

Chapter 390 Stirring Up Trouble

“You wouldn't have been bullied online if not for him.” Johanna slammed her glass on the table furiously. “And he didn't even visit you. What is his problem?”

Just as Genevieve was about to say something, a few women stood next to their seats.

Because the light there was quite dim, one of the women shone her phone flashlight on Genevieve's face.

“You're Genevieve Rachford?” The young woman with the flashlight was wearing a camisole top and a pair of hot pants.

She gazed at Genevieve with disdain. “Heh. You only look like an inferior copy of Sylvie!”

“That's right!” another young woman added. “Sylvie looks so much prettier than you!”

Genevieve stared at those young women who were talking about Sylvie.

They were probably Sylvie's fans.

She knew how crazy fans could be, and she was concerned about her baby's safety, so she didn't engage in a conversation with them.

Seeing that, the young woman got even angrier. “If not for Sylvie, do you think people will know who you are?”

Johanna couldn't ignore the situation any longer. She piped up, “She's just an actor. Do you know what an actor does? They take on a role and then play that role for everyone to see. Even the director admitted in the interview that Genev was the model for that character. I'll just say it right now. If it wasn't because Sylvie looked similar to Genev, the director wouldn't have picked her! She'd have played a small, random role!”

She was so thorough in her insult that the young women were at a loss for words.

The young woman with the flashlight was purple with rage. “Have you no shame, Genevieve? You hooked up with one man after another. How can there be such a disgusting sl*t like you in our country? If I were you, I would've found a tree and a rope and—”

Johanna splashed her cocktail on the young woman without hesitation. “Did your parents give birth to you just to let you talk sh*t with your mouth? Genev is a hundred times better than you! If anything, you're the sl*t! Look at how small your shirt is and how short your pants are! I can even see your underwear! Do you want all the men in this bar to leer at you?”

The young women's friends wanted to avenge her when they saw that she was drenched.

While Johanna might look gentle, she was actually anything but. She immediately lifted the ice bucket on the table and poured them onto the young women's bodies.

Because the bar was hot, the women had all taken off their coats. They were only dressed in thin clothes.

Therefore, when their clothes became wet, everyone could see what was underneath them.

Genevieve turned on the flashlight on her phone and shone at them. The men around them whistled excitedly when they saw that.

The women rapidly covered their chests and scurried away.

Johanna returned to the couch and grumbled, “I thought they were going to be a problem when they showed up intimidatingly. Turns out they were lame as hell. It even makes me feel a little embarrassed for scolding them.”

Genevieve smiled. “Now I know there are some women who are pretty good at scolding people despite their cute appearances.”

“Nah, I'm just a good citizen.” Johanna placed her arm around Genevieve's shoulders and said aggrievedly, “I got into an argument with someone because of you. Aren't you going to praise me for it, Genev?”

“You're the best!” Genevieve clinked her against Johanna's. After they stayed at the bar for a while, she felt hungry and wanted to eat something.

Johanna agreed, so she asked Genevieve to wait for her at the entrance first while she paid the bill with Timothy's card.

Genevieve wanted to eat another cranberry but realized there wasn't any left. When she raised her head, she saw a few people coming her way and blocking her path.

She narrowed her eyes and saw they were the young women who had looked for trouble earlier.

Not only that, there was a burly man next to them.