

Submitting 141

Chapter 141

Genevieve's feelings towards Yvette grew increasingly perplexing as she felt the latter didn't seem like someone with deep scheming intentions.

Rather, she appeared flustered and rash, yet undeniably adorable.

Genevieve smiled and looked at Yvette. "I quite like you. But you shouldn't use this shade of lipstick anymore. It doesn't complement your complexion."

Her words were genuinely meant, as she had always been straightforward in her conversations, much like with Selene. However, Yvette seemed struck by her comment, pointing to her lips defensively. "This is a seductive color!"

She seemed taken aback, her face paling slightly, more enraged than she had been in the office just moments ago.

Genevieve was at a loss and pursed her lips. "Well... If you're happy with it."

Yvette snorted coldly and stormed out.

At the door, the cashier stopped her. "Miss, you haven't paid for the chocolate you ate earlier."

Gritting her teeth, Yvette snapped, "Let her pay!"

Then, she stormed off.

Genevieve checked out the two boxes of chocolates. "I'll cover it," she said, feeling responsible for the situation she had caused.

She paid for the chocolates and left without purchasing anything else, feeling puzzled as she thought, 'Since when did Louis enjoy eating dark chocolate? I've never seen him eat it before.'

Using the card given to her by Amelia, Louis's secretary, Genevieve breezed through the card swipe system and returned to the office building without any hindrance.

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing her return. "Mr. Fallon just finished his meeting." Genevieve the door. nodded and pushed on

Louis looked up, somewhat helpless. "Gen, it would be better if you brought someone with you when you go out. What if you encounter danger?"

"That wouldn't happen." Genevieve smiled and handed him the chocolate. Louis was puzzled but accepted it nonetheless. "What's this?"

"For you, she said..

Louis smiled and placed it aside. "Thanks, but I don't like dark chocolate."

Genevieve paused. "You wouldn't dislike the dark chocolate I gave you, would you?"

Her words carried a deeper meaning.

Louis shrugged. "I'm allergic."

Genevieve didn't seem convinced. "That's such a convenient excuse."

Louis was at a loss for words.

Reluctantly, he opened the chocolate, broke off a small piece, and ate it in front of Genevieve. "You happy?" Genevieve raised an eyebrow. "Next time, be more proactive."

She thought. Yvette doesn't seem like the type to deceive others.

Yet, a few minutes later, red spots appeared on Louis' neck.

Genevieve was genuinely frightened.

She witnessed it and felt somewhat at a loss. "Are you really allergic?"

Louis smiled gently, soothing her worries. "It's okay. I'll be fine in just ten minutes after taking medicine."

He retrieved the medicine from the drawer while Genevieve hurried to fetch some water.

She felt flustered as she thought, 'Yvette is indeed a liar! Oh, my gosh!'

"I'm sorry, it's my fault, Genevieve apologized sincerely, avoiding mentioning Yvette's name, afraid of angering Louis. Louis smiled helplessly. "I'm really fine."

"Why did you eat it? If I had known..." Genevieve felt guilty.

Louis sighed and spoke with a hint of indulgence in his gentle voice. "Mrs. Fallon, wouldn't you be unhappy if I didn't eat it? Besides, it's just a matter of minutes. It's worth it to let you understand me

a bit more.

Genevieve's heart trembled slightly as if something had touched her.

She dared not meet Louis' affectionate gaze, as she had too many worries and couldn't bear his affection.

After taking a deep breath, she smiled. "I won't doubt you anymore. I'll believe whatever you say from now on." Louis looked at her and smiled.

Meanwhile, Genevieve made a silent resolution in her heart to keep her distance from Yvette. She thought, "That liar!"

As the time approached, Louis took Genevieve to Linda's place.

Linda had received advance notice and made ample preparations.

The welcome ceremony was grand, demonstrating her high regard and respect for Genevieve.

As soon as Linda saw Genevieve, her eyes lit up, and greeted the latter with a smile. "Gen, I've been wanting you to bring me over to see me for a long time. He's been reluctant, and I've almost wanted to go to your place myself."

Genevieve was somewhat amazed by Linda's appearance.

Linda exuded a classical beauty, with a delicate face shape, and thick eyebrows. She looked about the same age as Samantha and was exceptionally well-maintained.

Such beauty and grace were incomparable to someone like Quincey.

Genevieve thought, 'What's wrong with Presley's taste?' She kept these thoughts to herself, showing only warmth and courtesy as she approached and shook hands graciously.

Linda was very welcoming, treating Louis as her own. She had plenty of love for Genevieve too. "Come on in. I'm afraid you might not like Atharia's cuisine, so I had the chef prepare some barbecue. It's in the backyard, and it'll be ready soon."

Upon seeing Linda wasn't constricted due to her status as a wealthy woman, Genevieve felt a sense of goodwill toward her. Louis smiled. "Aunt Linda loves barbecue. She prepared it especially because she likes you." To which, Genevieve said, "I'm honored."

Louis took off his coat and handed it to the servant. Then, he rolled up his sleeves and walked toward the backyard. "Let me check on how it's going"

He winked at Genevieve.

Genevieve understood what he meant. She hadn't planned to steal Austin's forged will on her first visit...

However, Linda was too enthusiastic, insisting on taking her upstairs to see Louis' childhood photos. Genevieve could only pretend to be interested and follow along.

The study upstairs was vast, occupying almost half of the floor space, with a row of bookshelves

between the upper and lower levels. The shelves were filled to the brim with books, which left Genevieve somewhat astonished. "Do you like to read?"

Linda smiled. "Not really. They're just for decoration."

To say they were for decoration was being polite. In reality, they were more for showing off. Genevieve was speechless.

Linda took Genevieve's hand and led her to the table in the middle of the room.

Then she went to the side and opened a safe, taking out a thick photo album in front of Genevieve. She left the safe open and walked over.

Inside, there were no jewels, only some documents and books,

Genevieve wondered if the forged will was in there.

While she was lost in thought, Linda had already approached with the album in her hand and was eager to open it. “Gen, take a look. This is Louis when he was young.

She pointed to a young boy in one of the photos, dressed in a custom-made suit, standing in front of the garden of the villa, looking somewhat shy, with a slight smile on his face.

Linda sighed and held Genevieve's hand. “My sister and brother-in-law passed away early. The Fallop family is full of scheming she and Louis has always been taciturn. He's lonely and pitiful, but he'll treat you well. When he talks about you, his eyes are full of joy. I've never seen him like that before.”

Genevieve's eyes flickered slightly.

Linda clapped her hands excitedly. “Oh, by the way, he mentioned that you two registered yametriadé in

sia. Do you want the wedding to be held here? I can arrange it for you. And when you have children in the future, I'll help take care of them for you!”

Genevieve's mouth twitched as she grasped Linda's hand. “Mrs...”

“Call me Aunt Linda.” Linda took a card from her pocket and handed it to Genevieve. “Here, my bribe.

“Aunt Linda...” Genevieve said instinctively.

“Yes.” Linda exclaimed.

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Genevieve smiled. “We're not in a hurry for a wedding. I'm still recuperating and can't get too tired. I'll discuss it with Louis later.” “All right. After all, it's such a big event!” Linda replied happily.

Genevieve flipped through the album..

Suddenly, she saw two people with identical faces in one of the photos,

On the left was Louis, but she had no idea about the person next to him.

She narrowed her eyes, thinking, I've seen him before.

Linda looked over, and she turned gloomy instantly.

She stated solemnly, "This is Austin, my son. He died in a car accident last year."

Austin's facial features looked sharper, and he exuded a more domineering

aura.

He was smiling, but his smile didn't reach his

eyes.

Genevieve felt an indescribable sense of familiarity.

"This is Anthony's brother, Austin Hoffman, the father of Rosalie's child whom I've never met before?" she pondered. Genevieve looked at Linda in silence for a moment before speaking softly. "I'm sorry for

your loss."

"I know. It's in the past now. I have to accept the reality sooner or later." The corners of Linda's mouth twitched. Her eyes were filled with sadness.

Linda really treasured the album. She put it back in the safe after browsing it.

All the while, Genevieve didn't go near her.

They descended the stairs hand in hand and saw an uninvited guest in the living room. Linda looked at Yvette, frowning. "Why are you

back?"

Yvette pouted. "Mom, you didn't even call me for the barbecue!"

Linda glanced at Genevieve awkwardly and introduced smilingly, "This is my daughter." She whispered to Genevieve, "She has a bad temper. Stay away from her!"

Genevieve was a little surprised that Linda was so straightforward.

Linda instantly changed her expression into a smile. "Yvette, you don't have to come over if there's nothing special. Eating too much barbecue will cause cancer!"

Yvette clenched her teeth and glared at Linda and Genevieve furiously.

Genevieve cast a glance at Yvette and recalled the incident of Louis having an allergic reaction.

She planned to completely ignore Yvette.

She looked at Linda smilingly. "Aunt Linda, I'm going to look for Louis."

Linda nodded.

Genevieve glared at Yvette and then went to the backyard.

Yvette was puzzled.

She watched Louis chattering with the servants casually.

Seeing Genevieve approaching, Louis hurriedly greeted, "Go and have a seat first. Don't go near the smoke." Genevieve handed him the card from Linda. "It's from Aunt Linda."

Louis was stunned and smiled. "Take it. Use it as your allowance."

Genevieve had no qualms about keeping it. "I'm just informing you about it. I'm keeping this."

She was broke and had to spend on many things.

Of course, she would take whatever was given to her, as wealth should be accumulated from small amounts of money. Louis looked very contented. He held Genevieve's hand while walking together, but she was pouting. "Ms. Schmidt is here." Louis' face darkened immediately.

He was silent momentarily, as he didn't want to talk about Yvette. Then, he changed the subject, "By the way. have you seen the document?"

Genevieve shook her head and smiled guiltily. "I didn't dare to get close. It was the first time | did such a thing." Louis couldn't help chuckling. "Okay. You cover for me then. I'll do it later!"

Genevieve thought that it was a nice plan.

Linda couldn't help but smile when she saw them holding hands. "What a lovely couple!"

But Yvette gritted her teeth angrily. "Hypocrites!"

Linda reprimanded, "Don't talk nonsense. If you keep messing around, I'll ask David to send
abroad.

You

you

"Mom, don't love me." Yvette was so annoyed. She didn't understand why no one favored her.

Linda ordered the servants to prepare desserts in the kitchen. Louis gave Genevieve a signal and
went upstairs.

Sitting opposite Yvette, Genevieve was calm.

Yvette glared at her and snorted. "You're just putting on an act!"

Genevieve looked up. "Ms. Schmidt, even if you don't like me, you shouldn't put other people's lives in danger as a joke, right?" Yvette was astounded and asked blankly, "What do you mean people's lives are in danger? What joke did I make?"

"Louis is allergic to chocolate, but you told me he likes it best. I'm telling you, I won't trust you again. You're jealous that I'm with him, and you deliberately harm him!" Genevieve looked away indifferently.

Yvette's expression changed swiftly. Her lips turned pale.

She was extremely shocked. She looked straight into Genevieve's eyes. "He's allergic to chocolate? How is that possible? He likes to eat chocolate when he's in a bad mood. He..."

Genevieve stood up and uttered coldly, "I saw it with my eyes. You don't have to explain anymore. I won't forgive you for deliberately hurting him. I didn't tell him that you lied to

I won't let it slide if this happens again!"

She wouldn't have believed it if she hadn't seen Louis eat the chocolate.

But she had that kind of allergic reaction herself before.

She knew it wasn't fake.

e out of courtesy.

Yvette trembled slightly in shock. She sat on the couch confusingly, as if she had realized something.

She had a kind of emotion that was hard to figure out. It was as if her purpose in life was taken away. She was on the verge of despair...

Genevieve looked at her changes, feeling a little strange.

Yvette seemed upset, tears welling up in her

eyes.

She was holding her chest and breathing deeply.

Genevieve frowned. "What's wrong with you?"

Yvette looked up abruptly, grabbing Genevieve's arm. "You're not lying, are you?" Genevieve was surprised. "Of course not."

Yvette loosened her trembling hands and clenched them tightly.

At this moment, Louis descended from the stairs.

He acted normally. He was only away for several minutes.

Out of nowhere, Yvette jumped onto him.

Louis was still on the steps, so he couldn't step back.

Yvette came onto him too suddenly.

She pushed Louis against the railing, tightened her arms around his neck, and pulled down. She seemed to be hugging Louis, but she was actually looking at another place.

Louis pushed her away swiftly.

Yvette lost her balance and fell down the stairs to the ground.

She sprained her ankle. The sound of her dislocated bones was so loud that it startled Genevieve.

Linda happened to pass by and saw the scene. Her expression changed. "What are you doing? How old are you to lay hands on each other?"

Yvette sat there awkwardly, tears rolling down her cheeks. She looked up at Louis complicatedly with a pale face and sneered, "No wonder you don't love me anymore. You asshole..."

Louis had a disapproving look. He was fuming with rage. His poise nas extremel igy, "khavs Kething to say toyou: tay away from me from now on, or don't blame me for being rude!"

Yvette wiped off her tears. She stood up with her teeth nae) holding Her h d high. CDortt try. | won't cling to you anymore."

Then, she limped toward the door.

Louis didn't even cast her a glimpse. He just tidied his clothes with a look of disgust.

Linda sighed and hurriedly instructed, "She twisted her ankle. Help her to the room quickly and call for the doctor!" A servant hurriedly followed behind Yvette.

Linda sighed irritably and turned around to look at Genevieve. "The three of them fighting: since, childhood austin used to fight with Yvette, and now it's Louis' turn to fight her. Anyway, Yvette just can't behave."

Genevieve's eyes flashed with complication and confusion but soon returned to normal.

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Genevieve approached Louis. "Are you okay?"

Louis shook his head smilingly and glanced at Linda. "Aunt Linda, | should go get changed."

He didn't hide his disdain for the places that Yvette had touched.

Linda gestured for him to leave and Louis nodded. He turned back to Genevieve. "Wait for me?" Genevieve nodded.

Then, Louis went upstairs again.

Genevieve looked at Linda. "Aunt Linda, shall I go to check on Yvette?"

Linda frowned. "Anyone will be terrified by her bad temper. Don't get yourself hurt!"

"She won't. She's injured. She won't do anything, Genevieve replied.

Linda gestured to a servant to show Genevieve the way. "Don't waste too much time. If she hits you, you don't have to take it silently and just hit her back!"

Genevieve was bereft of words.

This family was really interesting.

She followed the servant. They took the elevator to a room on the third floor. She knocked, and a doctor opened the door.

She entered and saw Yvette sitting on the couch in a daze. Her foot was already wrapped in bandages and a cast, but she didn't feel pain, at all.

She was holding onto a storage box in her arms like a treasure. After a while, the doctor left.

Genevieve walked over and examined her feet. "Are you okay?" Yvette looked up in a daze and burst into tears.

She suddenly opened the storage box.

Genevieve was astounded looking at the box full of dark chocolates. They were exactly the same flavor Yvette had recommended her.

Yvette's eyes were filled with misery. "Can you believe it? He is a fake. He's not Louis."

The real Louis loved dark chocolate.

The real Louis had a tiny black mole behind his ear that only Yvette knew about.

Genevieve looked at her for a while. She couldn't hide the surprise in her eyes. "What did you say?"

"He's not Louis. He is a fake. The real Louis has a mole behind his ear. He... Forget it. You won't believe me even if I tell you. Who cares if he's the real one or a fake except me?" Yvette murmured. She looked at the chocolates, sobbing again.

Genevieve had countless questions in her mind.

Nevertheless, Linda knocked and entered the room before she could say anything. "Yvette, David's men are here to pick you up."

Then, Linda looked at Genevieve and smiled. "Let's go eat the barbecue they've prepared!"

She didn't take Yvette's injury to heart, as if this was a common occurrence at home.

Genevieve nodded and cast a glance at Yvette. Only then did she follow Linda out.

She had lots of questions but had no idea where to start.

Genevieve walked out curiously, thinking, 'If this Louis isn't real, then who is he?'

She watched as Louis was on a phone call in the backyard dressed in his newly changed light-colored shirt. His facial features were elegant. His viciousness was hidden behind his gentle temperament.

It seemed that he encountered some trouble. He frowned now and then while he looked gentle the rest of the time. He seemed to perceive Genevieve's gaze. He looked over and smiled. Then, he ended his call and walked over. He took her hand and looked at her gently. "Are you hungry?"

Even if Genevieve knew he was acting in front of Linda, she couldn't tell whether he was really acting.

She smiled. "Not really."

Let's go," Louis suggested.

Have you gotten it?" Genevieve asked.

Of course. Louis was in a good mood.

He must have taken the opportunity to deal with the matter when he went to change earlier.

Genevieve was also in a good mood since they managed to get things done.

After the meal, it was getting cold and gloomy outside, as if it was going to rain.

Louis didn't want to stay any longer, so he suggested to leave.

Linda didn't urge them to stay but asked Genevieve to visit her often.

Genevieve responded with a smile.

It was drizzling outside so Louis' driver stopped the car under the roof.

Louis took the dark-colored umbrella handed over by the servant and protected Genevieve from the cold wind and rain. Genevieve got into the car. Louis turned back to bid goodbye to Linda again before sitting beside Genevieve.

Linda waved at them with a smile. "See you next time!"

On the way back, Genevieve glanced at Louis. She recalled Yvette's words, feeling a little strange.

But the feeling soon disappeared.

She had promised to trust him.

Besides, it didn't matter if he was the real Louis or not. He was her savior.

She shouldn't doubt him just based on some comments.

Louis loosened his collar to relax a bit. He asked gently, "She likes you very much. Do you like her?" Genevieve nodded. "Ms. Hoffman is outgoing, noble, and down-to-earth. She's very easygoing."

Louis smiled faintly. "I'm glad you like her."

It seemed that there was some hidden meaning behind his words.

Genevieve questioned, "Won't she find out that you've taken the fake will?"

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Louis' hazel eyes darkened slightly. "No. Everything related to Austin has been kept away. Aunt Linda hasn't even seen the will before. It was hidden in between some documents by David."

David was so meticulous that he didn't dare to hide the will in his house. Instead, he hid it in

Linda's.

He thought Linda would take care of everything about Austin. It was almost evening when they arrived at the manor, and the rain had already stopped.

Genevieve had stayed in the manor

for a while. Now thag ship had gone out, to stay

in again.

Nevertheless, she was too tired today, so she decided to go out tomorrow on her own. She went upstairs. Before she entered her room, Louis called her from behind, "Gen..." Genevieve turned around.

Louis walked over and looked at her affectionately. "Are you comfortable here?" Genevieve nodded. She looked charming with her watery eyes. "Yeah!"

Louis asked gently in a deep voice, "Will you be happy if | let you stay here forever?" The air around them turned dead instantly.

Genevieve seemed to notice the seriousness in his eyes

the moment their eyes met.

Her heart trembled slightly. Her delicate facial features stiffened.

Suddenly, she didn't know how to reply without hurting him.

She shouldn't be indifferent to the sacrifices he had made to save her life.

But this feeling was heavy in her hands, which made her a little at a loss.

She wasn't ready yet.

Louis approached her quietly and looked at her calmly. "Gen, have you started to like me?" His voice was hoarse.

There was a subtle silence in the atmosphere.

She knew the servants wouldn't come to the second floor except for regular cleaning. There were only the two of them in the tranquil corridor under the dazzling lights.

Her palms were slightly sweaty, as she seemed a little nervous.

She wondered, 'Do I like him? I don't love him yet,

From the moment he jumped in to save her, she Sate! that shin' Ifke Louis.

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Genevieve had no idea what she felt then as their relationship was confusing. Upon seeing that she remained silent, Louis gently hugged her.

Genevieve's body trembled slightly.

Louis patted her on the back and confessed gently. "I'm glad you haven't rejected me, Gen. You know my heart. It'll never change. I hope you can be the lady of this manor and stay by my side."

Ever since she had woken up, that was the first time he had addressed their relationship directly, breaking the invisible walls between them.

Genevieve pursed her lips in hesitation. "Louis, |..." She couldn't accept someone when she couldn't separate gratitude from her feelings. At least, not right then.

Louis seemed to know what she was thinking. He loosened his grip and looked at her tenderly. "Gen, don't rush to reject me. | just want you to know my feelings. | won't force you to like me. But, at least, give me a chance, okay?"

good at giving her space, taking a step back when she felt uncomfortable.

Genevieve met his eyes and smiled. "Louis, | can't promise anything, but we'll try our best, okay?" She didn't act coyly. Instead, she gave him a chance directly.

Genevieve was grateful that he didn't mention about saving her life.

She didn't promise to accept him to give them room to regret their decision later.

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Louis' eyes lit up. Her response was beyond his expectations.

He grinned broadly and hugged her again, but he withdrew his arms instantly.

He was overjoyed..

"Okay, Gen. I'm so thrilled!" His heart trembled slightly when he looked at Genevieve's delicate face and watery eyes. He resisted the urge to kiss her. "Rest early. I'm going to teach David a lesson tomorrow."

After he was done with David, he would have the time to focus on Genevieve.

“You, too.” Genevieve waved at him smilingly and entered her room.

What she felt then was strange..

They had started from being strangers to being familiar and now being close.

She seemed to have some anticipation toward her new life and new love.

She shouldn't dwell in the past forever and have a fresh start.

When she returned home and told Darrell and Samantha the news, they should be happy for her, too.

She sat down smilingly on the couch on the balcony. She was enjoying the view silently.

After a few moments of anticipation, her heart calmed down.

The next day, Genevieve slept in..

After breakfast, the servant arranged for a doctor's check-up.

When the doctors were done checking, Genevieve suddenly thought of something and asked smilingly, “I feel like I'm recovering well, aren't I?”

The doctors nodded. “Yes, Mrs. Fallon. The inflammation of the lungs has almost healed. We've also applied the best ointment to remove the scars on your body. You'll be fine after taking some medicine for some time.”

Genevieve smiled. “Can you lend me your phone?”

One of the doctors was taken aback. “Mrs. Fallon, as for our phones...”

Their expressions changed subtly.

Genevieve frowned. "I know you listen to Louis' orders. | just want to call my friend in Atharia."

She didn't think it was a big deal as long as she didn't contact anyone back there.

But her uncle Caspian had been in Atharia for years.

The doctors exchanged looks with each other in bewilderment

Genevieve's request put them in a difficult position.

"Sorry, Mrs. Fallon. Mr. Fallon has instructed us not to help you contact outsiders privately." They nodded apologetically and left.

Genevieve stopped smiling.

She felt quite strange, thinking. No private contact with outsiders? Even if | don't call back home? Why does he have to be so protective? Even if | use someone else's phone, it'll be impossible to be traced so rapidly!"

She felt a little uneasy for some reason.

She couldn't call her family to report her safety.

A few minutes later, Genevieve changed her clothes and went downstairs.

Upon seeing her, a servant immediately greeted, "Would you like to take a walk in the garden, Mrs. Fallon?" Genevieve smiled. "No. I'm going shopping."

The servant's expression changed. "Mrs. Fallon, you haven't recovered yet..."

"I've recovered. I was fine yesterday," Genevieve cut in..

"But Mr. Fallon doesn't allow..." The servant was a little flustered and anxious.

Genevieve was a bit unhappy. "I'm just going out. Why don't you ask him for me?"

She regretted that she was too easy in giving in the night before.

The servant contemplated and had the driver ask Louis for permission.

Soon, the driver returned with his phone and handed it to Genevieve. "Mrs. Fallon, Mr. Fallon is on the phone... Genevieve took it. She was suppressing her displeasure while reasoning with Louis.

Louis' gentle and clear voice could be heard. "Gen, are you bored at home? If you wish to go out, let the driver accompany you. Okay?"

Genevieve was caught off guard. She didn't expect him to agree so readily.

She snorted icily. "I thought I was imprisoned here!"

Louis smiled softly. "I'm afraid David will deliberately take revenge On you,

so I told them not to let you out. I deny any bad intentions. The

driver is also your bodyguard. I can

rest assured if he follows you.”

Genevieve glanced at the bearded driver in front of her. built and g, So she nodded. ay.”

She didn't mean to risk her life, and she was also afraid of danger.

She just wanted to borrow someone's phone.

The call was ended, and the driver took the phone back.

Genevieve smiled lightly and got in the car.

“Mrs. Fallon, where do you want to go?” the driver asked.

Genevieve thought momentarily. “Go to the cafe on Wildefield Street!”

The driver frowned slightly but still started the car.

Her uncle Caspian's company was on Wildefield Street, so it would be great if they could run into each other by chance.)

Even if she couldn't meet him, there

should be many people the cafe. It

a phone.

About 20 minutes later, they arrived at a luxury cafe with few customers.

Genevieve stood at the entrance and looked at the cafe speechlessly.

She knew the brand. It was ridiculously pricey and had few customers.

Accup of coffee there was the equivalent of a full-course meal. Obviously, there wouldn't be many customers.

Usually, the bigshots on Wildefield Street would go there to have discussions.

Genevieve glanced back.

The driver caught up with her. "Mrs. Fallon, it's dangerous standing in a crowded place." Genevieve had no choice but to enter the cafe.

The cafe protected the privacy of its customers well.

Near the window was a rectangular wooden table with co

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Yvette sobbed miserably, her face covered, while glancing at her phone, appearing somewhat disheveled.

The bookshelves concealed Yvette's sent, making her invisible to those outside.

The cafe appeared empty when viewed from behind..

After a brief pause, Genevieve turned to the driver, handing Louis' supplementary card to him. "For safety, ensure the place is empty before we leave. Please, no one else should enter. I'd like to enjoy my coffee in peace. Order a cup of black coffee with milk for me and wait outside," she said gently.

The driver nodded and accepted the card.

After all, he didn't want Genevieve to have any opportunity to speak to the server.

When he left, Genevieve took a seat opposite Yvette.

Yvette's head jerked up abruptly as she sensed another presence, and she fought back tears upon seeing Genevieve.

Wiping away the tears, she took a deep breath, grounding herself in reality. Leaning against the chair with her arms crossed, she asked bluntly, "What brings you here?"

Yvette's demeanor wasn't particularly polite but consistent with her interactions with others.

Genevieve harbored a partiality toward Louis. It was only natural for her to trust the man who had risked his life for her.

"Ms. Schmidt, I need a favor from you," said Genevieve.

Yvette frowned and refused outright, stating, "No."

Genevieve's voice was gentle, devoid of any hint of anger as she asked, "I understand your suspicions about Louis, but if he were fake, wouldn't Ms. Linda Hoffman notice it?"

Ultimately, Genevieve didn't want to upset Yvette, fearing that her current hope would vanish along with it.

Yvette frowned slightly, her tone reflecting unhappiness as she expressed, "You know nothing. I grew up with him, and I know how he should be. You're in the same situation with him now, and naturally, you hope he's Louis because it's in your best interest."

Meanwhile, Yvette's suspicion heightened. She continued in the same tone, "The fact that you're coming to me for help instead of him signifies something's wrong. I will not-"

Genevieve chuckled gently and interjected, "Ms. Schmidt, you're overthinking it. I simply want to borrow your phone for a call.

Stupefied by Genevieve's response, Yvette was temporarily at a loss for words.

"What?" she asked.

"I left my phone at home," Genevieve explained with a shrug. "I can make the call in front of you,"

Yvette frowned, seemingly annoyed by Genevieve's seemingly foolish action.

For her, not bringing her phone when leaving the house was akin to not wearing any clothes.

Glancing at Genevieve with disgust, Yvette firmly stated, "No!"

Understanding Yvette's hostility toward her, Genevieve lowered her head dispiritedly.

Despite the server nearby carefully preparing coffee, the aroma failed to stir any excitement within her.

After a few seconds of silence, Yvette suddenly had a thought. She looked at Genevieve and said, "Unless you do me a favor."

Genevieve's eyes lit up, her delicate features adorned with joy.

"Go ahead, she encouraged.

Yvette placed her phone on the table, allowing Genevieve to view the photo.

It depicted Yvette and Louis.

Louis wore a black windbreaker as he embraced Yvette, who shared his radiant smile.

They looked intimate.

They stood closely together atop a mountain, the rising sun behind them casting an orange glow over them.

The sweet and harmonious atmosphere between them was reminiscent of a couple deeply in love.

Genevieve's heart sank, and her pupils widened.

The Louis captured in the photo didn't resemble the Louis she knew.

In the photo, Louis appeared gentle and radiant, with clear eyes that exuded warmth. Despite his usual strong and cold aura, he seemed to restrain those qualities in front of the person he loved.

However, the Louis Genevieve knew was distinct. Whenever he looked at her, he radiated gentleness, yet his eyes harbored emotions she couldn't entirely decipher.

They appeared identical, yet their auras were distinctly contrasting.

Genevieve felt her heart tighten.

Louis had asserted he had no past with Yvette, and even his disdain for her couldn't be hidden.

However, this photo stirred suspicion within Genevieve.

Observing her expression, Yvette pursed her lips and proclaimed proudly, "See?"

The true Louis loves me."

Genevieve looked up in a daze, uncertain of what to say.

However, in the next moment, Yvette's eyes welled up with tears.

"Please help me find the real Louis. That's all I want," she pleaded.

Still reeling from her emotions, Genevieve was caught off guard by the request.

The real Louis?' she repeated silently.

Genevieve was a little flustered.

Just then, she heard the driver push the door open and enter.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat. Abruptly, she took the phone and dialed a number, then hastily handed the phone to Yvette, who looked on in shock.

"I will help you. Call this number and tell my uncle that I'm alive. Please, Ms.

Schmidt, she urged.

With that, Genevieve got up and left nonchalantly.

She couldn't let the driver see Yvette.

Yvette, on the other hand, watched Genevieve leave in surprise and confusion.

As Genevieve passed by the counter, she halted and tapped the table.

"I'll be taking it away," she declared.

Simultaneously, the driver approached her and informed her, "Mrs. Fallon, Mr. Fallon has booked a fashion show for you. It's nearby. He's waiting for you."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and smiled. "What a coincidence. I've been wanting to attend one."

The fashion show was essentially the brands' outlets clearing the floor for models to showcase their clothing.

If customers liked what they saw, they had the option to purchase it on the spot, making the process much easier and faster than trying on clothes individually.

Louis had always been generous to Genevieve, which had pleased her.

However, after seeing the photo, she wondered if his thoughtful arrangements were meant to control her.

She pondered, questioning his sincerity toward her and the purpose behind his actions.

Genevieve left the café with a smile, but her emotions were conflicted.

When she arrived at the mall, she noticed the entire floor was cleared.

Luxury brand sales assistants welcomed Genevieve by standing on either side, ready to assist her.

"Welcome, Mrs. Fallon," they welcomed her in unison.

Their enthusiasm overwhelmed Genevieve.

However, for Genevieve, their service wasn't as pleasing as the service she received in Clusia.

She preferred the more low-key option of having the clothing delivered directly to her home.

She smiled and walked to the seat arranged for her.

The sales assistant promptly prepared drinks and an assortment of expensive fruits and desserts.

Regardless of their usual treatment of customers, they were now m excessively cautious and and flattering toward the person Louis had instructed them to serve.

They were willing to do anything to please Genevieve.

The interior exhibition stand was specially designed and spacious, providing an excellent view for the audience.

Models on stage elegantly showcased new designs from various brands, strutting back and forth. with natural grace.

Genevieve sat under the soft, m

fog-white lamplight, exuding a peaceful and serene aura with her gentle and indifferent demeanor.

Meanwhile, a group of people and the driver stood behind her Upon closer inspection, one would notice the lack of enthusiasm in her eyes.

Instead, they appeared hollow, consumed by the persistent thought of whether Yvette would make the call.

Suddenly, a faint scent of mint wafted from behind, catching Genevieve's attention.

She turned around to find Louis standing there, unnoticed until that moment.

Chapter 146

Louis smiled as he looked at Genevieve's stunned expression, softness creeping up to his sharp features.

"Do you like it?" he asked, referring to the show he had arranged.

After understanding him, Genevieve cocked her eyebrow and replied, "It's okay!"

The sales assistants nearby paled at her response.

Louis, on the other hand, was unfazed by it.

Considering Genevieve's background, she wouldn't be surprised by such events; she was likely accustomed to them, and he had arranged something she was used to.

He smiled and suddenly reached out to hold her hand.

"Okay, I'll take you somewhere that will surprise you," he said confidently.

Genevieve was surprised by his gesture.

Louis' hand was warm and large. He held her hand without exerting pressure, yet it wasn't loose.

The driver didn't follow them.

The moment Genevieve got rid of the surveillance, her mood naturally improved. They left the mall and took a leisure stroll toward the west.

In a place like Wildefield Street, the air was always filled with the scent of money.

The sky was gloomy, the breeze stirring through the bustling streets filled with cars.

Pedestrians appeared hurried, while some sat tiredly by the roadside.

They arrived at a nearby park.

There was a huge oval fountain in the middle.

Genevieve sat on a bench near it.

Louis released her hand and said, "Wait for me."

He returned in less than a minute.

Then, he handed a bread to Genevieve.

Genevieve frowned and admitted honestly, "I'm not hungry."

Louis pursed his lips, but unfortunately, he couldn't hold back his laughter.

"It's not for you. Close your eyes," he said.

Genevieve frowned slightly and closed her eyes hesitantly.

He tore the bread into small pieces, gently lifting her palm and placing them in her hand.

At that moment, Genevieve understood him completely.

The next second, she felt a tingling sensation in her palm and opened her eyes.

She then noticed a snow-white dove flap its wings and peck at the bread in her hand.

Genevieve was stunned for a moment, then her heart softened instantly. She looked at the snow- white pigeon in surprise. Except for its clear dark eyes, its body was purely white without any impurities.

Genevieve didn't dare to move, captivated by the scene before her.

The pigeon would look at her every time before it ate the bread.

Despite the crowded surroundings, it chose Genevieve.

Such a surprise made her feel honored and touched.

She looked at Louis with amazement in her eyes.

His handsome profile wore a gentle, albeit tired, expression as he looked at the snow-white pigeon with a faint smile.

The comforting scene eased Genevieve's tension more than her time in the expensive, high-profile brand store just moments before.

The pigeon finished the bread and left reluctantly.

Genevieve patted her palm and turned to look at him.

Louis chuckled and let go of her hand.

I've run out of bread. Plus, it has had enough," he mentioned.

Genevieve was speechless by it.

At that moment, a young cowboy approached with two denim bags on his back and said, "Hello, would you like to write a letter to be opened five years from now?"

He was trying to market his business.

For Genevieve, it was a common ploy in Clusia's tourist spots.

Besides, she suspected the man might be a liar.

However, Louis was intrigued by the idea. After carefully inquiring about the logistics of mailing and the procedure, he requested two pieces of paper and pens, handing one set to Genevieve.

Genevieve accepted them helplessly.

"Louis, why don't you write an email and set a timer instead?" she proposed.

Louis smiled warmly and gently tapped her forehead with the pen before saying, "It's more sincere to write it yourself. Do it, and I'll take you to Epea in a few days, okay?"

Genevieve smiled at his proposal, wondering if it meant she could

"Okay," she replied and sat down on another bench with the pen.

Louis glanced at her, shook his head helplessly, and chuckled.

go home soon.

They each wrote a letter to be opened five years later, completely unaware of each other's contents.

Soon, they finished writing their letters and handed them to the young cowboy. He took their addresses, requested payment, and left happily to find new customers.

Genevieve clicked her tongue as she watched the man leave.

"If he's a liar, you'll be buying products without after-sale service!" she pointed out.

"It's okay." Louis replied, smiling casually as if he didn't care about anything.

Unfortunately, on their way home, they met with trouble.

Four to five men rushed out of a shop with weapons in their hands.

Before they could get close to Louis, the bodyguards who had been nearby rushed out in an instant.

As shots rang out from both parties, Genevieve trembled with fear, her face turning pale.

Louis quickly scooped her up and rushed her into the car.

The scene descended into chaos.

Gunshots kept sounding.

In shock, Genevieve was shielded by Louis, who positioned his body protectively in front of her.

Bending down and somewhat stiff, she entered the car.

Louis closed the door behind him with a cold demeanor and ordered the bodyguards in the front seat, "Drive."

The car was custom-made and bulletproof, so they weren't worried about the glass breaking.

However, the sound of bullets hitting the car was still frightening.

The car sped away swiftly and soon arrived at Fallon Group.

The driver had lowered the partition a while ago.

Louis gently calmed Genevieve, his demeanor steady.

"You're safe now, Gen. Let me check if you're hurt," he said.

His tone was filled with gentleness, though palpable anger flickered in his eyes.

'David must have been driven to desperate action,' he thought.

Louis had a premonition that David would retaliate, but he never expected the latter to resort to such foolish means.

Genevieve, still pale and nervous, shook her head in response.

Louis gently unfolded her clenched fists and interlocked hands with her.

Feeling his chest tighten, he apologized in a low voice, "I'm sorry for frightening you. It won't happen again."

It was a promise he was making. His gaze was grim, filled with emotions swirling within, and his expression solemn.

However, Genevieve could discern the guilt and remorse in him, as well as his fury:

He always presented his gentlest side to her, shielding her from glimpsing his tyranny and indifference, preventing her from truly understanding him.

However, at this moment, his unexpected display of emotions suddenly revealed his true self to her.

It was like needles pricking her, causing pain that softened her heart.

She realized that she was willing to admit that the person she had accepted before her might be assuming another's identity, as Yvette claimed.

After all, Louis was the one willing to sacrifice his life to protect her.

Genevieve's eyes softened, reflecting the warmth of the moon, as tears welled up within them.

Louis, you're so kind to me," she murmured.

Chapter 147

Louis' mysterious hazel eyes were blank. He was deep in thought and looked disheveled.

Louis and Genevieve's eyes met and they felt an electrifying connection, seeming to sense each other's interest and curiosity.

There was a mischievous glint in Louis's eyes but Genevieve's eyes were gentle and warm. She had let her guard down.

She was anything but afraid. She saw through a lot of romantic relationships but still yearned for one; she only wanted someone to always be on her side.

Before this, that was out of her reach despite her having sacrificed everything.

Finally, she found Louis who gave her just that.

He was fixated on her, wanting to make a move.

However, he always lost when it came to relationships.

At the very next second, she suddenly inched close and kissed his cheek.

Her lips were moist and soft. It was sweet.

She pursed her lips and smiled.

He gave her his affection, so she gave him courage.

It was wonderful.

Louis froze and his pupils enlarged.

Right then, someone knocked on the car window, instantly disrupting the romantic atmosphere between them.

Louis lowered the window sullenly.

The man outside started saying respectfully, "Mr. Fallon, we've taken care of everything, and Mr. Schmidt's also invited..."

Using the word 'invited' simply sugar-coated things.

David was tied up with a black cloth bag over his head.

After he was kidnapped, the car turned several times before it stopped in the underground parking of Fallon Group.

Louis sat in the car emanating contemptuousness. He had no intentions of getting out.

David was dragged before him and crying out in pain. Then, Louis' bodyguard removed the black cloth bag.

David took a moment to adapt to the surrounding light. Once he saw Louis, his expression changed instantly and he was furious. "It was you, Louis. How dare you hire someone to kidnap me? What do you want?"

David was proud and considered a somewhat respectable member of the upper class.

Everyone in Atharia's business and politics had to treat him with respect, not to mention his nephew Louis.

Although Fallon Group belonged to Louis, David was also in the group for a considerably long time.

He gradually cut his ties with Louis and married Linda. He also helped boost Louis to his current position. However, Louis grew more powerful than he could have ever anticipated, so much so that he began to feel marginalized in the company. Thus, he couldn't sit still.

At the shareholders' meeting this morning, when he wanted to get Austin's legacy stocks, he couldn't find the will he had prepared in advance.

David could only ask his lawyers to remake another copy.

Yet, when he took out the will at the shareholders' meeting, Louis fished out the exact same one.

As a result, David's forgery was exposed to all.

It quickly became chaotic.

At once, Louis forced him off the B-list, which meant David would be forced to retire.

David was furious so he sent someone to teach Louis a lesson. However, once he left Hoffman Group, he was kidnapped. He hadn't expected that Louis was also plotting against him.

In the car, Louis rubbed his fingers and glared at David. "Whatever you intend to do to my people, Mr. Schmidt, I also intend to do to you."

David's eye twitched. "Don't slander me. I wasn't the one who hired a hitman to kill you." As soon as he finished his words, his expression changed slightly.

Louis side-eyed him condescendingly and chuckled. "Since you've admitted it yourself, Mr. Schmidt, I've nothing more to say. Let's settle it according to the rules."

David's face paled instantly and he immediately struggled to get up from the ground. "Louis, I'm your elder. You can't do this to me. I just wanted to get back my son Austin's shares. What did I do wrong?"

Louis was calm at first, but hearing David, malice instantly filled his eyes. "Your son's shares? When did Austin become your son?"

"As we all know, his mother Linda and I've been married for nearly ten years. Isn't her son my son?"

David was so flustered and exasperated that he eagerly showed Louis his amulet. "If your Aunt Linda finds out about how you're treating me now, will she forgive you?"

Louis was indifferent and there was blatant animosity in his eyes. "Fine. If you want to bring Aunt Linda into this, I don't mind having a chat with her all about Austin's car accident."

David's expression darkened. He looked at Louis in shock and his lips trembled.

He was at a loss for words.

Louis seemingly knew everything but he had never indicated that he did.

When Louis saw David like this, the former's gaze remained cold and distant.

He endured it all silently for a long time. After the accident, he even hid in Clusia to find out who was behind it.

Yet, the foolish David was too eager and showed his hand prematurely.

Louis slowly rolled up the window wordlessly.

He was graceful, calm, and unhurried, never revealing any of his intentions too early.

The bodyguards grabbed him and were about to leave when David suddenly shouted, "Don't deceive me, Louis. I'd not afraid. Show me evidence if you have it. I'm not afraid of anything... Ah!" He then screamed in pain continuously.

The car hadn't gone far yet, so Louis heard him. His gaze was detached but there was a disdainful sneer on his face. At times, the proof is unnecessary. I'm just confirming it. What difference does it make if he confesses to it or not? Either way, I'll get my revenge,' he decided internally.

He pinched and massaged his temple, seemingly a little tired, and closed his eyes.

It was very quiet in the car.

Throughout the ride, Genevieve never spoke.

Louis suddenly recalled she was there and glanced at her.

Genevieve wasn't fearing for her life or trembling with hatred. She simply seemed to be thinking about something.

Louis paused. His malice dissipated and warmth returned. Mellowly, he asked,

"Did I scare you?" He watched her and his heart throbbed. He could still recall her sweet kiss from earlier.

Genevieve shook her head and held his arm, leaning on his shoulder. "I didn't expect that it was him. Did you know about this earlier?"

Louis was very happy that she was the one initiating physical affection with him.

His unhappiness swiftly.

I knew he would do something, so I had already asked someone to keep an eye on you," he explained.

Stunned, Genevieve looked up at him. "Is it me he wanted to kidnap? No wonder you suddenly came to spend time with me," she reasoned. Then, she analyzed mentally, 'I guess now I O know why he came to meet me. I feel a little guilty. After all, I was the one who insisted on going out and chose that cafe with Yvette. What he's done for me is already thoughtful enough."

Louis affirmed princely, "Well, I can't leave you alone outside, anyway. No matter how loyal a bodyguard is, he won't take a bullet for you, but I can."

Chapter 148

Louis smiled while speaking but Genevieve believed him. 'Didn't he prove himself again in the hail of bullets just now?' she wondered.

He gave her a sense of security and warmth.

She said, "I know but you should also protect yourself. We have to live well!" Then, she questioned. internally, "Why do we have to define true love in terms of life and death? What I wish for is that our loving relationship will last forevermore."

He felt his heart skip a beat. Shocked, he repeated her words mentally, 'We have to live well!'"

Louis gazed into her eyes. Then, he grinned with an enigmatic gaze.

Soon, he chuckled and held her hand. "Yes, we have to live well."

The car headed for the manor.

Right then, Louis' phone rang.

He glanced at it indifferently. He didn't pick up and simply hung up.

The phone rang again but he hung up.

Then, it became quiet in the car.

Genevieve was peacefully admiring the scenery outside. "Since the David problems are solved now, can I go back home now? I miss Mom and Dad so much."

Louis' eyes darkened and he held her hand a bit more tightly. "Aren't you happy being with me?"

"Of course. It's not that. It's just..." Genevieve paused. "It's not something conflicting. You can still come back with me but your project here is still unfinished. Wouldn't you be too busy to come with me?"

Louis pursed his lips and declared, "This is different. We can't go back yet for the time being."

Genevieve frowned and was about to speak when they entered the manor.

Louis exited and opened the door for her. "You can rest first. I'm going to handle something."

Genevieve nodded. She turned and went in without asking further, but she wondered, 'Is it about David? Although Louis seems gentle, he still has a lot of things he's keeping hidden from me. From his conversation with David, it's clear that the Fallon family was not a happy place to grow up in. After so many years of enduring all this, he'd surely seek a chance to turn the tables, but he doesn't want to talk about it, so I won't ask for now.'

finally safe to relax, she felt her body.

'Maybe I was in too much shock?' she wondered. Then, she took a bath to relieve her fatigue and felt much better.

The whole manor was extremely quiet.

She was looking forward to going back with Louis, thinking Darrell and Samantha would definitely be surprised to see them. She also anticipated the looks on Lauraine's and Andrea's faces when they saw

her return alive. Sooner or later, she had to return anyway. She wanted to chat with Louis but he seemed to be taking a while and wasn't back yet. Without realizing it, she fell asleep on the bed.

It was such a long sleep that she only woke up at noon.

She washed up and went downstairs.

The maid immediately served the prepared breakfast. "Good morning, Mrs. Fallon. Does the food suit you? If not, we can go prepare something else." Genevieve glanced at the food smiling. "It's good. I just woke up so a simple, light meal will do." Then, she monologued silently, 'Gah! I'm embarrassed for waking up so late. Luckily, I can use the excuse that I'm unwell. After that, she asked, "Has Louis left?"

"Mr. Fallon... still hasn't returned," the maid answered truthfully.

Genevieve paused. "He never came home?"

Genevieve was surprised. No matter how late she woke up, she'd still see him almost every day.

It's rare for him to stay out all night.

'Perhaps he's met with something tricky? Since he's got David in his control, I guess I finally have some more freedom, she thought. Once she was done with breakfast, she wanted to leave the manor for a walk.

Awkwardly, the maid explained, "Mrs. Fallon, after what happened yesterday, Mr. Fallon's worried about you and asked that you not go out these next few days."

Genevieve's expression stiffened. "He didn't tell me."

"He said so before he left, Mrs. Fallon. We can help you with whatever you need." The maid stood smiling and blocked Genevieve's way.

Genevieve was silent for a moment. 'Well, I'm unhappy. I can't even think of a reason why I'm not allowed to leave but the maid and the butler are just blocking me. I don't think they're going to let me leave,' she sighed internally. She returned upstairs feeling a little disappointed.

For the whole day, Louis didn't show up.

Genevieve didn't get to leave either so she was getting upset. 'How could Louis have done this without even telling me?' she grumbled internally,

Just then, she heard a car horn.

When she looked out, she saw a pink Maserati being blocked from entering again.

Genevieve's heart trembled and she ran down immediately. "Let her in," she stood not far away, looked at the butler, and ordered.

The busier looked at her in a dilemma. "Mrs. Fallon, Mr. Fallon has ordered that..."

"Let her in. I'll bear all consequences." Genevieve's cold expression and detached attitude made the help wary.

The owner of the pink Maserati couldn't help but get out and stand up.

Yvette shouted at the top of her voice, "Ms. Linda Hoffman asked me to bring a gift for you, Genevieve. Open the door now!"

The butler knew that Louis had taken Genevieve to Linda's place the other day.

No one expected Yvette to change her attitude so quickly.

Under Genevieve's intense glare, the butler had no choice but to open the door.

Yvette whistled and drove the Maserati in satisfaction.

Genevieve's heart raced, but she feigned calmness and waited for Yvette to come over. She greeted, "Ms. Schmidt, we meet again."

Yvette gave her a look and smiled. Then, she shoved a champagne-colored gift box to her and invited herself in.

Genevieve uttered, "I can't have you come all the way here without offering you anything. How about a cup of coffee?"

Yvette replied, "Sure."

Genevieve followed behind and informed the maid, "Just send the coffee upstairs."

"Will do," she promised.

They were all worried that Yvette would bully Genevieve.

After all, Genevieve seemed to be good-tempered and looked like a softie.

Yvette went up to the small second-floor living room balcony herself and sat down.

She felt the texture of the custom-made couch, looked at the dazzling bright diamond ceiling lamps; and sighed. "He really likes you!"

Genevieve was stunned. She could tell that Yvette was neither being mocking nor sarcastic but hearing it made her feel uncomfortable. "Ms. Schmidt, are you here for something?" Saying that, she put the box aside and glanced at her.

Yvette looked much more relaxed than last time. This time she wasn't sobbing.

"Open it..."

Genevieve did so nervously.

However, when she saw what was inside, she almost jumped in excitement. "A cellphone!"

Raising an eyebrow, Yvette reminded, "Don't get too excited, Genevieve. Can you pick it up and have a look? Does it work?"

Genevieve's smile froze.

Chapter 149

Genevieve took out the phone and saw the phone signal was blocked.

It was totally unusable.

She turned to Yvette in shock. Yvette then put her phone before Genevieve and added, "I already noticed it in the car just now. Phone signals are blocked here because Louis has installed something on the estate. You can only make a call with a special phone."

Genevieve's expression froze, Even her palms were sweating.

Yvette's words made her uneasy.

"Why..." Genevieve murmured with a gloomy face.

She wondered why Louis had his guard up with her, since she neither had a phone nor had taken the initiative to contact others.

Yvette pursed her lips and snorted, "I've already told you that this man is a liar, a bad guy. Do you know there are bodyguards secretly hiding around you and that he's catching you in his tender trap?"

Looking at Genevieve's delicate face, Yvette stood up angrily and felt discontent for her. "You're such a hopeless romantic. Do you know he's a two-faced?"

Genevieve subconsciously looked up at Yvette. Her face was pale, and she looked confused.

An uneasy feeling rose in her heart.

It seemed that the favoritism within her reach earlier was about to disappear now.

Yvette put her hands on her waist and said, "I've already called your uncle Caspian. Your family thought you were dead, and your parents are still in the hospital now. Your news has been hidden. completely. Didn't you ever wonder why he did that?"

Upon hearing that, Genevieve stood up in shock. Her face went pale, and she became anxious. "Are my parents okay?"

She accidentally hit her leg against the table as she spoke. It hurt, but she couldn't care less.

Yvette pursed her lips. "I don't know. Your uncle is in Clusia. After receiving the call, he said he would fly over to find you."

Genevieve's mind was a mess.

Yvette could tell Genevieve about the latter's family accurately. It meant that she wasn't lying.

For a moment, Genevieve felt like those days she had lived were a dream.

She asked inwardly, 'Why did he do this? He could risk his life for me. Was it fake?'

Genevieve's expression became gloomy. She was worried about Darrell and Samantha.

The first day she woke up, Louis told her he had informed her parents that she was safe.

It turned out that was not the truth.

Her parents thought she was dead.

She wondered how they got through the days without her.

Genevieve couldn't even imagine how sad Darrell and Samantha would be when they learned of her accident.

Tears streamed down Genevieve's face. She felt a piercing pain surge through her heart, making it difficult to catch her breath.

She missed her family very much.

Seeing Genevieve like that, Yvette lowered her voice and asked, "Are you all right? You've been tricked. I thought you were after money and didn't expect that your uncle was Caspian!"

Genevieve suddenly clutched Yvette's wrist, trying to suppress her emotions. "Please help me. Tell Uncle Caspian I want to go home immediately."

In her heart, family was always more important than everything.

She was grateful to Louis and even willing to try to like him and accept him.

However, that was only when there was freedom and equality between them. She couldn't accept his deceit.

Yvette gave it a thought before agreeing. "Okay, But you have to help me find the real Louis."

Seeing Genevieve was momentarily stunned, Yvette grabbed her wrist and continued defiantly, "You don't have to doubt it. He must be a fake. Whether the real Louis is alive or dead, I will find him."

Genevieve fell silent for a moment and nodded. "Okay. But I don't know where to start."

Yvette stared at Genevieve and suggested, "His phone, computer, study, and safe. Anywhere private, there could be a clue. I've helped you. You have to help me, too. Genevieve, let's cooperate."

"Sure," Genevieve agreed.

She no longer fully trusted Loujs.

The servant brought them coffee. Her expression changed slightly when she saw Genevieve wiping.

her tears.

She put down the coffee as if nothing had happened and notified Louis afterward.

Yvette immediately picked up the champagne-colored box and deliberately spoke in a loud voice."

"You don't deserve this gift. I'll take it back!"

Yvette winked at Genevieve and strode downstairs to leave.

Hearing the sound of Maserati leaving, Genevieve felt like she was on a roller coaster and couldn't calm down.

She sat still and looked belatedly at her leg, which had just hit the table's edge.

As she rubbed it, it hurt so much that tears rolled down her cheeks.

She couldn't imagine how her family lived in her absence.

Meanwhile, Louis quickly returned after the servant had notified him.

He looked haggard as if he didn't sleep well the night before.

As soon as he went upstairs, he saw Genevieve sitting on the couch dully, looking at the cold coffee on the table.

Her silhouette looked gentle. Even if she didn't speak, she looked charming.

However, her reddened eyes still made his heart sink.

Louis loosened his collar and walked over. "Was Yvette here? What did she say that made you angry? From now on, no matter what she's up to, don't open the door for her. Okay?"

He tried to touch Genevieve's shoulder, but she avoided him.

His hand froze mid-air.

With a cold expression, Genevieve reached out her hand and said, "She didn't say anything. But I need to talk to my family."

Louis' eyes darkened. His expression was still gentle, though. "Gen, it isn't the right time yet."

"David is in your hands. What are you afraid of?" Genevieve questioned coldly, unwilling to back down.

She had to get her, no matter what.

Louis smiled faintly as if he wanted to fool her. "Although I have him, his power hasn't been completely wiped out yet."

Genevieve gritted her teeth and couldn't help pushing him. She got angry and stared at him with Om reddened eyes. "Louis, what the hell E do you want? You locked me in here and wouldn't let me make any calls. I haven't talked to my family since I woke up!"

Momentarily stunned. Louis flashed her a smile. "I already told them you were safe."

Genevieve looked at Louis and suddenly felt something strange about him.

If Yvette hadn't mentioned Caspian, she wouldn't have believed Louis had never made the call.

She couldn't even figure out what Louis was up to.

Her inner struggle left her anxious. It was as if she was trapped in a room without an exit.

Looking at the well-dressed Louis, she was even more anxious.

She swept the things off the table to the floor, and the cup hit Louis' foot.

"Louis, do you dare swear that you have made the call?" she yelled.

She nearly got out of control.

Louis stood still with a frown.

He gazed at her and took out a handkerchief to wipe her hands.

He did it somewhat forcibly, making her unable to withdraw her hands.

"Of course. I swear-" Before Louis could finish his words, Genevieve interrupted, "Swear on it. If you hadn't made the call, we'd go our separate ways."

As soon as Genevieve said that, Louis' face instantly fell.

Chapter 150

There was silence for a moment.

"Don't say that, Gen." Louis' voice was gentle, but there was a hint of obscurities in his eyes.

It was as though he was coaxing an unreasonable child.

Tears fell from Genevieve's eyes as she looked at him defiantly.

After a while, Louis sighed and wiped her hands. "What did Yvette tell you? She's trying to play us off against each other. Don't you know how I feel?"

His eyes were clear and gentle. He had always been cautious with her.

In their relationship, he was the one being weak.

The way he positioned himself made Genevieve's heart ache.

It was silly, just like when she was obsessed with Anthony.

She took a deep breath and gradually calmed down. "Louis, have you ever lied to me? If yes, tell me now. It's not too late. I'm willing to forgive you."

At that moment, she relaxed the bottom line for Louis.

She could neither ignore what Louis had done for her nor her family's suffering.

Louis looked at her silently.

A gloomy emotion flashed across his gentle eyes.

Soon, it disappeared.

He smiled and said gently, "Gen, how could I lie to you? You're the one I love most."

He was about to put his hands on Genevieve's shoulders when she stepped back to avoid it.

She looked at the strange yet gentle, familiar face before her. The tenderness in her heart gradually became cold.

It seemed that her last bit of confidence was destroyed now.

His love was surging, but too many deceptions and other things were hidden inside.

She couldn't tell the difference./

Although she was willing to work hard to be together with him, the impenetrable mask between them made her keep her feelings back to herself.

After calming down, Genevieve took a deep breath and said, "I want to go home, now."

The gentle smile on Louis' face slowly disappeared. He lowered his gaze as if he was suppressing his emotion.

Genevieve stood still indifferently.

Now that she had made up her mind, she no longer cared.

"Gen, it's not the right time," said Louis.

"Tell me when the right time is, then. Do you think it's dangerous for me to go out? Isn't it the same here? I want to go home. I don't want to stay here anymore..." Genevieve, who nearly fell apart, couldn't help but raise her voice.

She pushed Louis away and ran downstairs.

Louis frowned and chased after her.

The servant was shocked to see Genevieve running downstairs. "Mrs. Fallon..."

Genevieve ignored her and tried to run out of the manor.

The gate was left open, but it was too far away.

The driver's car, however, was just ahead.

Genevieve immediately ran over, opened the door, got in, and closed it.

She could barely contain her anger and impulse.

Seeing Louis and the others, she stepped on the accelerator and drove toward the gate.

However, in less than 1,000 feet, a dozen bodyguards in black suddenly appeared and stopped the car desperately.

She slammed on the brake and looked at those men who appeared out of nowhere in fear.

Suddenly, she recalled Yvette's words that even if she managed to leave the manor, countless people were still secretly watching her outside.

Genevieve was distracted and wondered, "Why is he doing this?"

Her hands on the steering wheel trembled.

The next moment, the car door was opened.

Louis was standing outside with a gloomy expression.

He took her back to the manor/inadvertently exuding the chill aura hidden in his body.

Genevieve's face turned pale. She suddenly found him a little terrifying.

Louis took her into the room and slammed the door shut.

Genevieve was frightened and trembled in fear.

Seeing that, Louis held her hand gently.

He looked at her. There were more fears and alertness on her pale face.

Suddenly, he held her waist and pulled her into his arms. He lowered his head and wanted to kiss her as he had done in the car.

But before he could do that, she had already turned away to avoid it.

His eyes darkened. There was an indescribable gloom on his face.

Her resistance made him flustered..

It was as though what he held tightly in his hand had turned into fine sand he could no longer hold.

He held her face and said in a hoarse voice, "Gen, you've accepted it inside the car..."

He wondered why she was avoiding her now.

Genevieve's eyes reddened. She tried to push him away with a tinge of alienation in her eyes. "Not now, Louis. I don't want to."

Louis' face darkened inexplicably. His eyes were filled with emotions. He became so flustered and out of control that he lowered his head to kiss her ruthlessly.

No matter how hard Genevieve tried to resist, Louis was unfazed.

He kissed her madly, trying to get the same warmth and fondness from her that day in the car.

He thought it was clear that she had started to like her, as her act of taking the initiative to kiss him implied that he had entered her heart.

There was no way he could let her kick him away easily.

Thus, he desperately wanted to get close to her and turn her into his woman, snatching away her sweetness and love.

He wanted to use extreme methods to keep her.

The next moment, he felt a sharp pain on his lips.

Louis immediately returned to his senses and recomposed himself.

Having tasted blood on his lips, Louis stepped back stiffly and loosened his grip. A trace of forbearance and regret flashed across his eyes. "Gen..."

Genevieve was angry. She raised her hand abruptly and slapped him.

He didn't avoid it at all.

His cheek instantly turned red.

He held her numbing right hand and rubbed it gently, asking, "Does it hurt?"

His voice was low and hoarse.

For a moment, Genevieve felt like crying.

His kindness to her was a little too much for her.

She withdrew her hand coldly and clenched her fists. "Get out."

She had never said anything harsh to him, but she wouldn't be polite anymore.

Louis looked at her and wanted to say something, but seeing her like that made him unable to utter anything.

He felt a dull pain in his chest as if he had been hit hard by something.

At the same time, he regretted that he had done such a thing and frightened her.

When he heard she was about to leave, he panicked and lost control.

"I shouldn't have done that, he thought.

In a low voice, he said, "I'm sorry."

Then, he opened the door and left.

Genevieve felt as if all her strength had been drained away instantly.

She could no longer hold it and m

tumbled to the ground. Tears streamed down her face as she mused, "I've learned to like Louis. Why did he do this to me?"

She couldn't figure out the answer.

It turned out his favor came at a price.