

## **Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild**

### **#Chapter 9 - Read Submitting To My Billionaire Ex-Wife by Allison Mild Chapter 9**

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Genevieve felt a mixture of emotions swirling within her.

'Look, he could get anxious too. But he'll only get anxious because of Rosalie's child,' she thought to herself.

Anthony had promptly agreed to the divorce, without hesitation and a hint of regret.

Genevieve thought he must have reached his breaking point and had had enough of her.

In that case, losing their child might not be entirely unfortunate to Anthony.

Anthony's face remained cold, but a hint of faint worry could be found in his expression.

They arrived at the City Hall. There was no one in line ahead of them, so they didn't have to queue up.

Only a few individuals entered shortly after.

Genevieve signed the paper decisively and watched Anthony hesitate with the pen in his hand.

She looked back and gave a subtle signal.

Suddenly, two people approached from behind.

One held Anthony's shoulder, immobilizing him, while the other forcibly made him sign by holding his hand.

The force of the pen nearly tore through the paper.

Anthony jumped up in resistance and threw the pen aside. Veins pulsed on his forehead as he clenched his teeth in anger, casting him into a semblance of a raging beast. "Genevieve..."

'How dare she? How could she be so decisive and impatient to leave me?' Anthony thought inwardly.

Genevieve calmly handed over the signed documents to the staff and offered a gentle

1/7

Ove Talk Chapter 9

smile. "It's done."

Seeing that, the staff didn't say anything more. They quickly processed the divorce certificate and handed it over.

Genevieve accepted it, thanked them, and then stood facing Anthony.

There was a chilling resolve in her eyes.

Her lips curved with a hint of mockery, and her voice turned cold and detached. "You're free now, Mr. Hoffman."

She tossed one of the divorce certificates at Anthony's face and turned to leave.

Anthony stood stunned. He quickly caught up with Genevieve and asked in a deep voice,

"Where's Samson?"

Genevieve smiled, her face filled with indifferent nonchalance. "What does it have to do with me that your son is missing? Go to the police!"

Anthony's face turned cold.

Just then, his phone rang. It was from Rosalie again.

"Anthony, we found Samson. The nanny had taken him out. They have just returned,"

Rosalie said.

Anthony frowned, his gaze pensive.

'All of this seems too much of a coincidence, he pondered inwardly.

He thought it was impossible for Genevieve to get the nanny he arranged to be involved, too, hence he was sure that she was lying to him earlier.

'Could it be Rosalie?' A hint of doubt flashed through his mind, but he wondered why she would contact Genevieve.

However, there wasn't time for him to dwell on it too much.

Anthony watched Genevieve get into the car with a few unfamiliar men before driving away, disappearing from his sight.

217

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## Chapter 9

He felt a sudden void in his chest, a missing piece that stirred an inexplicable whirlwind of emotions, leaving him utterly vexed. The unusual sensation seemed poised to burst through his heart.

Everything seemed to happen too suddenly.

However, he didn't want that.

He had wanted to spend his days with Genevieve. But why did they get divorced?"

Replaying what had happened in the City Hall just now in his mind, Anthony realized that Genevieve had come prepared.

As Genevieve got into the car, she glanced at the message she had sent to Rosalie on her phone and sneered.

It read: [He is with me. I wonder if he would get anxious if your son is lost.]

As a result, Rosalie gave her a perfect answer and inadvertently did her a favor.

Nevertheless, things wouldn't end just like that.

Back at home, Genevieve's mood improved considerably.

Hearing the commotion inside the house, she rushed in swiftly.

Samantha had returned and was instructing the servants what to cook.

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Genevieve ran over and hugged her from behind. "Mom, the most beautiful mom in the world! I missed you so much!"

Samantha was in her forties, but she took good care of herself and maintained her youth. Therefore, she was popular in the entertainment industry and looked more like Genevieve's sister.

Initially, Samantha had intended to tell Genevieve off with a stern face, but her heart instantly melted when she heard her adorable tone.

"How impudent. You didn't even wash your hands after coming back. Be careful not to dirty my clothes," she said.

3/7

A Chapter 9

Despite her complaints, her face was beaming with joy and affection.

Genevieve whined, continuing to cling to Samantha.

Jeffrey's teasing laughter came from behind. "Mom, I think she's doing it on purpose. You have to discipline her properly!"

Genevieve turned to see Jeffrey, her handsome and indifferent brother, standing there smiling and raising an eyebrow at her.

She finally let go of Samantha and dashed over to hug Jeffrey. "Jeffrey, why did your business trip take so long?"

Jeffrey could only allow his sister to cling to him by wrapping her arms around his neck.

Genevieve was gone for three years, yet she still behaved the same.

"Things got quite tricky overseas, so there were some delays. But I brought you some gifts!" he said.

Genevieve was Jeffrey's only sister, so he naturally pampered Genevieve since childhood.

Even during the three years she had been away from home, he brought her gifts often and placed them in her room as usual.

Genevieve watched as he took out two identical bags in different colors and handed them over, saying, "One for each of you!"

Those were custom-made bags worth millions of dollars, and he had ordered two.

One for Samantha and one for Genevieve.

Samantha accepted it with a smile. "I have plenty of such bags. This one will be perfect for groceries. Thank you, Jeffrey!"

Both Genevieve and Jeffrey were left speechless.

Before dinner, Genevieve took out the divorce certificate she had just received.

Samantha' took a look at it. Although she didn't say anything, she looked visibly relieved.

A Chapter 9

"It's never too late to mend your ways. Your father and I will always provide the best for you," she assured.

Darrell nodded. "I'll arrange the position of general manager for you. You can start working at the company tomorrow!"

Genevieve fell silent. Knowing she couldn't avoid this, she sighed and said, "Not as the general manager, please. Let me start at a smaller company first.

Otherwise, I won't be able to avoid any sabotages, be it backstabs or direct threats."

Samantha nodded in agreement. Looking at Darrell, she suggested, "Then let her start at Eagle Entertainment. We happen to need an extra hand."

Darrell and Jeffrey naturally didn't object to the idea.

Lately, Hoffman Group had suffered significant losses, and every move they made was under scrutiny.

One day, Genevieve received a call from Margaret.

That was the first time Margaret called her since she rejected calls from the Hoffman family.

When she had married Anthony penniless at that time and was despised by others, Margaret was the kindest to her.

After a moment's hesitation, Genevieve answered the call.

"Gen, come over for dinner at our place. It's my birthday today, and you must be here," Margaret said.

Genevieve hesitated. "Grandma Margaret, I..."

However, before she could tell Margaret that Anthony and she had divorced, she was interrupted by the latter's angry voice. "Anthony is busy at work and can't come back. If you don't come as well, I'll be very upset."

Genevieve contemplated for a moment and eventually agreed.

5/7

A to bid farewell to Margaret.

Genevieve went to the safe to pick out a diamond pendant for Margaret as her birthday present.

It was an antique that Darrell had randomly bid on at an auction with millions of dollars. It was a rare find, so he had brought it back and given it to her as a gift. Genevieve thought Margaret would probably like it.

Next, she went to the closet to change. Samantha always liked to send various branded clothes to her wardrobe from a to time.

Every set was top-notch custom-made attire.

After leaving the Hoffman family, she didn't have to worry about her outfit style or about looking dignified.

She chose a slim-fit white long dress and grabbed the bag Jeffrey had given her before heading out.

The garage was packed with cars, several of which were registered under her name.

She picked a relatively low-profile Maserati to drive out.

The Hoffman residence was a classical garden-style building with an excellent geographical location and high real estate value. It occupied almost 20,000 square feet and was luxurious and grand.

Previously, apart from visiting every week to keep Margaret company, she'd also play card games or have some coffee with Anthony's mother, Quincey Hoffman, listening to her reprimanding her about having children early.

The butler at the entrance didn't recognize her car and stopped her. However, upon getting a closer look, he immediately asked someone to open the gate. Genevieve parked the car but hadn't stepped inside yet when she heard laughter and chatter, more boisterous than usual.

6/7

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Chapter 9

As soon as she entered, the laughter inside stopped abruptly.

Her naturally tanned complexion, delicate skin, and bright, shimmering eyes gave her an indescribable cold yet radiant aura.

Coupled with the recent gossip circulating about the Hoffman family, she became the focal point of everyone's attention. Genevieve scanned the room and saw the child in Quincey's arms.

Her expression subtly shifted..

It was Rosalie's child.