

Blind Date 861

[Chapter 861](#)

Josie's helplessness still lingered, and she couldn't believe Dexter would humiliate her like that.

Still, she shook her head and used her last bit of strength to say, "I don't like it. Nor am I willing to do it."

Dexter looked at her, his eyes devoid of warmth. Whenever he recalled the picture of her with another man, the agitation deep within him roiled relentlessly, almost pushing him to the brink of endurance.

He leaned down and grasped the back of her neck, forcing her closer to him. "But I like it."

When he was not in the mood to talk nicely, he was no different from a frivolous man who regarded the world with disdain. He would have no qualms about causing chaos and destruction to obtain something he desired.

Kneeling on the ground, Josie clutched at his pants tightly, yet the expensive fabric barely wrinkled.

"You lured me here with your tricks just for this?"

Dexter didn't affirm or deny it. "Isn't this what you're best at?"

It was a blatant insult. Surprisingly, Josie didn't get angry. She stopped struggling, her fair and delicate hand landing on his silver belt. With a light press on the buckle, a soft click sounded.

The man's desire blazed all the hotter.

Josie continued doing it all with her face devoid of expression. Just when she was about to unfasten his belt, a hand suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Dexter's expression darkened further. "You're quite obedient, doing whatever I ask. Would you do the same for someone else?"

The mere thought of it ignited an uncontrollable urge to kill someone within him.

Josie calmly raised her eyes. "Wasn't it you who forced me to do this?"

The atmosphere became even more oppressive to the point of suffocating. Dexter's mood was a mix of gloom and frustration, yet she continued, "Isn't what you enjoy most watching me trapped in the golden cage you've created, crashing around until I'm battered and bloodied but forever under your control? Does that make you feel good, Dexter?"

Dexter's brows furrowed. Suddenly, a smile showed on his face, devoid of any warmth. "Yeah, I suppose." Josie was taken aback.

She had never been as aware of the gap between them as she was at that moment. He grew up surrounded by riches and had always been the dominant one. Conversely, she was accustomed to a busy life, forever working for others.

The gap between them had long since widened into a gulf when she went missing.

She narrowed her eyes. "Why... have you changed into such a person, Dexter?"

Even she didn't know whether her sudden remark was referring to the boy she grew up with or the man she came to know after marriage.

Dexter faltered slightly. Her words struck him right in the heart, and her sorrowful expression almost plunged him into a trance.

The location of Zachariah's lounge was excellent. Although the view wasn't expansive, it offered great privacy.

Suddenly, a storm assailed the world out there. The darkness outside made the room grow even dimmer and the atmosphere increasingly solemn and ambiguous.

Josie curled up in a corner, watching the heavy raindrops pelt against the window.

"Aren't you afraid of punishment when you've dealt the higher-ups of Wavery a slap in the face?"

The sound of a lighter flicking to life was particularly noticeable in the pitch-black surroundings. Dexter cupped the flame and lit a cigarette.

"Wavery's development doesn't need his meddling."

He exhaled a puff of smoke, his every word radiating arrogance and pride. It seemed he was fully prepared for the consequences.

Josie had no interest in joining their fight. Her mind was fully occupied with thoughts of escaping

When the man started to play, he wouldn't let her go until he was fully satisfied.

"Why, you feel bad for him?" Dexter tilted his head slightly, looking down at her condescendingly.

Josie retorted, "Who do you mean..."

At the end of her utterance, understanding suddenly dawned upon her. She looked at him with her brows knitted together. "Don't tell me you're jealous, Dexter?"

Morgan would never tell Dexter about the phone call. Thus, there was only one reason for his sudden outburst of anger-the scandal.

[Chapter 862 Do Not Marry Her](#)

Dexter continued to puff on his cigarette, his smile somewhat chilling. "Actually, perhaps I should grant you your wish."

Josie felt a chill running down her spine.

In the next second, Dexter again gripped the back of her neck and drew her close as he did previously. But this time, he didn't kiss her. Instead, he brought the cigarette he had smoked before her, forcing her to place it between her lips.

Josie was on the verge of losing her mind.

The cigarette Dexter smoked was exceedingly strong, making Josie choke. Her throat stung, and she coughed so violently that she couldn't catch her breath. Tears welled up in her eyes. Nonetheless, her graceful figure was still evident in her movements.

Dexter was also feeling discomfited at the sight. "Why have you stopped?"

Josie hadn't expected the scoundrel to remain hung up on that matter. Her soft and delicate hand rested against his leg, catching her in a dilemma of whether to continue.

"Won't Liana be upset if we do this?" Josie reminded, tilted her head back.

As she remained still, Dexter's desire was in limbo. The cigarette was nearly burnt down to his fingertips. He frowned. "She won't know."

"Is it that so? Or will she still be fine even if she knows?" Crouched between his legs. Josie softened her posture. "Since she likes you so much, will she be okay with you keeping me as a mistress even after you're married?"

That remark was overly callous, and a chill flashed in Dexter's eyes. "You're feeling me out."

Josie readily admitted to it. "There's no need to do so. It's common knowledge that the Russell family is set to form a marriage alliance with the Olsen family."

Dexter neither affirmed nor denied it. He snubbed out his cigarette. "You're different from her."

"What makes us different?" Josie asked, probing further. "Is it just because she's the daughter of an elite family while I'm just an ordinary person?"

Dexter stared at her, then scoffed, "If so, you're quite capable for an ordinary person."

Josie's gaze was captivating. "Have you bedded her?"

She glimpsed the sudden stiffening of his expression

"You did?" Undeniably, Josie's heart skipped a beat when she asked that question.

However, Dexter quickly denied it. "No."

She was stunned for a moment. From his expression, she could tell that he wasn't lying. A subtle feeling sparked to life within her. "So, you've remained chaste for me, Mr. Russell."

with that answer, she still pretended otherwise. Dexter frowned. He lifted her onto forcefully holding her down.

In spite of the constant conflicts, Josie always knew that she could never truly hate the man. He was not only her childhood playmate but also her first love.

At that moment, she tilted her head back slightly with her neck subtly elongated, exuding an indescribable.

Dexter toyed with her earlobe absentmindedly. "Sever all ties with Morgan."

Josie didn't respond to that. "Then, you're not to marry Liana."

As soon as she said that, she distinctly sensed him stilling in his movements. In a flash, a wave of despair flooded her. But she suppressed it.

“Don’t marry her, and I’ll cut ties with Morgan.”

Dexter’s eyes that were as dark as night betrayed no emotion. He didn’t respond to that.

That could almost be considered an answer.

“Even you need a marriage alliance?” Josie sneered, smirking. “I thought you’re invincible, Mr. Russell.”

Dexter dropped his hold on her, completely losing all interest. “Josie, don’t take advantage of the little patience I have for you. It will only disgust me.”

Josie lay motionless, staring blankly at the ceiling.

“If you get married, I’ll disappear completely.”

In this world, there were few who dared to threaten Dexter. Josie was one of them.

He took in her words. Then, he bent down and picked his belt up before walking out with it in his hand. “Try it, then.”

It was a light and brief remark yet carried significant weight.

[Chapter 863 Let Her Plagiarize](#)

The crisis of Bastille Group lasted for three days

Josie finally found some peace. She heard that Morgan had flown back to Rivoria personally to devise a public relations plan for the Bastille Group, which barely managed to calm things down

However, the losses were irreparable, totaling an estimated several billion

This was Dexter’s way of showing his authority to Morgan when he arrived in Wavery

A week later, the wounds on Josie’s lips healed, and she finally received the latest news from Justin

The photos were sent by courier Over the phone, Justin exclaimed in anger. That scoundrel

Josie opened the package and saw the photos of Dexter holding Heather’s hand while they attended an art exhibition together.

There was no attempt to hide their relationship, and their faces were highly recognizable. It was normal for them to get photographed.

Justin wasn’t the only one who saw it. The media also captured the moment, and speculations arose about Dexter possibly getting married again.

Heather was the epitome of a flawless socialite, both in her background and upbringing, and she received numerous well-wishes from people.

In contrast, Josie, the ex-wife who had done such wicked deeds, was nothing short of a cautionary tale.

is she continued to go through the stuff, she came across information about a plane ticket. "Heather flew broad?"

Yes, to Japrium, just for two days, I wonder what she's doing there," Justin mused. His abilities were mited.

sie went back to scrutinizing those photos and carefully compared them to Heather's own older photos. here seemed to be some subtle differences in her face.

thers wouldn't notice, but Josie could because the face Heather had imitated was none other than her Vn.

ie sneered, thinking that Heather's trip to Japrium was likely for plastic surgery or some sort of facial pair.

vo days wouldn't be enough for the former, so the latter was more likely.

:ather had indeed gone to great lengths to make sure each step was carefully planned.

ie felt fortunate that she hadn't been exposed and remained hidden in the shadows. Otherwise, victory ght not have been certain.

ow is she progressing with her painting lessons?"

ot bad. Oh, there were some of her works in the art exhibition they attended," Justin reminded her.

ie found it. It was a painting of a river, with a slightly amateurish touch to the technique. However, she

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could sense a different style in it. Soon, she reached a conclusion, "She plagiarized t

Justin was astonished.

"She plagiarized half of another painting with some modifications. The original painting must be quite niche, so it hasn't been recognized"

"What does this mean..."

Josie fell silent for a moment, pacing around her disheveled room, her mind racing.

Why is Heather so impatient? Does she want to gain the trust of Claudia and Dexter? But there is no need to take the risk of exhibiting the plagiarized work unless she is in dire straits. Or perhaps, her ambitions are greater? What does she hope to achieve?

Josie rubbed her sore neck and had an idea. "Check if there's a large art exhibition in Wavery in the near future."

Justin quickly found out the information she wanted. "Yes, there is one in two weeks, and it's sponsored by the Olsen family."

She immediately understood.

The Olsen family was promoting Heather, building a better reputation for her.

“Sis, should we continue to keep an eye on her?”

“Of course.”

“Should we expose her for plagiarism? It’s good leverage.”

“Absolutely not,” Josie interjected swiftly, her heart racing. “Let her persist, but it’s crucial that she copies, exactly what I intend for her to plagiarize.”

Justin didn’t quite understand, sensing that Josie’s approach to Heather wasn’t as straightforward as dealing with a romantic rival.

“I’ll handle it. Just brief me on her itinerary.”

Tomorrow, Heather would be attending a fashion show as a socialite.

Josie managed to get Mallory to get her a ticket.

[Chapter 864 Watching The Show](#)

She was now the owner of a company, so it was entirely reasonable for her to attend such an event, and no one would find it strange

When Josie arrived, the fashion show had already begun. She walked in holding a purse and a magazine, sitting up straight in the front row, drawing the attention of the fashion and entertainment elite seated around her.

Sometimes at fashion shows, people weren’t so much for used on the runway but on the audience

Josie attentively watched for a few minutes, clearly hearing whispers from behind

“Am I seeing things, or is that Josie Warren!”

“Yes, it’s definitely her. Why is she even allowed at an event like this?”

“Could it be another case of her sleeping her way in?”

There were low chuckles from behind, but Josie paid them no mind. After playing with her phone for a while, she seemed to find it boring and opened the magazine, engrossing herself in its pages.

However, a few sets of eyes remained fixed on her back.

A socialite spoke up. “Liana, she’s Dexter’s ex-wife. Shouldn’t you teach her a lesson?”

“Yes, it’s a rare opportunity.”

“I always found her flaunting distasteful. Dexter divorcing her was a relief.”

Among the socialites, there were clearly different levels, and Heather was undoubtedly being revered in this group.

She stayed seated and gazed at Josie's back, saying, "Let's not. It's impolite."

"What's impolite about it? She has fallen from grace. You have nothing to fear from her now."

Heather wasn't incited by the comments. Instead, she tried to pacify everyone by saying, "Let's just get along peacefully. Dexter wouldn't be happy if he found out."

"Why? He doesn't still have feelings for that cunning fox, does he?" The crowd cast sympathetic glances toward Heather.

She pursed her lips, her competitive spirit ignited. "No, it's just that Dexter simply doesn't like to mention her. Maybe he feels disgusted by their past."

During their time together, Heather had indeed intentionally or unintentionally mentioned Josie, but Dexter often furrowed his brow and changed the subject by ordering, "Don't mention her."

Heather couldn't be sure whether he genuinely loathed Josie or if it was more about the pain the latter caused him. With time, she preferred to believe it was the former.

The people around her suddenly realized, and they said. "You're truly better than her in every way, Liana. You're slimmer, and your aura is more captivating. In short, you outshine her in every aspect."

Heather listened to the comments. In the end, she couldn't even muster a laugh.

Josie might not be as slim as her, but she had all the right curves. She didn't leak weak when she smiled. Instead, her smile was full of vitality and slyness, like a young gul

This was something Heather had imitated for a long time but couldn't quite capture its essence

"Liana. I heard you're planning an art exhibition?" someone suddenly asked.

Heather snapped back to attention. "Yes, my father insists on it, saying I have talent. Remember to attend it when the time comes."

"You're truly remarkable!"

She gave a gentle smile, but as she lowered her gaze, the smile vanished.

Josie was still engrossed in the magazine, not paying any attention to the runway. After a while, she put down the magazine and answered a phone call. Whatever was said on the other end seemed to trouble her. She furrowed her brow before standing up to leave.

The magazine she had been reading was left behind on her seat.

It remained there, unnoticed, until the end of the fashion show when the crowd dispersed. Josie didn't return, and the magazine lay untouched.

Several of Heather's friends were picked up by their drivers. Before leaving, they had all asked, "Should we go together?"

Heather replied calmly, "Thank you, but I'll wait for my driver to pick me up."

Once everyone had left, she turned around and quietly returned to the empty venue. She walked up to Josie's seat and picked up the forgotten magazine.

[Chapter 865 Respect And Blessings](#)

In fact, Josie wasn't in a hurry to leave

There was an office building near the show venue She went to the cafe on the building's second floor and ordered an americano Sitting by the floor-to-ceiling window she watched Heather come and go before standing on the street again

From Josie's perspective, Heather's height was actually about the same as hers

After about ten minutes of waiting, a Beale pulled up to the curb The driver's door opened, and to Josie's surprise, it wasn't the Olsen family's chauffeur who emerged, but a familiar face

It was Moses

He got out of the car, opened the back door, and gestured to Heather. "Ms. Olsen, please

Heather was clearly taken by surprise. She leaned slightly forward, smiling as she spoke to the man in the back seat.

From Josie's perspective, she could perfectly see the passenger's impeccably tailored suit. The man likely just got out of a meeting. –

The man's jawline was well-defined and recognizable at a glance.

He gave a slight nod, and Heather, clutching her sketchbook, got into the car. In no time, the vehicle sped off

Engrossed in her observation, Josie took a sip of the americano by her side. The bitter yet aromatic flavor immediately filled her mouth, stimulating her brain nerves and forcing her to snap out of her trance.

"What's this? Do you have a habit of stalking your ex-husband?" A voice suddenly came from behind her. A jolt ran down Josie's spine as she looked up to see a familiar face.

Morgan sat comfortably across from her, blocking her view. "Bastille Group is renting this office building. My secretary came down to buy coffee and happened to see you."

After explaining the reason for his visit, Morgan watched her with great interest, his expression calm.

Josie felt like rolling her eyes. Just my luck to bump into him here!

"Just renting, huh? I thought you would buy the building outright."

Morgan removed his suit jacket, pausing when he heard her comment. He replied approvingly, "That makes sense."

A moment later, he added, "But we have to wait until the lease is up."

The waiter brought over a cup of coffee, which happened to be an americano. Morgan took a sip and raised an eyebrow.

Josie propped her cheek on one hand, appearing completely at ease. "With Bastille Group's crisis in full swing, do you really have time to sit here and have coffee with me?"

"The two senior executives involved in the case have resigned, taking responsibility for their actions. Acknowledging their tax evasion behavior, has made amends by paying their due taxes in full. The company has also issued a public apology and is making internal and external reforms. We're not afraid of further investigations."

Morgan, dressed in a white shirt, spoke these words with wit and humor

Josie took his words to mean that everything had been settled, which was why he was so confident.

She commented, "The billions that Bastille Group lost seem to mean nothing to you."

"In this world, the easiest thing to earn is money. If it's gone, just earn it again." Morgan lifted his cup and took another sip, continuing, "If Dexter thinks he can destroy me like this, he's simply daydreaming"

As Josie listened, she idly played with her long hair. Although she didn't fully understand the power play between them, she knew Dexter well enough to know that he would never make such a losing deal.

That was, unless, he had other intentions.

Just then, Morgan's phone, which was on the table, suddenly vibrated. A message popped up.

It looked to be his personal cell phone, which meant the incoming message was particularly important. Morgan and Josie exchanged a glance. He promptly picked it up and unlocked the screen.

The corners of his mouth curved into a perfect arc as he placed the phone in front of Josie.

She lowered her head naturally and was startled to see the content of the message.

Twenty minutes ago, Dexter had concluded a meeting with the Olsen family, finalizing the collaboration for the next quarter.

Josie looked up and asked, "What does this mean?"

"The Olsen family has ultimately chosen to side with Russell Group. It seems that good news is on the horizon for your ex-husband."

Josie's lips twitched even as she muttered, "He has my well wishes."

Morgan stared at her and added, "Tomorrow's headline will be about Dexter picking up and dropping off Liana at home."

[Chapter 866 Pop Has A Clue](#)

Morgan was right When Josie woke up the next day, all the major social media platforms were indeed flooded with paparazzi shots of Dexter and Heather

The photos showed Dexter escorting Heather to the Olsen Residence. The two of them were captured whispering to each other for a while in front of the car. Only then did Heather leave, looking back every few steps she took.

Journalists likened them to a couple in the throes of passionate love.

Upon seeing this, Joste couldn't help but sneer. They obviously hadn't seen Dexter's debauched demeanor that day in Zachariah's office.

The gossip corroborated the official news. The fact that these photos could be released proved that Russell Group indeed inked a business collaboration with the Olsen family.

As Josie practiced some yoga in the morning sun, her mind drifted back to the previous night. In the dimly lit café, she had asked Morgan, "The meeting just ended, and you already have the news. Do you have an insider?"

Morgan narrowed his eyes meaningfully. "Testing me, are you? Want my help?"

"I don't understand. Why would I need your help?"

"To take some people down."

"Who?" Josie's winged eyeliner had been drawn longer than usual that day, giving off a rather intimidating aura.

Morgan pondered her question and appeared to be carefully choosing his words. "A mistress? In every sense of the word."

The smile at the corner of Josie's mouth faded. She wasn't sure how much Morgan knew about her situation or why he was so willing to help her, but one thing was certain – his intentions were far from simple.

With a playful look, Morgan lifted his coffee cup, clinking it against hers, producing a crisp sound.

"Until the hotel project is completed, I'll be in Wavery. Call me any time."

A jarring ringtone interrupted Josie's reverie. She opened her eyes, taking a moment to adjust to the light.

The incoming call was unmistakably from Scott.

She picked up immediately. "Sergeant Buncho."

"Ms. Warren, we have found some leads about your father, but..."

Scott trailed off in hesitation. Josie, anxious to the point of losing her composure, braced herself for the worst. "What do you mean,

"but?"

"Come out and meet me."

They agreed to meet at a pasta restaurant outside the police station. Scott was already heartily enjoying his pasta as Josie arrived late to their meeting.

Noticing her arrival, he quickly swallowed the food in his mouth and explained. "I have important matters to attend to this afternoon, so I can't go too far. I have no choice but to ask you to come here."

"It's okay," Josie sat in front of him, her face full of anxiety. "Sergeant Buncho, what did you mean on the phone? What clues have you found?"

Scott pulled out a folder from his briefcase. "Following certain clues, we've located the last place your father was seen before he disappeared."

Josie was taken aback as he opened the folder. "Are you suggesting my father didn't disappear by the seaside?"

"The beach is crowded, and there are eyes everywhere. It's not easy to abduct someone without notice, unless they willingly go with someone they know." Scott spoke about the case, his eyes shining brightly.

A stack of photos fell out of the folder. Scott's finger rested on one of them, and he continued, "We followed this car and found a place."

That car was just an ordinary Chevrolet LightSpeed.

Josie was flipping through the photos at a rapid pace. She quickly stopped as she recognized a familiar place.

Sky Palace?

That's Arnold's place.

Josie's brows furrowed tightly as she looked at Scott, "This..."

"The last place this car was seen was right here."

Scott took another bite of his pasta. "Still, our evidence collection hasn't been going smoothly. The other party has been very cooperative, so we've managed to review the surveillance footage from that day. There was no one in the car, and the driver has no connection to your father whatsoever."

Josie was surprised to see that the driver was actually one of Arnold's men, a man named Scar.

She was perplexed. Although Paul's mind wasn't as sharp as it used to be, it wasn't so bad that he couldn't recognize people. It was impossible for him to follow a stranger.

[Chapter 867 Keep An Eye On Xanthe](#)

Josie clenched the photos. "Could they have kidnapped my father? They're well-known thugs in Wavery, capable of anything."

Scott gestured for her to stay calm. "What about the motive?"

He was right. There was no motive. Scar had no reason to do this.

Josie quickly recalled that after her father disappeared, she had gone to Arnold because she suspected Wyatt was loyal to him and had some involvement. However, she didn't get far as Wyatt ended up hospitalized, and everything came to a halt.

Without Wyatt, Arnold's motives for any wrongdoing became less obvious.

"What we know now is that once this van entered the surveillance blind spot, it might have switched packages. Thus, Paul didn't disappear at this country club."

Something suddenly occurred to Josie as she asked, "Have you investigated the owner of this club?"

Scott nodded. "Arnold has had his share of troubles lately, and the police chief advised against provoking him for now, at least until we progress further in the investigation. Ms. Olsen, do you recall might have missed? Any information could provide valuable leads."

Josie sat quietly for a while, her mind churning with thoughts.

Pop and Arnold had no conflicts of interest. They didn't even know each other. Assuming it was him, it must be related to Dexter and me. But why would they go to such lengths?

Josie couldn't fathom it.

"If you can't remember, it's okay. We have someone closely monitoring Scar, and we'll inform you if there are any leads, Scott said as he put away the photos. "We can't approach Arnold directly. If you're willing, you can try, but don't alert him."

Josie naturally understood.

After Scott left, she remained in her seat for a while before dialing a number. "Justin, can you help me check the visitor records for Wyatt Russell over the past three months?"

"Wyatt Russell? Who's that?"

"From the Russell family"

Justin quickly caught on.

He found the information swiftly, but it was in the evening when he arrived at Josie's house with the results.

"There are not many visitors, and they are mostly relatives. Of course, Dexter's name isn't on the list." Josie scoffed. Of course Dexter didn't visit him. Otherwise, he wouldn't be in the hospital now.

She went through the list one by one. "Is he still in a coma?"

"Yes. The doctor said there's a high probability he won't regain consciousness."

There were very few people who had visited him, all close to Wyatt, but as Josie scrutinized the list, she suddenly noticed a familiar name-Xanthe Quorn.

Josie narrowed her eyes. Why would Xanthe visit Wyau?

"I know this person. I've met her at Heaven on Earth before. She's Dexter's mother," Justin said as he glanced at the list.

Yes, it had been a while since she had shown up.

"Even though she no longer has any ties with the Russell family, he is, after all, her former nephew. Given the gravity of the situation, it is normal for her to pay him a visit, right?"

Josie pursed her lips but didn't think Xanthe was acting out of kindness.

She was a refined egoist who could even neglect her own son, let alone her nephew.

Ah. I nearly forgot she was cooperating with Yanis before he went to jail.

Josie tapped her finger on the list. Xanthe went to the hospital every month.

She couldn't put her finger on it, but it struck her as odd.

If you can manage, keep an eye on her movements for me."

Justin's surprise became more evident, but he didn't ask directly. "Are you facing some trouble?"

Josie didn't know how to explain the story of Paul's disappearance to him.

[Chapter 868 Girlfriend](#)

"Nothing much. I have my own reasons for asking you to do this."

Seeing this, Justin didn't press further. Before leaving, he suddenly remembered something and pointed to the corner where there was a stockpile of instant noodles. "You should still have regular meals."

Josie was momentarily surprised. "You've really grown up."

Justin seemed a bit awkward, scratching his head. "Even though we're not related by blood, we grew up together and played together. You take care."

Josie looked up at him and suddenly smiled. It was a smile of acceptance, and tears welled up in her eyes involuntarily. "I understand."

Justin blushed slightly, feeling a bit embarrassed about expressing such affection toward her.

"Justin." Josie called out. "Stay safe."

He smiled and gave a determined nod in response.

As Justin left, Josie sat by the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the dazzling night skyline outside as she hugged her knees.

Her heart was set on protecting Justin as he was Paul's son.

Her phone buzzed as she received a message from Morgan. It contained a picture of a red invitation card for a fashion show organized by a top-tier international jewelry brand in collaboration with a domestic fashion magazine. The venue for the event was none other than the Olsen Residence.

The name of the show was "Autumn Banquet."

The Olsen Residence was vast and offered picturesque scenery, making it an ideal location for a fashion show. It was clear that they were also sponsors of the event.

At the top of the invitation card, it read, "Liana Olsen cordially invites you."

Josie sent a question mark to him in response.

Morgan sent a lazy voice message in return, "You like watching fashion shows, don't you? You can come with me."

Josie had to admit that Morgan was indeed a valuable connection. Without him or if she were to rely on Laura, she wouldn't have had access to such events.

"What time tomorrow?"

He replied with a specific time.

The next day, Josie left her home on time. As soon as she stepped out of the building, Morgan's car arrived as if it were perfectly timed. The car stopped smoothly.

Inside, Morgan was on a business call, occasionally responding to a few sentences. Meanwhile, he handed her a cup of hot milk and some food.

She never used to drink coffee in the past and would only drink milk..

Josie pushed it away without revealing her emotions and told him softly, "I've already had breakfast."

Morgan didn't get mad. He talked on the phone until they arrived at the Olsen Residence. When he presented his invitation, the attendant scrutinized Josie for a while.

"My girlfriend." Morgan declared. He raised his hand and placed it on Josie's shoulder.

At this point, Josie had no room to argue and could only smile.

The attendant immediately gestured for them to head inside.

Morgan escorted Josie into the venue, where another attendant guided them. "The fashion show is in the manor across the lake and has just started."

"There's a cocktail party on the lawn in two hours," the attendant pointed out. "The entire Olsen Residence, except for the shrine room and ancestral hall, is open to guests today."

The Olsen Residence was expansive, even including a racecourse and a shooting range.

After crossing the lake by boat with Morgan, the attendant left them. Josie let go of Morgan's arm. "Thank you"

Morgan glanced at his empty arm. "Josie, you shouldn't burn bridges."

"I've already burned them. Can you still throw me into the river?" Josie retorted.

Morgan chuckled. Josie's liveliness made him feel vibrance even in autumn.

The estate was open-air and adorned with several parasol trees. Their fallen, golden leaves covered the ground, creating a natural carpet. Models in high-end couture walked amidst this outdoor setting, their jewelry gleaming on their necks and wrists.

After entering the venue, Josie stood in a corner, uninterested in the jewelry on display.

At this moment, Heather was sitting in the front row, engaged in a hushed conversation with someone. From time to time, important figures approached her, exchanging greetings and pleasantries.

The star of the show was as clear as day.

[Chapter 869 Won Back After Going To Great Lengths](#)

“Do you like it?” Morgan’s voice rang out beside Josie.

Josie looked back at him. “What do you mean?”

“Such an event.”

“It’s fake with no substance.”

Josie genuinely disliked things that were overly flashy and superficial. Contrarily, she had a greater fondness for architecture that was grounded and practical.

More people entered the hall, one after another. Among them, a voice drifted into the air. “I wasn’t in the best shape previously. I apologize for causing everyone to worry.”

Before Josie saw the person, she heard her voice. When she swung her gaze over, she indeed saw Summer entering hand in hand with Arnold. The woman was currently dealing with a journalist.

The man, on the other hand, had already spotted Josie and Morgan. His eyes promptly darkened.

“Mr. Carter.” Morgan extended a hand gentlemanly. “What a pleasure to meet you after hearing so much about you.

Summer had already regained her composure. Seeing Morgan, she was about to smile when she suddenly saw Josie. Her smile abruptly died.

Verily, she couldn’t even muster a smile. “Why are you here?”

Josie merely smiled without saying a word. Meanwhile, Morgan had already taken Arnold’s hand. He asked, “You know my girlfriend, Ms. Olsen?”

No sooner had he said that than the grip on his suddenly tightened. Morgan looked back at Arnold leisurely. “You’re a practitioner of martial arts, Mr. Carter.”

Arnold withdrew his hand unhurriedly. “I’m just surprised. I thought the article in the newspaper was just gossip, but it turned out to be true.”

As he spoke. Josie could distinctly feel his probing gaze on her.

Summer sneered, “Indeed, who would have thought Ms. Warren would be so lucky to be with you, Mr. Bastille.”

The implication behind those words was a belittlement to the lowest level, hinting that Josie relied on men.

Hearing that, Morgan casually placed his hand on Josie's shoulder and remarked smilingly, "If you upset the girlfriend I finally won back after going to great lengths, where would I go to make my case were she to leave me. Ms. Olsen?"

The information in that comment was monumental, reminding the woman that he was Josie's ex-boyfriend.

Summer's face flushed bright red in fury.

Arnold didn't quite grasp that, but then, understanding dawned upon him. "Ah, she's your ex-girlfriend."

"First love, Morgan amended.

Arnold's hand that hung by his side surreptitiously balled into a fist. Just then, an attendant came over. "Mr. Olsen is looking for you, Mr. Carter."

Arnold glanced in Mark's direction. "Okay."

Summer also looked over and saw Heather. Her expression darkened further, and she muttered, "What a rotten day."

Josie stared at their retreating figures, lost in thought as she reflected on a myriad of things.

Scar and Arnold had never met Paul, so it's impossible for them to be the acquaintances mentioned by Sergeant Buncho. It also seems unlikely that they would have any reason to abduct him since Arnold put everything he had into their subsequent experience in Rivodia. If it were him, he wouldn't need to work so hard.

"What are you thinking about?" Morgan whispered into her ear, suddenly leaned in.

Startled. Josie jolted out of her thoughts and shook his hand off. "I need to use the restroom."

She washed her face and felt considerably more alert. Just then, her phone buzzed with a text from an unknown number. It read: Come to the racecourse.

Surmising the person who sent it, she planned to ignore it. However, the second message came in quick succession. It read: Do you want me to come over and pick you up in person?

She could imagine the torment the man would put her through if she didn't comply with his demand. Snagging her bag in rage, she got ready to leave. But as she reached the door, someone stopped her.

Arnold lit a cigarette and let it burn slowly between his fingers. He looked at Josie and said calmly, "It seems you've made your choice."

Josie took a deep breath, then suddenly asked, "Your father's bail application didn't go through, did it?"

"You know."

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"I happened to be there when Summer went to seek the police chief out," Josie said with unparalleled calmness. "At least for you, she is a suitable wife, capable of getting things done for you."

Arnold raised his hand and took a puff of his cigarette before exhaling the smoke upward.

"You actually don't love her, not even from the start. You're only good to her because you cover the Olsen family's power and your father's vision. Now that you've got everything, you shouldn't be giving up." Josie voiced the truth for him.

At that, she chuckled lightly before adding. "Don't tell me you've suddenly found true love at your age."

Her tone was relaxed and natural, laced with a hint of mockery. It was as though it had absolutely nothing to do with her.

Arnold stared at her, somewhat puzzled. "Compared to Dexter, Morgan is no less cunning?"

"But he treats me well and is able to give me a status. This is something neither you nor Dexter can do."

Josie looked somewhat melancholy. She added, "Don't let Scar and the others call me Mrs. Carter anymore. Hell get jealous."

After saying that, she stared at Arnold intently, trying to discern something from his expression. Regretfully, there was none. He snubbed his cigarette.

"I will get Edward out right before Dexter's eyes." Arnold spun on his heel and left.

Suddenly, Josie wasn't so sure of things anymore.

The weather that day was splendid, with clouds drifting in the sky. The sun unabashedly cast its rays on the mountains and lakes, enhancing the scenery's beauty.

When she arrived at the racecourse, voices drifted out of the room. She promptly halted in her tracks.

Mr. Russell, there was indeed a problem at the bidding, but I have nothing to do with the missing thirty million" A weathered voice rang out. The man half-knelt in front of Dexter with fear written all over his face.

I didn't say you had to make up for it."

The man was instantly surprised and prostrated himself. "Thank you, Mr. Russell! Thank you, Mr. Russell!"

Dexter lifted his leg and pressed his exquisite leather shoe down on the man's back, gradually applying force. "There are two things Russell Group cannot tolerate-betrayal and bribery. You've committed one of them. Be prepared to spend the rest of your life in prison."

He spoke as though it was nothing, yet it dashed the man's hopes in an instant.

The man stilled before prostrating himself even more earnestly. "I was wrong, Mr. Russell! I've truly realized my mistake! If you give me a chance, I will definitely make up for my wrongdoing. Oh yes, I also now about an issue with the HR department of Russell Group!" Those words had Dexter ease his foot slightly. He cracked his knuckles and looked at Larry,

The latter immediately said. "He's talking about the deputy head of the HR department, who accepted bribes. I've already dealt with it."

As soon as his words rang out, the man's face turned ashen. He no longer had any grounds to plead for himself.

Dexter chuckled lightly, lifting the man's chin with the tip of his foot. "Thirty million is a small amount, but I don't employ people with bad habits."

After he had finished speaking, someone immediately stepped forward and dragged the man away.

The person opened the door and dragged the man out all the way in front of Josie.

Josie stood rooted to the spot. As chilly air blew out from the room, her heart went cold.

Dexter was dressed sharply that day. Right then, he was bent over, playing pool with a group of youngsters. Tall and dashing, he attracted much attention. The rosary beads on his wrist lent him a gentle air, unlike the assertive man from earlier.

With a flick of his cue, a billiard ball tumbled into the pocket.

Josie sidestepped her way into the room, but he didn't even spare a glance, perhaps too engrossed in the game.

She stood in the corner, naturally not in the mood to join in.

Dexter took a few more shots, but none of the youngsters were his match. He probably found it boring, for he put away his cue. Uncapping a bottle of water, he threw his head back and took a gulp of it.

Only after he had done that did he seemingly notice her and arched an eyebrow at her.