

Blind Date 871

[Chapter 871 Horse Racing](#)

Mr. Dexter, sitting at the edge of the stands, raised his voice. "What's the point of just watching? Let's make it interesting with a wager. Let's bet on that thoroughbred horse."

On the large screen of the stadium, an attendant was leading a noble horse of excellent quality.

Someone scoffed. "You really know how to spend money without restraint. Everyone knows that the woman Zach brought today is this year's equestrian champion. She could win even with her eyes closed."

Josie lifted his gaze, only to find that Zach was also present. He was holding a woman in his arms, scompletely disregarding Laura, and no one there seemed to find anything amiss.

The people in the room knew how to read the room. Seeing Josie standing in place, a woman standing close to Dexter scolded her, "Are you trying to be a pillar, standing there? Don't you have any sense? Make some room for others."

The woman looked surprised for a moment, then upon seeing Josie's face, she immediately stepped back.

Everyone knew her relationship with Dexter was complicated, and the two were still entangled.

For a moment, everyone's gaze fell on Josie. That day, she was dressed in a gray haute couture, exuding charm without losing her dignity. Standing there in silence, no one dared to interrupt with a joke.

Someone had stepped in to defuse the situation, so she didn't approach. She locked eyes with Dexter through the gap between the two people, her gaze anything but submissive.

Dexter, with an impassive face, opened the water bottle. "What's the matter? You don't want to stand with me?"

"You're of noble status, Mr. Russell. I am not worthy."

Dexter scrutinized her from head to toe. The rumors about her and Morgan had been circulating since she entered the Olsen family. It was indeed eye-catching.

He tapped the bleachers lightly with his water bottle, uttering decisively, "If you win, you're free to go."

Josie cast a glance. Several glamorous women were adjusting their outfits, each standing next to a horse. They were preparing for a horse-riding competition.

It was likely that those ladies were companions brought by the scions of various families, used for amusement when they had nothing better to do.

In reality, that was nothing unusual for this circle. Josie had seen rows of women lying naked on the ground before, their bodies covered with stacks of money. Whenever a scion lost in their games, he would take a stack of money from his female companion. The thrill and excitement were what they were really playing for.

In this circle, women had no dignity, especially those women who were dependent on men.

Josie understood clearly Dexter was deliberately making fun of her in front of everyone.

She didn't want to draw attention to herself, but judging by the situation, Dexter wouldn't let her off easily.

Zach stared intently the whole time, chuckling, "You're not scared, are you?"

Josie turned around, her skirt swaying at her ankles, her high heels clicking assertively on the ground. Zach furrowed his brow, inexplicably feeling that her gaze was extraordinarily intimidating.

The attendant led Josie to change into equestrian attire. Her figure was excellent, and her waistline perfectly accentuated. She tied her hair up in a high ponytail, showing no fear as she mounted the horse.

She lowered her gaze, noticing the woman who had been nestled next to Zach earlier was now walking toward her.

In the lounge, everyone's gaze was fixed on the screen.

Dexter stood still, a fresh glass of liquor in his hand, the ice cubes clinking inside.

With the sound of a whistle echoing in the arena, the horses on the track instantly burst into a gallop.

Josie had ridden a horse once in front of Dexter and Arnold. However, she had fallen off that time and never dared to touch a horse again. That was her only experience.

She clenched the reins tightly, her other hand brandishing the riding crop, striving to control the horse as it galloped forward, doing her utmost to remain calm.

However, those women had no experience riding horses, so they moved quite slowly. After all, if they were to fall and ruin their exquisite faces, it would truly be the end of the world for them.

Josie was fearless, so she was temporarily in the lead.

[Chapter 872 Revenge](#)

The woman accompanying Zach was on track three. She was experienced and always kept a firm grip on the reins, following behind Josie. After riding half a lap, she gradually took the lead, doing so effortlessly.

Gradually, Josie adapted to the rhythm of the gallop, and her courage grew steadily. With a sudden flick of his whip, the horse neighed and bolted forward, quickly overtaking Zach's date.

She stared incredulously at Josie's retreating figure. It's clear she's a novice, but does she have a death wish, racing in this manner?

Josie may not be a professional, but she certainly had the guts.

She rode on horseback, watching the scenery of the Olsen family estate whizzing by, her emotions a complex mix. One day, everything I've lost will return to me.

Just then, Zach's date also picked up speed. She guided her horse closer to Josie's, using her experience to nudge the other horse with her own. Josie's horse immediately lost its footing, swiftly leaning to one side. and accelerating into a stumble.

This scene elicited a gasp from the lounge.

Dexter gripped the wine glass tightly, the veins on the back of his hand bulging prominently. His gaze turned ominously darker.

Zach couldn't help but steal a glance at his expression. At that sight, he broke out in a cold sweat.

Even though Dexter had already divorced Josie, no one could be sure about his attitude toward her.

He opened his mouth, intending to say something to lighten the mood, but Dexter had already put down his wine glass and walked out.

"F*ck! I didn't ask her to do that!" Zach exclaimed. "Do I need her to win this championship? Does she really think I like watching her racehorse!"

Someone nearby clicked their tongue. "Your female companion really commands attention."

Meanwhile, Josie tightly gripped the reins, clenching her legs around the horse's belly to prevent herself from falling off, barely managing to calm the startled horse.

She glanced at Zach's date, who was far ahead, and a surge of determination welled up within her. She patted the horse's head. "Shall we take revenge? What do you say?"

This horse was spirited, as if it could understand her.

Josie fiercely swung her whip, her speed escalating relentlessly. Not only was her adrenaline surging, but so was that of the spectators watching the race.

She was racing like there was no tomorrow.

Upon reaching the bend, Zach's date instinctively slowed down for stability, but Josie didn't reduce her speed at all. On the contrary, she whipped the horse even harder, causing it to gallop fiercely. She pursed her lips and leaned forward, feeling the immense force of the impact, her hair flying in the wind.

Zach's date never expected that Josie would actually dare to do this!

"F*ck!"

The spirited horse was the first to reach the finish line. Josie held the reins, trying to calm the excitement. in her heart. She came to her senses, only to find her hands were shaking.

She turned around and saw Zach's date's face looking extremely unpleasant.

Josie wanted to laugh, but what replaced it was a wave of extreme emptiness, the emptiness that comes after a great shock.

However, just at that moment, she felt a sharp pain in her wrist as she was forcefully yanked off the horse.

“Who told you to speed up?”

Dexter’s gloomy face was right before her eyes. He gripped her wrist tightly, looking genuinely livid.

Josie paused for a moment.

He roared in fury, “Are you trying to get yourself killed!”

Josie snapped back to reality, shaking off his hand. “Isn’t this what you wanted? If I win, you let me go. I won.”

Dexter’s brow remained furrowed, his anger not yet dissipated. He tightened his grip on her waist, effortlessly lifting her back onto the horse. His hands held her close in front of him. “Josie, let me tell you what I truly desire.”

“Dex-”

Before Josie could even shout out, he squeezed his horse’s belly with his legs, and the horse immediately bolted forward again.

This time, with his control, the speed was much faster and also more stable.

Josie leaned into his embrace, her eyes tightly shut. She was devoid of any sense of security at that instant.

“Dexter! You jerk! Put me down!”

[Chapter 873 He Holds the Initiative](#)

Dexter quickened his pace instead, venting his unbridled anger on horseback. “Don’t ruin your voice by shouting.”

Josie felt as if she would be better off dead.

She had nowhere to hold on to, her only option was to cling to his neck to prevent herself from falling. Yet her movements were hesitant and subtle due to her reluctance to rely on him.

Dexter suddenly sped up and then abruptly stopped the horse. Josie, unable to resist the inertia, fell hard into his arms. Her forehead bumped against his abs, causing a sharp pain as she instinctively held onto him tightly.

“D*mn you!”

Dexter’s voice was husky. “Use a different word to curse.”

“You beast! You lunatic! You freak!”

Dexter lowered his head to glance at her, chuckling lightly. “Then why are you still holding me so tightly?”

In that instant, Josie wanted to let go, but considering her safety, she held on tightly to the corner of Dexter’s clothes. If she was going to die, she could at least drag him down with her..

“Exciting, isn’t it?” He suddenly asked. Slowing down a little, he lowered his gaze to look at her intently.

Josie, who had somewhat calmed down, turned her head away defiantly.

He questioned further, "Would you dare to do it again next time?"

Josie didn't respond. Seeing him about to speed up, she finally replied, "Dexter, we're already divorced. What I do is none of your business."

Upon hearing these words, Dexter let out a snigger. "Divorce? That means nothing. Our relationship only ends when I say it ends."

This person is simply unreasonable.

Josie looked up into his dark eyes. "When will you tire of this game?"

This remark reignited the anger in Dexter's heart that had just barely subsided. He tightened his grip on her waist and enunciated, "It depends on my mood."

With her chest heaving, Josie found it amusing. "Must you behave this way?"

"I insist," Dexter responded quickly.

He halted his horse, caressing her snow-white cheek with one hand. Gradually, he moved his hand down, resting it on the artery by her neck where he pressed gently.

"If you want a peaceful life, don't upset me."

In the end, Josie pushed him away and clumsily dismounted the horse. However, the lingering shock caused her knees to buckle, and she almost fell to the ground.

Peaceful? From the moment I married him, I could no longer lead a peaceful life.

"Jo!"

When a voice echoed out, Josie lifted her gaze and was surprised to see Morgan rushing over, his face filled with anxiety. Behind him were Laura and Heather, among others. They had been watching for God knows how long, but Arnold was nowhere to be found.

"Are you okay?" Morgan stepped forward, taking her hand and looking her over.

Josie shook her head, instinctively wanting to pull her hand back.

"Mr. Russell, don't you think you've gone too far with your games?" Morgan questioned the man who dismounted from his horse calmly.

Dexter leisurely put away his whip, "Ms. Warren doesn't know how to ride a horse, so I was teaching her. I hope you don't mind, Mr. Bastille."

Morgan gripped Josie's hand tightly. Despite the smile on his face, the look in his eyes was extremely cold.

"I trust my girlfriend completely. I'm just not sure if Ms. Olsen would mind."

This remark was directed at Heather. She was still wearing the haute couture she had on when watching the show earlier. At that moment, she was staring at Dexter with her face brimming with indignance."

Unconcerned, the latter handed the whip to the attendant. "You're smart. You know me well."

The statement was both ambiguous and distant. It offered no explanation, yet it seemed to explain everything.

Josie saw Heather swallow her grievances and force a smile before stepping forward, "I know that Dex can be very helpful sometimes."

Upon hearing those words, Morgan couldn't help but chuckle.

Josie silently stepped on his foot, causing him to click his tongue.

At that moment, everyone in the lounge also walked out with Zach at the lead.

[Chapter 874 How To Be A Good Husband](#)

"Ms. Warren's horse riding skills are truly impressive. No wonder she is an equestrian champion. It turns out it was all thanks to Mr. Russell's training-" As he spoke, he walked away, not noticing Morgan in his blind spot.

The moment the latter came into view, his voice abruptly ceased.

The reason was that he also saw Laura.

She was standing at the back the whole time, her face devoid of any expression.

The equestrian champion's female companion was still standing by his side with an intimate posture.

Zach immediately withdrew his hand.

With her hands folded, Josie said leisurely, "Mr. Zach sure knows how to enjoy the good life. I just didn't realize that even an equestrian champion needs to play dirty tricks to win."

She was insinuating about his companion's recent actions.

The female companion was already irritated and couldn't hold it in any longer. "I'm much better than you," she said. "You think you're so capable, but you still rely on men."

Josie's face changed color, and Morgan's expression darkened. Just as he was about to step forward, Laura preempted them from behind.

With a serious expression, she picked up a bottle of red wine and approached. Simultaneously, she picked up the bottle opener and popped it open with a bang.

Zach looked at her in disbelief. "What are you doing, Laura?"

In equal disbelief, the woman in his arms dodged instantly,

Laura, however, stared at her and burst into sudden laughter. "You're not the person I saw last time."

Then she said to Zach, "What about Ms. Shaw? Weren't you completely devoted to her?"

After he was exposed in front of so many people, Zach's face turned red in anger and embarrassment. "What the hell does my business have anything to do with you!"

Rumors were rife that he was hen-pecked by a woman. Now, in front of so many people, he naturally couldn't tolerate being humiliated.

Laura nodded, lifting the wine bottle. Seeing Zach almost hide behind his female companion, she laughed and took a sip.

Zach breathed a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, after she finished drinking, she raised her hand and splashed the wine onto Zach's face.

"F*ck!"

"I'll teach you how to be a good husband today!"

After finishing her drink, Laura laughed and said to his female companion, "After he got bored of his last woman, he her to work at the club. Do you understand what I mean?"

These words sent chills down the woman's spine.

"Get out of here, now!"

The woman flinched, her face turned pale. After stomping her foot in exasperation, she quickly ran away.

With a commanding presence akin to that of a matriarch, Laura smashed the wine bottle on the ground.

Taken aback, Josie frowned as she watched. Laura was usually patient and reserved, hence her assertiveness that day was unexpected. She wondered if the latter had been provoked.

When Dexter caught Morgan's subconscious gesture of protecting Josie, his eyes darkened slightly.

Heather tugged at the corner of his clothes. "Dex..."

Dexter lowered his gaze. "Let's go."

There was a cocktail party afterward, but Zach didn't attend anymore. Laura quietly touched up her makeup. "Old Mr. Olsen has called him away."

As Zach's actions had completely disgraced the Olsen family, he needed to be taught a serious lesson. With Mark absent, the party was hosted by Claudia. As expected, it was to pave the way for Heather. Laura couldn't be bothered to listen any further. She picked up a glass of wine and handed it to Morgan, teasing him, "Dr. Morgan, we meet again. Oh, I should call you Mr. Bastille now."

Morgan stood beside Josie, taking the wine glass without a change in expression. "Ms. Brandel, are you feeling better now?"

Laura laughed and said, "Even if I'm not well, I can't get you to treat me anymore."

Morgan just smiled without saying a word.

Meanwhile, Josie's mind wasn't on their pleasantries but on Claudia.

She announced on stage that Heather's art exhibition would be held next Saturday. Coincidentally, next Saturday was Heather's birthday, so she hoped that everyone could come and support the latter.

Heather was standing by the side, smiling elegantly.

Meanwhile, Josie suddenly realized that all these years, she didn't know when her own birthday was. She had always designated it on the day Paul found her.

So, next Saturday is her birthday.

[Chapter 875 Pet Dog At Olsen Residence](#)

The waiter came over and asked, "Ms. Warren, would you like to take the horse you won with you or...?"

Only then did Josie remember. In response, she glanced at Dexter. He had taken off his equestrian attire, appearing in a suit and leather shoes.

"I have nowhere to keep such a valuable horse," Josie said leisurely. "Let's leave it at the Olson residence for now. I'll come back for it later."

When the time came, what would be demanded wouldn't just be a single horse.

"The cocktail party ended, and so did the show, with people occasionally making their way out.

Josie was distracted, so Morgan tapped her head with one hand. "What's the matter? Did you lose your heart in a horse race with your ex-husband?"

She shot him a glare, too lazy to curse at him. "I have to go somewhere."

"Where?"

Josie held onto Morgan's wrist, avoiding the crowded areas. Guided by her memory, she led them to the backyard of the tea garden. It was a quiet place, devoid of people. Their haute couture attire made them stand out awkwardly in that setting.

"Why are we here?" asked Morgan.

Josie moved forward, searching for a while, softly calling out, "Pepper! Pepper!"

Morgan furrowed his brows, looking around.

In no time, a Shiba Inu came dashing out, heading straight for Josie's embrace, whimpering affectionately.

Morgan took a step back, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "It's your dog?"

Josie cradled the head of Pepper. "I suppose so."

She crouched down, cradling Pepper's face. "You still remember me? You have such a good memory. Follow me."

Pepper stuck out its tongue, affectionately licking her hand.

"I'm sorry that I can't visit you often, and I'm not sure when I'll be able to see you next. Please take good care of yourself, okay? Next time, I'll bring you something tasty." The look in Josie's eyes was sincerely earnest, without a trace of ulterior motive.

The dog seemed to understand, licking even more vigorously.

Josie rose to her feet, glancing at Morgan. In response, the pampered and delicate scion wore a face of confusion.

Only then did she remember Morgan was afraid of dogs. "It doesn't bite."

"I don't like animals," said Morgan.

"You're the animal," she said impatiently, dragging him away. If they stayed too long, they would be discovered.

"To think you have a pet dog at the Olson residence. Josie, you're quite peculiar," Morgan said in a playful tone, allowing her to lead him.

Josie changed the subject. "I'm capable, what can I say??"

Once they got in the car and left the Olson residence, she seriously looked at him. Thanks to the better lighting, she noticed a red mark on his neck and frowned.

She was experienced, so she knew what that was.

She raised an eyebrow, though she didn't point out the obvious. "Why didn't you come over when I was at the racecourse?"

Morgan was already working on his computer, not looking up. "I ran into a business partner and got a bit tied up."

After he finished speaking, he looked up. "You said you were going to the restroom, but you ended up on the racecourse."

Josie pursed her lips. Those matters were left unspoken between the two of them, yet they both understood.

She had no interest in his personal affairs. For her, all that mattered was leveraging his status. As for who he was involved with or who planted a hickey on his neck, it was none of her business.

When Morgan returned home, he noticed the red mark on his neck. He instantly picked up a cup and smashed the mirror into pieces.

What surfaced in his mind was the vivid image of that woman passionately kissing him in a corner of the Olsen residence.

Unknowingly, she had left a mark on him.

Ryan rushed in anxiously. "Mr. Bastille, what's wrong?"

Morgan tugged at his tie, relieving the stifling feeling in his chest. However, the moment he thought of Josie's question, his frustration welled up again.

[Chapter 876 A Generous Gift](#)

Before Heather's art exhibition was held, Josie sent Angel abroad.

On the surface, it was to deal with matters related to the project, so no one went with Josie.

Josie had ordered a gown a few days ago and needed to go in person to get her measurements taken. Morgan found the place. It was tucked away in an obscure location, and the tailor was a renowned fashion- designer in Wavery.

Taking the measurements was a tedious task as it took a full two hours to complete.

The designer complimented, "Ms. Warren, you have a great figure, perfect for a gown. Have you worn one before?"

Josie shook her head.

"What a pity. Let's choose a color."

Over the years, Josie hadn't been fond of complicated attire, always preferring simplicity in her clothing. That was the first time she had made the effort to have gown custom-made for herself, and she was exceptionally serious about it.

"Ivory. I like the color." Josie's fingers paused on a piece of fabric.

In fact, over the years, she rarely wore white clothes. She had to work and care for Paul. As such, her clothes would get dirty easily.

Therefore, it was her first time trying out white clothing.

"Ms. Warren, you have great taste. White suits you well, said the designer.

Josie responded, "When can I see the finished garment

"Saturday. Once the clothes are ready, I'll need you to come and try them on. If they don't fit, we can always make adjustments."

"I trust you all, and I trust Morgan's judgment," Josie said with a smile, swiping her card..

Before leaving, Josie descended from the second floor, coming face to face with a familiar figure. The person was carrying a Chanel bag, with a few people trailing behind them. They looked up as they ascended the stairs and bumped into Josie.

The newcomer was shocked and instinctively withdrew her foot that was about to ascend the stairs. "It's you."

Josie stood on the stairs. "It seems you're here to try out clothes too, Ms. Olsen."

Heather clutched the chain of her bag tightly. "Yeah. Dex got it for me. He said it's a birthday gift."

Her taste really aligned well with Dexter's.

Josie remained calm. "Birthday? When is it?"

Heather's eyes had a hint of hesitation "Saturday I recall I've invited my mother."

"Saturday?" Josie echoed the question.

Heather's gaze hardened. "Mhm."

"Can I come then? To celebrate your birthday?" Josie suddenly smiled as if she knew nothing at all.

Heather didn't rush to respond. Instead, she said, "Ms. Warren, didn't you also show up uninvited at the jewelry exhibition a couple of days ago?"

Josie nodded, "That's true. Since you've invited Morgan, I'll go with him when the time comes."

After speaking, she smiled.

Heather's grip on the chain tightened, her palms starting to sweat a little. "Your relationship with Morgan seems to be more than ordinary."

"He is my boyfriend," said Josie.

Heather looked surprised, narrowing her eyes. "Does Dex know about this?"

After Heather asked, she immediately regretted it because Josie couldn't help but smile. "If you know, don't you think he knows, too?"

After Josie finished speaking, she began to descend the stairs. As she passed Heather, she paused and whispered, "Don't worry, I didn't come empty-handed. On your birthday, I'll present you with a grand gift."

Those words were ordinary, but upon hearing them, Heather couldn't help but shudder.

Josie resumed her steps, gradually moving further away.

Heather turned around, her gaze fixed on Josie's figure until it disappeared around the corner.

"Ms. Olson, what's wrong?" the servant asked.

Heather pursed her lips, her palms swearing, as she impatiently said, "Paper!"

The servant jumped in surprise, quickly pulling out a tissue from their bag and handing it over to Heather. Heather ascended the stairs, vigorously wiping her hands clean. She then threw the bag, tainted with sweat, into the trash bin. Her entire demeanor was filled with anger and impatience.

That shocked everyone.

The designers exchanged glances, realizing they were dealing with a lady of a difficult temperament.

[Chapter 877 A Gift](#)

Before Saturday could arrive, Josie was swamped with work on her end.

First, there were complications with the project at the seaside hotel project, with the person in charge on Russell Group side being uncooperative. To put it plainly, they were deliberately making things difficult. Josie's design draft had been revised more than a dozen times, and in the end, the other party smiled and said, "Ms. Olsen, how about reverting to the first version?"

Josie's expression changed immediately upon hearing this.

The person felt a chill down their spine, almost expecting her to flip the table.

However, she just smiled and said, "Is it okay if I submit it tomorrow?"

The person swallowed hard and nodded vigorously.

While she was still fuming, Morgan made a call to her. She answered impatiently, "What is it?"

"Aren't we a couple? Not seeing your boyfriend for a few days isn't normal, is it?" Morgan's voice came through, and there were other voices in the background.

Josie replied boldly, "You're taking yourself too seriously. I don't have time right now."

"When will you have time?"

Josie replied sarcastically, "Go kill Dexter for me."

She stared at the design on the computer, gritting her teeth in frustration.

Morgan paused for a moment, then chuckled softly. "That's a bit troublesome, but it's not impossible."

Josie wasn't in the mood for his banter and shook her head. "Where to?"

"I'm heading to a landmark in Wavery. I've never had the chance to visit it. It's the Mandarin Oriental Hotel."

Josie raised an eyebrow.

Mandarin Oriental Hotel was famous for its nightlife. When Josie arrived, Morgan was wearing a casual floral shirt. He stood at the entrance, taking photos. He looked like a carefree young master as he remarked, "It's a whitewashed La Oriole."

Josie stepped into his shot. "Mr. Bastille, did you bring a few billion here to gamble?"

Morgan pressed the shutter and said, "You seem pretty irritated."

"If you had to revise the drafts over a dozen times, you'd be irritated too."

He laughed and took her backpack, which felt heavy because of the laptop.

Morgan didn't come here to gamble. He asked for a private room and sat down quietly to have a meal. He waited until Josie put down her fork before signaling Ryan to come over.

He was holding a transparent box, and inside, there was a piece of porcelain.

"I bought this a while ago. It's for you."

Josie was surprised. The porcelain seemed to be an antique porcelain bowl from the Turan dynasty. It was finely crafted and valuable in today's market.

She didn't understand. "Why are you giving this to me?"

"It's my gift for you. I picked it out carefully."

Josie looked at it closely. As a designer, she had a keen sense of these artifacts. She had learned how to appraise genuine items from Morgan during her university days.

The glaze on this piece flowed smoothly, and the colors were natural, almost indistinguishable from modern craftsmanship. But....

"You're giving me a fake." She saw through it immediately.

Morgan was staring at her face all along. At this moment, he completely gave up his act. "Looks like you haven't forgotten what I taught you."

Josie scolded him for doing that..

He casually took out her laptop and placed it on the table. "Password. Let me take a look at your design."

When he said this, it was as if he was back to his old ways when he taught her professionally.

Josie reluctantly typed in the password to unlock it for him.

"Now that you're a big shot, you still remember your profession?" she asked sarcastically.

The design was fine; the problem lay with Dexter. He was deliberately making things difficult for her intentionally.

"It's really hard for me now." Morgan sighed. He typed a series of codes on the computer quickly. Soon, a surveillance feed appeared on the screen. "Let's see something that I can understand."

[Chapter 878 Signing A Contract With The Olsen Family](#)

Josie squinted her eyes. The surveillance footage was from a different private room in Mandarin Oriental Hotel.

She had been there before with Dexter.

In the footage, there were several people, with the man she had in mind occupying the central position. His eyes were sharp. He had a touch of coldness and disdain yet exuded a strong presence,

Sitting beside him was Mark, and to his right was Laura. She didn't recognize the others.

Seeing Josie's confusion, Morgan introduced, "Directors from the Olsen family and Russell Group. Haven't you seen them before?"

With his reminder, she vaguely recalled that she had.

"Where did you get this surveillance?"

Being able to monitor Dexter in his own territory was a skill in itself.

Morgan didn't answer but continued to watch the screen with a composed expression.

Before long, someone entered the room. It was Larry, carrying some documents. He distributed them one by one and said, "Mr. Olsen, I just received some news. It seems like Mr. Carter might not make it. Ms. Summer is not feeling well again."

Mark's face turned sour.

Dexter sneered, his gaze turning icy.

"Mr. Olsen, if Sum's condition can't be treated in Wavery, it might be better to send her abroad." He casually flipped through the documents, his eyes filled with mockery.

Mark's expression kept changing. "As long as Arnold accompanies her, she'll be fine."

Dexter didn't confirm or deny it, but his tone was mocking.

"The application of artificial intelligence will inevitably hurt traditional industries first. Mr. Olsen, I appreciate your help in coordinating this." He signed his name at the bottom of the documents without hesitation.

The others followed suit after seeing him sign.

In his chair, Mark's expression changed slightly as he stared at the documents in front of him. "You know, I don't agree with this reform of yours."

Dexter nodded. "You seek stability."

The older generation had their conservatism and was stubborn.

"You need the support of the Olsen family to expand into new industries. I can provide that, but there's one condition you know." Mark leaned on his cane, looking serious.

Dexter leaned one hand on the table, unconsciously twirling his pen.

"If you support me, by the end of the year, I'll double the Olsen family's profits for you."

Mark picked up the pen and signed the document, his face heavy. "Make it public on Saturday, which is Jo's birthday."

After signing, he got up. Leaning on Laura's support, he left the room.

Dexter continued to spin his pen. His face was dark and unreadable, devoid of emotion.

The other directors bid farewell and left. It wasn't until they were gone that Dexter lifted his chin slightly, signaling Larry to collect all the contracts.

The pen that had been spinning on his fingertips fell on the table with a sharp snap. He tilted his head slightly, looking in the direction of the surveillance cameras, his eyes empty but exuding an immense aura.

Josie felt as if they were making eye contact across the screen and instinctively turned her head away.

Morgan leisurely closed the laptop. "It seems like Saturday is a big day."

The image of Dexter's eyes lingered in Josie's mind. They were deep and impenetrable.

"I remember that Rivodia is skilled in artificial intelligence. Whether it's semiconductors or blockchain, you have a competitive advantage."

Morgan revealed a modest smile. "Indeed. Dexter is like a moth drawn to the flame."

He was too confident, and Josie frowned for no apparent reason. "Russell Group has financial resources and support from the Olsen family. Don't underestimate them."

Moreover, there was nothing Dexter couldn't accomplish.

Morgan turned his head. "Resources obtained through marriage? I'm not interested."

Josie's spine stiffened.

Morgan tapped on the table, and Ryan brought in another box.

"I never give counterfeits as gifts."

[Chapter 879 Do Not Look Back](#)

Josie raised an eyebrow. It was the same antique porcelain bowl as before, but its quality and craftsmanship were undoubtedly authentic.

Its true value was worth a city.

"Do you like it?" Morgan asked, staring into her inquisitive eyes.

After carefully considering the antique for a moment, Josie abruptly made a decision. "Are you giving it to me?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Are you really giving this to me?"

"Yup," Morgan responded patiently.

"So, you've given it to me. I can do whatever I want with it, right?"

Seeing the cunning look on her face, Morgan had a bad feeling. He warned her, "I paid eight figures for this."

Josie smiled as she received the antique from Ryan's hand. She hugged the bowl to herself and walked away, mumbling, "Perfect."

Upon leaving Mandarin Oriental Hotel, she happened to see Dexter walking out, escorted by an entourage. His tall figure stood out among the crowd. His face showed no warmth, not even a hint of emotion.

He got in his car but didn't rush off. Instead, he rolled down the window and lit up a cigarette.

The smoke swirled before his face, obscuring his expression, much like his own fickle nature.

Josie stood in the path of the air conditioner's current. Her hair billowed in the gusts, obscuring her vision.

Judging from the footage from the surveillance cameras earlier, there was a high chance that Dexter was planning to get engaged to Heather.

Suddenly, she felt a strong urge to ask if he would regret his decision. Trading marriage for business benefits wasn't in his nature.

But still, he went through with it. Could it be that he truly liked Heather?

Before long, someone stood up to shield her from the Wind. A pair of hands covered her eyes, blocking her view of everything.

She could only see darkness.

Josie closed her eyes naturally and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Don't look back," Morgan said with a solemn tone.

After Dexter finished smoking two cigarettes, the car, like an arrow released from its bow, quickly disappeared into the night.

When Josie opened her eyes again, there was nothing but emptiness ahead.

She curved her lips slowly and said, "This is quite simple."

After much difficulty in refining the design until both parties were satisfied, Josie was finally relieved. At the same time, she received a few photos from Justin.

There were several draft sketches, from which the general outlines could be discerned. However, they were merely slavish imitations.

There were also a few photos showing Xanthe's movements.

"She frequents casinos the most every month. Strangely enough, she has never been to the biggest one in Wavery."

Upon hearing this, Josie scoffed coldly. The biggest casino in Wavery was in Mandarin Oriental Hotel, which was essentially Dexter's territory. Xanthe would never dare to set foot in that place.

"Right, she also transfers a fixed amount of money to an overseas account every month."

Josie surmised that Xanthe most likely created the overseas account for her son, who was living abroad. That's responsible of her.

"And where else does she usually go?" asked Josie.

"There's really not much to it... but for someone as wealthy as she is, her living conditions are quite modest. Justin sent over a photo. In the picture, there was a small, well-maintained house and yard.

Josie didn't doubt the authenticity of the photo. Everyone became a little sentimental as they grew old.

"What about her property?"

"...There's nothing special."

Josie furrowed her brows, feeling as if something was missing. "Make me a list," she said, "I want to know who she interacts with every day."

In the blink of an eye, it was Saturday. Early in the morning, Josie went to pick up her gown and happened. to see someone from the Olsen-family leaving. It seemed they were leaving to pick up clothes for Heather.

“Ms. Warren, this dress suits you very well. There’s no need for alterations.”

The designer looked at the woman in the mirror, his expression full of awe.

The gown Josie wore outlined her figure perfectly, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her skin was fair, and thus the gown color suited her well, enhancing her beauty. The buttons across her chest were fastened to the last one, and her winged eyes only added to her allure and charm.

Josie casually picked up a folding fan, studying her reflection in the mirror.

It was only today that she realized how well the gown suited her.

[Chapter 880 The White Gown](#)

Josie suddenly chuckled lightly, asking the designer, “Am I beautiful?”

The latter was taken aback and quickly replied, “Of course! You’re gorgeous! It has been a long time since I’ve seen a customer wear a gown so well.”

Josie’s usually understated beauty was now intentionally accentuated, and it was breathtaking and impossible to ignore.

Inside the small room, a television was broadcasting the morning financial news.

Dexter sat in front of the camera, calmly explaining the various details of his collaboration with the Olsen family. Camera flashes kept going off, but he remained composed throughout.

When reporters asked questions, he parried with them effortlessly, using subtle means to handle even the most tricky of questions.

As expected, he had publicized his collaboration today.

Josie had her clothes put away and left in her gown, saying, “Thank you.”

Morgan’s car had been waiting at a nearby junction for quite some time. He was casually playing a game on his phone, not paying much attention to his surroundings. That was until Josie came over and leaned, down to knock on his car window.

Morgan looked up, and once he did, he couldn’t take his eyes off her.

Her hair was all swept back, secured with a deep blue hairpin. Pearls dangled from silver threads, swaying with her movements. She looked like a talented lady who had just stepped out of a vintage painting of olden-day Southern Rivodia.

Morgan pressed his tongue against his cheek, clicking his tongue lightly. He opened the car door and commented, “I’m not too pleased with you showing up like this.”

Josie didn’t care about his opinion. She asked, “Where are the things I told you to bring?”

He pointed at the item in the passenger seat it was the antique porcelain bowl.

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Heather's art exhibition was set in the biggest art gallery in Wavery. By the time they arrived, guests had already started to gather, mingling in pairs and trios with wine glasses in hand.

After Josie finished registering at the front desk, she asked Ryan to deliver the antique porcelain bowl!
"This is a gift for Ms. Olsen. Please don't forget to give it to her."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a slight commotion erupted outside the gallery.

A line of luxury cars came to a halt, and the first to step out were Mark and Claudia, both of whom were dressed with great care and elegance.

The second car carried Summer and Arnold. Her complexion didn't look good, but she still exuded a certain aura of elegance, thanks to her training as a socialite from a young age.

Josie wanted to laugh, feeling a bit sorry for Sumner. The latter always had to attend events she didn't enjoy, and playing hooky was never an option.

"Good heavens, Dexter?"

"Did Dexter get out of Liana's car?"

"What does this mean? Tsk, it seems the rumors are indeed true."

The incessant chatter filled the air. Josie followed the sound with her gaze, seeing Dexter leading Heather by the hand as they descended from another car. Every gesture he made exuded nobility and elegance. Dressed in a white shirt and black pants, his attire was far from formal. It could even be considered his regular daily attire.

Even in such a situation, he was holding Heather's hand.

Heather towered on stilettos today and also wore a white gown. Her figure was exquisite, and her expression subtly charming..

Under everyone's attentive gaze, Heather revealed a shy smile.

Josie's brow twitched.

Morgan leaned in and whispered into her ear, "Your outfit. It's quite clever. The pattern may be different, but the colors are the same."

He chuckled lightly and added, "She's not as pretty as you."

As they were speaking, a few people had already entered the hall. Josie and Morgan stepped aside, making way for them.

As Dexter held Heather's hand, he passed by Josie, giving her a meaningful look.

Josie shifted her gaze away, not returning his stare.

Morgan went off to socialize. Josie didn't like mingling with strangers and lingered in front of the art exhibition.

Suddenly, someone tapped her left shoulder. She turned to look, but the person appeared on her right. "Why are you here?" she asked.

It was Laura.

She was in charge of the art exhibition and had arrived bright and early at the venue.

Josie took a sip of her champagne and replied, "I'm here to appreciate the talent of a great painter

Laura scoffed lightly.