

The Epic BD 613

Chapter 613 Repeating Mistakes for Josie

Josie's heart twinged at the plausibility that she could have fallen for the spirited Morgan if she hadn't met. the charismatic Dexter.

But alas... fate had brought Dexter to her, and she loved him.

Morgan was a proud man, yet he wasn't ashamed or affected for pouring out his feelings for Josie.

"I'm sorry. I'm not worth it." Josie frantically got off the car as if fleeing from him.

Being perceptive. Morgan understood Josie's unspoken message and chose not to pursue her.

He sighed and couldn't help but picture Dexter's cold and stern expression. Just then, his phone rang. His assistant. Duggar Seraph, called, "Mr. Bastille, please come back immediately! Uh... your half-brother has shown up at the company and caused a scene..."

Duggar hesitated to use the term "half-brother" since he wasn't a blood relative but an illegitimate child....

"What's his motive?"

"He's demanding fifty percent of the shares of Bastille Group!"

-Morgan's heart sank as he watched Josie's figure disappear around the corner.

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel and muttered, "I'll be right back!"

Josie arrived at Mason Garden, where the winter flowers in the garden hung heavy and drooped like frost- kissed eggplants.

A delicate layer of frost coated their petals, creating a shimmering and transparent effect.

As she walked by, she crouched down and gently brushed off the frost.

A servant lingered near the doorway, witnessing the scene, and a random proverb came to mind, "Knowing the vastness of the world, yet cherishing the beauty of the grass and trees.

"Mrs. Russell, are you alright?" the servant inquired with concern.

Josie mustered a smile. "I'm fine."

Her current countenance was a facade, masking the turmoil within.

Josie's unintentional sabotage against Dexter and Russell Group may have been skillfully concealed, escaping the notice of the general public. Still, the keen-eyed Russell family remained fully aware of the situation.

Yanis slammed his hand on the table in the meeting, fixing a piercing gaze on the man standing before him.

"We entrusted Russell Group to you, and you keep bending over backward and making foolish mistakes for that woman?"

"That's not what you told me before!"

Yanis was infuriated by Dexter's uncalculated decision and squirmed at the thought of implicating the future of Russell Group.

Dexter raised his eyes, emanating a strong aura.

"We didn't take any hits in yesterday's meeting and won't in the future. You know damn well what I'm capable of," Dexter declared, exuding confidence.

He had a vindictive streak and would never let Morgan manipulate the woman he cared about and turn her against him. Even if Morgan had the resources, it was highly doubtful he'd have the luck to come out on top...

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"Dex..." Wyatt interjected, unable to hold back his two cents.

"Well, long time no see," Dexter greeted with a fake smile.

"How are you coping with everything up north? I bet the freezing weather and tough business are keeping you on your toes," Dexter's words dripped with sarcasm as he made his remark.

Wyatt nodded in agreement and said, "Yes, you're right. By the way, Dex. This is a tough situation we're dealing with. Let's not forget that the Bastille family holds significant sway in Rivodia. We should tread carefully and avoid getting on Morgan's bad side."

Dexter squinted his eyes, playfully twirling his finger in the air. "Get on his bad side? How dare he expect. nat to back down after waltzing into Wavery and meddling with my affairs?! That's not how the real world. works, my friend!"

Yanis couldn't resist interjecting, his sarcasm dripping with every word, "Well, do tell us, Dexter. What has he done to get under your skin? It's quite comical to think that every man on this planet revolves around. your less-than-impressive wife!"

Dexter raised an eyebrow, a mischievous smirk playing on his lips, "Oh, trust me, not every man is smitten. by her charms. Just look at how Uncle, you've been so besotted with my mother, and we all know how that ended up, don't we?"

"How dare you!" Yanis exclaimed, standing up and pounding the ground with his cane.

"Oh well, I know aunt was gone too soon, and it's understandable that Uncle, you're lonely and needy. But if you were to marry Xanthe as your new wife, it would be awkward for me to call you 'Uncle, don't you think?"

Dexter's words carried a sharp edge as he scornfully vented his frustration at Yanis. He showed no regard. for the fact that he was criticizing his own mother in the process.

“How dare you!” Yanis boomed, his voice filled with fury.

“Enough, Dex! That’s too much!” Wyatt interjected, attempting to intervene and prevent further escalation.

“Since the weather up north is getting so rough and unpredictable, it might be a good idea for you to hold. off on venturing out to sea for a while,” Dexter taunted, subtly redirecting the conversation towards Wyatt and turning the tables on him.