of the Bastille family. It seemed that he was even willing to take orders from her.

Their every move caught the eyes of the other guests. Even Heather could not help but subconsciously murmur, "Isn't that Ms. Warren?"

A glint of cold light flashed in Dexter's eyes as he intently watched the two on stage

Morgan was the first to raise his hand, pressing a key on the piano. Without hesitation, Josie quickly followed suit.

The piece that he played was *Mariage d'Amour*.

When the two of them were on good terms, they practiced this piece extensively. Josie was a bit rusty, but Morgan patiently guided her, making the imperfections almost imperceptible.

As time went on, they got into the swing of things, and the two of them even played better than when they were playing it alone.

The melodious piano music wafted through the hall, causing everyone to unconsciously set aside their tasks to listen attentively.

Josie was somewhat surprised herself. After all these years, she could not believe she could still keep up with Morgan's pace in playing the piano.

In a gentle voice, Morgan uttered, "What's with the surprised look? I trained you. No one knows you better than I do, not even Dexter."

As the song ended, Morgan took her hand, looked at everyone in the audience, and announced loudly, "My girlfriend is a bit shy. We hope you enjoyed our performance."

Everyone froze for a moment. After processing the announcement in their minds, they began to applaud.

Morgan had been back in the country for so long without any rumors of a woman in his life, but now, he publicly announced that Josie was his girlfriend!

Josie tried to pull her hand away from Morgan. "Are you out of your mind?" She quickly grabbed the mic and clarified, "He made a mistake. I'm his ex-girlfriend."

The crowd could not help but gasp upon hearing this, as there was a lot of information for them to process.

Morgan did not take it to heart. "Could you give me another chance?"

This time, it was not a private conversation between two people; he popped the question in front of all the guests.

Josie's heart was racing, not from excitement, but from the intense gaze directed at her from below the stage. It made her feel as if she were suffocating, as though impending punishment hung in the air.