

## Blind Date 821

### [Chapter 821 Plastic Surgery](#)

Everyone was surprised that Morgan, of such high status, would publicly pursue a woman who had been divorced!

On stage, Josie found herself in a difficult position. Underneath the table, she was stepping on his foot in secret with her high heels, wishing she could crush him underfoot.

She gave a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "That depends on your capabilities, Mr. Bastille."

After finishing her speech, she hurriedly left the stage. To avoid further questioning, Josie headed straight for the restroom. Unexpectedly, someone followed her.

In the mirror, she saw Heather step forward with a smile. "Congratulations."

Josie turned on the tap to wash her hands. "Congratulations for what?"

"Congratulations on your good fortune to have a good man pursuing you right after your divorce. You're luckier than most women," Heather said, opening her handbag and taking out a makeup case to touch up her makeup.

"Good fortune?" Josie chuckled as she pulled out a piece of paper to wipe off the water droplets on her hands, then walked over to Heather's side. "Is that how you usually describe a woman's feelings, Heather? It seems like you don't think highly of a woman's status."

Heather visibly stiffened, changing the subject. "My name is Liana now."

Josie glanced sideways, gazing at her. Seeing her furrowed brows, she smiled. "I've gotten used to it."

Afterward, she took the eyebrow pencil from her hand and carefully drew eyebrows for Heather.

"I often frequent the nightlife establishments, and I've heard many ladies there talk like this. It's their way of promoting themselves," Josie said. As she spoke, she pulled out an eyebrow brush and brushed her eyebrows. She then flicked it in her hand. "This eyebrow pencil of yours isn't very good. I'll get you one from a brand I often use next time."

Heather stared at her, trying to decipher her intentions. A subtle anxiety was clearly visible in her eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's nothing. I was just wondering if you've been in such situations before, causing you to use such an adjective."

"Josie, as you know, I come from a humble background, Heather carefully responded.

"Oh, that's understandable," Josie said with a light laugh "Once you become Mrs. Russell, you can't say things like that anymore. Dexter would get upset"

Heather's brows furrowed deeper and deeper. She hadn't expected Josie to respond like this, her face tilting with suspicion. "Y-You're not angry?"

“Why should I be mad? There’s no going back for hund me Considering we’re both women. I in just giving you a heads-up” Josie laughed lightly, appearing very relaxed

She even extended her hand to help Heather adjust her shipping shoulder strap

Heather tensed up once agam instinctively taking a step back if she was afcard fonic would see her back

“Will you be with Morgan then?”

After giving it some serious thought, Josie said, “Who knows?”

“What about Arnold?”

When asked about that, Josie suddenly laughed. “That’s your brother-in-law.”

Only then did Heather realize her lapse in composure. She nodded in acknowledgment, gathered her belongings, and turned to leave.

“Heather.” Josie called out to her.

Heather turned her head, correcting Josie once again, “My name is Liana.”

Josie didn’t deny it. Instead, she walked over step by step. “You forgot the eyebrow pencil.” She stuffed the item into her hand. During their brief skin contact, she looked deeply into Heather’s eyes before withdrawing her gaze.

Heather quickly walked away. For some reason, during that encounter with Josie, Josie’s aura was exceptionally strong and somewhat mysterious. On the other hand, she herself was filled with panic.

Josie stood still after Heather left. She took out a small transparent bag, carefully placed a short eyebrow hair that she had been twirling between her fingers into it, and then put it away.

While performing that series of actions, she was devoid of any emotion. Instead, she was cold-blooded.

She just realized Heather must have undergone plastic surgery, which sometimes made her expression appear quite stiff. How schemeful.

#### [Chapter 822 Video](#)

When Josie stepped out again, the celebration feast was already drawing to a close.

She had already become the center of attention in the room. With Morgan’s move, many who originally looked down on her had now gathered around, hoping to get familiar with her.

Josie had achieved her goal and had no intention of staying any longer. She scanned the room but didn’t see Dexter. At that point, she didn’t have the energy to worry about him anymore.

“Where are you going?” Morgan chased after her from the farthest corner, following behind Josie.

“Back to the hotel,” Josie said, not breaking her stride.

“I’ll walk you out.”

Josie furrowed her brows, glanced at him, then at the crowd behind. "Can you?" He is the host, and all these people need to be attended to.

As expected, Morgan did show some hesitation. He changed his approach. "I'll have my secretary take you."

"No need. I can drive," Josie flatly refused.

He held her wrist to prevent her from leaving. Suddenly, a bitter smile appeared on his face. "In those two years, whenever I mentioned Rivodia, you always clamored for me to bring you here to play. Now that we're really here, why won't you give me a chance?",

Speaking of that, it felt like they had returned to the innocent days of being students.

Josie let out a sigh, looking up at the bright moon hanging in the sky. "Morgan, we've grown up, haven't we? You really don't need to wade through this mess with me. You have a bright future in Rivodia, while my future is uncertain."

Morgan simply curled his lips. "I've said it before. All you need to do is provide me with the opportunity. and I'll handle the rest."

"Do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Your father has gone missing."

"And?"

"This matter might involve the three major families in Wavery."

"So?"

"I can get it done for you." Morgan's confidence was as unwavering as always.

Josie looked at him with a meaningful gaze before finally withdrawing it. "I'll leave first."

This time, Morgan didn't catch up. Angel, who was standing nearby, was utterly confused. She quickly followed and asked, "Ms. Jo, what if we need his help in the future since you rejected him like this?"

"Did I refuse?"

"What?"

Josie stepped swiftly and lightly, disappearing into the night.

Back at the hotel, Dexter's car was parked downstairs.

The car window rolled down. Dexter sat in the back seat, examining her under a cluster of lights, his expression unreadable. "You're not with anyone?"

Josie felt something was off, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. She stood still. "Angel has gone to park the car."

Dexter remained silent, just staring at her. After a while, he lazily stretched his hand out of the car window, holding a mobile phone. On the screen, a series of videos were playing on loop.

The night was dim and rain pattered down. Arnold held her hand, battling alongside a dozen bodyguards. Blood splattered across the lens but was quickly wiped clean. Two figures tangled together as they fought for their lives.

Such a thrilling scene, once experienced, was unforgettable.

Josie's pulse was racing. She had no idea where Dexter got the video from.

Just then, a gunshot echoed in the video. It was Josie who had fired the gun to protect Arnold.

Dexter's face suddenly took on an undisguised grimness. He put away his phone, the veins on the back of his hand bulging.

At that moment, the driver got out of the car and opened the door, indicating that she was invited to get

Josie closed her eyes for a moment, knowing he wouldn't just let it go. She had no choice but to sit in the back seat.

Dexter turned off his phone, the sound disappearing with it. He asked coldly, "You used the gun I gave you to protect another man, is that it?"

Josie's body tensed up. "If I hadn't used it at that moment, both of us would have died."

"You wouldn't die." Dexter leaned in, his large hand loosely encircling her neck. "He loves you so much, so how could he bear to lose you?"

"Dexter-"

### [Chapter 823 The First Time](#)

He abruptly increased his strength, and a feeling of suffocation followed.

"Even if something goes wrong, Morgan will do everything he can to get you out, won't he!"

Dexter moved closer, his thin lips pressing against her lower jaw, almost brushing against her ear. Josie felt a chill down her spine, gasping for breath. "Who gave you the video?"

"I've told you before," Dexter said, noticing her flushed face and slightly loosening his grip. "Morgan and Wayne are partners."

It's Morgan... Josie was somewhat reluctant to believe it. Not long ago, he said he could help me.

Seeing the calculating look in her eyes, Dexter quickly guessed what she was thinking. He scoffed.

"You're courting death, thinking you can make Morgan bow his head. You're too full of yourself."

He spoke those words with anger. Evidently, he was upset.

Josie tilted her head back, grabbing his wrist, trying to break free.

"My ex-wife is quite capable. All the men around her are big shots." Dexter curled his thin lips in mockery. "But she isn't very smart, allowing herself to be used by each one of them. Tell me, what does it take for her to realize that I am her only pillar of support?"

Josie felt suffocated, listening to him.

Whenever Dexter went on a rampage, he wouldn't stop until his anger was vented.

"You, huh? You've been taking Heather to important events. Isn't that your way of announcing to the world that she's the future Mrs. Russell?" Josie asked him, word by word. Aren't you the same? You're someone who will stop at nothing for the sake of profit?"

Dexter's eyes were unfathomably deep as he held her chin, forcing her to part her lips. "Such a sharp tongue you have. Has Morgan kissed it yet?"

"You!"

"He taught you how to play the piano." His voice carried the calm before the storm of rage.

"What else did he teach you?" The man's hand, adorned with rosary beads, slowly extended downward, a roughness laced its languid movement.

The sound of her zipper being pulled down rang out.

Josie screamed, banging down on the back of his hand, "Dexter! You beast!"

Dexter didn't hold back at all. He knew exactly where she was most sensitive and was particularly intense. Scrying her complex expression as she tilted her head back in embarrassment, he chuckled lightly. "Has Morgan ever seen you like this? I don't think so. Your first time was with me."

"Dexter! I swear! Fuck all the patience! Josie was almost out of breath and even though she had bitten his hand hard enough to draw blood, by all wouldn't let go. Not hearing that in pressed deeper Josie so to risks others have taught you on me I find it repulsive."

"We're already divorced. You have no right to control me anymore." Josie took a deep breath, like a fish out of water.

"Your body is more honest than your words." Dexter coldly observed her conflicted demeanor. Finally, his irritation dissipated.

Josie closed her eyes in defeat, realizing that her body, which he had trained, was now beyond even her own control.

She didn't know how much time had passed when she shivered all over. Dexter finally let her go, pulling out a piece of paper to clean his fingers. "Even if we're divorced, you're still my woman."

Josie's lips trembled, unable to utter a single word.

He opened the car door. "When we get back to Wavery, I'll give you a gift."

The night wind blew in, dispersing the scent of intimacy. Josie transitioned from burning passion to cool calmness, shivering slightly.

She stumbled out of the car, looking at him as if he were a demon. "Beast."

Dexter didn't mind. The driver had already gotten into the car. He spoke up. "Drive."

The vehicle sped off, its exhaust fumes swirling into nothingness. Josie felt weak, wishing nothing more than to kill Dexter.

#### [Chapter 824 Taking Photos](#)

Josie returned to the hotel, still unable to calm down. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Angel said from outside, "Ms. Jo, the flight is booked. We're leaving tomorrow afternoon."

"Okay."

Early the next morning, Josie called Morgan. "Didn't you say you wanted to see me off? Take me to the airport this afternoon."

There was clearly a pause on the other end, then a laugh. "What the matter? You want to make it public?"

"I'm not interested. Are you sending me to the airport or not?"

"Sure."

Morgan didn't disappoint, showing up punctually at the hotel entrance in the afternoon. His secretary personally drove the car, with Angel sitting in the front seat while Josie and Morgan sat in the back.

"Try the specialty of Rivodia, the caramel custard," Morgan said, placing a dish in front of her.

Josie didn't move. "Did you wait in line to buy this?"

Morgan was quite honest. "My secretary bought it."

In the rearview mirror, the secretary touched his nose, feeling somewhat apologetic.

Josie handed it over to Angel.

The latter was somewhat taken aback, unsure whether to accept or not. Josie nodded in indication, and Morgan didn't react otherwise, so Angel took it.

"You're leaving so soon? From the sound of it, I thought you were going to explore La Oriele." Morgan was very busy, still reviewing documents in the car.

Josie was sitting in the corner, engrossed in her phone. "That's a matter for the police."

Morgan glanced at her. "Actually, Rivodia has more potential for development than Wavery. The little power that Russell Group gives you, I can give you more in the Bastille family."

Josie also glanced at him. "I'll just be working, so what's the difference?"

Morgan smiled, picking up a document, and after perusing it for a moment, he said. "This morning. I drove Shawn out of Rivodia. Dexter's plan to use him to disrupt our morale has failed."

Josie furrowed her brows. She hadn't expected that Dexter had done all these things. "I'm not interested in your family affairs."

The first time he met Shawn was the day he saw Heather in Rivodia." Morgan suddenly revealed the crucial news.

That left Josie taken aback "How did you know?"

"Because not long after that day, news came from Wavery that the long-lost daughter of the Olsen family had been found." Morgan's smile was radiant, with a hint of mystery mixed in.

Josie gripped her phone tightly. "What are you trying to say?"

"It's nothing. It's just a coincidence," Morgan said, returning his attention to the documents.

Upon arriving at the airport, the secretary collected their luggage. Morgan accompanied her all the way to the security check. During that time, Angel whispered to Josie, "There are reporters taking pictures."

Josie noticed as well. She subtly closed the distance between her and Morgan. "You can control these reporters, can't you?"

Morgan smoothly placed his hand on her shoulder. "Who are you trying to impress by suddenly making such a show? You're the first one who dares to use me."

Josie shook off his hand. "If you're unwilling, you can leave right now."

"Sure. I've said it before. I'm more than happy to be used by you," Morgan said, laughing nonchalantly.

Upon arriving at the VIP lounge, they ran into a few acquaintances.

Claudia and Heather were also on the same flight.

The former sat in the corner, eyes closed, quietly and devoutly fiddling with the rosary beads in her hand.

Every time Josie saw her, her heart would find peace. But this time, there was an added tension. Her fingers clenched tightly, turning pale, as a myriad of emotions welled up in her eyes.

What bothered her was that Heather was sitting next to her.

"Ms. Warren." Heather got to her feet, breaking the brief silence.

Suddenly, Josie snapped back to reality, only to see Claudia had also opened her eyes. She was looking at her with a steady and undisturbed gaze.

"We meet again." She nodded.

### [Chapter 825 Cherish Your Mother](#)

Upon hearing Josie's voice, Claudia slowly opened her eyes.

She couldn't help but wonder if it was some sort of illusion, as when Josie and Heather stood side by side, they looked so alike that she almost mistook one for the other. However, upon closer examination, significant differences in their appearances became apparent.

Josie nodded in greeting, and Claudia responded with a slight curve of her lips. They were once old acquaintances who had once shared their lives but now felt like strangers, separated by invisible barriers.

“Now that it’s delivered, you should go now,” Josie said, turning to adjust Morgan’s tie. The gesture seemed natural as if they shared a deep connection.

Morgan withdrew his gaze and, in one swift motion, took her hand. “Are you just going to let me leave like this?”

Josie shot him a silent glance, managing to squeeze out a smile. “You’re on your own in Rivodia. Take good care of yourself and don’t make me worry.”

These words didn’t quite sound like something she would say. A playful and satisfied smile curled up at the corners of Morgan’s mouth. “That’s quite simple.”

-Nevertheless, he still didn’t release her hand.

Josie pulled her hand away with a bit of force. “Don’t let me catch you involved in any scandals with other women, or I might just have to come back.”

Morgan’s grasp missed its mark, but his smile remained, thoroughly enjoying himself. “Rivodia welcomes you anytime.”

After he finished speaking, he gave Josie a hug, his voice resonating in her ear. “I wish this play could go on forever.”

Josie subtly pushed him away, smiling as she said, “Have a safe journey. I’ll message you when I get there.”

Morgan reluctantly stepped back, and the expression on his face was unmistakably that of a man in love.

After he left, Josie moved to sit next to Heather. The latter asked, “Is it moving this fast? Wasn’t he still pursuing you just yesterday?”

Josie expressed her confusion. “I never said I was with him, did I?”

Seeing Heather’s curious expression, she smiled and said, “Who can predict the future? If a man is willing to give, let him give. After all, there’s no loss.”

Heather’s smile was somewhat forced, likely because it was challenging to speak freely around Claudia.

“Ms Hadey Josie suddenly called out.

Startled, Heather looked up, her attention fully on Joste now.

Claudia glanced over her expression questioning

Josir’s breathing slowed as she closely examined the older woman’s face “Has the worship ceremony in Rivodia concluded I was wondering when I could plan my next visit perhaps our schedules might align next quarter.”



Claudia's expression relaxed somewhat when she heard this. "It's already over. There's no need for us to do it together. You don't believe in religion, so there's no need to force it."

Her words implied a certain understanding between her and Josie as if they had known each other for a long time.

Heather's posture stiffened, and she momentarily forgot to blink.

"Life at home has been filled with difficulties recently, so it's natural to turn to faith and seek solace in the words of God and the heavens," Josie remarked as she moved behind Claudia, placing her hands on her shoulders. "I believe you might have gone through something similar many years ago."

The mention of the past caused Heather to furrow her brow, and she couldn't resist interjecting. "Those days are behind us; I've already returned."

"Indeed," Josie replied calmly. Claudia's once-dark hair had turned predominantly white. As she noticed this transformation, Josie's mood took a somber turn. "Yet, it can't erase the pain of those years gone by. Look, Ms. Hadey's hair has turned white."

She mentioned this while plucking one of her white hairs and holding it up for Heather to see.

At her action, Claudia furrowed her brows slightly. "It's normal to have white hair as you age."

Josie smirked, lowering her hand to her side. "I'm just reminding Ms. Olsen not to forget her past and to cherish her mother."

"Of course, I know that," Heather said, her hands tightly clasped in front of her, revealing her nervousness. She couldn't quite grasp Josie's intentions anymore.

#### [Chapter 826 Confirming Her Plastic Surgery](#)

Just as Heather thought Josie might continue, the latter didn't make any further moves. Josie settled into her seat, dealing with official matters on her computer alongside Angel. The two groups didn't interact again until the plane was ready to take off.

Heather sat beside Claudia, observing her mother closely. "Mother, it's not that I don't care about you... It's just that the past is also painful for me, and I'd rather not dwell on it."

Claudia was once connected with Josie, and Heather was worried that Josie's words might affect the older woman.

Upon hearing this, Claudia simply patted Heather's hand and sighed. "You're overthinking it, Leanne. You're my daughter, and you don't need to worry about such things. I'm more concerned about you than anything else. When I think of the hardships and challenges you've faced, it breaks my heart."

Heather relaxed slightly at Claudia's words, a subtle hint of relief in her eyes.

The airplane soon landed in Wavery.

Josie instructed Angel to deliver the documents to the Russell Group, while she took a taxi to another location.

During the ride, she powered on her phone, and the first thing that caught her eye was today's news.

A vivid picture of her and Morgan, appearing intimately close at the airport, filled her screen.

In the photo, Morgan was adjusting her hair while she adjusted his tie, unmistakably portraying them as a couple deeply connected.

The press reported that Josie had left Dexter and was immediately whisked away by a mysterious tycoon, which seemed like a deliberate provocation.

A provocation, huh? Josie smiled. Well, I suppose so.

The vehicle pulled up at Heaven on Earth. Before entering, Josie attempted to call Laura but was promptly hung up on. Puzzled, she received a message from Laura instead: I'm busy. If there's something, just say it straight.

Josie sensed an odd tone but initially thought she might be overthinking it. She began typing a response to ask for a favor when she suddenly heard someone call her name.

"Josie."

Startled, her finger slipped, accidentally sending the incomplete message. She looked up and was surprised to see Mallory stepping out of another car, about to enter Heaven on Earth.

The woman took off her sunglasses and studied Josie intently.

"Mallory?" Josie walked over. "What a coincidence."

Mallory glanced around and commented, "Aren't you afraid of being photographed here, now that you're a famous celebrity?"

"You're here with me and you always find a way to protect me." Josie replied confidently.

Their connection was unusual. They didn't have much in common, yet Josie instinctively trusted Mallory. It was as if she didn't need to question it; her trust in Mallory was unwavering.

Mallory smiled and led Josie inside. They took the elevator to the top floor and entered a private room with the utmost privacy.

"Now, tell me, why did you want to meet all of a sudden?" Mallory inquired.

Josie stood on the balcony, gazing at the surrounding view. "I know," she began, "there's nothing in all of Wavery that Calvin doesn't know about. So, the fact that you've managed to stay by his side for so long must mean you possess extraordinary abilities."

Mallory flipped her long hair back casually. "Spare me the flattery and get to the point."

With a knowing smile, Josie pulled out her phone and showed Mallory a video. "You've seen this person before. Take a close look. Do you think she's had any plastic surgery on her face?"

Mallory seemed surprised at first sight. "She's the missing daughter of the Olsen family?"

The video had been recorded covertly, but it was of such high quality that one could see every detail on Heather's face.

Mallory surveyed the surroundings cautiously. "Our country doesn't have such advanced plastic surgery technology, so..."

Josie's anticipation lifted as she waited for Mallory to continue.

#### [Chapter 827 Conducting A DNA Test](#)

"So, she has been abroad," Mallory stated firmly as she examined the video closely. "But there's not much change, just in the jaw and cheekbones. It's subtle, and only a professional would notice it."

Having spent a lot of time by Calvin's side, Mallory had encountered many women with various motives, making her adept at reading people.

Josie furrowed her brows. "Are you absolutely sure?"

Mallory leaned against the railing, her expression shifting with the gentle breeze. "I'm quite sure. She didn't undergo plastic surgery to enhance her beauty; she altered her original appearance, trying to become..."

She struggled to find the right words, leaving her explanation incomplete.

Nevertheless, Josie felt relieved at her words. "Thank you; you've been a great help. I'll treat you to a meal, sometime."

Mallory wasn't done yet; she turned to ask, "Is it true what they say about you and Morgan?"

"You're quite the gossip," Josie sighed.

"I'm not prying; I'm just curious," Mallory explained. "Before you started making headlines with Morgan, the news about Dexter and Heather was all over the place. I can't help but wonder if you did it to spite him."

Upon hearing this, Josie couldn't help but feel a sense of irony. "If he doesn't care at all, then what I'm doing is meaningless."

Mallory wiggled her finger at the other woman. "Dexter returned to Wavery before you did; he met with Calvin this morning."

Josie was surprised. "That fast?"

"Your expression still betrays some feelings for him," Mallory observed.

Hearing this, Josie was reminded of the way Dexter had punished her in the car the previous night, and she couldn't help but feel a surge of anger. "Don't disgust me."

Mallory chuckled and opened her arms for a hug. "I'm just relieved to see you're okay. When I first heard about your divorce, I was quite worried."

Josie, her heart warmed by the gentle embrace, which had been cold for so long, felt on the verge of tears. "Thank you."

This gesture solidified Josie's trust in Mallory even further.

"Actually, there's one more thing I need your help with," Josie said as she pulled out a folder. "Inside, there are three samples. Two of them need separate DNA tests, and they should be compared with the one from the person with white hair."

Initially planning to ask Laura for help, Josie now couldn't wait any longer. The sooner this matter was resolved, the better.

Mallory opened the folder and examined its contents. One of the samples had a distinct marking. She seemed somewhat surprised as she asked, "You suspect that..."

Josie nodded, her expression serious. "I'm not entirely sure yet, but I need your help with this. Please keep it confidential. My public image is too conspicuous, so I have no choice but to handle it discreetly."

After a moment of contemplation, Mallory nodded slowly. "I'll help you with this."

Josie expressed her gratitude and then offered a suggestion, "If possible, it would be best to conduct the tests in Lightspring. I have some concerns about the discretion of the laboratories in Wavery."

Mallory understood the implication and nodded in agreement. "I'll provide you with an answer within the next three days."

As Josie left Heaven on Earth, she received a message from Laura: What's going on? Also, everyone's talking about your scandal with Morgan. It's all over the city. Are you back?

Josie chose to respond only to the first sentence: Everything is fine now.

Meanwhile, amidst the gossip headlines, financial news was making waves.

Russell Group had been bottom-fishing, delivering an unexpected blow to foreign investors. This prompted the Securities Regulatory Commission to launch thorough investigations into major companies to determine if there was any insider trading involving public information. The Carter Group was the first to face the consequences, with Arnold being taken in for questioning.

Originally, Russell Group had been hit hard by the scandal involving Josie's photos. However, the recent developments had also erased some of the Carter Group's victories.

Neither side achieved an absolute victory.

However, the Carter Group faced another setback when a photo and video of Summer passionately kissing a stranger in a bar emerged, dealing yet another heavy blow to their reputation.

### [Chapter 828 Marriage Alliance](#)

After returning to Wavery, Josie found herself working almost non-stop. She had rented a small condominium for herself, which, while not spacious, was sufficient for her needs.

Most of the studio's affairs were now being handled by Alice, Angel, and others. Josie didn't even spare a glance for the nominal projects from Russell Group, dedicating all her attention to matters concerning the Olsen family.

On one of Laura's visits, Josie happened to see photos of Dexter and Heather strolling around town..

The photographer had captured their intimate behavior brilliantly, making it appear as if they were a genuine couple. The media coverage was equally sensational, suggesting that the two had met each other's parents, hinting at a potential marriage alliance between the Russell and Olsen families.

"Why is it so hard to find you? You should have stayed at my place," Laura expressed her dissatisfaction as she entered Josie's small apartment.

Josie cleared a small corner for Laura to sit and replied, "I've been staying at your place quite often; I didn't want to trouble you further."

Laura, clearly dissatisfied with this response, playfully punched Josie. "Don't tell me you see yourself as a burden? I've been a bother to you as well."

Josie smiled and said, "The headlines have been quite lively these past few days. It seems like the Olsens are on the brink of a major conflict.

Laura sighed and sat down heavily, feeling overwhelmed. "It's not just a conflict; it's practically a war. When Summer and Zach meet, it's like they want to tear each other apart."

"Why?"

"What else could it be? It's all because Summer is caught up in a scandal, and the Carter Group is still under investigation. This situation has significant repercussions for the Olsen family. When interests are at stake, it often turns into a fierce battle."

"What about you? You seem to be on Zach's side. Do you think you have a chance?" Josie asked.

Laura raised an eyebrow and replied, "Chances of winning? What's the point of defeating Summer when there's someone else waiting in the wings?"

Josie understood that Laura was referring to Heather. "But doesn't Heather only own ten percent of the shares?"

"True, but this young lady has already captured your ex-husband's heart, and he represents the entire Russell Group. If they were to get married, both Zach and Summer would be sidelined," Laura explained.

The mention of Dexter made Josie's smile turn somewhat melancholic.

Laura frowned and asked, "The news mentions that you and Morgan have some sort of relationship. What's going on? Are you really giving up on Dexter? Can you bear to do that?"

Coincidentally, just as Morgan was mentioned, Josie's phone on the table rang. The caller ID indicated that the call was from Rivodia.

Josie offered Laura an apologetic look, picked up her phone, and remained silent.

"Didn't you say you would message me? I've been waiting this whole time," a young and charming voice on the other end of the line said.

Josie was momentarily speechless and replied, "I was just being polite when I said that. It was all just an act."

"Well, I didn't treat it like a play. You told me you'd message me, so I waited. I waited for two days, and nothing came. I got tired of waiting."

Even in their conversations, Morgan displayed a hint of anger and spoke in a tone that was both petulant and entitled.

Josie let out an exasperated laugh, saying, "Well, if you're willing to wait, go ahead, but don't expect me to send you anything even if you wait for two years."

Morgan, though clearly irritated, managed to find some amusement in the situation as he clenched his teeth and responded, "Two years, huh? I can certainly wait."

"Do you have anything else to say? If not, I'm hanging up." Josie glanced at Laura, and the latter's eyes sparkled with curiosity as they exchanged glances.

Morgan, seemingly satisfied with his last word, said, "Glad to know you're safe," before hanging up.

Subsequently, Josie casually tossed her phone aside, prompting Laura to ask, "Who was that? I've never seen you so impatient before."

In actuality, she had vaguely heard a man's voice coming from the phone. His tone was relaxed and not serious at all.

"Morgan."

Laura, her eyelids slightly lowered, masked her emotions and commented, "Why would you talk to him in that tone?"

#### [Chapter 829 Summer Has Harmed Herself](#)

Josie, somewhat puzzled, inquired, "What do you mean?"

"Isn't he the heir to the Bastille family, a person of great renown? Your tone didn't seem quite appropriate."

Josie sighed, revealing a touch of weariness, "There's more to it. When I first met him, he was just a pampered young man who needed constant attention. He didn't even want to be the heir."

As Josie talked about Morgan, it was evident that she had a deep understanding of him.

Laura fell into a brief contemplation. It had only just occurred to her today, after hearing their conversation, how well-acquainted Josie and Morgan were with each other. There were very few individuals who would dare to address Morgan in such a casual manner, and Josie was one of them.

Josie, trying to bring Laura back to the present, asked, "What are you thinking about? Your phone is ringing."

As she snapped back to reality, Laura retrieved her phone from her bag and answered, "Hello?"

When she heard the voice on the other end of the call, her expression shifted to one of shock. She promptly stood up and declared, "I need to go back immediately."

Josie also got to her feet and asked, "What's wrong?"

Laura's lips turned pale as she shared the shocking news, "Summer tried to harm herself by slashing her wrists. I need to go back immediately."

Josie's surprise was evident as she grabbed Laura's hand and offered, "Let me accompany you. The Olsen family needs someone stable right now, and you need all the support you can get. I'm here to help with whatever needs to be done."

After a brief moment of hesitation, Laura nodded in agreement.

They rushed to the Olsen Residence, where they discovered Summer on the family estate. By the time she was found, there was a pool of blood around her, and she was barely clinging to life.

The news had a profound impact on Mark, who was almost overwhelmed by shock, and everyone was hastily making their way back to the residence.

Josie followed Laura to the scene, where several cars were parked at the entrance, including one belonging to Dexter.

Inside the house, some of the most renowned doctors in Wavery had gathered. They were busy examining various data and appeared deeply concerned. Claudia sat beside Summer, who remained unconscious. On the other side of the room, Dexter was holding Heather, whispering comforting words to her.

Zach, leaning against the door, immediately turned his gaze toward Laura upon her arrival. When he noticed Josie standing behind her, his expression soured, and he questioned, "Why did you bring her here?"

This voice caught Dexter's attention. He turned his head, and his gaze landed directly on Josie.

Undaunted, Laura explained, "Josie gave me a lift because it was on her way." She stepped forward and inquired, "How is she doing?"

The doctor let out a sigh after briefly reviewing the data. "Based on what we can see now, her suicidal thoughts appear to be a result of emotional instability. Her family needs to be prepared to help her manage her emotions."

A heavy silence descended upon the room for what felt like an eternity.

Laura displayed a hint of awkwardness on her face as she replied, "We'll make sure to be mindful of that."

The doctor added, "Additionally, it seems Ms. Olsen is now suffering from claustrophobia. She must never be placed in confined or enclosed spaces again."

Finally, Claudia spoke up, her mood weighed down by the situation. "Sum never had this issue before. How could this happen?"

“We’ll have to wait until Ms. Olsen wakes up to ask her.”

With that, the doctor left the room, leaving only a few people inside. Dexter gently patted Heather on the shoulder and reassured her, “She’s been saved, so there shouldn’t be any major issues now. The main thing is to talk to Mr. Olsen about canceling Summer’s punishment.”

As Dexter spoke, his gaze briefly flickered toward Josie before quickly looking away.

Claudia absorbed the information, her mood evidently heavy. “I’ll go talk to him. You all stay here,” she declared.

In a room filled with concerned individuals, Josie remained the only outsider. She leaned against the door, studying Summer’s face.

The deep scar on her wrist seemed to indicate genuine harm, but the idea of someone as profit-driven as Summer willingly attempting to end her own life remained baffling. It simply doesn’t make sense.

### [Chapter 830 He Did It](#)

Suddenly, a figure blocked Josie’s prying gaze. It was Zach. “Ms. Warren, you’ve dropped Laura off. You can leave now,” he said coldly, his voice filled with disdain for her.

Josie remained unfazed. “Laura hasn’t asked me to leave yet. Why are you being so presumptuous?”

Her underlying message carried a hint of mockery. Laura held considerable influence now, and Zach no longer dared to mistreat her as he once did. In fact, he seemed somewhat apprehensive of her.

“You!”

“Zach.” Dexter’s voice interrupted the tension. He lightly tapped Heather and said, “You siblings should have a chat.”

After saying that, he stepped forward, his intention quite clear.

Zach was indeed wary of him. After struggling for a while, he still took a step back, turning around with a face full of disgust.

Heather frowned with worry. “Dex...”

Nevertheless, the man remained calm and composed. He gestured for her to remain quiet and closed the door behind him, shutting out the prying eyes from the room. In the hallway, only Dexter and Josie remained.

Dexter’s calm gaze felt more intense than the effects of alcohol and smoke in the air.

Josie craned her head to meet his eyes. “You did this, didn’t you?”

Dexter stayed silent, but he took her wrist and led her upstairs. It was only when they reached the rooftop that he released her wrist and spoke. “Summer’s actions were her own doing; I couldn’t control her.”



In the past few minutes, Josie had pieced together the situation. She rotated her bruised wrist and remarked, "You were aware that Summer was involved in the photo incident. After returning to Wavery, a series of scandals involving her surfaced, enraging Mark and leading to this situation. How is this not revenge?"

Her words were filled with seriousness, and the sunlight cast an amber hue in her eyes.

Dexter listened attentively before breaking into laughter. "What's the point of seeking revenge? We're already divorced."

The word "divorce" stiffened Josie. Indeed, they were divorced.

She shifted slightly and said, "Who said it had to be for my sake? Summer has severely harmed the Russell Group, and by extension, your reputation has suffered. Seeking revenge for yourself would be entirely reasonable."

Dexter tilted her chin up, his other hand lightly resting on her shoulder as he leaned in. "Even if that were true, I wouldn't have expected Summer to stoop this low."

Indeed, that part didn't make sense, but in a flash, Josie remembered the doctor mentioning Summer's claustrophobia. She furrowed her brows. "Did you do something to her?"

As Josie watched, Dexter's lips curled into a smile, a smile that was almost chilling.

"You've become smarter, Jo."

"You!" Josie was incredulous, and her pupils were slightly dilated.

It's Summer we're talking about. The means to make her claustrophobic must be beyond imagination. And this man in front of me, he always has countless ways to torment people.

"I didn't share her photos; that's already me being as merciful as I can be." Dexter's expression gradually turned cold, resembling a venomous snake in the summer heat.

Josie shivered despite the sun being at its zenith. "Is this what you consider a 'gift'?"

Dexter seemed puzzled. "Not satisfied? Well, there's another gift. That guy's currently under investigation. by the Securities Regulatory Commission, but it appears he'll return soon."

Josie furrowed her brows deeply. She certainly wanted to retaliate against Summer, especially after the damage to her reputation. However, she hadn't anticipated Dexter's approach to be so ruthless, striking without spilling blood.

"An eye for an eye," seemed to perfectly describe Dexter's actions, with no room for deviation.

He let out a soft sigh, prompting Josie to look up at him. "I went to great lengths to prepare a gift for you, and yet you won't behave."