

Submitting 131

Chapter 131

Anthony slowly turned his head, looking at Lauraine coldly and impassively.

Soon, the bodyguards dragged Lauraine and Andrea to Anthony.

Lauraine's legs weakened, and only her grip on Andrea kept her from falling.

She looked up. The turbulent sea was dark and deep, and the wind brought a salty chill.

She got goosebumps all over and trembled slightly.

"Do you know him?" Anthony asked coldly, his gaze icy.

He scrutinized Lauraine to not miss any minute expression.

Lauraine gazed at the man with the swollen face on the ground and hurriedly shook her head, looking flustered.

Andrea stepped forward and took Lauraine's hand gently, smiling as she said, "Lauraine is scared out of her wits as it's her first time seeing this. To be honest, it's terrifying. Who is he? Did he do something?"

Lauraine slowly calmed down and looked at the man on the ground.

She truly didn't know him, merely displaying fright as a stress response upon seeing his miserable state.

"Tony, I truly don't know him," Lauraine said.

Anthony's bodyguard handed over a cigar. He took it and played with it indifferently.

The light on the deck was as bright as day despite the gloom of the night, intensifying the darkness in the corner.

Shadows traveled from dark to bright, settling on Anthony's stern face.

Half his body was shrouded in darkness, obscuring the tumultuous and oppressive emotions in his eyes while lengthening his silhouette."

With a chilling aura, he approached Johnson and crouched down.

The moment he drew close, Johnson trembled violently.

In the next instant, Anthony's big hand seized Johnson's neck and squeezed viciously.

The lights illuminated his cold frame and restrained gaze, creating a great contrast.

Johnson's face instantly flushed, and his bloodshot eyes widened.

He knew which was the simplest and most tormenting method.

The surrounding bodyguards appeared nonchalant.

However, Andrea's expression changed subtly.

Lauraine's heart trembled with fright. She clutched her chest and breathed heavily.

Johnson didn't even have the strength to struggle, merely shaking his head vigorously and repeating, "I-I don't know her..."

He pointed at Lauraine, not daring to lie as he knew Anthony could truly kill him.

'On this cruise ship at sea, my life is worthless,' he thought.

Lauraine paled slightly and looked at Anthony.

'He doesn't believe me anymore, she thought.

As Anthony released his grip, Johnson clutched his neck and coughed violently.

He curled up on the ground in pain-like a maggot that couldn't wriggle.

With a profound gaze and cold voice, Anthony asked, "What about her?"

He was referring to Andrea.

Andrea stiffened slightly, and she suddenly appeared nervous.

Her hand, which was grasping Lauraine's, grew sweaty.

She stared at the man on the ground as her heart sank.

Before Johnson could speak, Andrea stepped forward and said unhappily, "Mr. Hoffman, I haven't forgotten why I came here tonight, which was to take care of your mother. I put up with it even though you embarrassed me a lot. I never left Mrs. Hoffman's side tonight. You can ask her."

As if he hadn't heard her, Anthony lightly touched Johnson's wound with his cigar, causing the latter to convulse in pain.

"I-I swear I don't know her!" Johnson yelled, his voice trembling and panicked.

Anthony glanced at Andrea meaningfully.

Andrea remained composed.

However, Lauraine looked at Andrea in surprise.

She seemed to want to say something but held back.

Anthony visibly grew restless as the rescue boats on the sea came and went.

His bodyguards came over again and again to report.

"Nothing, Mr. Hoffman," one said.

Another said, "Mr. Hoffman, they found nothing."

"Mr. Hoffman, they've expanded the scope, but still no luck," the third reported.

Searching at night was already inconvenient, let alone at sea.

They were merely betting on luck.

It was probably clear to all that Genevieve wouldn't survive.

"By now, she might have been carried a few miles away by the undercurrent or eaten by some ferocious fish, Anthony thought. He felt a sharp pain in his chest at that thought, causing him to pale and bend over as his forehead broke out in a cold sweat.

His jawline was distinct and smooth. Right then, his Adam's apple bobbed, and he couldn't hold back the pain in his expression.

He stood up abruptly and kicked Johnson.

Johnson convulsed in pain.

Anthony's eyes were scarlet. He stared at Johnson, seemingly unable to control his emotions, demanding in a fierce and cold voice, "Tell me, then. Who did it? The surveillance video has been restored. You drugged and dragged her into the room. Tell me how could she disappear? How?"

The last word practically came out through gritted teeth.

At that moment, he felt rage overwhelm him, wanting nothing more than to kill Johnson.

He went from ignoring Genevieve in the beginning to feeling apologetic toward her.

After the divorce, he thought that that sense of apology made him cherish Genevieve's feelings.

However, on that night, he sensed danger and uneasiness, and when the facts fell into place, he lost Genevieve.

How could he accept that?

He thought, 'This evening, I've meticulously planned a surprise for Genevieve, hoping to make up for past regrets. However, the gifts are still with me. Genevieve didn't see my fireworks, and she encountered danger because of me again. Was she terrified when facing danger? Did she regret saying yes to me to board this cruise ship when she was alone? Why didn't I take good care of her? What was she thinking at the last moment? Why did I hesitate because of my ridiculous ego?'

Every time Anthony thought of that, he felt a stab through his heart, making his every painful that he couldn't speak.

He was like a man living in a fog who caught a glimpse of clear light.

Those were his feelings.

breath so

I's obviously because I fell in love with Genevieve. Why wouldn't admit it? Why must I keep speculating about her feelings for me instead of loving her directly?' he wondered.

The pain spread throughout his body, and for the first time, he was fearful and nervous.

The dark sea swallowed his soul.

I haven't repaid whatever I owed her, but I no longer have the chance!' he thought.

After shouting, Anthony kicked Johnson as if he had lost control.

Johnson didn't even have the strength to scream. Several ribs in his body were broken, and his face. was pale from the pain and severely swollen.

After a while, Anthony stopped.

Staring at the silent Johnson, Anthony sneered and ordered, "Throw him overboard to feed the fish."

His voice was rough and cold.

He was such a person. If he didn't have ruthless means and an assertive mentality, how could he gain a foothold in Acocester?

I've lost Genevieve, so I won't let the man who put her in danger get back to shore safe and sound. Go to hell!' he thought. Without hesitation, his bodyguards carried Johnson to the railing of the deck. They lifted Johnson's body high, intending to throw him down directly.

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Amid the vast sea, there wasn't much difference between making one or three people disappear.

Johnson convulsed violently from head to toe, having sensed Anthony's intention. He really wants me dead! he thought. In a flash, fear washed over Johnson, and he shouted at the top of his lungs, "I'll tell you, Mr. Hoffman..."

The dark

that crashed against the cruise ship's hull made heavy thuds while every hair on Johnson's body stood on end from fright. The bodyguards observed the gloomy and unmoving Anthony, who simply gazed at the distant sea

in silence.

Terrified, Johnson quickly confessed, "I tied her up outside the window. She was right outside when you went in!"

His voice was hoarse, panicked, and even cracked.

Anthony's expression instantaneously changed as intense coldness surged in his eyes.

The bodyguards threw Johnson on the deck, leaving him to curl up on the ground and scream in pain.

Anthony walked over grimly, looking down from above as he demanded in an ice-cold voice, "Say that again!"

No longer daring to lie and feign ignorance, Johnson answered with difficulty while convulsing, "When you went in, I was afraid you'd find her, so I tied her outside the window. But then the rope came undone afterward, and she was gone..."

He, too, regretted his decision to go after Genevieve. Had it not been for that, he wouldn't have fallen into his current predicament.

Johnson slumped on the ground in agony and cried bitterly, "Mr. Hoffman, I didn't want her to die. I swear! I was just afraid to be caught by you. I planned to drag her back after you leave, but I really don't know why she's gone!"

Unbeknownst to him, the faces of the two women nearby had turned exceedingly dark.. Lauraine, panic-stricken, was trembling all over with a face as white as a sheet, unable to say a single word. 5 38 29

Anthony blanched as well, feeling an overwhelming pain in his chest that left his breathing labored. as if something had hit his heart hard.

'In other words, when I stormed into Room 602 to look for Genevieve, she was actually tied up outside the window. 'She was right outside, just a few feet away, and yet I didn't realize it! I didn't notice anything!' he

brooded.

The knowledge that she was practically within reach engulfed Anthony in regret. In an instant, a heavy weight that was enough to crush his heart settled in his chest.

He clenched his jaw as his face turned cold, his gaze darkening. The overwhelming emotions in his eyes showed how close he was to losing it.

The whole cruise ship had been searched; there was no way Genevieve was still hidden somewhere

here.

‘Lauraine said Louis jumped, but why? What did he see?’ ruminated Anthony,

Instantly, all kinds of thoughts flooded his mind. Anthony’s heart sank even lower as his face turned grimmer.

Even though he didn’t want to admit it and still held a bit of hope that pressing Johnson here would give him answers, that ominous thought was starting to feel like reality.

If Genevieve’s rope had snapped, and she had fallen on the packed cruise ship, it was impossible that it could’ve gone unnoticed.

As such, the only other possibility was that she didn’t fall on the cruise ship but directly into the sea.

The overall structure of this cruise ship was like an inverted trapezoid, with a wide top and narrow bottom. The chances of her being discovered were way too slim.

Anthony’s heart clenched in pain as dense beads of sweat formed on his forehead. His fear made him unable to face this harsh reality.

After all, the surprise he meticulously planned for her had led her to tragedy. It was only understandable that he couldn’t accept it.

Alas, the affection he realized he had for Genevieve had come too late. He didn’t even know how long ago it was exactly that she’d taken root in his heart, occupying the most important position.

“Who told you to do that? Answer me!” With ferocious, bloodshot eyes, Anthony grabbed Johnson by the collar frigidly. His emotions had become completely uncontrollable now as though he might destroy everything at any time.

Johnson was already on his last legs from the torture. Anthony's violent action made him involuntarily tilt his head back and hit the ground.

With that, Johnson passed out

Thereafter, Anthony frenziedly tried to stimulate and wake Johnson up, though it seemed more like he was finding an outlet to vent his

rage.

However, Johnson simply lay motionless on the ground, virtually about to take his dying breath. As it was the first time Lauraine saw her brother acting this way, she couldn't help but cry out in

fright.

Rushing over, she grabbed Anthony's arm tremblingly and urged, "Tony, stop it. He could die!" Anthony wanted to shake her off, but right then, a massive wave hit the cruise ship and shook it. This made him involuntarily fall outward, hitting the railing. As long as he let go of his grip, he'd

fall into the sea and vanish.

Just let go. She's waiting for you down there. With the child, he mused.

And then, he did just that.

But the moment he released his grip. Andrea, who was standing not far away, immediately grabbed his arm.

The rescue boats searched for 24 hours without any success. Louis and Genevieve, like drops of water, had fallen into the vast sea and were nowhere to be found.

Meanwhile, Lauraine and Andrea stayed by Anthony's side without sleeping. Lauraine, guilt-ridden and terrified, felt as though there was a knife hanging over her head that could drop at any juncture.

She feared that if Johnson woke up and ratted out Andrea, her own affairs would also be exposed.

When she went out to the bathroom, Lauraine told Andrea about her worries.

Andrea shot Lauraine a meaningful

glance and coher

told Lauraine to check on Anthony with the doctor.

The longer time passed, the more secure Andrea felt, and the safer she was.

'So long as Genevieve and Louis are dead, no one will suspect me, she thought.

Taking a deep breath, she wiped her hands and turned to exit, heading opposite where Lauraine went.

When Andrea arrived at a cabin below, the bodyguards at the gaqn were b-politeraén they saw her. After all, she had saved Anthony when he was in danger earlier.

The other bodyguards present hadn't had time to grab their boss because they were too far away at the time.

With a faint smile, Andrea said gently, "T'd like to ask Johnson about

Lawrence so that

V an answer when he wakes

up. We can't possibly delay this forever, yeah?"

The bodyguards exchanged glances, slightly hesitant.

Andrea added, "Don't worry/It won't take long."

Hence, they opened the door for her.

Andrea thanked them politely and then walked in with a smile that instantaneously vanished once she closed the door. Johnson was curled up weakly on the ground, his face swollen and bruised. Even breathing was a chore for him now. He had regained consciousness from his brief blackout and was looking at the door dazedly.

When Andrea came in, a chill coursed through Johnson.

Chapter 133 At the time, Andrea kept talking about "mother." Johnson knew it was a reminder and warning. He understood what she meant-his mother was in Andrea's hands.

Johnson owed a huge sum of money and thus had taken his mother on the run with him. As it turned out, Andrea had found his mother. That was why he didn't dare say anything at first.

However, in the end, facing Anthony's overwhelming hostility. Johnson couldn't hold on for long. Thank goodness Johnson had passed out right as he was about to compromise and spill the truth. But now, the moment he saw Andrea, he remembered her warning and got so anxious that his breathing grew erratic.

Andrea approached him calmly with a cold smile. "I merely asked you to do something. Why did you cause me so much trouble?"

Johnson trembled nervously. "I didn't expect this either. | swear! Mr. Hoffman came too fast!" Most crucially, Anthony and Andrea weren't engaged at all.

Johnson had only dared to work for Andrea because he had heard about their engagement in advance. But in the end, that was not the case at all.

Andrea chuckled wryly. "Quit finding excuses for your incompetence. | gave you money to let you temporarily hold off your debt, and this is how you repay me?"

Shaking, Johnson gritted out, “Ms. Thomson, Genevieve is the one Mr. Hoffman loves. You lied to me! He will never let me off the hook if anything happens to her. So, if you dare lay a finger on my mother, I'll tell Anthony it was you who ordered me to do it!”

Andrea's eyes turned frighteningly cold as malice flashed in them. She stared at Johnson for a few seconds, unsettling him. After all, he had felt that Andrea definitely had something to do with this matter ever since Genevieve disappeared. Johnson asked after a moment's contemplation, “Were you the one who made Genevieve fall from the outside?”

Andrea's expression changed, and a faint, somewhat threatening smile played on her lips.

She looked up at a back door across the room. It opened to a small passage that led straight to the cruise ship, and above this passage was where Genevieve had disappeared.

Restraining the emotions in her eyes, she looked down at Johnson and murmured, “You know too much...”

Johnson's expression changed dramatically into one of horror. “Sure enough, it was you! You clearly said that getting the evidence to threaten her would suffice. I can't believe you're so cruel...”

Andrea chuckled, blinking nonchalantly. “Cruel? You were the one who gave me such a great opportunity, so why shouldn't I go for it?”

Smilingly, she stood up, took a pillow from the nearby bed, and closed in on him. At this moment, Johnson panicked. “What are you doing?”

Andrea smiled gently. “Getting rid of you, of course. As long as you die, no one will rat me out to Anthony. I'm going to be his wife soon. Genevieve can go to hell! No matter how much he likes her, she's become the sharks' next meal at the bottom of the sea now. Whoever gets in my way shall die!”

Johnson's pupils dilated in a flash.

Abruptly, Andrea squatted down with the pillow in her hands, but before she could hold it over Johnson's face, he quickly exerted his strength to get up and shove her off, all the while enduring the pain.

Andrea was thrown near the back door and struggled to get up. It astounded her that Johnson still had the strength to fight back.

Right then, Johnson also stood up straight and looked at Andrea antagonistically. "You basket case! How dare you try to get rid of me?"

He picked up the pillow that was flung aside and staggered toward her.

Andrea became visibly flustered. Biting her lip, she continued to provoke him. "How dare you shove me, Johnson Lewis! Do you not care about your mother's life anymore? Don't forget that she's still in my hands. I can let your creditors find her at any time. Do you think they'll let her go?"

Her gaze was taunting, and yet she put one hand on the back door's handle and lightly pressed it down.

Johnson's face turned nastier when he heard it, and his breathing got heavier. "You bitch! How dare you threaten me? Even if I'll die, I'll make sure you join me!"

He looked even more decisive and ruthless now, with killing intent flickering across his eyes. The veins in his hand that was holding the pillow bulged as he strode to her.

The next second, Andrea suddenly opened the door and stepped back to the passage outside.

Unfortunately, Johnson didn't notice that. He chased after Andrea and felt utterly relieved and accomplished when he saw how frightened she was.

'Look who's scared now, bitch! he swore inwardly.

With frosty eyes, he grabbed her arm and threw her to the ground.

However, Andrea unexpectedly screamed in panic, “Help! Let me go! Don’t kill me!”

The moment she yelled, the bodyguards outside the room went into action.

Two of them hurriedly pushed the door open and entered, their faces falling at what they saw.

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Johnson quivered and then tightened his grip around Andrea’s neck anxiously.

He picked her up from the ground and placed her in front of him as a hostage while retreating to the railing. “Don’t come over. I have something to tell Mr. Hoffman. Let me see him!”

Yet, Andrea shook her head, looking terrified as she sobbed weakly, "Don't believe him. at he hurt Ms. Lawrence and even wanted to harm Mr. Hoffman. He's doing this on purpose!"

Johnson choked her harder in rage. "You fucking bitch!" He was so livid that he could kill this woman who had landed him in this state. Andrea paled as she wept piteously, but she pretended to be strong and tried to fight back.

Without warning, Andrea slammed her body back. Johnson, already seriously injured, broke out in cold sweat from the pain but refused to release her just like that.

His whole body crashed into the railing following her action, causing him to inhale a sharp breath.

With both hands, Andrea grabbed Johnson's arm which was tightly circling her neck as if she was about to suffocate, her face turning blue.

The bodyguards became anxious. "Ms. Thomson..."

They were about to go and save her when Johnson tightened his chokehold on Andrea, aking net he somehow stumbled backward and stepped on a slippery part of the floor.

With that, he lurched backward, half his body hanging beyond the railing.

But the moment he tried to steady himself, Andrea also stumbled backward and crashed into him. Splash!

Johnson fell into the sea, struggling in terror. "Help!"

Andrea, on the other hand, caught her footing and hastily turned around, but her gaze was totally cool and collected. She clutched the railing, smirking unconsciously.

The bodyguards dashed over. One of them was about to pick up the long pole nearby to help But snatched it and instructed "You guys, go and call for help!"

Although the bodyguards knew that Johnson was not a good guy, he was still useful to Anthony now, so they couldn't let anything happen to him.

Promptly, one of them left to get help.

Andrea looked at the other guy and said frantically, "Quickly prepare the speedboat to rescue him, or he will sink soon!"

This made sense to the bodyguard. Thus, he turned to leave solemnly.

And then, there was one.

Andrea slowly reached out with the long pole in her hand.

When Johnson, who was struggling nearby, grabbed the long pole, Andrea exerted force and stabbed it into his chest.. Dark red blood instantaneously permeated the sea.

Johnson looked at her in shock and panic, his gaze full of indignation and hatred.

The next second, Andrea let go of her hand and shouted flusteredly, "Help!"

When the bodyguards came with reinforcements, Johnson had already disappeared from view.

The only thing that could be seen was the dark red liquid on the sea's surface that had yet to dissipate.

Everyone was appalled.

Andrea, blanching in fear, covered her face and cried, "I told him to grab it, but he insisted on yanking it and ended up accidentally stabbing himself. Then, he sank under. What do we do now? Quickly save him!"

The leader of the bodyguards looked beyond grim. "He's probably dead. Send people to go down. and search. I'll inform Mr. Hoffman about this."

The fact that Johnson had died on their watch without even leaving his corpse behind was in itself a troubling matter. They couldn't explain it to Anthony.

"I'll go with you guys," Andrea said with red eyes.

Meanwhile, Anthony had yet to wake up in his room. The doctor came out somberly alongside Lauraine. "Mr. Hoffman's condition is severe. He seems to have suffered a huge blow and has severe head trauma. He needs to go to the hospital stat for examination."

"But..." Lauraine began apprehensively. Andrea stepped forward and interjected, "Let's listen to the doctor. Mr. Hoffman's health is what's important." Lauraine nodded.

The bodyguards also agreed. One said, "Ms. Hoffman, we'll have the ship turned around. immediately. As for the recovery of Johnson's body, we'll leave people behind to take care of it."

Stunned, Lauraine looked up. "Johnson's body?" She looked incredulously at Andrea, who lowered her head weakly.

The bodyguard answered, "When Ms. Thomson went to see him, he took her as a hostage but accidentally slipped and fell into the sea. He's presumed dead now."

'Fell into the sea?' parrojed Lauraine inwardly. Those words made her expression change significantly.

She couldn't really describe her feelings. After all, not long ago, she was still worried that she would be implicated if Johnson woke up.

'But now, he's dead?' she pondered.

Lauraine was really shaken, feeling chills run down her spine. A sense of horror overcame her, even disrupting her breathing. Her fear intensified as she stared at Andrea's weak appearance.

Andrea was the only one who worried more about being ratted out by Johnson than Lauraine.

'Andrea definitely didn't go looking for Johnson just to talk. She must have something to do with his death, thought Lauraine. Nonetheless, Lauraine couldn't say anything about it, for she and Andrea were in the same boat.

After a while of panic, she quickly nodded. "Okay, you handle that. Hurry and turn the ship around. now. We need to get to the hospital."

She didn't want to stay on this cruise ship anymore. It really traumatized her.

That night, the cruise ship returned to the port, and Anthony was taken to the hospital.

Lauraine returned to the Hoffman residence without saying anything, having developed a high fever. Andrea, on the other hand, stayed in the hospital to look after Anthony.

Time passed day by day, and the news of Genevieve's disappearance could no longer be suppressed. After all, many people were there that day, and all of them came back except for Genevieve and Louis. Anthony's men had already stopped searching after yielding no result for 36 hours.

Nobody had hope anymore, for it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, a complete waste of effort.

Soon, news reached the Lawrence family like a bolt from the blue.

Darrell fainted several times, looking extremely wan. Jeffrey also enlisted the help of many people to ask about what had transpired.

Meanwhile, Samantha, unusually composed, took Jeffrey to the hospital where Anthony was. The floor of Anthony's ward was heavily guarded.

As he was still unconscious, the Hoffman family members took turns to visit him since he was closely tied to Hoffman Group's interests.

Chapter 134 Spotting Jeffrey, Quincey assumed he was here to visit Anthony, so she didn't ask anyone to stop him.

She was briefly taken aback when Jeffrey appeared with Samantha, but she quickly greeted them with an eager, polite smile. "Ah, Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence, you guys are here. Thanks for coming, but sadly, Anthony hasn't woken up yet..."

Anthony's ward was a private suite, and he rested in the inner room. Usually, visitors would not go in and disturb him.

Samantha truly couldn't find it in herself to smile. Her eyes flashed as she looked at Lauraine, who was sitting there. "We're also sorry that this happened, but where exactly is Genevieve?"

Hearing that name, Lauraine shuddered, seemingly a stress response.

Jeffrey's expression was grim. Having been in the business world for so long, he had learned to put on facades.

He smiled casually and eased the tension in the air. "Mrs. Hoffman, my mother is quite concerned about! 'Genevieve's' whereabouts. She only went at Mr. Hoffman's invitation, so why is she the only one who didn't come back?"

Quincey was annoyed just to hear Genevieve's name.

Knowing that Genevieve could be dead, she was almost elated enough to celebrate. Therefore, there was no way she'd waste manpower and resources on scouring the sea.

Without hesitation, she had persuaded Presley to call off the search.

Quincey rolled her eyes. "Who knows? It's said that she accidentally fell into the sea. Do you know how much trouble she' We spent to send people to search the sea for days in vain! Seriously, of all places, she simply had to die in the Hoffman family's territory? We just bought that cruise ship, for Pete's sake. How are we supposed to use it now?"

All she was worried about was these material things. Samantha's face grew even more gloomy. "Does a human life mean that little to you? You people are truly unbelievable!" "What do you mean by that, Mrs. Lawrence? It's not like we wanted this to happen either!" Quincey. countered displeasely.

She had always been terse toward Samantha, likely because she despised Samantha and yet wasn't doing as well as Samantha now.

But to Samantha, Quincey had never been a person of concern at all.

Now that Samantha was clearly here to visit Anthony and yet behaved so rudely, it was only natural that Quincey was dissatisfied.

Ignoring Quincey, Samantha walked toward Lauraine, asking slightly gentler, "Ms. Shi Sa once donated bone marrow to you? Louis is gone, too. What exactly happened to them? You were on the cruise ship, so you must know, yes?"

Some of Samantha's words got under Lauraine's skin, and her eyes instantly turned scarlet. She couldn't help trembling and burying her head in her arms, biting her lip wordlessly.

'Genevieve, my bone marrow donor, and my beloved Louis are both dead!' she thought sorrowfully. She didn't want to recall those memories that she could never forget. It was bound to haunt her for life. Samantha got increasingly anxious.

At this time, Andrea walked out of Anthony's ward, looking pale but calm. She said softly and hoarsely, "I know what happened. tell you."

Chapter 135 Samantha was slightly shocked and looked at Andrea.

Andrea's eyes were slightly red. She took a deep breath, looked at Jeffrey, and said, "Ms. Lawrence was kidnapped by Johnson and accidentally fell into the sea. Louis also jumped in to save her. Mr. Hoffman's men searched for two days and one night but found nothing. It's not looking good..."

Samantha's expression changed. She stumbled back and almost fell. Jeffrey quickly held Samantha and looked at Andrea coldly. "Kidnapped by Johnson?"

Andrea nodded and couldn't help crying. Johnson tried to take me as a hostage when the truth came out, but he lost his footing and fell into the sea; it turns out what goes around comes around."

As soon as she finished speaking, everyone fell silent. Samantha's face darkened. She didn't believe the rumors but felt sad and out of breath when she heard this.

Andrea stood there, sobbing sadly. "Mr. Lawrence, take care. To investigate Ms. Lawrence's accident, Mr. Hoffman has not rested. He's been hit hard by it and is now unconscious. Honestly, we're really sad about it."

Quincey walked over and patted Andrea's shoulder. "What a good girl! | did the right thing to keep you by Anthony's side. Anthony almost got into trouble this time. Thanks to you, everything turned out okay."

She had heard that if Andrea didn't grab Anthony in time, he would also fall into the sea.

Quincey was panicked when she thought about it. She thought, 'Genevieve won't stay quiet even in death, still trying to drag Anthony into trouble.

Quincey sighed and said with a smile, "When Anthony wakes up, I'll make the decision and let you guys get engaged right away. I'm really happy to have you as my daughter-in-law."

Andrea's eyes glinted, and she held Quincey's arm excitedly.

Samantha looked defeated. She couldn't care less about their smug looks. She walked to the door in panic.

Samantha, who had always been graceful and calm, suddenly became weak.

Quincey caught up with her and kindly persuaded, "Mrs. Lawrence, I understand you're close to Genevieve, but I advise you not to be too upset. It's common for Genevieve to cheat. She's immoral, and she even got Louis involved-

Before Quincey could finish her words, Samantha suddenly became emotional and slapped Quincey.

Slap!

Quincey covered her face in shock and stared at her. "How dare you slap me? Are you nuts?"

Samantha looked cold. Her delicate face gave off a cold vibe. "It's not your place to badmouth her. She got into trouble on your turf. Wait for me to get even with you."

Quincey was confused for a moment, then she sneered. She decided to go all out to return the slap, but Jeffrey stopped her. He looked at Quincey coldly and shoved her away. Quincey was furious. She thought, "I shouldn't be treated like this just because Anthony isn't here to help."

She shouted at the top of her voice, "Who are you to get even with us? What does her death have to do with us? We haven't asked her for compensation yet!"

"It's best if it has nothing to do with you guys, or I will let the Hoffman family die with her." Samantha's tone was cold.

With that, she turned around and left.

As soon as Samantha went out, her legs went weak.

Jeffrey carried her and said, "Mom..."

Quincey was so angry that she was slapped and insulted.

This was her unlucky day.

Upon seeing that neither Lauraine nor Andrea had come to help her, she flew into a rage.

Andrea, who had just been praised, didn't look so pleasant to her anymore.

Quincey thought, 'What a coward!'

Andrea knew she was at fault, but she didn't dare to fight with the lady of Lawrence Group, especially with Jeffrey present.

The Thomson family couldn't afford to offend the Lawrence family, not to mention Quincey was acting high and mighty toward the Thomson family.

Andrea couldn't stir trouble.

Upon looking at Quincey, who was furious, she went forward with a smile and said, "Mrs. Hoffman, don't be angry. It's just that Genevieve is good at bewitching others. Mrs. Lawrence was misled and ended up angry. But... Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Lawrence are really kind to Genevieve."

Andrea gritted her teeth meaningfully.

Even if they had the same last name, she didn't give too much thought about it.

She thought, If they were relatives, would the Lawrence family just watch the Hoffman family kick Genevieve out?

"When Genevieve was treated like dirt by the Hoffman family and Quincey, the Lawrence family didn't help. Upon thinking of this, Andrea was slightly relieved.

Quincey

covered her face and snorted coldly. "How foolish. Genevieve is a jinx. It's good she's dead, problem solved." Lauraine covered her ears with a pale face, refusing to hear Genevieve's name.

After leaving the hospital, Jeffrey helped Samantha into the car.

Samantha looked awful, and Jeffrey looked somber. "Mom, don't worry. I'll send someone to search and rescue them right away. We will find Genevieve and Louis."

Samantha's lips trembled slightly, and she cried uncontrollably. "If what they said is true, Gen must be so scared."

Genevieve had been timid since childhood, so the whole family pampered and doted on her. Even Jeffrey acquiesced to all her wishes.

The only boldest thing she had ever done was to cut ties with her family unhesitatingly and follow Anthony. But now, the family's beloved princess was suddenly in trouble. They found it hard to accept.

Jeffrey's face darkened. "I'll send someone to find out more. We can't just take their word for it."

He had a feeling that something in the whole situation was being kept secret.

He sent Samantha back and arranged for air and sea search parties to look for them on a large

scale.

For three months in a row, Jeffrey had been searching for people at sea.

The longer the time passed, the greater the risk for Genevieve, and the more insecure they felt, leaving them feeling dejected. Darrell and Samantha ended. up

sick.

Yet, Darrell insisted on taking care of Samantha.

They still couldn't move on.

After three months, at the mansion in an affluent district of a servant the door, and Louis got out of the car.

He had just finished negotiating. He gave off a cold and oppressive vibe, and his gaze was indifferent.

He didn't stop walking as he unbuttoned his cuffs. "The doctor said she just woke up?"

"Yes, Mr. Fallon. Mrs. Fallon just woke up," the servant said.

The servant had Louis' permission on how to address them.

Louis nodded and then strode to the room upstairs.

The decoration of the bedroom wasn't much different style was excessively extravagant.

Louis knocked on the door before entering.

At that moment, he looked gentle.

"Gen... Louis said.

Genevieve was coughing while clutching her chest. The around gathered circle, solemn and discussing her minor injury.

She sat there, revealing her tanned shoulders and shapely neck. She heard someone. She raised her head, her gaze wavering slightly. She seemed moved, and her eyes instantly became red and teary.

Chapter 136

Genevieve felt like she had been unconscious for a long time, but there was someone by her side, speaking into her ear daily. The gentle, soft voice drifted to her from somewhere distant, coaxing her to wake up quickly.

She felt as if she would forever be immersed in the dark, suffocating seabed.

The chilling seawater swept through every pore of her body, a fate worse than death.

A vague image was forming in her mind.

When she had fallen to the bottom of the sea, thrashing to no avail, a figure had quickly and decisively jumped down to her side.

Visibility was limited in the inky bottom of the sea, but she caught a glimpse of the faint light he brought as he snatched her from the hands of death.

She would always remember that moment.

But soon, she ran out of air. She lost consciousness.

Just then, she awoke to a warm room. It was furnished in the Anglandurian style with heavy, elegant curtains.

She was alive.

Looking at Louis before her, something seemed to squeeze her heart. Her eyes stung with tears, and she was both touched and grateful.

Louis walked up to her, and the doctor knowingly made way.

She could see her pale features reflected in his warm, clear eyes.

"I'm glad you are awake, Gen," Louis said.

He thought, "It was worth it to gamble with my life unhesitatingly." "Thank you," Genevieve said. She looked at him with a smile.

She guessed it. Louis had saved her.

She had seen Louis on that dark seabed.

Louis hesitated, but he couldn't/help it. He pulled her into his arms,

but his action upset her body, and she was wracked with violent coughs. Genevieve teared up.

Louis' expression shifted. He gently eased her back and glared at the doctor. He demanded, "What's going on? Didn't you say it wasn't serious?" \$09:444 Set 20 Apr

The doctor paused but quickly explained, "Ms. Lawrence has a serious lung infection. She spent too much time on the seabed. Though early treatment controlled it, it couldn't be completely cured because of her coma. Further observation is needed."

Louis was still worried.

Genevieve bit back her cough.

She smiled, saying, "I'm alive; that's all that matters. A little cough is nothing."

Louis stressed, "You'll be cured, Gen."

Genevieve nodded.

After her consultation, the doctor left.

The room fell silent.

Louis looked at her gently and said, "Are you hungry? Shall I ask them to make you something light?"
Genevieve shook her head, asking, "Do my parents know?"

She didn't see Darrell or Samantha; all the doctors here were foreigners.

So she knew that she wasn't in Clusia.

She was worried that Darrell and Samantha wouldn't be able to accept the news about her disappearance.

Louis handed her a quilt and said, "You were in a coma with an uncertain rate of survival, so I didn't tell them. Shall we wait before surprising them?"

Genevieve thought for a moment, then nodded.

She'd been in a coma for several months and had lost a lot of weight. Her chin had become thin and pointed, and she appeared pale, weak, and vulnerable.

Louis' heart ached.

He said, "Don't worry while recuperating here. You have a serious lung infection, and the medical facilities here are better than the ones at Clusia. The best lab technicians can run diagnoses on you whenever needed. But the wounds on your body..."

Louis' eyes

darkened.

He remembered he had been shocked by the trauma to her body when he had rescued her.

They looked like whip marks/to him, and there were stark, cruel scars on her back..

"Why did she suddenly disappear? Why was she beaten? Why was she hung outside the window?" Louis wondered.

Louis's heart hardened, but he didn't let the anger leak onto his features. He didn't want to bring up any sorrowful memories. Genevieve lowered her eyes slightly.

The scenes before she had fallen into the sea were still vivid in her memory.

How could she forget?

Johnson had been the one to whip her. After his torment, he heard Anthony's voice and hastily tied her up to hang her outside the window.

Genevieve trembled slightly.

Her newly healed wounds started itching.

She smiled wryly and asked, "Do you know what happened next? Why did you suddenly jump down and save me?" Just as Louis was about to speak, a servant knocked on the door.

He paused, standing up and walking over.

“Here’s some freshly cooked oatmeal, Mr. Fallon. The doctor advised Mrs. Fallon to eat something before she gets an upset stomach,” the servant said.

Louis swallowed and took it with a sound of agreement. The servant didn’t enter, leaving after delivering the oatmeal. Genevieve was surprised at the servant's term of address. She looked over in confusion.

Louis walked over with the oatmeal, stirring it with a spoon. He murmured. “My family would be suspicious if they heard a woman was living here with me. I had no choice but to say it’s my wife I

married in Clusia.” Genevieve touched her hair with an indescribable feeling.

She laughed. “It doesn’t matter. I took advantage of you!”

Louis raised his head. Their eyes met..

His eyes seemed to try and say something, but he knew it wasn’t the best time. When the temperature of the oatmeal was just right, he handed it over.

He rasped, “I knew you were gone, so I kept looking for you. Then, when I saw Anthony’s men sealing the sixth floor, I felt something (was Grong, I Wenitto MG ith floor, deciding to climb up from there. But as soon as I came to the window, I noticed you tumbling into the sea. At the time, I didn't think much and jumped down. Fortunately, I was in time.”

Although his tone was light, Genevieve’s heart was weighed with thanks.

He had risked his life by jumping down at that moment,

Their connection had begun with mutual interests, but they eventually became friends. But Genevieve had always distanced herself from Louis.

She hadn't expected Louis to jump into the sea for her.

She couldn't pay back this favor.

She lowered her head slightly, baring her neck. Her expression was gently dazed.

Louis paused before continuing, "Later, I heard Anthony had sent out several rescue ships but I led them back I heard, he was! getting engaged to Andrea. However, Mr. Lawrence sent search and rescue teams to scour the sea for over three months. There are still people searching for you."

Genevieve's eyes suddenly turned red.

She didn't know whether it was

because of the Jeffrey was still loc

for her.

But she knew that she had given up on Anthony.

How could she expect anything from him?

It was laughable. He spent a mere two days on a life—and—death matter for her. But what happened to her was all because of him.

His younger sister and fiancée had teamed up and pushed her near death. Genevieve's eyes turned frigid.

She lowered her head, tasted the oatmeal, and set the spoon down.

She said, "I want to inform my brother of my safety first."

Genevieve couldn't turn a blind eye to her family's worry.

Louis smiled and nodded. "Of course, but you should have dinner first. I'll contact him!" Genevieve nodded and resumed eating.

Louis left the room with his phone.

Chapter 137

When Genevieve finished her meal, Louis returned, took the plate away, and wiped her mouth carefully with a napkin. He seemed extremely gentle.

Genevieve's heart quivered.

She immediately lowered her eyes and smiled as if nothing had happened.

Louis said in a gentle voice, "I've told Mr. Lawrence. Don't worry. They said that when you get better, they will come and visit. You can recuperate without any concerns."

Genevieve frowned slightly and nodded.

She no longer doubted Louis.

Louis then poured her a glass of water and calmly asked, "Now, can you tell me how you disappeared and fell into the sea?" Genevieve's face stiffened slightly as she remained briefly silent.

Then she raised her head and slowly clenched her fists. "It's my problem. I'll solve it."

Louis suddenly tightened his grip and held her clenched palm. Eventually, he let loose and firmly held her hand. "From the moment I jumped, it was no longer just your problem, Gen."

Louis stared at Genevieve. His facial features were clearly similar to Anthony's, but Genevieve reckoned they looked quite different now.

His eyes were deeper and more complex, like a calm sea. It was hard to tell if its depths were turbulent or tranquil. Genevieve's heart tightened slightly, and her initially cold heart seemed to melt from the warmth she felt.

She pursed her lips, returned to her senses, and gradually calmed down.

She slowly withdrew her hand, the corners of her mouth twitching, and looked up at him.

The light outside the window was soft and warm.

Certain images lingered in her mind..

She then calmly described what had happened on the cruise ship.

Louis, who'd been looking at her with kindness, suddenly narrowed his eyes considerably. There was a frightening chill in his sharp, dark, gaze.

She chuckled and watched his reaction. "Unexpectedly, the person | saved by donating bone marrow wanted to take my life."

The veins on Louis' forehead bulged slightly, and he controlled his expression immediately to keep calm.

He was so angry that he wanted to commit murder.

He calmed down for a few seconds before brushing his fingers against her hair. "Let's not dwell on this. When the time comes, we won't spare them."

Genevieve smiled elegantly, but there was a chill in her gaze. "Of course."

She was not a gracious person. Taking revenge was a principle of hers.

She needed to get well now, and then she could take revenge.

Genevieve couldn't help coughing.

Louis patted her back and said. "Get some rest. When you feel better, I'll take you out for a walk." Genevieve nodded. "Fine. Go ahead. I'll take a nap."

Louis smiled and stood up to leave.

As soon as he left the room, the servant took the plate from him.

Louis frowned. He seemed to have morphed into a different person, and his jaw tightened. "You can't expose her identity. No one is allowed in, nor can she contact outsiders."

"Yes, sir," replied the servant.

Louis then went to the study. He had been home for some time but had since accumulated a list of things to sort out. Although he'd been back for a while, he was so busy he barely had time for a break.

Genevieve slept through the night.

When she woke up, there was a beautiful dim glow in the room.

After a while, she didn't hear anything and wanted to go downstairs.

The floor was covered with thick, expensive carpet.

She didn't find any shoes, so she went down barefoot.

Just as Genevieve stood up, she still felt a little uncomfortable. 'Maybe it's been too long.' She paused for a few seconds before walking slowly toward the door.

She opened the door and looked at the corridor, which seemed to be designed with classic luxury in mind with exquisite decorations. Even the paintings were priceless treasures.

After a few glances, she walked down the corridor. It was a big, maze—like place.

However, the Lawrence family also had many such manors in Epea. She was familiar with their general structures, so she was not too surprised.

Genevieve went down the spiral staircase without making a sound.

She went downstairs and saw more than a dozen servants keeping busy in an orderly manner, while many others were working outside.

Coincidentally, they were all Aplothian.

Genevieve's hair was ruffled behind her ears and a little messy, and her eyes were exquisite. This did nothing to hide her dazzling beauty.

Someone was surprised to see her and greeted her respectfully. "Mrs. Fallon, why are you here?"

Everyone hurried over and stood aside respectfully, awaiting her instructions.

Genevieve was momentarily taken aback by them greeting her this way and was at a loss.

She smiled as she brushed it off and replied, "I'm coming down for a walk to get some air. Where is Louis?"

The servant said respectfully, "Mr. Fallon has gone to the office because of something urgent. If you need anything, just tell us." Another servant went to get the shoes she had prepared and squatted next to Genevieve. "Mrs. Fallon, please put these on." Genevieve thanked the servant and put on the shoes.

There were a number of servants in the Lawrence family, but nowhere near this many.

Since neither Darrell nor Samantha liked noise, they hired only the necessary staff.

Genevieve looked outside. Outside the manor was a beautiful garden, dotted with quiet and elegant lights.

She had been in a coma for so long that she didn't know where she was.

It was a very strange feeling.

She wanted to go out for a walk, but a hesitant-looking servant stopped her. "Mrs. Fallon, it's windy outside. You haven't recovered yet, Maybe you shouldn't go out?"

Genevieve smiled. "I'll just have a look. It won't take long."

The servant paused and said, "Shall I walk with you?"

"Okay," she replied.

Genevieve didn't know much about Louis. Now that she had access to the place where he grew up, she had an odd feeling.

She wanted to learn more about what the other aspect of his life was like.

Someone handed her a heavy shawl, which the servant put on her, wrapping Genevieve quite snugly.

Genevieve could not help but laugh and thank the servant before slowly walking away.

The lights outside were exquisitely designed and looked stunning from every angle.

The servant smiled and said, "Mrs. Fallon, it's good that Nin Fallon you while with the company lately. He's barely eating properly too..."

Genevieve paused and felt a little confused. "You're all you to

"Yes, we were specially hired to take care of you. Mr. Fallon said that it would be best for r

f We've only been here for a few months. When you were in a coma, Mr. Fallon asked us to change your clothes and give you massages. He really cares about you."

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat as she felt somewhat moved.

Only Louis could take heed of such details.

They were a fake couple, but he really cared about her.

Genevieve knew that Louis had confessed his love and feelings to her before, and she politely declined it many times. Now, Genevieve was touched by everything he did, given that he had not tried to guilt-trip her.

After taking a few steps, she saw a new pink Maserati parked outside the manor.

ceive the

However, nobody seemed to guest.

She sat on the swing, confused. "Who's that?"

The servant's expression changed slightly. "Mrs. Fallon, we shoulstae back to,youy coor Wg etting windy. We ban talk about this later when Mr. Fallon returns."

Chapter 138

Genevieve listened to the servant's words and didn't dwell on them too much. After all, this was Louis' territory, and it wouldn't be polite to pry into his privacy. She stood up decisively. "All right, let's go back."

In the following days, whether by the upstairs window or in the garden downstairs, she could see a pink Maserati parked at the gate, attempting to enter but never succeeding.

Louis' medical team came to consult with her daily without fail, adjusting treatment plans and medications as needed.

Though Louis was busy, he still found a few hours a day to talk to her.

Genevieve could feel her body gradually improving.

However, Genevieve started to feel bored, but her phone was lost, and there was no landline to contact her family in the room. She searched around but couldn't find a phone.

The study was a place that observed a great deal of privacy. Hence, she didn't feel comfortable entering without permission. She went downstairs to find the servant. "Can I borrow your phone?" she asked.

The servant hesitated slightly, then shook her head. "Mrs. Fallon, we're prohibited from using phones during work." Genevieve furrowed her brows slightly. "But there's no landline at home. How do we contact people outside?"

The servant chuckled uneasily in response. "Mrs. Fallon, the landline was removed because someone installed a bug, stealing trade secrets. Please refrain from contacting outsiders for now. I heard Mr. Fallon has been having trouble at the office recently. He can't afford any distractions."

Genevieve fell silent for a few seconds. She then smiled before returning to her room.

It took her a few days to realize that she felt isolated from the outside world.

At night, when Louis returned, his demeanor was cold and distant, quite different from when he was with her. When he turned to his study, Genevieve suddenly stepped out of the room. "Louis..."

Louis paused in his tracks, the chill fading from his gaze as he turned to look at her gently. "You're still awake?" Genevieve pursed her lips as she walked toward him. "Can I borrow your phone? I want to call my

mom."

Louis paused for a moment, then gently raised his eyes. "Feeling bored already? Tomorrow, I'll ask someone to take you out shopping."

Genevieve shook her head. "I just want to talk to my family. I haven't called them since I woke up."

Louis smiled, took a shawl from the couch, and draped it lightly over Genevieve's shoulders. "Didn't I already assure them of your safety? Why the hurry again?"

Genevieve frowned, her sparkling eyes shining, accentuating her perfectly tanned complexion. "Louis, I just want to call my parents."

Louis' lips twitched slightly as he pondered for a few seconds before speaking. "Gen, that's not possible right now." "Why not?" Genevieve was puzzled.

Louis sighed, his expression somewhat complex. "There have been some complicated issues within Fallon Group, and we can't have any contact domestically at the moment."

Genevieve remained silent for a few moments, feeling somewhat shocked.

Suddenly, an idea struck Louis. "Gen, why don't you help me out? Once this matter is resolved, and when you feel better, I'll send you back home?"

"I can help?" Genevieve asked. "Of course," Louis replied. Then, Louis gestured for her to sit on the small balcony couch and sat opposite her.

He briefly explained the current situation of Fallon Group, focusing on the attempt by a shareholder within the company named David Schmidt, who tried to utilize the inheritance law to take over the shares of Fallon Group that belonged to his stepson, Austin.

Upon hearing that, Genevieve frowned slightly. "Austin? Isn't he Presley's eldest son?"

Louis' gaze darkened as he nodded. "You must have heard about their relationship, haven't you? My aunt is Austin's mother. Technically, he's my cousin. When he passed away, I temporarily held his shares for my aunt. But now, his stepfather, David, is trying to take over his shares, collaborating with others in the company to cause trouble."

Genevieve pondered for a few seconds. "So, how can I help you?"

"Get hold of the forged will. Aunt Linda trusts David. The will is kept at their house. Everything will be proven if we can get our hands on that will," he said.

"But without evidence, how do we prove it's a forged will?" Genevieve interjected.

"He wouldn't leave the shares to David, everyone knows their relationship is almost irreconcilable," Louis' tone became somewhat stern as if he had deep resistance to David.

Genevieve speculated that perhaps his shared upbringing with Austin led to some empathy between the two. "Well... What should I do?" she asked.

Louis glanced at her, smiling slightly. "You can get close to Ms. Linda Hoffman and try to retrieve it from her. But she has a bad temper. I'm afraid you might get hurt."

Genevieve smiled. "It's okay, I can handle it. I'm happy to help you."

"So, you'll have to adapt to being my wife. Make sure she doesn't suspect our fake marriage," Louis chuckled.

Genevieve nodded solemnly in response.

With this goal, she was getting closer to returning home. Hence, she was happy.

Moreover, being able to help Louis made her feel less guilty.

It was a win-win situation.

Louis

Louis reached out, tousling her messy hair. "Then go rest. Tomorrow, I'll take you to meet her."

Genevieve froze, smiled, and stepped back to evade his touch. "I haven't washed my hair in two days..."

The two exchanged glances before bursting into laughter.

The next day, Genevieve changed into a long dress from the wardrobe.

There were men from brands around the globe. Her life here wasn't much different back home.

She looked at the dress tag still attached, and the size of the clothes fit her perfectly.

No one would believe such a coincidence.

After all, she was the nominal “lady of the manor” here.

After changing, Genevieve went out. Louis had been waiting downstairs all along.

Upon seeing her coming down, his eyes lit up, with a tender expression at the corners of his eyes. “Gen, you're beautiful.” Genevieve smiled. “Of course.”

The servant nearby chimed in with a smile, saying, “Mrs. Rover seen anyone prettier than her.”

Genevieve was always kind to the servants, so they didn't fear her.

Louis approached and took her hand, leading her out.

Genevieve was about to pull away, but then she remembered all these people were watching, so she had to play along- Louis held the door open for Genevieve, and she got into the car before he followed suit.

“Let's head to the company first. There's a luncheon at noon, and you'll meet everyone,” he said.

Genevieve nodded in agreement.

Louis patted her hand reassuringly. “Don't be nervous, Mrs. Fallon.”

“Don't worry!” Genevieve smiled. She wasn't nervous at all. After all, this was only an act.

At Fallon Group, Louis' sudden appearance with a woman naturally sparked gossip among the onlookers.

As she stood beside Louis, Genevieve's delicate features (a voluptuous were) here beautiful, akin to a delicate flower complementing a sturdy stem.

"Mr. Fallon, is she your newlywed wife?" someone asked.

Chapter 139

It was a question from a middle-aged man with a gentle and refined demeanor.

Louis looked at the man and introduced him to Genevieve as he smiled. "Gen, this is my uncle—in-law, David Schmidt." Genevieve raised an eyebrow, as she hadn't expected the first person she met to be David.

She extended her hand gently. "Hello, nice to meet you."

David lightly shook her hand and let go. Judging by Genevieve's demeanor, he seemed to perceive her as a pampered woman. "Where are you from. Gen? Who else is in your family?"

Louis' expression darkened slightly.

Genevieve tilted her head and replied with a smile, "I grew up with my parents in Friyx, where they run a small business. Didn't Louis tell you?"

Louis chuckled softly as he casually wrapped his arm around her waist. "I'm not concerned about these details. Why bother with introductions everywhere, especially when Aunt Linda already knows? He."

After all, he was only an uncle-in-law.

David awkwardly chuckled and then walked away.

Louis led Genevieve into the office, pushing the door open.

Genevieve glanced around the spacious, well-lit office with a formal atmosphere..

Louis walked over to the coffee machine and started brewing coffee. "Would you like milk in yours?"
"Yes, please, Genevieve replied.

Soon, Louis prepared the coffee and placed it in front of her. "You can sit and relax for a while. I'll bring you over when the time comes."

Genevieve nodded. "Sure, get back to work." Louis smiled apologetically, and then Fabio entered.

He nodded politely at Genevieve before turning to Louis. "Mr. Fallon, here are the updates on the project in Clusia. Since news of your accident spread, many conglomerates have attempted to disrupt the project, with Hoffman Group being the most aggressive."

Upon hearing that, Genevieve couldn't help but look up.

Louis' expression turned grave as he flipped through the documents in his hand. It seemed he wasn't surprised. "Proceed with the original plan. Have the manager take over my position," he instructed, clearly prepared for this.

Fabio nodded.

Genevieve stood up and asked, "Has anything happened with the Lawrence family?"

Fabio hesitated, glanced at her, and then smiled before speaking, "Lawrence Group is fine. With Jeffrey in charge, no one dares to provoke them. However, Ms. Lawrence, the project you discussed with Cosme Group and Hoffman Group at Eagle Entertainment might encounter some problems."

Genevieve frowned and her face darkened. "What do you mean?"

That project was the top priority for Eagle Entertainment, and the company devoted all its efforts to it.

If the project fell through, all her efforts would be in vain.

Fabio glanced at Louis, appearing somewhat hesitant.

This made Genevieve even more anxious. "What exactly happened?"

Fabio sighed. "Anthony intends to forcefully terminate the cooperation with Eagle Entertainment. Under the pretext of the company's incompetence, aiming to take over all the shares held by Eagle Entertainment. However, Jacinta from Cosmo Group has not agreed to this proposal. But it remains uncertain whether they can hold out in the end..."

His voice trailed off toward the end. Genevieve's expression turned icy cold and couldn't help but sneer.

She thought, 'He truly believes I am dead, so he can't wait to seize all my assets. It hasn't been long since my "death," how could he be so eager to take off his facade, leaving no dignity between us? Anthony, you...

He was the man she had abandoned her family and sacrificed her dignity for, the man she had loved with all her heart. Even after their divorce, he had professed a desire to start over, and for a moment, she had believed him.

To think this was the outcome, Genevieve felt humiliated. It felt like a harsh slap in her face.

Genevieve's eyes couldn't help but sting with tears for a moment.

Thankfully, she hadn't believed his lies.

Genevieve thought, 'How could he possibly be genuine? He was willing to trade his marriage for benefit. How could he be moved by me?'

Now, at this critical moment, she truly saw through his heart.

Her heart sank to the bottom of the abyss, feeling utterly absurd and ridiculous.

Louis glanced at Genevieve and then waved his hand, signaling for Fabio to leave.

After a few moments of silence, he spoke, "Gen, do you still like him?"

Genevieve's face grew cold. "Like? One major lapse in judgment is enough. I can't repeat the same mistake.

She clenched her fists tightly, feeling an indescribable anger surging within her.

From the very beginning, she should never have met him.

Louis walked over and looked at her patiently. "Then there's no need to be so angry. If he wants to take it, let him. We can always take it back later. It doesn't matter."

Genevieve looked at him for a few seconds before chuckling. "You're right. I'll retrieve what belongs to me." She thought, 'I won't let that scumbag take advantage of my hard work. I'll make him, Lauraine, and Andrea pay the price!

Louis smiled and was about to say something when suddenly someone knocked on the door from outside. "Mr. Fallon, the meeting is about to start."

"Got it." As soon as Louis answered, Genevieve smiled. "You can go. I'll take care of myself." Louis nodded and left the office. Genevieve sat for a while, barely touching her coffee, when she heard the sound of high heels outside. "Why can't I go in?"

"Ms. Schmidt, Mr. Fallon is not here. He's in a meeting. You can't just barge into his office." The secretary, Amelia Garcia, was trying to stop the person outside.

A sharp female voice shouted, "Do you know about the relationship between me and Louis? When we were together, was there

any place in this company | couldn't go to? | want to see this woman who enchanted him!"

"Ms. Schmidt, please have some respect. The Rinses Ms. Fall stopping the woman.

Amelia was having a

The woman pushed past the secretary, crazed, and pushed open the office door. Genevieve stood by the window, the breeze gently tousling her hair.

Her profile was exquisite, her delicate features stunning, her flawless skin glowing. Standing there, she seemed to be enveloped in a faint light, exuding an ethereal beauty.

When Yvette Schmidt entered and saw Genevieve, she was completely stunned. Genevieve's beauty was indeed incomparable to ordinary women.

Yvette thought, 'So she snatched my man with her looks.

Amelia tried to block her. "Ms. Schmidt, please leave. Your presence here is inconvenient."

Yvette pushed the secretary aside. "Get lost! Who are you to speak to me like this?"

She looked at Genevieve, feeling extremely unpleasant.

Yvette was dressed in top

brands, and her temperament was fiery.

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She glared at Genevieve, seized up the latter, and ore way the manor by him?”

Genevieve looked at Yvette in silence, her expression blank as she blinked her eyes. She remembered the pink Maserati being turned away at the gates of the manor.

Since Yvette was ignored, she stepped forward and brush hair. Before you appeared, | was his girlfriend, Yvette Schmidt.”

Chapter 140

As Yvette finished speaking and saw Genevieve’s expressionless face, she grew somewhat angry. ‘Is she deaf?’

Amelia dared not speak, which in Yvette’s eyes was an affirmation.

Yvette clenched her teeth. “Damn it, she’s disabled?”

With that, she turned around to leave, feeling regretful for coming.

Genevieve chuckled. “Ms. Schmidt, the pink Maserati that appears at the manor gate every day, is it yours?”

Yvette immediately paused, her face turning red. “Yes, it's mine. That was where | used to live. Because of you, | can’t go there anymore. Do you have any shame?”

Genevieve kept a straight face.

She knew nothing about Louis’ romantic history.

However, judging by Yvette's expression, it didn't seem like she was lying.

She thought, 'Could it be true? Oh well, | feel bad.

Genevieve suddenly felt a subtle sense of resistance, feeling slightly guilty. "I... | didn't know." Yvette snorted and sat on the couch, crossing her arms. "Well, now you do. You may leave." Genevieve frowned. If she hadn't agreed to Louis' request, she would have left.

However, it seemed impossible now.

Upon seeing her hesitation, Yvette became even angrier. "See? A greedy woman like you loves money and can't bear to leave. It's outrageous!"

Genevieve pursed her lips, keeping her eyes lowered, and said nothing.

She wondered about the truth behind Yvette's words.

Just then, Louis returned under Amelia's urging.

His expression was grim and unpleasant, indicating that the meeting wasn't done, and he had left. urgently. "Yvette, get out," he said bluntly/

Yvette stood up, her eyes welling up with tears instantly. "You've changed. | don't even recognize you anymore. You never used to yell at me!"

Louis' expression didn't waver in the slightest. He looked at Amelia. "Get security up here and escort her out. She's not allowed to enter Fallon Group again!"

"Yes, sir," Amelia responded before rushing off.

Yvette, infuriated and upset, threw her bag at Louis. "You asshole! How could you treat me like this? Is it because of that woman? You never spoke to me like this before!"

Louis' face turned ashen. He threw her bag to the ground, his expression filled with disdain and indifference. | never had any feelings for you. It was all in your imagination. | hope you can face reality. Genevieve is my wife and the only person | love."

After he finished speaking. Yvette's expression changed dramatically. She looked at the bag lying on the ground, her lips trembling, unable to speak.

Just as the security guards entered, she suddenly sat on the ground and burst into tears, shocking everyone present. Genevieve, who had been watching the scene unfold, was stunned.

Yvette sat on the ground, crying uncontrollably, completely losing her composure. "You bastard! Louis, you promised to treat me well..."

"Yvette, don't think | don't know that your dad asked you to approach me for a purpose. We were just using each other. Now you can leave. | have no feelings for you whatsoever!" Louis' words were

cold and cruel, without a hint of remorse or hesitation.

Yvette's face contorted with anger.

Her lips turned pale for a moment as she tried to grab his sleeve. "But | was sincere to you. | never told dad about your affairs." my

Before she could touch him, Louis coldly pushed her away. "Take her away."

"Yes, sir." The security guards stepped forward and unceremoniously dragged Yvette away as she burst into tears.

Genevieve's mind suddenly flashed with a fleeting thought, indescribable in words.

She didn't dislike Yvette.

Despite her fiery temper, she couldn't hide her secrets.

Such people were often straightforward.

The office returned to silence.

Louis' grim expression softened slightly as he approached Genevieve. "Did that startle you?" Genevieve smiled, sitting on a chair on the balcony. "Just a bit surprised. Your ex-girlfriend?"

Louis frowned and promptly denied, "Of course not. I have no connection with her. She's Aunt Linda's stepdaughter, the biological daughter of David. She's always been obnoxious and arrogant."

Genevieve raised an eyebrow. "David's daughter?"

Louis seemed annoyed by this father-daughter pair, nodding. "To be precise, she's David's adopted daughter. She is David's deceased brother's biological daughter. Otherwise, Aunt Linda wouldn't have kept her around. But David deliberately sent her to get close to me to find my weak spot. I suspect her and her father's involvement in my brother's death."

Genevieve fell silent.

She thought, 'So, it's related to Austin. No wonder Louis' attitude toward Yvette was so harsh.'

She seemed to understand now.

The complexities of interests within the aristocratic circle were unimaginable.

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Louis' expression remained indifferent. "I shouldn't have told you all this, Gen. You don't need to concern yourself with her." Genevieve sighed. "You shouldn't be too upset either."

It was clear that Austin's death weighed heavily on Louis,

Even with his mother long gone, Louis had managed to establish himself as an indispensable figure in the cutthroat world of the Fallon family. Linda had definitely played a significant part in that.

Hence, it was natural for Louis and Austin to be close. Louis glanced at his watch. "I still need to go back for the meeting. You..." "Go ahead. I'll be fine," Genevieve reassured him.

"I'll have the security beefed up," Louis added.

Genevieve smiled and nodded.

After Louis left, Genevieve took a deep breath. Feeling restless inside, she decided to take a stroll on her own.

Amelia politely asked if she needed anything.

Genevieve

took out the supplementary card that Louis had left. "I'm just O.D. m so o buy You don't have to accompany me."

"Okay, Mrs. Fallon, Amelia replied with a smile.

Genevieve took the elevator downstairs and entered the supermarket. She scanned the aisles and headed for the snack section.

But there was another person standing in the snack area.

Unexpectedly, she found Yvette standing there, indulging in chocolate. When froze for a moment, quickly wiped her mouth with her sleeve, and then tried to act aloof and turn away.

However, she thought of something and turned back to Genevieve. "You didn't take an ugly picture of me, did you? Genevieve couldn't help but chuckle. "No, I didn't."

Yvette snorted and then reluctantly approached Genevieve, picking a dark chocolate and stuffing it into the latter's hand. Genevieve looked at her in confusion.

Yvette explained reluctantly, "He likes to have this when he's in a bad mood. Take some back. I nearly gave him a heart attack earlier."

Genevieve smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Schmidt." Yvette bit her lower lip and glared at Genevieve. "Sooner or later, I'll win him back, whether two are married or not." you

After a few seconds of silence, Genevieve couldn't speak, "Ms. Schmidt! hat Sure What between you two, but thank you for caring about him."

Yvette pursed her lips. "At least that's a humane thing to say."

She took a deep breath and clutched her chest. "Louis is so shallow. He claimed to love my soul, but now he's in love with your looks."

Genevieve was at a loss for words.