Jack took out the necklace and put it on for Genevieve. "This present represents my apology to you. Do you like it?"

Since she couldn't take it off and throw it away, she forced a smile and said, "Thank you."
Delighted that she liked the present, Jack ran his fingers across her cheek. "There's another square-shaped yellow diamond. The transaction was a little complicated. You'll have to give me some time.'

Genevieve remained silent.
"Genev"-Jack gently held her chin and sighed-"we might not be able to register our marriage this year."

Secretly delighted by the news, Genevieve forced herself to endure his roaming hands.

She had been worried that Jack would drag her to the City Hall once he got his residence permit Therefore, the news about their marriage being delayed felt as if she had struck the lottery.

Trying hard to keep a straight face, Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment. "It's all right. I'm not in a hurry."
"But I am. I can't wait to marry you and take you away." Jack stared at her longingly, with raging passion burning in his eyes

Kissing the back of Genevieve's slender hand, he promised, "Don't you worry. Our wedding will still be held in February. Once I've put my affairs in order, we will get our marriage registered at once."

Genevieve's happiness was short-lived. She did not see that coming. "Don't worry about it. Yo should focus on your affairs."

When they arrived at Regality Gardens, Genevieve opened the left door and alighted with her bag.

Jack hurried over to carry her. "Genev, let me carry you up."
"It's fine. I can walk." Cognizant of Jack's intentions, Genevieve refused to let him do so. "I'm feeling down and hope to have some privacy."

She managed to make Jack feel guilty with her tone as she spoke. He stepped back and watched her struggle out of the car by herself.

He went into the building first and asked for a wheelchair from the front desk. He even stuffed a couple of bills into the receptionist's hand.
"Good night, Genev." He gave her a peck on her forehead.

Only when the receptionist pushed Genevieve into the elevator in her wheelchair did Jack leave.
The moment he got into the car, he asked the driver with a solemn expression, "What happened?"
"I found out that Ms. Rachford got into trouble at the bar. The girls involved seemed to be Sylvie's fans..." the driver related everything that had happened to Jack.

He even told the latter about how Genevieve was attacked online a few days ago.

Jack received the tablet from the driver and his expression turned grave when he looked through the downloaded pictures.

Due to how busy he was, he barely had time for Genevieve, let alone monitor the news.

He had assumed Genevieve was upset because he didn't contact her, but it turned out to be because of the controversy online.

The driver continued, "Through my investigations, I discovered that there weren't that many people maligning her. The news mostly originated from a bunch of ghostwriters who might be connected to Ms. Clasen."
"She wouldn't dare. Or else I'll snap her neck," Jack sneered. With his long hair touching his shoulders, he looked like the Grim Reaper himself.
"If it wasn't because I was looking for Genev... Who does she think she is?"

After glancing at the tablet again, he threw it back onto the seat. "Call her manager and make sure she doesn't appear in the media. I'm worried that Genev will be upset at the sight of her.'

The driver grunted in acknowledgment.

Before Genevieve went to bed, she gave her swollen ankle another spray. By the time she woke up the next day, the swelling was gone and her leg no longer hurt that much.

When she was heating up a pot of milk in the kitchen, the doorbell suddenly rang.
Thinking that Jack might have asked the receptionist which floor she was staying on, Genevieve inexplicably tensed up.

She squinted her eye and looked through the peephole, only to see a middle-aged woman standing outside.

