

Blind Date 851

[Chapter 851 Form A Strong Alliance](#)

The arrow rested quietly on Morgan's palm.

Josie didn't take it. "I never expected you to be so ambitious that you've already expanded your business all the way to Wavery, Mr. Bastille."

The people with Morgan were all higher-ups who held sway in Wavery. Right then, they were cautiously studying her, somewhat taken aback and apprehensive upon hearing her sharp words..

Over the past two years, she had undoubtedly been the most audacious woman in Wavery.

Since she wasn't taking it, Morgan closed his palm and lifted one hand. A staff member timely handed him a bow. Notching the arrow, he said, "Everyone thinks I love this city when I actually love one person living in it."

Having said that, he narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, the arrow flew out.

His movements were so swift that no one could react in time. The arrow whizzed past Josie's ear, bringing a violent gust of wind and a sharp whistle.

Josie's face turned pale even as the sound of an arrow hitting the target squarely rang out.

One of the higher-ups was the first to react, clapping his hands. "Bullseye! What superb archery skills, Mr. Bastille!"

Morgan merely stared at Josie's pale face with a smirk. "Was it exciting?"

Slowly snapping back to her senses, Josie realized that her ear wasn't grazed at all, and there wasn't a single trace of injury. His archery skills were indeed impressive.

After she had gathered her wits about her, her temper instantly flared. She snagged a glass of water a staff member placed at the side and threw it at him. "Were you out of your mind?"

The sudden outburst frightened everyone. Only Morgan remained remarkably calm. He grabbed her hand and forcefully spun her around to his front before forcing her to grip the bow in his hand.

Every move of hers was controlled by him, including drawing the bow and notching the arrow.

"Let go of me, Morgan!" Josie's face instantly flushed bright red in embarrassment. With so many people watching, it was utterly disgraceful.

"Your archery skills are lacking, so let me teach you, Ms. Warren," Morgan said loudly.

Everyone exchanged glances, at a loss as to the kind of game that big shot from Rivodia was up to.

"I don't need you to teach me!" Josie hissed lowly, stepping on his leather shoe with her heel.

Morgan's expression remained unchanged. Grasping her hand, he drew the bow, "In archery, it's not just about aim but also the feel. If your strength is insufficient or your technique lacking, you won't be able to hit the bullseye."

His voice, deep yet tinged with the vibrancy of his youth, guided her gently in her ear

Josie instinctively shrank back

“Much like investing, money alone isn’t enough. You also have to consider the strength of the field and your own capabilities. Nothing can be forced,” Morgan said firmly. “With the participation of Russell Group for this project, coupled with Bastille Group’s investment, I’m confident that we can definitely form a strong alliance.”

Right after he had said that, the arrow shot out once more, striking the same target as before.

It was still bullseye.

Morgan dropped his hold on her. “What do you think, Ms. Warren?”

He took the tissue from the staff and wiped his fingers meticulously, maintaining an upbeat and cheerful demeanor.

Josie frowned, truly at a loss as to what Morgan was up to. It was one thing for him to stir up trouble in Rivodia, but he had actually come all the way to Wavery to do the same..

At her prolonged silence, the higher-ups quickly interjected, “Yes, yes, it’ll be a strong alliance. With Ms. Warren’s team of designers, it’ll go from strength to strength! I’m sure this project will be a resounding success.”

Morgan merely smiled without saying a word, waiting for Josie’s response.

Josie turned away, only to be swiftly pulled aside by a higher-up who warned in a hushed tone, “Morgan is a key figure in Wavery’s investment project for the next year. I don’t know what your relationship is with him, but we must keep him here. Don’t lose your temper, please!”

Upon hearing that, Josie shot the man a sidelong glance. “Keep him here? Is that necessary? He came running to give us money of his own accord.”

[Chapter 852 Summer Exerts Pressure](#)

The higher-up was left without a retort, for that was the truth. Rivodia’s development was impressive, and no one had expected Morgan to come to Wavery.

“No matter what, we must pander to this big shot today. The mayor has given strict orders. If anything goes wrong, neither of us can bear the consequences.”

Josie swept her gaze over the people present there. Among them were the district mayor and the secretary. Even the police chief was there.

“Such a grand reception?” How much money must he have invested?

Seeing her surprised gaze on the police chief, the district mayor quickly explained, “This big shot’s primary requirement is good public security. That’s why the police chief is here to lend his support.”

At that, the corners of Josie’s mouth twitched. Could the security in Wavery be any worse than that in Rivodia?

She reluctantly returned to Morgan's side and mocked under her breath, "Don't tell me you're still scared from that incident in Rivodia that you're always asking for good public security wherever you go?"

Following her quip, Morgan smiled. "I value my life more."

Josie forced a smile. "Boss, would you like to try other activities? I'll accompany you."

In such a situation, her personal likes and dislikes couldn't be taken into consideration anymore. All she could do was smile and play along.

Morgan was pleased with her attitude. He even patted her on the head. "I've just arrived in Wavery and am, hungry after the long journey. Let's eat."

"Ah, we've prepared the food for a while now," a higher-up said.

And so, they entered the private room that had been prepared in advance. During the meal, Morgan changed into a new set of clothes and discussed the collaboration with them. The conversation flowed back and forth, filled with pleasantries and formalities.

Josie paid little attention. She buried her head in the food, all the while musing inwardly. How long is Morgan going to stay in Wavery? Surely, he isn't planning to stick around until the project is completed, right?

"Wavery is already a nationally renowned tourist city. With the development of this project and the support of Russell Group and Bastille Group, the tourism industry is bound to reach new heights."

At the mention of Russell Group, Josie choked slightly. She coughed into her clenched fist softly. It was subtle, but a glass of warm water suddenly appeared beside her when she lifted her head.

The hand holding it was well-defined.

Morgan sat beside her and replied without any change in expression, "I haven't met Mr. Russell yet, but I'm sure it will be soon." While saying that, he nudged the glass of water closer to her.

Josie's brows furrowed.

After a few rounds of drinks, Josie had almost finished eating. At that precise moment, a secretary pushed open the door and came in. He leaned close to the police chief and whispered something in the man's ear. The latter's face changed instantly, and he murmured. "How did they find out about it?"

"Someone must have leaked our whereabouts."

The police chief didn't respond immediately but fell into a brief silent contemplation. The secretary added, "Ultimately, she's a member of that family, so it wouldn't be appropriate to decline meeting her."

Still, he seemed conflicted. Morgan, sharp-eyed as ever, took the initiative to ask the police chief, "Is there something bothering you?"

The police chief clicked his tongue, somewhat helpless. "In my position, there are always some favors that can't be refused."

Josie didn't really care about it, but then her phone lit up with a message from Laura. It read: Are you at the archery club today?

Her brows furrowed, and she replied: How did you know that?

Laura texted: You were sitting by the door. I saw you when I passed by.

Josie responded with a question mark.

To that, Laura typed: I came with Summer.

Following her words, Josie seemed to have sensed something. Just then, the police chief stood up and excused himself to attend to some matters.

She clenched and unclenched her fist, then said to Morgan, "I've eaten overly much. I'm going out for a walk."

Having said that, she pushed open the door and went out without waiting for his agreement.

The archery range was located directly below the private room. She stepped out into the corridor and leaned against the railing to observe the situation below.

Summer and Laura were both dressed smartly, toying with a bow and arrow at the moment. At the sight of the police chief striding over, Summer stepped forward and shook his hand. "Say, what a

coincidence. I initially didn't want to intrude on you. But I thought since I'm here, it'd be rude to not greet you."

The police chief stretched out a finger at her. "You've been a little rascal since young, Sum!"

[Chapter 853 In It Together](#)

Smiling shyly, Summer said, "I was ill recently, and Arnold didn't tell me when he found you. It was rather remiss of me, so consider this my way of making amends."

Josie's gaze fell on her wrist. The bandages had not been removed. She came to her senses quite quickly. Realizing that wallowing in despair does no good, she's out and about in no time.

The police chief froze at the mention of Arnold, and his smile stiffened slightly. "I couldn't carry out the favor Arnold asked of me because of certain reasons I can't reveal. I hope you and your husband won't hold it against me."

Summer did not seem upset at all. "That's just part of your job. There's no need to apologize. You watched me grow up. Do you think Arnold is someone reliable?"

Upon hearing her question, the police chief promptly nodded. "Of course. He's responsible, and everyone in Wavery knows how he treats you."

"He has been good to me, so I want to return the favor. I just feel sorry for him because he doesn't have many family members around him. My family is among the few he can actually talk to. If it were anyone else, I doubt they'd be able to bear having their father locked up for over a decade, don't you think?" she replied, showing no sign of hostility.

The police chief's forehead was already drenched in cold sweat. Summer had moved out of the Olsen Residence in protest and was now complaining that Edward's sentence was too harsh, pressuring him at every turn.

"This... His father has been charged with a serious crime, and his bail application was denied. There's nothing I can do about it," the police chief explained.

"I suppose that's just the way things are. However, the lax management in Wavery has meant that someone that

age ended

up getting beaten to such a state. It was a horrifying sight. As those closest to him, we're not very confident in the prison system..." It appeared she understood that she and Arnold were in it together, for better or worse. Hence, she had to take care of the matter for him.

"You don't have to worry about that. Those who attacked Edward have been slapped with additional charges. They're also being kept separate. Such an incident won't happen again."

"Can you guarantee that? Can you promise no one will harm him again?" she pressed.

He hesitated, indicating that the incident was presumably no coincidence.

Her lips curved into a smile. "It seems that's not possible. Thanksgiving is just around the corner. What harm would there be in letting him out to gather with family?"

The police chief felt cornered. If he did not allow it, it would make him appear heartless, and he would be leaving the Olsens with nothing. Caught in a dilemma, he was momentarily at a loss for words.

"I heard you're here today for a meeting about an investment project. Are you so focused on foreign investors that you don't care about the local businesses in Wavery?" Summer remarked while raising her head and glancing in the direction of the private room, using her family to pressure him.

Josie furrowed her brows. At that moment, Morgan moved to stand next to her without making a sound. "It seems Ms. Olsen is about to get what she wants."

She turned to him, thinking otherwise. "Not necessarily

Letting out a sneer, she descended the stairs and raised her voice to say, "Ms. Olsen is right. Thanksgiving is a time for reunion. Everyone looks forward to gathering with their families, not just you."

Her voice captured everyone's attention.

Summer's expression shifted as she watched Josie walk over with a smile on her lips.

"I've heard vague rumors about Mr. Carter's father's case. It was a financial crime, wasn't it?" Josie asked, aiming her question at the police chief.

"Er, yes."

"Well, it's not as if it's a major crime like murder or arson. Why can't he be released on bail?"

Her tone was patient and persuasive, and the police chief answered, "His crime... is quite serious."

"How serious?"

"Profiting from clandestine dealings in the stock market, making off with billions in assets."

[Chapter 854 Asking A Favor For Scott](#)

While Summer struggled to hold back her laughter, Josie clapped a hand over her mouth in surprise and said, "I think I heard of that. So, it was him! I remember... There seemed to be quite a few suicide attempts that year in Wavery. Was it because of the bankruptcy that..."

Seeing the realization dawn on Josie, the police chief nodded and added, "Because of this incident, dozens of people committed suicide that year, ruining countless families."

"That's no different from murder and arson. In fact, it's much worse!" she exclaimed in shock. Turning to Summer, she continued, "Ms. Olsen, I can't help but say this. At least he's still alive. Some people can't even dream of a family reunion as they are already decomposing bodies. You should be content."

The corners of Summer's mouth twitched uncontrollably, and she gritted her teeth in sheer hatred. "You have a point..."

Josie wanted to laugh, but she held it in. "However, sustaining such a serious injury while serving his sentence is truly unfortunate. How is he now?"

"He has received proper treatment has been received and is now in solitary confinement," the police chief immediately said to Summer. It counted as a final act of leniency and also a form of assurance to her.

"Thank you, Sir," she replied, her anger gradually subsiding. Then, she turned to Josie with a smile. "Ms. Warren, ever since I've known you, I notice you seem to love meddling in other people's affairs."

"I can't help it. I'm just naturally concerned about others," Josie responded innocently.

Laura, who was standing behind Summer, could hardly contain her laughter.

"My advice to you is to mind your own business." After saying that, Summer picked up her bag with a grim expression and walked out. Her footsteps echoed in the empty space, and anger radiated off of her.

Laura hurried after her. Before leaving, she glanced toward the second floor. The man stood there, tall and straight. He looked mean and hostile when he did not smile, but as he stared in Josie's direction, the amusement in his eyes was as clear as day.

After they had left, the police chief piped up first and expressed his gratitude. "Thank you for giving me an out earlier, Ms. Warren. Otherwise, I really don't know how I could've refused."

"It's no big deal," Josie responded, smiling. "You're caught between Russell Group and the Olsen family, so I understand many things can be difficult for you."

He was surprised to witness how discerning and intelligent she was.

Dexter had orchestrated Edward's mishap in prison, and his reluctance to help the Olsen family indicated he had taken sides. Josie had figured that out, which was why she intervened.

"Forgive me for being presumptuous. I hope you won't mind if I ask for a favor."

Registering her words, the police chief slapped his thigh and laughed. "You, young lady, are truly clever. Go on. What do you want?"

I nearly forgot she's Dexter's ex-wife and now has complicated relationships with various people. She wouldn't have made it this far if she didn't have brains.

"My request should be easier to fulfill than Ms. Olsen's, and it shouldn't put you in a difficult position."

"Let's hear it, then."

After a brief silence, she said, "There's a policeman named Scott Buncho in Wavery's police department. He has been temporarily transferred to the Traffic Division, and I'd like to ask that you

reinstate him to his original position so he can continue handling criminal investigations."

His frown deepened when he heard that. "You know Scott?"

"He handled my case before. He's a good cop," she said, still hoping he could continue investigating her father's disappearance as he had to have the most leads.

"Scott... He did face some difficulties recently, which led to his demotion. However, he was reinstated to his original position a couple of days ago and is still in the Criminal Investigation Division," said the police chief.

Josie was astonished. "He has been reinstated?"

"Yes. That's only natural since the investigation into him has ended. You've really gotten a favor for free this time."

[Chapter 855 Unforgiving Of Abandonment](#)

Josie chuckled lightly. "It's not a waste. Knowing he's fine puts my mind at ease."

The dinner had ended, and the leaders were seen off one after another. It was a smashing success that day.

As night fell, Josie stood by the roadside and watched as the cars drove away, her face stiff from smiling. Angel cautiously asked, "Shall we leave as well, Ms. Jo?"

Josie put her smile away. "You go first."

Angel hesitated for a moment. At that precise moment, a cold male voice came from behind her. "Drive her home, Ryan."

The young man named Ryan Garcia had been following around Morgan all day. They had also seen him before in Rivodia. As such, he must be the man's secretary.

Ryan nodded. "Contact me when you're leaving. I'll come and pick you up!"

After he had said that, he walked over to Angel and gestured for her to go before him. Angel was somewhat worried about Josic, constantly looking back with every step. But in the end, she still got into the car.

When everyone had left, Josie turned around and stalked over to Morgan. She slammed the bag she was holding at him. "What on earth are you doing here in Wavery?"

She was truly angry, holding her temper back all night before finally exploding.

They were at a roadside bustling with traffic, Lost in the crowd, they appeared just like an ordinary couple.

Morgan grasped her hand. "I studied in Wavery for four years. So, it's somewhat of a hometown to me. Is there a problem with me contributing to its development?"

"Is your contribution needed?"

"The higher-ups have just agreed to it earlier.

Left with no retort, Josie broke free from his grasp. "Why is it four years? Wasn't it three?"

She remembered that Morgan completed his university courses in just two years.

"I spent two years as a graduate student in Wavery." A half-smile bloomed on Morgan's face. "And it was in the same year that I met you."

When he said that, Josie subconsciously recalled the scenery that year at Willowbrook Valley when peach blossoms were in full bloom.

She took a deep breath. "Only those who are not doing well would miss the past."

After saying that, she expected Morgan to riposte her. But unexpectedly, he suddenly reached out and used the chain of her bag to draw her closer to him before hugging her tightly. "I'm not doing well."

Stiffening entirely, she quickly began to struggle frantically. "Morgan!"

"Thus, I miss you. I can't do without you."

"But I don't miss you!" Josie yelled, pushing him away. "As I've said, our past is a disgrace to me!"

His eyes glistened with unshed tears. Standing across from her, he looked at her almost pleadingly, guilt radiating off him.

"In my life, countless people abandoned me. I thought you wouldn't, but you did."

"I was young then! And what about Dexter? He abandoned you just the same. Will you not forgive him either?" Morgan blurted.

At the mention of Dexter, Josie's heart skipped a beat. But still, she remained steadfast and shook her head.

"No."

Morgan's lips parted a fraction.

"I wouldn't go back even to a man I was married to, let alone you."

Josie averted her gaze before adding, "Spare me, please."

After she had finished speaking, she left immediately without a backward glance.

It felt as though something was pressing down on her, making it hard to breathe.

Ever since she discovered the secret of her background, her fear of abandonment and loneliness only intensified. She had repeated nightmares, fearful that the Olsen family would not accept her when they learned of her true identity one day.

Under the mounting pressure, she increasingly felt that Morgan's abandonment back then was an unforgivable sin.

Morgan stood rooted to the spot for a long time. Even after Josie had disappeared from sight, he remained. still like a statue.

The only difference was that the vulnerability in his eyes gradually turned into determination.

As he watched Josie, someone else likewise had her eyes fixed on him.

In a car across the street, its window was half down. The woman's eyes held a similar mix of love and despair.

[Chapter 856 Eavesdropping Through The Phone](#)

When Josie woke up the next day, she was plagued by a splitting headache.

The instant she unlocked her phone, a pile of missed calls and messages greeted her. Her brows furrowed when she saw a news notification with a photo of her and Morgan, caught in a seemingly intimate tug-of-war by the street.

She nearly fainted at the sight of it. The journalist also spun an intimate story, saying they embraced each other by the street as their love overflowed.

Words cluded her.

I was having a row with him! Are journalists' eyesight that bad these days?

Josie was wholly frustrated. Without even looking at those messages, she already knew who they were from.

In the afternoon, Mallory sat in her sunlit office. Scrolling through her phone, she doubled over in laughter. "The photo turned out pretty well, capturing the intimate atmosphere perfectly."

Josie couldn't be bothered to move. "I'm not a celebrity. Why are there always paparazzi following me?"

"Could it be that they were following Morgan? The visit of Bastille Group's CEO to Wavery to invest is big news. It'll be reported on TV in the next couple of days, so many people must be keeping an eye on him."

Mallory switched off her phone before adding. "They probably didn't expect that they'd end up writing entertainment gossip when they originally wanted financial news. I guess you've saved the day in a roundabout way."

Josie was in a dilemma.

"Actually, I'm more interested in Dexter's reaction."

In an instant, her headache intensified. The person Dexter detests most is Morgan. If he were to learn about this, I can't imagine what he would do to me.

At that precise moment, Angel knocked on the office door. "Ms. Jo, there's a parcel for you."

Josie took it and opened it. To her surprise, it was a peach blossom inside.

She was promptly dumbfounded.

"It's almost autumn now. Where did this peach blossom come from?" Mallory exclaimed in surprise.

Frowning, Josie glanced at the sender's phone number on the parcel. Without hesitation, she took out his phone and placed the call. After three rings, the call connected.

Before she could speak, a man's voice came through. "Guess where I am."

Josie said nothing.

Since she remained silent, Morgan continued, "Russell Group's conference room."

Still, Josie held her tongue.

"Dexter will be meeting me soon. Would you like to listen in on the meeting?"

Josie immediately wanted to hang up, but reason stopped her. Instead, she massaged her temples.

There was silence for a minute on the other end of the phone. Soon, sounds of steady footsteps drifted out. Dexter's voice was exceedingly distinctive, tinged with a hint of richness and huskiness. "Mr. Bastille."

"Mr. Russell, we meet again."

Dexter did not respond to that but took a seat right away. Both parties had discussed the details of their collaboration, only sitting down with each other when it seemed that it was a done deal with no room for an exit.

In that final stage, Morgan voluntarily asked, "Why didn't you ask me why I chose to invest in this project, Mr. Russell?"

Dexter stared at him with ebony eyes and chuckled lightly. "You're no longer satisfied in Rivodia and want to have a share of the pie in Wavery, Mr. Bastille."

Morgan chuckled as well. "Actually, the success or failure of this project won't be of much help to Bastille Group. I came here for a person. Oh yes, you know her too. Right here in this conference room, she sat beside you previously and lent me a hand."

It was a clear provocation.

Listening on the other end of the phone, Josie broke out in a cold sweat on Morgan's behalf.

A hint of menace flashed in Dexter's eyes, but it quickly disappeared. "Yes, that's why I made sure she's no longer by my side."

After saying that, he leaned back in his seat and looked at Morgan smilingly. "Have you ever heard the story of The Farmer and the Viper, Mr. Bastille?"

Morgan quirked a brow. "It's just a viper. I have the ability to control it."

Indifferent, Dexter tapped the tip of his pen against the table. "I would remind you not to undertake uncertain endeavors, Mr. Bastille. If you decide to do something, do it thoroughly. Otherwise, it's easy for others to take your place."

[Chapter 857 All Sent To Prison](#)

Morgan's expression was profoundly serious as he quickly responded, "It seems Mr. Russell hasn't seen today's news. Otherwise, you wouldn't be so confident.

The moment those words were spoken, Larry, who was standing behind Dexter, could not help but feel guilty.

A fleeting shadow of gloom passed over Dexter's brow. "Mr. Bastille, you always have a habit of speaking too soon."

His long legs were crossed, and his posture was surprisingly relaxed. "Just like when you left the country, there was a power struggle within the Bastille family. Your mother insisted that you would be the one to take charge of the Bastille family. And what happened? You were forced to live abroad for many years, only to wait until today? Your mother's already sixty-five this year, isn't she?"

To outsiders, Dexter often appeared aloof yet gentle. However, once provoked, his cold viciousness far exceeded that of Morgan.

Morgan's expression changed. "Mr. Russell, your investigation is really thorough. I hope there are no members of the Russell family within the Bastille family."

Only those on the inside knew about the internal strife within the Bastille family years ago.

Dexter just laughed. "I look forward to you finding it out, Mr. Bastille."

With official matters settled, every word spoken now was personal.

In fact, as the most prominent groups in the two cities, Russell Group and Bastille Group could have potentially collaborated. However, one of Morgan's uncles from the Bastille family caused chaos and schemed to get the energetic Morgan abroad. Consequently, Dexter missed the opportunity to connect with him.

They never expected to have a chance to cross swords again.

“Though the Bastille family was in chaos, I’ve already calmed everything. What about the Russell family? Mr. Russell, you were able to send your own uncle to prison. Your methods are more ruthless than mine.” Morgan idly tapped on the table. “But aside from one uncle, how many others have you not dealt with? Are the directors of Russell Group behaving themselves?”

Naturally, Dexter knew that Morgan was implying something.

He chuckled lightly. “Even if we send them all to prison, what difference does it make?”

His casual remark stirred a wave of emotion in Morgan’s eyes.

That was because the other party did not seem to be joking, but he could actually pull it off.

Dexter’s methods were ruthless, and Morgan had heard of it. He quickly realized something. “I heard that the Russell family is about to have a marriage alliance with the Olsen family. With this kind of confidence, it’s indeed understandable.”

That crucial sentence had unknowingly struck a chord in someone’s heart.

Dexter maintained a calm expression. “Instead of worrying about my personal affairs, Mr. Bastille, perhaps you should focus on your own.”

After saying that, he stood up and left the conference room accompanied by his subordinates.

Ryan, looking surprised, asked Morgan, “What does he mean?”

Morgan just stared at the retreating figure of Dexter with his brows furrowed. He is a formidable opponent.

Upon entering the office, Larry closely followed the man and carefully chose his words. “There’s a piece of gossip about Morgan today, but I don’t dare to show it to you.”

The moment those words were spoken, it was clear that a certain person was also involved in the gossip.

Dexter loosened his tie and patted his large hand on Larry’s shoulder. “Didn’t I tell you? Everything about him needs to be reported to me.”

This action seemed ordinary, yet the force behind it was so intense that it made Larry’s entire arm ache as if his bones were throbbing in pain.

Bearing the pain, he said, “It’s my fault. I was just worried that you would be upset over someone like Morgan. It’s not worth it.”

“News.” Dexter’s expression was completely filled with hostility.

Larry struggled to pull out his phone, found the piece of news, and placed it in front of Dexter.

The headline was eye-catching, and so was the photo.

Josie’s figure was slender and graceful, and she appeared even more charming from the hidden camera’s angle. Her delicate waist, which he had caressed countless times, was now under the firm grasp of Morgan’s hand.

Dexter closed his eyes, and a destructive temper was brewing within him.

[Chapter 858 Put Morgan In His Place](#)

He tossed the phone back to Larry and instructed coldly. "Release the scandal about Bastille Group's senior executives that we've been holding back."

Larry was taken aback. "But... But that's the leverage we worked so hard to get. Weren't we supposed to save it for later?"

He had not expected that Dexter would go to such lengths just because of a single photo of Josie.

"Also... I heard that Morgan is here to attract investment to Wavery. If that's the case, will we end up upsetting those at the top?"

"You always talk too much when you shouldn't." Dexter threw himself onto the couch. A few buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a glimpse of his firm chest. He closed his eyes. There was nowhere to vent his pent-up frustration.

Larry did not dare to stay any longer.

Morgan had just stepped out of Russell Group when he pulled out his phone from his pocket. The call was still connected.

"Did you hear that?"

There was silence for half a minute on the other end. The voice sounded somewhat weary. "Was it because of the Bastille family that you left Wavery?"

That was something that Morgan had never spoken about.

"Yes, there was internal strife within the Bastille family with several major forces at odds. My mother didn't have the power to compete, so she had to ensure my safety first." Morgan recalled those difficult days. Perhaps to outsiders, he always seemed carefree and unrestrained.

Josie found it somewhat amusing. The heartlessness she had imagined turned out to be so melodramatic.

"In the following years, I was laying low." That was why everything went so smoothly when he returned to his homeland.

Josie let out a cold laugh. "Instead of rushing back to Rivodia after your return, you came to Wavery and played psychologist for my friend for several months. Morgan, you're really something."

The sharp angles of his face brightened with a smile. "This proves that you are more important than the Bastille family."

He said it casually, but Josie did not believe him.

The bodyguard opened the car door, and Morgan got in. He switched his phone to his other hand and said, "But you don't have to blame yourself. You could say that family issues were a catalyst for my departure, but they weren't the main reason."

"I understand. The main reason is that you don't want to get entangled with me," Josie said with equal clarity.

"No matter what you think, Josie, if it wasn't for my family, I might not have left you behind."

The phone was silent. Only the sound of the car moving could be heard.

Josie did not continue with the conversation.

Although she was skeptical, his reason indeed brought some balance to Josie's heart. It seemed that he had not simply abandoned her. He had his own difficulties even if it was only a part of it.

Right now, she became hesitant even after making the firm decision the night before..

"Why aren't you talking?" Morgan asked. At that moment, Ryan passed him a phone from the front and whispered, "Something's wrong, Mr. Bastille."

Morgan furrowed his brows but still waited for Josie's response.

"Honestly, I could have told you that I left home all those years ago due to family issues and hoped to gain your sympathy. But I didn't. Doesn't that prove that I'm genuinely honest?"

His joking remark did indeed lighten Josie's mood. "Shameless."

Hearing the laughter in her words, Morgan also began to smile. He took Ryan's phone, and with just one glance, his smile froze.

"D*mn."

Josie's temper flared up again. "I insult you once, and you retort. Morgan, you haven't changed at all."

"No," Morgan snorted coldly, "I was cursing Dexter. He sure reacted quickly."

After he finished speaking, he immediately hung up the phone and attended to his work.

Just moments ago, a scandal involving the top brass of Bastille Group was suddenly exposed online. It encompassed issues related to family and finance. The whistleblower's letter had already been delivered to the media, the Department of Justice, and the Tax Bureau.

Public opinion erupted instantly, and the market value of Bastille Group fell by several hundred million in the blink of an eye.

[Chapter 859 Put On The Show He Like](#)

Josie was still unaware of it. She put her phone away and faced Mallory's curiosity with a weary expression. "Let me guess, it's the male lead from yesterday's rumor."

"You're wrong." Josie walked up to the floor-to-ceiling window and overlooked the vast multitude of beings below. "It's my future pawn."

The glass reflected her fair complexion. Though it seemed immaculate, it was stone cold, almost as if she already had things planned out.

"I have some connections with the media. I'll help inform them to try and minimize negative press about you."

Josie, however, objected to it. "No. Being infamous is still considered famous. I need some lasting popularity."

Mallory froze.

In the afternoon, because of a project's cash flow, the bank called Josie, requesting her to head down to sort things out.

Since the bank was nearby and within walking distance, she headed over without thinking much about it. While waiting to deal with the matter, she idly played with her phone and stumbled upon Bastille Group's scandal.

So that's what Morgan is talking about.

An apologetic look crossed the staff member's face upon hearing her name. "I don't have the authority to do that. Only the director of a bank has. Let me give him a call."

Josie furrowed her brows. She had handled many such matters, but she had never encountered one that required the director of a bank to do it personally.

After the call, the staff member escorted her to the elevator to head upstairs.

The elevator doors slid open. As Josie stepped in, she felt a sense of foreboding creep up within her.

Sure enough, the man sitting in the main seat and busy dealing with work was none other than Zachariah, who had perpetually been making things difficult for her.

Oh yes, I almost forgot that he's the director of this bank.

Upon seeing her, Zachariah jokingly said, "What an unexpected guest! I'm honored to have Ms. Warren grace us with her presence."

Josie remained silent.

Zachariah unbuttoned his shirt cuffs and rolled them up his arms. "Fancy a cup of tea? You don't have a choice, though; I only have chamomile tea in my office."

Josie's face darkened.

"Save it for yourself." With that said, she turned to leave.

Zachariah blocked her path. The dimples by the corners of his lips made him look rather kind and innocent. "You're leaving so soon? Are you not going to finish what you have to do?"

"I'll change to another bank and won't trouble you, Mr. Shaw."

"But what if I give a heads-up to other banks? What will you do then?"

The way he asked the question almost seemed like he was being genuinely curious. Yet, only Josie knew how sarcastic he actually was.

“Go ahead and say what you want to say, Mr. Shaw.” Josie squeezed out a smile.

Zachariah clicked his tongue. “Why are you so sensitive? But I do have a piece of advice for you. Only take on as much as you can handle. Don’t get burnt from playing with fire. Remember, it’s your own life at stake.”

Josie could sense the malice and caution in those words.

Zachariah was talking about Morgan’s arrival to attract investment to Wavery. It was a move that even the higher-ups strongly valued, and having been ruined just like that by an ill-tempered man, Zachariah reckoned it would surely bring trouble in the future.

And from Zachariah’s standpoint, the source of all these troubles was none other than Josie.

The more Josie looked at him, the more annoyed she became. “I think you should know him better than i do after all these years. Whatever he wants to do, it’s only a matter of time; influence is never a factor. I won’t be able to shoulder such an accusation.”

What she said was true. Dexter was someone who would never make a losing deal. The fact that he dared do that only meant that he had already planned his way out.

Zachariah rested one hand on the plant shelf. “You seem to know him quite well. It’s just that I once thought that you’re someone with sincerity. But who knows, you’re a complete and utter venomous person who’s only good at putting on a show,”

“But the show I put on is one that he enjoys.” Josie lazily lifted her eyelids and tidied her hair. She was running out of patience.

[Chapter 860 Flying Into A Rage](#)

She was ready to leave, but Zachariah stopped her again. “Fine, I’ll leave.”

Surprise inundated her. She only turned around after the door closed, albeit still unable to reel in from the shock.

Zachariah’s lounge door was left ajar. A dark silhouette stood there, gazing at her dearly and listlessly as if just woken up from sleep.

Dexter compressed his thin lips tightly. He was radiating a gloomy aura from head to toe, and his gaze was icy cold, and his mere appearance could send chills down anyone’s spine.

Unexpectedly running into him, Josie felt a pang of uneasiness, and instinctively, she took several steps back. “What are you doing here?”

He walked back into the lounge and uttered, “Come in

Josie did not want to follow. Alas, she pulled the door handle and found that Zachariah had locked it.

She felt her scalp prickle with unease. Without a choice, she could only do as told.

The moment she stepped near the man, she felt an oppressive pressure enveloping her.

“Have you been here all along?” Josie stood a few inches away from him, her eyes fixed on the unfinished wine on the table.

Before there was a response, she felt herself being swept off the ground. She was picked up on her waist and forcefully pinned on the man’s lap, her eyes lifting to meet his.

Josie dodged on reflex, seemingly feeling somewhat uncomfortable. “You can do it even in someone else’s lounge? You aren’t picky at all, huh?”

Dexter’s lips remained pursed. His hand, which was grabbing onto her slender waist, gradually slid upward to her lips. He delicately traced it and broke into a cold laugh. “This mouth of yours is pretty impressive.”

Josie vaguely felt something off with him today, almost as if he was on the verge of flying into a rage.

The man applied even more force, but she tilted her head to dodge him. “What’s gotten into you? I haven’t even seen you recently.”

She could not quite wrap her head around why Dexter was making a fuss.

The smile on the man’s lips, however, grew even colder. “You didn’t see me, but you did see other men.”

As soon as those words fell, Josie felt a bolt of fury coursing through her entire body, and she grabbed his hand wrist to stop his actions. “We’re already divorced, I don’t need your permission to meet anyone.”

“Morgan loves you very much,” Dexter concluded. Her strength was no match for his. He wrapped his hand around her neck, strangling her while kissing her. Do you want to get back together with him?”

As he spoke, he suddenly parted his lips and bit her, seemingly venting his frustration.

Wincing in pain, Josie tried to push him away. However, he deepened the kiss and sucked the droplets of blood. A metallic taste of fresh blood permeated their mouths.

She was personally trained by him. At this point, she felt her whole body turn weak, and her mind went blank for a few seconds. The atmosphere in the room gradually heated up and grew slightly tensed. “Dexter-”

“Didn’t I make it clear? If you want to be with him, I’ll ensure he’ll get an extra child.”

Dexter’s voice was deep and magnetic, yet it carried a trace of deadly intent.

Josie felt a chill run through her body. She knew well that he was not joking.

Dexter’s hand continued wandering further down to prove his words.

Josie snapped back to reality and blocked his hand. “No, not today.”

Having met an obstacle, he retracted his hand. Nonetheless, he had no intention of letting her off. Staring at her bright red lips, he said, “Another way, then.”

Josie was rendered speechless. Sending him to death was all she could think of at that moment.

Her body began trembling involuntarily, "I don't want to!"

Dexter's sexual urge spiked, and he tightened his grip on her neck. "I thought you love putting on a show that I like? Why don't you want to do it now?"

He heard that conversation earlier, huh?

Dexter suddenly loosened his grip. Josie fell onto the soft carpet, looking utterly pathetic.

As he sat on the sofa, his posture was akin to a proud and cold-blooded lion, as if he was observing a mere plaything.

"Have you forgotten what I taught you?"