

Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild

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After a pause, Selene responded, "That's more like it! I would have looked down on you if you chose to put up with it."

While talking, she went over to Genevieve's side to help the latter unpack, her movements. swift and decisive.

There was a moment of silence before Selene turned around and wrapped her arms around Genevieve in consolation. "I'm glad you're here. I strictly forbid you from loving that scoundrel ever again."

Genevieve grew tearful at her friend's words of comfort.

She had been blinded by love and wasted so much time and energy on Anthony.

Taking a deep breath, she swallowed the rest of her emotions and said solemnly, making a promise to Selene and herself, "I won't."

The weather the next day was considerably gloomy, though the air was humid.

Genevieve had abandoned her prim-and-proper fashion sense as "Mrs. Hoffman" and donned a long, sleeveless green dress that she hadn't worn in three years, looking extremely stunning.

Selene wasted no time in bringing Genevieve to City Hall. When they arrived, they decided to wait in the car.

Yet, Anthony never showed up even after much time had passed.

Genevieve called him thrice, only for him to ignore her.

Seeing that her last call was rejected, she quickly found the number of a reporter who was close to Hoffman Group and smiled placidly as she cut to the chase. "I have pictures of Anthony Hoffman getting caught cheating. Wanna have them for free?"

The other party was stunned, saying a couple of things hastily before hanging up the phone.

Selene gave Genevieve a thumbs-up while the latter combed her fingers through her hair.

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"Let's wait for him a little longer," Genevieve suggested leisurely. "I'm sure he'll be here soon. By the way, what's new these days? Are there any interesting stories?"

Selene pondered for a moment, then answered with a grin, "Last month, Lawrence Group launched groundbreaking bionic technology that has pretty much conquered the world market. Everyone's saying that your family is extremely wealthy despite being so low-profile."

Selene had only just finished speaking when Anthony's call came in.

Genevieve chuckled, thinking, 'As expected, only such a method works on him.'"

Th She picked up the phone unhurriedly and was immediately greeted by Anthony's frigid, furious voice. "Don't think too highly of yourself, Genevieve. Even if you do have photos of me, do you seriously think any media would dare circulate them?" he warned.

Given how powerful Hoffman Group was, Genevieve was aware the media would hesitate to get on their bad side.

Nonetheless, she saw no way to get out of this marriage other than through petty blackmail.

Chuckling lightly, she pointed out flatly, "Mr. Hoffman, I've been waiting for you outside City Hall for a while now. You're the one who left me no choice but to resort to desperate measures."

Anthony was rendered wordless for a moment, after which he said gravely, "I don't have time to play games with you. You'd better show up at work on time, or I'll fire all the losers who report to you!"

With that, he hung up the phone.

Genevieve's expression stiffened. She could not believe that he was going to jeopardize innocent employee's livelihoods just because he was unhappy with her.

After telling Selene to go home, she booked a taxi to take her to Hoffman Group.

Those at Hoffman Group were surprised to see Genevieve, not expecting her to come back. so soon, never mind looking even more radiant than she had before.

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With the divorce agreement and letter of resignation that she'd long prepared in hand, she made her way to Anthony's office.

Her present goal was to get out of this place as soon as possible.

When she reached his office, she opened the door and entered without knocking.

As expected, the frail and piteous-looking Rosalie was sitting next to Anthony. Both of them had their heads lowered as they discussed the paperwork before them, sitting so closely and behaving so intimately.

Genevieve's face fell slightly at the sight of this. She did not think she would see Rosalie here today.

'Then again, they already have a child together, so what's so shocking about her showing up here?' she reflected.

Needless to say, her arrival ruined the good mood between the couple.

Disdain flashed in Genevieve's eyes as she broke the silence in the room. "I was going to resign after the divorce is finalized, but it looks like I'll have to switch up the order of things now.

Anthony looked up at her apathetically, his gaze icy. His impeccably ironed shirt only made him seem more imposing.

"Aren't you worried that I'll fire your team if you keep throwing a fit like this?" he questioned.

He knew Genevieve cared about the people in the secretarial department, for she had trained them and led them single-handedly.

Genevieve sneered in response, "I'll just bring them with me."

The air in the office suddenly grew colder.

Hearing that, Rosalie drew back her gaze with a faint smile and opened the drawer to take out a gift box, which she handed to Genevieve. "Ms. Lawrence, are you still angry about what happened yesterday? I'm really sorry. I heard that it was your third wedding

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anniversary yesterday, but Anthony has been so busy with matters about my son and me that he forgot about it. Here, I picked out this gift with him to make it up to you. I hope you like it."

She walked over to Genevieve and added in a soft voice, "Oh, and I have the exact same necklace, too!"

Her gaze was filled with contempt and provocation as she observed Genevieve's countenance.

Genevieve found the whole thing absurd, thinking, 'Anthony went to get me a gift with his mistress, and it's the same necklace that his mistress has as well? Ha!'

No words could describe the way Genevieve was currently feeling. She was disgusted, to say the least, as though she had accidentally stepped on a pile of dog poo.

Genevieve eyed Rosalie icily. The next second, she reached out to swat the gift box out of the latter's hand. "Cut the act, will you?"

Rosalie paled as she looked at Genevieve piteously. "I know you're angry with me, but the child is innocent. Will you please accept him as part of your family?"

As she spoke, tears fell from her cheeks, and she started sobbing. Anthony stood up, looking thunderous as he demanded, "What are you doing, Genevieve Lawrence?"

His expression grew grim when he saw Rosalie crying her heart out and the fallen gift box lying on the floor.

He would not stand for Genevieve bullying Rosalie in his presence. Tearfully, Rosalie reached out to grab his arm and placated, "Ms. Lawrence is rightfully angry, and it's all right if she doesn't like the gift I picked out for her. I only want her to be kind to Samson. I have no intention of wrecking your marriage."

Anthony frowned at Genevieve, his eyes like a stormy sea.

Genevieve, on the other hand, had to admit that Rosalie was skilled as an actress. This performance was utterly professional.

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Chapter A faint smile played on Genevieve's lips as she pointed out coldly, "You're already a homewrecker and had a child with my husband, to boot. Why are you still pretending to be innocent? Don't you find it ridiculous?"

All the color drained from Rosalie's face. She leaned weakly on Anthony and began to cry on his shoulder.

Anthony's expression was frosty, and there was no warmth in his green eyes as he snapped, "Watch what you say, Genevieve. She's not a homewrecker. You'd better show some respect."

beloved that he Genevieve watched him come to Rosalie's defense as if Rosalie was his couldn't bear seeing hurt. Instantly, she felt as if she was the villain here trying to tear a loving couple apart.

'If Rosalie isn't the homewrecker, then who is? Me?' she sneered on the inside.

An icy gleam flashed in Genevieve's eyes as she stared at Antony emotionlessly. "Is she so noble as to deserve my respect?" she asked sarcastically. Suppressing the chill that surged through her, Genevieve glowered at Anthony frigidly.

Anthony stared at her deadpan face and felt something strange stir within him.

Still, he swiftly suppressed it.

Rosalie's pitiful weeping was starting to make him uneasy. He gazed at Genevieve stonily and barked, "Apologize to Rosalie now!"

"Apologize?" Genevieve froze momentarily, bristling and eyeing him as if he had just cracked a joke.

At this moment, Rosalie bit down on her lip and picked up the cup of coffee from the desk, then meekly made her way over to and carefully Genevieve once more. "I'm sorry, Ms. Lawrence. I'm the one who should apologize to you."

She held out the cup of coffee to Genevieve. Just as the coffee was almost poured on her, Genevieve flew into an uncontrollable rage.

Acting more on instinct than on rationale, Genevieve took a step back and slapped Rosalie

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hard across the face.

A resounding smack rang out in the office, accompanied by the sound of a shattering cup.

Genevieve shook off the tingling numbness in her hand, feeling a wave of adrenaline and satisfaction course through her.

For a brief moment, dead silence fell over the room.

Astounded, Rosalie covered her throbbing and rapidly reddening cheek weakly as tears of horror filled her eyes

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