

Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild

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At the end of her tether, Genevieve sneered, "He's the one who bumped into me. I didn't even touch a single hair on him. You know, surveillance camera is a wonderful invention. Please have some common sense and check the footage before slandering me."

Rosalie's face stiffened at once, and even her sobbing ceased. It seemed that she had forgotten about surveillance cameras, which could contradict her previous accusation at any time.

Right as she was about to say something to salvage the situation, she saw Genevieve turn to leave with her bag in hand.

Anthony frowned and hurriedly handed Samson to Rosalie. "Wait for me here." With that, he hastily went after Genevieve.

He couldn't explain his emotions, but Genevieve's recent abnormal behavior and the subconscious changes in his heart made him somewhat uneasy.

When Anthony caught up to her, Genevieve was waiting for the car she booked outside.

Anthony stood there with a conflicted look on his face, asking in a flat tone, "What were you doing in the hospital? Are you sick?"

Genevieve glanced at him in confusion, thinking, "Wasn't he just accusing me of stalking him? Why is he concerned about my health now? What is he up to?"

Of course, she would not let him know about her pregnancy, so she answered unthinkingly, "I just came to visit a friend." Anyway, Anthony didn't know any of her friends.

Anthony's face tensed. "Where have you been staying these days? Why haven't you come home?"

Genevieve swept an indifferent gaze over him and replied in an extremely cold voice, "What does it have to do with you? Now that I've moved out, your new lover and illegitimate child are free to move in!"

A vein throbbed in Anthony's temple. Evidently, he had become infuriated.

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Ova Talk Genevieve chuckled nonchalantly. "I almost forgot that you own many properties, Mr. Hoffman. How could you possibly make them live in a second-hand home? It's not like they're shameful or anything."

Anthony suppressed his rage, rebuking with a strained, stony voice, "I've always thought you had a good nature. To think you can't even accept a child!"

Genevieve's heart clenched, and she curled her hands into fists. 'Ha! He's making it sound as though it's so easy to accept a child he has with another woman and that I'm petty for not being able to do so!' she sneered to herself.

Genevieve smiled slowly with a hint of coldness. "I'm done talking to you, Anthony. You already saw the divorce agreement. Please don't bother me with anything else apart from going through the divorce procedures."

Just then, the car arrived and stopped beside her. After taking a glimpse at the license plate number, she got in the car and closed the door without sparing another glance at Anthony.

'What a joke. Does he seriously think I should take care of his mistress and illegitimate child without a word? Have I really become that cheap?' she pondered.

Anthony looked composed as he observed Genevieve's cold and distant attitude, but his heart was trembling slightly.

He had yet to tell her that the trending topics from before were done on the public relations department's own initiative. But he knew she likely wouldn't believe it anyway.

Something seemed to be slipping away from his heart, yet he was too helpless to grasp it.

At this moment, Rosalie came from behind him with Samson crying in her arms. She spoke gingerly. "Samson's crying again. Could he still be feverish?"

Anthony snapped out of his thoughts, though his expression remained stony. When he turned around, he withdrew that chilliness and looked at the delicate child tenderly. "Don't worry. The doctor knows what to do."

Rosalie smiled with a pale face and peered at him cautiously. "I saw your divorce agreement. Are you going to divorce her, Anthony?"

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Anthony's smile stiffened, and his eyes instantly darkened and froze over as he glanced at her standoffishly. "No. She will forever be Mrs. Hoffman."

Rosalie's blood ran cold, but she forced out a hypocritical smile. "That's good. If not, I'll feel bad."

Without saying anything, Anthony walked inside with Samson in his arms.

Unbeknownst to Anthony, iciness and indignance flashed across Rosalie's weak eyes as she lowered them. 'If Anthony doesn't want to divorce, I'll have to deal with Genevieve instead,' she brooded.

After that encounter, Genevieve received text messages from unknown numbers several times, consisting of none other than intimate photos of Rosalie and Anthony, as well as insults about her infertility.

She could easily guess who was behind this, but since they could serve as free evidence for her divorce, she saved all the messages.

Genevieve had relaxed a lot by eating, drinking, and having fun with Selene during this time, and her overall condition was better than before.

In the evening, Selene took Genevieve to the clubhouse to hang out with some friends. The latter didn't refuse and chatted and laughed with everyone as if she was back to the carefree days before her marriage.

In the middle of her fun, she went to the restroom, only to run into Rosalie unexpectedly.

Genevieve looked away as though she didn't know Rosalie and took her lipstick out of her bag to touch up her makeup.

Looking at the gorgeous and alluring Genevieve, Rosalie couldn't help but feel jealous. "Ms. Lawrence, I didn't expect you to be into nightlife. Anthony and I are here for business socialization. Do you want to go say hello?"

It went without saying that Genevieve knew Rosalie was trying to flaunt about being able to go everywhere with Anthony. Genevieve smiled placidly, looked at Rosalie's pretentious face through the mirror, and said frostily, "If you're that capable, then make Anthony divorce me. Otherwise, don't mess with me, or I might really slap you."

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Genevieve warned Rosalie unceremoniously and gave the latter a piercing side-eye. Watching Rosalie's face stiffen, she turned around to leave. Inadvertently, a piece of paper fell out of her bag, but she didn't notice it and left right away.

Rosalie bent over and picked up the paper, which was a medical report. Her expression changed drastically when she read the result. It stated that Genevieve was pregnant!

Rosalie clutched the medical report tightly. The trepidation and anxiety that churned within her had reached its peak, and her breathing hastened. "If Anthony finds out that Genevieve's pregnant, all my efforts will go down the drain, and it'll be all the more impossible for Samson and me to enter the Hoffman family!" she mulled.

Something sinister and ruthless fleeted across Rosalie's eyes as she thought, "I can't let anyone stand in my way!"

When Genevieve returned to the private room, the others were almost done drinking.

While Selene started dispersing everyone, Genevieve waited outside for Selene and their designated driver.

Genevieve stood at the intersection, where the surrounding street lights were rather dim.

Concurrently, Rosalie sat in the car and stared at Genevieve intently.

Genevieve was smiling gently as she put a hand on her belly, seemingly talking to the fetus. in her womb with her head lowered.

Rosalie's rage and viciousness surged in an instant. She gripped the steering wheel tightly with gloomy and ferocious eyes.

There was only one heinous thought left in her mind, and that was to run over and kill Genevieve's child!

'I can't let Genevieve and her child become my obstacle. Once I kill them, no one will compete with me for Anthony anymore!

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'Everything should have been mine anyway! Genevieve Lawrence, go to hell with your baby!' she cursed inwardly.

Rosalie tensed up and gritted her teeth, then floored the gas pedal as she exclaimed to herself, 'Go to hell!'

When Genevieve raised her head, she was met with a light shining right at her, so blinding that she couldn't even open her eyes.

Following that, a shrill screech sounded as a car sped toward her at full throttle.

Momentarily, her mind went blank, and her hands and feet turned cold.

The instant the car hit her, Genevieve spotted the driver inside. It was Rosalie.

An ear-splitting sound pierced through the silence of the night.

Bang!

Genevieve was sent flying before landing heavily on the ground, m
Excruciating pain followed, as if her whole body had shattered. Afterward, all
the pain gathered in her lower

abdomen.

Warm liquid began gushing out between her legs, and something seemed to
be flowing out of her body bit by bit. Her heart clenched as fear and
excruciating pain washed over her.

She couldn't even move, and she felt as if the whole world had abandoned
her.

'Save my child... she pleaded inwardly.

Genevieve had already decided to om raise the child on her own.
Unfortunately, the life inside her body was forced to leave in a struggle right
then, and she knew she was about to lose her baby.

As she lay there helplessly, both her tears and her blood flowed down in sync.

Genevieve was in too much pain to say anything. The bright light shrouded
her surroundings callously while the strong stench of blood wafted up her
nose, and her vision blurred progressively.

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'This three years of marriage really N

m left me with nothing!' she thought Her heart seemed to have been crushed
by someone's hand, and the pain it brought about coursed through her every
nerve.

Silence ensued around her.

But somehow, she seemed to hear Selene's panicked and hysterical shrieks.

The buzzing in her ears was getting softer and softer.

Soon, Genevieve completely passed out.

