Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild #Chapter 6 - Read Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild Chapter 6

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The area was flooded with people who rushed out from the clubhouse.

The ambulance soon arrived.

After handing Genevieve to the doctors, Selene stood up and bolted toward the car. She picked up a brick nearby and smashed it onto Rosalie's car window.

Rosalie shuddered in shock, seemingly traumatized and terrified.

Selene reached through the shattered window and unlocked the car door from within. She yanked Rosalie out of the car by her hair, then kicked and slapped her.

Smack!

The slap rang out horrifyingly loud and clear.

Tugging on Rosalie's hair, Selene gritted her teeth with seething hatred. "Do you even know who she is? How dare you lay a hand on her..."

Rosalie came back to her senses, her face pale. She immediately shoved Selene away and threw herself into the arms of Anthony, who was approaching.

Trembling in Anthony's arms, she cried in horror. "I didn't mean to, Anthony. It was too dark, and I didn't see anyone there..."

Anthony frowned as he looked at the chaotic scene with a gloomy face.

Upon arriving at the scene, he happened to see the paramedics carry the stretcher into the ambulance. When he saw the dark red puddle on the ground, his heart sank and he somehow had an ominous feeling.

Selene glared at the shameless couple coldly and spoke with intense hatred bubbling within her. "Anthony and Rosalie, the both of you should go to hell!"

After her outburst, Selene hopped on the ambulance and left.

Anthony felt extremely uneasy for some reason. He wanted to go check on the victim, but Rosalie held on to him tightly and wouldn't let go.

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"Please help me, Anthony. I didn't do it on purpose..." Rosalie said.

Anthony's gaze turned cold as he pushed her away. "What on earth happened here?"

Rosalie whimpered piteously and grabbed the corner of his clothes. "I've just returned from abroad and haven't gotten used to the driving style here. Besides, it was too dark for me to see anyone standing over there. Anthony, Samson can't live without a mother..."

Anthony's expression softened at the mention of Samson, and he seemed to have reined in his emotions, too. After a few seconds of silence, he patted Rosalie on the shoulder and comforted her, "All right, I will get a lawyer to help you. Don't worry."

Rosalie smiled and sobbed in relief, hugging him again. "Thank you, Anthony. I knew you wouldn't abandon Samson and me."

With a heavy heart, Anthony suppressed the edginess in his heart and called Matthew.

The police soon arrived, and so did Matthew and the lawyer.

After gathering the necessary evidence, the police questioned Rosalie, "Do you recognize the victim?"

Rosalie leaned weakly against Anthony's chest and shook her head in fear and confusion. "It was too dark. I couldn't see clearly."

After the police were done, Anthony instructed Matthew, "As long as the issue can be solved, any amount the victim asks for is not a problem."

Matthew nodded. He and the lawyer then left for the police station alongside Rosalie.

In the hospital, the doctor came out of the emergency room with a grave expression. "The patient suffered a miscarriage. Please contact her family."

Selene stood outside the emergency room in shock. She was beside herself with panic as she took out her phone to call Genevieve's father, Darrell Lawrence. Sobbing, she said, "Mr. Lawrence, something happened to Genevieve..."

Later in the evening, Matthew and the lawyer bailed Rosalie out of the police station and

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sent her over to Anthony.

Then, the police and Matthew went to the hospital to discuss the compensation, but they were met with only Selene and a lawyer when they arrived.

Selene looked somewhat familiar to Matthew, but he couldn't recall where he had seen her.

The police went over to ask, "What's your relationship with the victim?"

"I'm her friend," Selene answered.

"What's the name of the victim?" the police asked.

"Genevieve Lawrence," Selene replied.

Matthew's expression changed as soon as he heard Selene's words. He looked at her int shock.

Selene looked at Matthew and sneered, tossing the surgical report in front of him. "Want to negotiate? Well, why don't you ask Anthony how the matter can be resolved since that wretched woman, Rosalie, killed Genevieve and her

child?" Flustered, Matthew hastily reached out to grab the report, and his expression changed drastically as he read it. He didn't say anything. Instead, he turned and went out to call Anthony, reporting the incident.

None of them knew about Genevieve's pregnancy. The person Rosalie had hit with the car turned out to be Genevieve and worst of all, she had lost her baby.

The issue became all the more tricky.

When his call to Anthony was not answered, Matthew thought, 'It's over!"

Anthony had muted his phone while tucking Samson in bed.

Rosalie then came back, crying intermittently for half a night. Anthony had his hands full trying to console her and only left the house at dawn.

It was already noon the next day when Matthew finally got in touch with Anthony.

Anthony's voice sounded exhausted and hoarse, tinged with a hint of impatience.

"Is the

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matter settled?"

Matthew was silent for a while. "I couldn't discuss the compensation with the other party because they refused to negotiate."

"How about the victim? Is their condition severe? Offer them more money then." Anthony's voice was deep and cold.

Matthew paused and said, "Mr. Hoffman, it was Mrs. Hoffman whom Ms. Stewart had hit, and..." He gritted his teeth and blurted out, "Mrs. Hoffman has been pregnant for a month, and now she lost the baby!"

Dead silence ensued on the phone.

After a moment of silence, Anthony spoke up, his tone filled with intense disbelief. "What did you say? How could it be her?"

He finally knew the root of his inexplicable anxiousness. 'The baby's gone? My child... he thought.

The sense of uneasiness that had been brewing in his chest finally surged uncontrollably at that moment, disrupting all his sanity in an instant. 'The baby was gone after she was pregnant for a month, he mused.

He finally understood what it was like to have a sharp dagger slicing through his heart. The overflowing sense of anguish began to suffocate him unwittingly.

Tossing his phone aside, he immediately drove to the hospital, but Genevieve was nowhere to be seen. The chilly aura he was exuding was pronounced, making it impossible to ignore.

"Where is she?" Anthony asked.

Matthew hesitated to speak. He glanced at Selene and the lawyer sitting next to him.

Selene said coldly, "She is just out of surgery and doesn't want to see you. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoffman, your child is gone."novelbin

Anthony's face darkened instantly. His gaze was gloomy, and his pupils shrank slightly. It was as if someone had stabbed him hard in the heart, and the pain spread throughout his

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body intensely. His face turned pale in agony. A surge of remorse washed over him.

Selene continued adding salt to his wound. "It doesn't matter anyway. Your illegitimate child is all grown up. Sall e

I bet you don't even care about your child with Genevieve. In fact, I should congratulate you for finally freeing yourself from this marriage."

Inexplicable emotions swirled in Anthony's deep eyes. For a moment, he was in a daze. He then asked again in a dry, hoarse voice, "Where is Genevieve?"

For some reason, he felt a deep sense of helplessness other than agitation. Although Anthony hadn't held any expectations for Genevieve to bear his child, he still felt heartbroken upon hearing the news of her miscarriage.

His child was gone. Ironically, he was even comforting the culprit and caring for someone else's child the previous night. The dull pain that assailed him belatedly threw him beyond frustration and panic.

Anthony clenched his fists tightly, and his whole body tensed. He felt as though his wife and child were detaching themselves from his world, getting farther and farther away from him.

Genevieve's cold, apathetic gaze emerged in his mind again. His heart suddenly clenched, and it hurt badly. It was as if a bunch of insects were gnawing at his heart, and all his limbs and organs were in agony.

Selene took a document from the lawyer and threw it at Anthony, sneering sarcastically This is the divorce agreement. If you don't sign it, we will sue Rosalie for first-degree murder and let her spend her life in prison!"