

Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild

#Chapter 2 - Read Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild Chapter 2

Chapter 2

A cold chuckle escaped Genevieve when she heard what Anthony said.

"Leave her be," were the words he had uttered, in a voice so cold that it made her feel like she had fallen into an icy abyss and left to suffer in painful silence.

'To him, I'm nothing more than a woman who took advantage of him. By initiating divorce, I'm doing him a favor by releasing him from this marriage,' she pondered.

A mocking smile played on Genevieve's lips as a devastated but decisive look flashed in her bloodshot eyes.

She looked away from the scene and, without another trace of doubt, strode out of the hotel.

Genevieve did like Anthony, but even she knew she had to draw the line somewhere. She would not let her pride be trampled on without putting up a fight.

There was nothing shameful about getting a divorce. In fact, it would be even more shameful for her to defend a man whom she knew had cheated on her and had fathered an illegitimate child behind her back. That would truly make her the butt of the joke!

At present, the only thought in her mind was to reclaim her lost dignity from this total humiliation.

When Genevieve got back to her and Anthony's marital home, she looked around at the elaborate furnishings she had picked out in hopes that he'd feel warm and cozy the moment he came home.

Now, the mansion felt too big and empty.

She recalled how Anthony had only stayed here for a day when he came home last month before leaving in a hurry.

However, the mere appearance of him had left her so over the moon that she didn't even know what to do.

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Ove Talk

'He has likely been accompanying Rosalie and their child during these three years all along,' she mused in disappointment and disgust.

Genevieve was upstairs packing when she heard the servant knock on the door, saying, "Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Foster is here."

Genevieve froze momentarily before walking out of the room. When she saw Matthew Foster, Anthony's assistant, she noticed he had a suitcase next to him and appeared to have just descended from the plane.

Holding a jewelry box and a bouquet of fresh flowers, he smiled and held them out to her. "Mrs. Hoffman, these are gifts from Mr. Hoffman for your third wedding anniversary."

Genevieve stiffened a little and looked up at Matthew. It suddenly occurred to her that every anniversary gift she had received from Anthony was always delivered by Matthew.

'Anthony's still celebrating his illegitimate child's birthday right now. How could he have possibly prepared these gifts?' Genevieve scoffed inwardly and did not reach for the gifts.

As her disappointment snowballed, she realized she could do nothing but admit her failure.

"Mr. Foster, Anthony doesn't even remember what day it is today. You're the one who prepared these gifts, right?" asked Genevieve.

Matthew's smile briefly tightened at this. He looked like he was close to grimacing as he replied, "Mrs. Hoffman..."

His reaction showed Genevieve the truth, and she felt like a boulder had been lifted off her chest, allowing her to breathe again. Getting an answer was also a kind of relief.

Genevieve felt like a complete fool for having been so delighted when she received these gifts in the past years.

'How could I have been so dim-witted not to notice anything amiss?' she pondered.

Without another word, Genevieve turned on her heels and went upstairs once more.

She took out her phone, wanting to call her family, but hesitated at the last moment.

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Back then, she had defied her family's wishes when she insisted on marrying Anthony, so she thought she deserved everything that was happening to her now.

With a tap of her finger, the news page on the internet browser was brought up, and the trending headlines immediately came into her view: [Shocking news! Genevieve Lawrence was a sugar baby before getting married and is now barren because of a previous abortion!]

[How can the Hoffman family be without heirs?]

[Poor Anthony! Did he know his wife was barren?]

[Here's why Anthony Hoffman and Rosalie Stewart are the perfect match!]

[Inside scoop on Genevieve's scandalous past and her true colors after marrying rich!]

These topics virtually flooded the internet.

Genevieve could not understand how she could be subjected to such slander when she was clearly the victim.

She clutched her phone with trembling hands, and the welled-up tears in her eyes finally fell, splattering onto her phone screen.

'Ha! You're truly ruthless, Anthony! I can't believe you'd ruin me like this just because I refused to play along with your act. Great! Thanks for crushing the last of my doubts!' she sneered to herself.

Genevieve swallowed her tears bitterly, and her gaze grew colder and firmer.

At this point, she had already finished packing, taking only what she had brought with her when they first moved in.

She planned to wholly disappear from Anthony's world once the divorce was finalized tomorrow.

At midnight, Genevieve was in her slumber when she vaguely heard the sound of a car pulling up outside but paid no mind to it.

After all, she didn't think Anthony would ever come home.

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Soon, heavy footsteps sounded from outside the bedroom.

The empty space next to her on the bed sank in, and a mildly chilly hand brushed against her soft skin.

Genevieve shuddered and woke up in an instant.

Reacting in a rather exaggerated manner, she shoved off his hand and quickly covered her abdomen.

The atmosphere instantaneously grew tense in the dark.

When she smelled the familiar yet unfamiliar cool fragrance and faint whiffs of alcohol, she knew at once that the man who had come into the bedroom was Anthony.

What surprised her was the fact that he had shown up here. 'Could he be here to get back at me for what happened in the day?' Genevieve wondered. She suppressed the bitterness that surged in her and put some distance between them impassively.

The next second, warm light illuminated the entire room.

Anthony stood tall and straight before her, his face stony as he fixed his icy gaze on her. "Are you done being unreasonable?"

Genevieve gaped at him, in disbelief that he had reduced her reaction today into nothing more than petty and unreasonable behavior.

She looked away away from him to hide the sadness in her eyes and flashed him a feeble smile

"I'm serious about getting a divorce."

Anthony's eyes darkened as he stared at her, looking as if he was restraining his rage. "You must be out of your mind. Are you worried that this child is going to affect your status in the family, so you're putting up an act to get my attention?"

He watched as she blanched immediately and widened her eyes in astoundment., confidence the That gave him off confidence that he had seen through her pretenses, and a snicker escaped him. "I'm telling you-"

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However, before he could finish speaking, Genevieve got out of bed, swiftly went into the walk-in closet to put on her coat, and brought out her neatly packed suitcase.

Anthony froze and narrowed his eyes to assess her with a sharp gaze. She looked like she was ready to leave at any time. Meanwhile, Genevieve stood before him in her coat, her eyes dim as she regarded him with nothing but indifference.

As things were, he would only think the worst of her. "Anthony Hoffman, if you don't meet me at City Hall tomorrow to finalize the divorce, I will tell the media all about the scandals in your family," she threatened.

Genevieve knew what he hated the most, which was why she resorted to using this to coerce him into agreeing to the divorce. Things turned out just the way she expected them to.

In a flash, his expression turned biting cold, looking as piercing and dangerous as always, but she was not worried anymore, as she was no longer afraid of losing him.

She had accepted the fact that this marriage had failed, and she was willing to leave Anthony.

Although her heart still hurt immensely, she believed she would eventually get over this.

Right now, she could not stand being here for another moment longer.

Hence, dragging the suitcase along with her, she turned to leave the Anthony looked down at her condescendingly and grabbed her by the wrist. Gloominess brewed in his eyes as he warned frostily, "You'd better not regret this, Genevieve!"

Of course, Genevieve would not regret her decision at all, so she left with an even firmer resolve.

It was just past the beginning of autumn, and there was still a chill in the night air.

The moment Genevieve stepped out of the house, hot tears filled her eyes and cascaded

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down her cheeks silently, blurring her vision.

It was as if the bottled-up emotions in her were finally released.

Chuckling wryly at herself, she took out her phone and called Selene Quinn, a good friend of hers. "Come pick me up, Nelly."

Selene paused before she quickly replied in a calm voice, "Wait for me. I'll be right there." Selene was Genevieve's friend growing up and the first person to object to Genevieve's decision to marry Anthony three years ago. Unfortunately, Genevieve was too stubborn and had to learn the hard way about who genuinely cared about her.

In the last three years, Genevieve had deliberately minimized any contact with her friends for fear that there might be trouble if they knew about everything she had suffered in silence.

But now, she seriously felt beyond stupid for doing so.

Selene pulled up at the mansion in less than ten minutes.

As soon as the two saw each other, tears pricked their eyes.

Selene glanced at the suitcase next to Genevieve and immediately realized something had happened.

She gritted her teeth in rage as her heart ached for Genevieve. "Come on," she said. "Let's go back to my place first."

The Quinn family was one of the few most prominent families in the city of Acocester, so Selene, the eldest daughter of the family, naturally had every right to do as she pleased.

In a high-end condominium in the city center, Selene couldn't help.

letting out a torrent of Curses the moment she walked through the door. "I've been wanting to cuss that man out since I saw the new

trending during the day. Is Anthony even human? I can't believe he had the audacity to force you to pretend to be his illegitimate child's mother! How could someone be so despicable?"

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Genevieve initially thought her heart would break even more at this, but she was wrong. Instead, she felt lighter, as if she had overcome great difficulties and attained a fresh perspective on life.

With a shake of her head, she answered with a wry smile, "We will be getting a divorce tomorrow."

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