

## Submitting 151

### Chapter 151

Genevieve wasn't indifferent to Louis' actions.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have agreed to have a relationship with him.

Yet, she wavered, unsure whether her decision was right or not.

She had never known what Louis was th\$4 However, he didn't give her the chann was still willing to get to know him bit by bit.

to do even that.

He forcibly kept her to his side, making her resistant.

She had caught a glimpse of the coldness and darkness he kept under a gentle mask, which he happened to use against her.

She couldn't accept that.

Her heart which begun to soften resealed itself up and hardened again.

Sometime later, the light in the room gradually dimmed.

It was silent in the manor.

Shadows were cast on the window, yet she merely stared nonchalantly, feeling surreal.

She wanted to go home.

She thought, 'Uncle Caspian will tell Darrell and Samantha when he hears from me. They might feel relief once they know I'm not dead, but not me. What is Louis' intention for keeping me here?'

She took a deep breath and was determined to leave.

All of a sudden, Yvette came to her mind.

She mused, "Was she telling the truth?"

Genevieve's expression kept changing as her mind raced.

Sometime later, the servant knocked on the door. "Mrs. Fallon, I'm leaving the food by the door, please eat

them."

It was Louis' orders. He was thoughtful and meticulous as always, but Genevieve wasn't moved at all.

She didn't sleep well that night and was constantly jolted awake by nightmares as if she had returned to the moment of falling into the sea from the cruise ship after the rope she grabbed onto was released.

The suffocating feeling surged, and she sat up abruptly in a cold sweat.

She looked around in the dark, her heart pounding.

She got out of bed barefoot and walked to the window. Looking at the dark clouds outside, she felt bleak.

The next day, Louis' eyes darkened at the untouched food in front of Genevieve's door.

He didn't know how to face her.

He pursed his lips. "Since Mrs. Fallon has no appetite, make something that suits her taste. She needs to eat well."

The servant knew Genevieve's importance to Louis, so she dared not say anything and merely lowered her head.

Once she heard Louis' car had left, Genevieve slowly opened her eyes.

The bright light blinded her for a moment.

After a while, she got up and washed up as usual.

Opening the door, she didn't head downstairs but instead turned down the other side of the corridor toward the study.

She stood at the door and sucked in a deep breath.

She tried to open the door, but the knob wouldn't turn.

The door was locked.

Genevieve's heart sank.

She turned to the next room, which was Louis' bedroom.

She was about to open the door when at the servant's call. "You're up, Mrs.

Fallon?"

Startled, Genevieve withdrew her hand, feeling guilty.

Soon after, she swept her bangs, answering. "I'm looking for Louis,"

Seeing Genevieve acting more normal than the day before, the servant breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Mr. Fallon has gone to the office."

Genevieve dropped her gaze. "Oh."

She continued to stand there and looked up at the servant. "Have you cleaned his room?"

"Mr. Fallon didn't request it today," the servant replied respectfully and added,

"Mrs. Fallon, what would you like to eat? Mr. Fallon is worried since you didn't eat anything yesterday. Let us prepare something that suits your taste."

Genevieve responded airily, "I want Clusian food, Strico cuisine to be specific. Can you make it?"

The servant was stunned. "I'll go find a chef that does."

The chefs there came from high-end restaurants that focused on combining nutrition with color, aroma, and taste.

However, Genevieve didn't want that.

The servant hurriedly went to find a chef with a solemn expression.

Genevieve chuckled, then twisted the knob, not expecting it to open.

Genevieve breathed out a sigh of relief and then opened the door.

She looked at the overly simple bedroom and was stunned, for the style was quite different from her room.

It was a simple black, white, and gray tone but wasn't distasteful, only a little cold.

The terrace looked cozier. Behind a screen was a tatami with an Atharian contemporary novel le pen next to it.

The room was spacious yet lonely.

It didn't feel like a room that the gentle Louis would stay in.

No document was in the room.

She thought, 'No wonder the servant can enter freely. If Louis had a secret, he wouldn't have left it in the open and let others find it.

Genevieve left the room disappointedly.

In the end, the servant found a chef to prepare Strico cuisine.

Genevieve preferred light tastes, but the food was already prepared.

Since she hadn't eaten anything the day before, she was starving and ate a lot.

The servant was relieved, watching from the side.

After the meal, the servant immediately called Louis. "Mrs. Fallon has eaten, Mr.

Fallon."

The dark look in Louis' eyes disappeared. "Got it."

Genevieve wanted to go out, but Louis had forbade her from leaving the manor.

He didn't even make any excuses anymore.

She was living a pampered life without worrying about food or clothes.

It had been a few days since she had seen Louis as if he was deliberately avoiding her.

Yvette never came again.

The servants' lips were tightly sealed. She couldn't get anything useful from them.

That kind of life nearly broke Genevieve's mind.

Finally, she snapped.

That day, she sat at the dining table, looked at the plentiful dishes, and hurled her fork. "I want to see Louis."

The servants exchanged looks with each other in bewilderment but did as she asked.

Louis fell silent for a few seconds at her demand before returning to the manor.

He had been torturing himself over the past few days, not knowing how to face her after acting impulsively afteract and what reason he could use to make her stay.

When Louis arrived at the manor, the butler opened the door for him. "Mrs. Fallon is in the living room, Mr.

Fallon."

Louis paused briefly and continued up the steps.

He thought, 'Mr. and Mrs. Fallon. This is my house. I wish things could go on like this forever!'"

However, anxiety rose within him thinking of her cold and alienated gaze.

When he appeared in the living room, Genevieve set down her coffee and stood up.

They had calmed down after a few days but hadn't forgotten what happened.

Louis tried to act the same as before.

His cold expression became gentle, and he gazed at her with clear eyes and a small smile, wishing things could return to how they were.

"How long are you keeping me here?" Her tone was cold and calm.

Chapter 152

Genevieve's words shattered his hope.

Louis sat down across from her. His aura was gentle yet dejected, and he looked tired.

It was the best few days for him too.

He stared at her and said gently, "Gen, I know this method is a bit extreme, but I can't think of a better way to keep you here."

"I don't understand." Genevieve couldn't wrap her head around it and wondered, 'How did we get to this point?'"

"I want you to stay and be with me forever. I can give you everything I have as long as you stay." Louis' voice was hoarse and calm, laced with a pleading tone.

Genevieve was stunned for a few seconds, staring at him. "The price is that I can only be with you, right? I even have to stay away from my family?"

She thought, 'This is ridiculous! This kind of captivity isn't love. He's treating me like his property.'

Louis looked at her. "You can see them after a few years once everything settles down."

He continued silently, 'Just not now when you can still take back your feelings toward me at any moment.'

"A few years later?" Genevieve couldn't help but chuckle.

She looked at him coldly. "Louis, is there even a point for us to be together like this?"

Louis' eyes darkened, and he said with absolute conviction, "Of course, there is."

He thought, 'All these years, I only have feelings for Genevieve, so how is it pointless?'"



Genevieve stood. "You won't let me go back, right?"

Louis was silent.

Genevieve gritted her teeth. "Okay, but how long are you keeping me here?"

She looked up at the shining ceiling and uttered, "In a few days, I can jump from above."

In a flash, Louis' head snapped to her, his gaze dark.

His heart raced, and his face paled.

After a long while, he stood up, walked over, held her hand cautiously, and compromised. "Okay, if you behave, I won't lock you here."

She wasn't some fancy bird he could keep locked up.

Genevieve was relieved at his promise and thought, 'At least I got something.'

"You can call your parents but can't leave," he said. "Gen, the dispute between the Lawrence Group and Anthony has reached a climax, and everyone is eyeing it covetously. It's a very unwise choice if the Lawrence family splits their attention to deal with me at such a time," he analyzed, lining up the pros and cons for her to consider.

He knew Genevieve wouldn't harm the Lawrence family's interest.

She hated Anthony, while Lawrence Group was butting heads with the Hoffman family head-on in business. because their daughter fell into the sea.

The business world was no different than a battlefield.

If the Lawrence family knew Genevieve was in Louis' grasp, they would risk everything to save her.

Without a doubt, Anthony would take the opportunity to start something and wouldn't show mercy.

Hence, the minute Louis finished speaking, the expression on Genevieve's face stiffened, and her heart sank.

Louis' love was despicable.

He took out his phone and handed it to Genevieve.

She could contact her family but not leave, let alone give them useful clues.

Genevieve glimpsed at the phone, suppressing the surge of emotion in her chest.

After a few seconds of silence, she lowered her eyes and said quietly, "Okay, I'm not calling anymore."

Her heart sank.

Darrell and Samantha would only be more anxious if she called but couldn't go back.

she.

Louis gave her a relieved glance.

He looked at her cautiously and said, "Then can things go back to how they were before?"

Anticipation filled his eyes.

He wished she could love him as much as he loved her.

Genevieve looked at him quietly before smiling and saying, "Sure. As long as you don't confine me."

The melancholy in Louis' gentle eyes disappeared.

After that, they left the house together.

The servants breathed a sigh of relief.

As before, Genevieve clung to his arm in the car and rested her head gently on his shoulder.

Louis couldn't help but smile.

The result was unexpectedly smooth.

His definition of freedom was either he or his people needed to be by her side at all times, but Genevieve didn't care about that.

She was glad just to be able to leave the house.

A few days later, Louis was having a meeting, while Genevieve waited in her office.

She occasionally ate snacks and desserts and chatted with Amelia to kill time.

She didn't complain that it was boring.

However, the sight of her sitting alone was distressing to Louis.

Louis would feel uncomfortable whenever he finished a meeting and saw her sitting alone quietly.

The innocent and cheery Genevieve in his heart wasn't like that.

Although she was smiling, the smile didn't reach her eyes.

They had been working hard to get things back to how they were a few days ago.

However, when Genevieve returned to her room at the manor at night alone, she couldn't keep her smile up. The expression on her face was glacial.

She knew she would never find the man who taught her to feed pigeons in the park.

Meanwhile, at the Fallon Group, Louis finished his meeting and opened the door. Genevieve stood and asked with a smile, "Would you like some coffee?"

Recently, she learned how to make coffee from Amelia.

Louis paused as he sat there, taking her hand in his gently.

She didn't refuse.

"I'll ask someone to go shopping with you, so you can buy whatever you want,"

he said.

Genevieve raised her eyebrow, her eyes lit up. "I'm using your card."

Louis said with a gentle gaze, "Okay."

He was more than happy to.

Before Amelia left, Louis called her into the office and said something.

As to what he said, Genevieve had no idea.

However, she took every victory she could for each phase from leaving the manor to stepping out of the office building.

Amelia was very thoughtful and considerate of her employer's wife's feelings.

Only splurging could prove a man's dedication to his woman.

Thus, Amelia took Genevieve to a luxury goods store.

In the VIP room of the luxury goods store, a dozen shop assistants carefully held invaluable bags on display, letting their noble guests choose.

Genevieve glanced around and noticed one of the platinum bags, which caught her fancy.

After she glanced at the bag a few more times, a young lady in front scolded, "What are you looking at? Do you think you can afford it just by looking at it a few more times?"

Amelia panicked and quickly looked at Genevieve. Genevieve smiled and didn't respond. Instead, she asked Amelia to call Louis.

As soon as the call connected, Genevieve reached for the phone.

Her voice was soft as if acting cute.

"It's just a bag. It didn't cross my mind to buy it, but this is the only color of the limited-edition series I'm missing, and it only costs a few tens of millions of dollars. I'm eligible for it but afraid that my mother will find out if I use my name."

Chapter 153

The people in the store watched Genevieve smiling while talking on the phone as if she was acting like a spoiled child with her boyfriend.

Amelia was happy with her behavior.

Of course, Louis wouldn't refuse a request that wasn't even difficult. He seemed in a good mood. He was in a meeting when he got Genevieve's call. A moment ago, he was cleaning up the mess left by David, his expression gloomy. But now, his face relaxed, and he smiled faintly. "I see. Pass the phone to Amelia and let her handle it."

Genevieve handed the phone to Amelia. Amelia responded respectfully and then went to talk with the shop.

assistant.

Genevieve successfully got the platinum bag and seemed very happy. After shopping in the mall and having a Friyx meal with Amelia, she went home.

Not long after Genevieve returned to the manor, Louis also came back. He knew she was happy today.

Genevieve sat on the floor in the living room unpacking what she bought today, and the servant cleaned up the boxes for her with a smile. Others thoughtfully asked her if she wanted coffee or milk, and she happily answered them one by one. This scene was warm and pleasant.

Louis stood at the door and watched for a while before walking in.

"Mr. Fallon, you're back," the servant greeted.

Louis looked at Genevieve and smiled gently. "Are you happy?"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and nodded with a smile. "I bought a lot of things and essential oils..."

Louis squatted aside and watched her open the box with great interest. Suddenly, he asked, "Is there nothing for me?"

Genevieve was startled and glanced at him, then took out a bag from a pile of exquisite boxes. "Of course, there

1. is. This is yours."

It was a pair of cufflinks as a gift for buying the platinum bag. It was worth just a few thousand dollars.

But when Louis got the cufflinks, he was happy. He held them close to his clothes, then stroked Genevieve's long hair. "Gen, you have good taste. I like it very much."

Genevieve was speechless. Thanks to the shop assistant!' she thought..

After a while, Louis got a call. There seemed to be another teleconference. He hummed a few responses and stood up.

Before going upstairs, Louis instructed the servant quietly, "Mrs. Fallon doesn't like wearing shoes. Use a thick and clean carpet in the future."

The servant responded repeatedly.

Genevieve didn't look up but heard what Louis said. She was in no mood to be touched now and was eager to get out of the current situation.

She lowered her head, continued what she was doing, and instructed the servant to move the things into her. Then she went to the study with a glass of milk. She stood there and knocked on the door. There was no sound inside. The meeting should be over.

Come in." Louis' voice was cold and impatient.

Genevieve opened the door and entered with a gentle smile. "Would you like a glass of milk?"

When Louis saw it was Genevieve, his attitude softened instantly, and he seemed surprised. "Why are you here?"

Since Genevieve lived there, she had never taken the initiative to approach Louis' private area.

Genevieve smiled. "I spent so much of your money today. How can I not express my gratitude?"

Louis smiled faintly. "It doesn't matter how much money you spend, as long as you're happy."

Genevieve smiled and said without hesitation, "With your words, I'll feel more at ease when spending money time." She glanced at the things on Louis' desk, and her eyes flickered. "Has David's matter been settled?"

Louis was happy that Genevieve wanted to talk about these things. "He has put a lot of people in the and they have been involved in many projects. It's troublesome.""

Just kick them out," Genevieve suggested.

company, Louis smiled meaningfully. "I need them to help me bring David down." It wasn't enough to drive David out of the Group. His goal wasn't that simple.



Genevieve paused. "Is there any news about Ms. Linda Hoffman?"

Louis smiled. "She usually doesn't care about these things. She and David have long passed their sweet period. They are now living their own lives." Although Louis didn't like to talk about the private affairs of his elders, he would tell Genevieve anything she wanted to know.

According to Linda's free and independent character, she would naturally steer clear of the matter after recognizing David's personality. But marriage wasn't a joke, and too many interests were involved. She couldn't divorce at will and could only maintain her current state.

Genevieve's eyes flashed slightly. She quickly lowered her eyes and sighed, feeling regretful and distressed. "Austin's death must have hit her hard. She doesn't have many family members in this world."

Louis' expression changed slightly and stiffened for a moment. But soon, the darkness in his eyes disappeared. There were many unreadable, hidden emotions. He gulped and stared intently at Genevieve. "I know you miss your family. When things settle down, I'll take you back."

Genevieve paused and looked at Louis in surprise with tears in her eyes.

"Really?"

Louis nodded. Although he wanted to keep her by his side forever, he couldn't bear to make her sad.

Genevieve walked over, stood behind him, and hugged his shoulders gently. "Thank you." But she glanced at his computer. On the screen was an email of a contract. There was nothing she wanted.

Louis patted her hand. Her cold fragrance fascinated him, but he kept his head clear and had no further intentions. He was more patient, waiting for her to fall in love with him slowly and stay with him willingly.

Genevieve didn't care. She preferred him to be such a gentleman.

Louis said in a gentle voice, "If you feel bored, why don't you come to help me in company? I know your ability is comparable to any of my senior executives."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows. "Although what you said is true, I'm not interested. Making money isn't as fun as spending it." She spread her hands and smiled. "Can you ask Amelia to go shopping with me again.

tomorrow?"

Louis couldn't help laughing and held his forehead. "It seems I have to pay her overtime."

Genevieve smiled and left the study happily.

The two of them got along well these days. They both seemed to have taken a step back and didn't bring up any topics that made each other unhappy.

Louis went to the company after having breakfast with Genevieve.

At the dining table, Genevieve saw Louis' cufflinks had been replaced by the one she gave him yesterday. She blinked and said nothing.

Genevieve slowly went upstairs to change her clothes and made an appointment with Amelia. Then, she asked the servant to call Louis.

"What's wrong?" Louis asked.

Genevieve was somewhat anxious.

Her voice was lively and sweet, which made people unable to resist. "

Chapter 154

Louis' heart trembled slightly, and he said calmly and gently, "I didn't see your earrings. Why don't you wear another pair?"

"No. I want to go shopping wearing the clothes I bought yesterday. These are matching jewelry and can't be changed. And it's almost time for my appointment," Genevieve replied. A woman's stubbornness could be used not only in a relationship but also in all aspects, "Please come back now and find it for me." She naturally made the request.

Louis found it amusing. Instead of being angry, he felt somewhat sweet. But he looked at the time. There was an important meeting today. It was too late. He comforted Genevieve softly, "Gen, I can't go back now. I'll ask the servant to open the door. Can you find it yourself?"

Genevieve snorted coldly and complained unreasonably, "I knew it. Work is more important than me." Then she handed the phone to the servant.

The servant hurriedly took it over, listened to Louis' words, and responded respectfully.

Genevieve stood there indifferently, waiting impatiently.

The servant hurriedly took her to the study and opened the door with a key. "Mrs. Fallon, we can't go in. Please go ahead."

Genevieve frowned and entered impatiently. "It's so annoying. I just want to go out."

Genevieve went in, searched around the door first, and then took the chance to close the door.

Then she went straight behind the desk and rummaged through the drawers. But there was nothing of value in there.

There was just a photo of Austin and Louis in the first drawer. She paused, feeling even more suspicious.

The last drawer was full of files. One was marked "Anthony," and Genevieve subconsciously opened it. It was the information of Anthony's social and business circle. Some pictures were secretly photographed while some were publicly released, including Genevieve's photos. There were also many confidential documents of Hoffman Group.

Genevieve was secretly shocked. But then she thought the business world was like a battlefield. The more one knew about the opponents, the higher one's chance of winning. She thought perhaps there was some competition between the two companies.

She put the file back and turned on the computer. Many encrypted data were set with passwords and couldn't be opened. One of the folders was also named "Anthony." Genevieve was puzzled but didn't have time to think about it.

She opened a local disk on the computer. There were many pictures in it, including photos of Louis racing cars and skiing and photos of him together with Yvette.

She glanced at them and was about to close it when she saw one of the snapshots. It was Louis standing in front of a chocolate birthday cake, making a wish.

'Chocolate cake, Genevieve thought. Her palms instantly sweated, and she felt nervous. 'So the real Louis loves chocolate. This Louis is fake. Then who is he?' Genevieve panicked. She was afraid that she would run into trouble. She began to feel uncertain.

The e servant knocked on the door outside. "Have you found it, Mrs. Fallon? Do you need help?"

Genevieve hurriedly shut off the computer, took the prepared earrings from her pocket, and walked out. She soon regained her composure and smiled happily. "Look, I said I dropped it in the study. So it's behind the bookshelf. You can lock the door now."

Fortunately, she had seen the email about this morning's meeting from behind Louis yesterday. It was a rare opportunity.

"Yes." The servant happily locked the door and sent Genevieve to the car.

Genevieve arrived at the mall and met Amelia. They naturally sat down for a cup of coffee.

Genevieve looked at the luxury store's anniversary event and sighed. "There are so many people. How can we get in? I have no mood to shop anymore." Amelia hurriedly said thoughtfully, "Don't worry, Mrs. Fallon. I'll ask them to.

the place. You can go in later."

After spending a few days with Genevieve, Amelia had a general understanding of her character. To Amelia, Genevieve was proud and beautiful with a bit of temper but had a good personality. A job like shopping with Genevieve was a pleasure for her.

Genevieve nodded hesitantly. "Okay."

Amelia hurried to the luxury store.

Soon, somebody in the café quietly sat across from Genevieve and couldn't help but complain, "It's hard to meet you. Are you a prisoner or a rich lady?"

"You live a more carefree life than I do!" Genevieve looked at Yvette in front of her with mixed emotions. She took a sip of coffee and looked at Yvette calmly.

"He may not be Louis."

Yvette's face darkened, and she looked up at Genevieve

"I saw the photos on the computer in the study and the chocolate birthday cake in the photo. The real Louis is not allergic to chocolate, Genevieve explained lightly, feeling depressed. She had an ominous feeling like a was about come.

People were walking around in the shopping mall, but it was none of her business. Her freedom was limited.

Yvette gritted her teeth, her face pale. "Anything else?"

"No, that's all I found in the study." Genevieve asked calmly, "Have you contacted Uncle Caspian?"

Yvette frowned and nodded. "He told you not to worry. He will find a way to save you."

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief. As long as Caspian knew about it, she wouldn't be alone. She wondered if Darrell and Samantha knew about it and if it would worry them. She hoped that wouldn't be the case.

Yvette looked at her with mixed feelings. "Don't forget my business."

Genevieve looked up. "I didn't forget." She also wanted to know who Louis was.

They saw Amelia heading back after arranging everything. Yvette left the seat in a hurry. Genevieve stood up. Amelia looked at her and said happily, "Mrs. Fallon, everything's settled."

'It feels good to spend money,' Genevieve thought as she leisurely watched the models walking up and down. She picked a lot of clothes and jewelry. She even picked a necklace for Amelia, who was too happy to say anything.

Then, Amelia received a call from Louis. She looked at Genevieve happily. "Mr. Fallon said he was working nearby and would come to pick you up."

Genevieve nodded and said happily, "Okay." She then bought a man's tie. Anyway, it was Louis' money.

Genevieve and Amelia waited at the entrance with bags. Soon, Louis' car arrived. The driver, carried the bags e into the dar and Louis opened the door for Genevieve. Even Amelia admired Louis' thoughtfulness and envied Genevieve's good fortune.

Seeing Genevieve in a good mood, Louis was also happy. "What did you buy today?"

"I bought a lot and ordered many things to be delivered to the house later,"

Genevieve replied cheerfully.

Suddenly, Amelia's phone rang. She looked at the number, and her expression froze. She glanced at Louis and Genevieve behind her before answering the phone and carefully lowered the volume. After the phone was hung up, she seemed hesitant to speak and kept looking back at Louis.

Louis noticed her gaze and looked cold. "Tell me."

Amelia glanced at Genevieve, thought for a moment, and reported in Remdikian.

Louis frowned and glanced at Genevieve. His eyes relaxed slightly care when he saw that she What she didn't about their conversation, as if she didn't understand, but opened the jewelry box and tried the jewelry she had just bought on excitedly.

Genevieve listened to their conversation while looking at the expensive jewelry.

Chapter 155

'Although i studied in Friyx, I also traveled to many other places. Funny she would think I don't understand Remdikian, Genevieve thought.

But the more she listened, the more shocked she was.

She almost couldn't pretend anymore.

Amelia said, "Mr. Fallon, there is news from Lofbury that Malcolm's health is worsening. He wants to see you. We can't wait any further for the bone marrow transplant."

'Malcolm... The name sounds familiar, Genevieve thought, surprised.

Anthony once found another little boy who couldn't speak named Malcolm for Rosalie.

But that child was abducted and was not found.

Genevieve's heart was beating fast as she wondered if it was the same boy.

She put the jewelry back nonchalantly.

In the meantime, she listened until their conversation was over.

Louis was silent for a few seconds before he looked at Genevieve.

"Ask the driver to send you back. I have something to do with my secretary," he said.

Genevieve smiled. "You aren't having an affair, are you?"

Louis' face froze.

He didn't want to be suspected that way.

Even Amelia's expression changed.

She didn't expect Genevieve, who was usually pleasant, to say such words suddenly.

Louis pursed his lips and said gently, "Gen, I really have something to deal with. How about I ask Amelia to accompany you back instead?"

Amelia nodded hurriedly and clarified their relationship.



Genevieve didn't say anything but nodded in agreement.

Louis exited the car and asked another driver to pick him up.

While in the car, Amelia attempted to say a few things to ease the situation as she saw Genevieve's unpleasant expression.

Genevieve, too, smiled and apologized for her behavior earlier.

Outside, the gloomy sky looked like it was going to rain.

Genevieve looked out the window and sighed. "He didn't bring an umbrella. I don't know where he is going to socialize. If it's too far away, is it better to bring a change of clothes?"

Amelia quickly smiled and said, "He's not going far. It's in town."

Genevieve paused and immediately asked the driver to stop. Everyone was taken aback.

Genevieve looked at Amelia and said, "I thought about it. It's my fault just now. You must be very capable to be staying by his side. Go and find him. I can go back by myself."

Amelia paused and was still hesitating. Then Genevieve urged her, "Go ahead and put in a good word for me, lest Louis think I'm unreasonable."

After that, Amelia got out of the car.

Genevieve sat in the car and waved to her. Then, as the car started, she smiled shopping mall nearby. I'll continue shopping."

The driver was from Louis' company, not a residential bodyguard.

aid, "Let's go to the In the past few days, all he saw was how Genevieve spent money happily in the mall while Louis indulged her.

So he didn't think much about it and sent her directly to the mall.

When they arrived, Genevieve told him to take her things in the car back home before returning to fetch her.

The driver agreed without thinking too much.

As soon as the driver drove away, Genevieve took a taxi and left.

When she got into the car earlier, Amelia told Louis that the venue was Langone Hospital.

However, Genevieve wasn't sure where Langone Hospital was.

Unexpectedly, it was only within the city.

She had a feeling that this trip would not be in vain.

At the hospital, Genevieve exited the taxi.

She stood there, knowing Louis wouldn't go to an ordinary ward.

Thus, she went directly to the VIP floor.

But the VIP floor was guarded, and not everyone could get in.

Fortunately, Genevieve could bluff her way in from all the branded clothing she wore.

She twitched her mouth and said, "I'm here to visit."

Looking like an elite socialite and a noblewoman, Genevieve walked in calmly.

The observation room was separated from the ward on this floor.

People could see what was going on in the observation room fairly easily.

Genevieve walked around.

As she approached the last observation room, she saw two children playing games together.

After a closer look, she realized the children were Samson and Malcolm.

Indeed, it was the two children that she knew.

Genevieve's face turned pale.

She couldn't even stand still.

It was as though she had unraveled a great secret.

Back then, she met Rosalie with these two children when she and Louls went to the hospital to visit Margaret.

At that time, she recalled that Malcolm was quite intimate with Louis.

'Do they know each other? What's the relationship between Louis and these two kids?' she wondered.

It made more sense for Anthony to raise the two children.

Genevieve's mind was confused.

There were so many thoughts flashing through her mind.

The next second, she suddenly heard Amelia's surprised voice. "Mrs. Fallon?"

Genevieve turned her head.

She then saw Louis, who looked icy and was frowning slightly.

He stood there with a strong aura and intense gaze.

Genevieve did not try to hide from his sight.

They looked at each other for a few seconds.

Louis gave in first.

He sighed imperceptibly, then walked over and lowered his head. "You understood everything?"

When Amelia spoke in Remdikian in the car, he had already suspected that. As the daughter of the Lawrence family, she should understand the language.

He had hoped for luck to be on his side.

However, he lost the bet.

He thought he knew Genevieve well enough, but it seemed otherwise.

She understood everything in the car but deliberately pretended not to understand.

is seen, she was never a submissive, foolish woman.

smiled and looked inside as she asked, "Louis, what's going on?"

Amelia panicked.

Louis was calm as he replied. "Of course, I should care for my cousin's child. They have no family relationship with the Hoffman family. Why should I leave the children in their hands?"

Genevieve frowned slightly as she thought it was a good reason.

However, there was something she couldn't grasp.

She stood there contemplating.

Amelia said, "Mr. Fallon is also doing what's best for Malcolm. Malcolm is seriously ill, which cannot be om effectively cured by Clusia's medical technology for the time being. The medical field Mr. Fallon is investing in now coincides with a breakthrough, so we must make the best choice for the children."

Genevieve relaxed. "Then why did you suddenly take him away? We thought something bad had happened to the child!"

Louis chuckled and said, "If Anthony knew I wanted to take Malcolm away, he wouldn't let me do it and would find all the ways to stop me. I can't risk the child's life, Gen."

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat. She knew it was true.

The doubts in her heart gradually disappeared, but she was still a little puzzled.

Her decision to leave Anthony was triggered by Samson's appearance.

However, the reason why she left Anthony was not Samson but Rosalie.

Her feelings toward Austin's two children were neutral. She neither liked nor hated them.

Now that she knew the answer, she didn't want to stay further.

"Well, I'll go back home then. I'm tired of shopping anyway," she said.

Louis smiled. "I'll get the driver."

When Louis walked Genevieve to the elevator, Samson suddenly ran out of the observation room excitedly and shouted, "Daddy!"

Louis' face suddenly changed.

Genevieve thought that the tone sounded familiar.

Her heart trembled violently, and her memories surged.

Genevieve thought that the tone sounded familiar.

Her heart trembled violently, and her memories surged.

Suddenly, Genevieve remembered that when Louis had a fever back home, she heard the same voice coming from his phone when she visited him.

At the time, he said it was a recording of a parrot.

Now she knew he was lying!

Genevieve paused and guilt filled the air.

Samson ran out excitedly and was about to jump into Louis' arms.

It was seen from Louis' side profile that his face stiffened for a moment.

Right before Samson jumped onto Louis, the child caught sight of Genevieve.

He stopped timidly, took a few steps back, and hugged Amelia, who was chasing after him.

He didn't make another sound.

Louis glanced at Amelia, and she understood what he wanted. She took Samson and left.

Louis pressed the elevator for Genevieve and gently took her hand as they headed downstairs.

The elevator door closed slowly.

Then he said casually, "The child was simply shouting and playing around. Don't take it to heart."

Genevieve smiled as if nothing had happened.

She even joked casually, "It seems that you're very good with children, Mr. Fallon!"

Louis reached out and caressed her hair, "From now on, take the driver with you. Don't run around alone. It is still dangerous around here."

Genevieve nodded. She was surprised he wasn't angry about this incident.

"But between Samson and Malcolm, who's the child of Austin and Rosalie?" she asked.

Louis' eyes darkened, and his voice was a little indifferent, "Malcolm is Austin's child and has nothing to do with Rosalie."

Genevieve's eyes widened in shock. 'Nothing to do with her? Isn't Rosalie the mother?' she wondered.

Louis knew her question and said in a shallow voice, "Rosalie used Austin's sperm from a sperm bank and found a surrogate to deliver the baby. Austin didn't know about the baby's existence until he was born. However, the baby's surrogate mother took illegal medicine and caused him to have an illness. The best way to cure him is to do a bone marrow transplantation. Samson is the other son of the surrogate mother. His bone marrow can save Malcolm."

Therefore, Austin was caring for the two children.

Samson was malnourished and looked similar to Malcolm.

So Rosalie never doubted that Samson was a substitute.

Genevieve took a long time to digest the fact before she blurted, "So you've known all along?"

But back in their country, he never said a word.



A trace of coldness flashed across Louis' eyes, but when he looked at her, his gaze turned a little warmer.

"Yes, I knew. Otherwise, why would I tell you Rosalie's weakness?" he replied. From the start, Louis had taken the initiative to tell her how to deal with Rosalie.

Louis called the driver to pick Genevieve up, and he didn't return upstairs until the diur arrived.

When he went back up, Amelia looked at Louis carefully and asked, "Mr. Fallon, did Ms. Lawrence find anything suspicious?"

Louis replied, "I don't think so."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief. "Actually, it'll be good if she can accept Samson..."

Louis was silent, knowing it was impossible.

Because Genevieve never asked what was wrong with the child.

She didn't care.

In just a few days, Genevieve had no interest in shopping anymore. She was so bored that she was watching a

drama series in Fallon Group's office.

She also smiled less.

Seeing that she didn't ask to go home again, Louis thought she had slowly adapted to her present life.

He planned to take her to a dinner party, thinking it would be good for her to have a night out.

The banquet was very high-profile. In addition to the powerful business leaders, many celebrities in Atharia's political circle were attending.

Singers and celebrities popular in the entertainment industry of Atharia would also be performing during the dinner.

Genevieve took Louis' arm and glanced at the crowd, many of whom were seen on TV or in magazines.

Louis socialized in a foreign language fluently.

Genevieve didn't expect a socializing event abroad to be so boring. She would rather be watching her drama series.

She wore a bright red, limited-edition dress that night, which had yet to appear in the market. It made her look delicate and attractive.

The people at the event looked at her from time to time, but they restrained their gazes to be polite because of Louis.

A white-bearded foreigner came over with a smile and shook hands with Louis. "Mr. Fallon, a boss from Clusia wants to invest in the medical laboratory. Why don't you go and meet him?"

Louis frowned slightly but quickly returned to a gentle smile. "Of course."

Genevieve took his arm and made their way through the banqueting hall into an inconspicuous room.

The white-bearded foreigner pushed the door open. "Please go in."

Louis and Genevieve could feel the still atmosphere when they stepped into the room.

There was a man sitting among a group of foreigners, talking and laughing. His aura was strong, and his handsome eyes were somewhat indifferent..

When he saw Louis, his pupils shrank slightly, but quickly recovered to a sharp gaze.

His eyes moved to Genevieve, the woman beside Louis.

His expression froze for a moment, and his heart started to beat faster.

With each thump, he could feel his heart almost beating out of his chest.

This feeling made his face slightly pale..

Seeing the people inside, Genevieve's polite smile gradually disappeared. Her eyes were as cold as ice, and she felt that this day had come later than expected.

If it hadn't been for Louis' sudden accident, she would have flown back home and got even with them!

Inside the room and the banquet hall outside were two different worlds.

Although it was within the same banquet, people in the room could go out, but people outside might not be able to come in.

On the other side of the door, music could be heard intermittently.

Genevieve looked at Andrea sitting next to that man, Anthony, smiling and laughing. Andrea's face quickly dropped when she noticed Genevieve.

Andrea suddenly went out of breath, and her mind went blank.

It was as though she saw a ghost. She started trembling and hid behind Anthony.

Their foreign friends were puzzled and confused by her odd behavior.

Louis took Genevieve's hand and went in.

Before they spoke, Louis and Anthony seemed to have had a silent battle among themselves, and there was no clear winner.

The white-bearded foreigner introduced them.

They shook hands briefly as if they didn't know each other.

Anthony's facial features were clear and sharp, straight and handsome. He looked at Genevieve calmly with his green eyes.

For some reason, he was filled with fear and tension that no one knew.

Unconsciously, he also stretched out his hand to her and said, "Hello."

But Genevieve did not shake hands with him, even after a few seconds.

She glanced at him coldly and held Louis' arm tightly. Her voice wasn't sweet and indifferent. "Let's not waste time talking business. I still want to go shopping!"

Suddenly, Genevieve remembered that when Louis had a fever back home, she heard the same voice coming from his phone when she visited him.

At the time, he said it was a recording of a parrot.

Now she knew he was lying!

Genevieve paused and guilt filled the air.

Samson ran out excitedly and was about to jump into Louis' arms.

It was seen from Louis' side profile that his face stiffened for a moment.

Right before Samson jumped onto Louis, the child caught sight of Genevieve.

He stopped timidly, took a few steps back, and hugged Amelia, who was chasing after him.

He didn't make another sound.

Louis glanced at Amelia, and she understood what he wanted. She took Samson and left.

Louis pressed the elevator for Genevieve and gently took her hand as they headed downstairs.

The elevator door closed slowly.

Then he said casually, "The child was simply shouting and playing around. Don't take it to heart."

Genevieve smiled as if nothing had happened.

She even joked casually, "It seems that you're very good with children, Mr. Fallon!"

Louis reached out and caressed her hair, "From now on, take the driver with you. Don't run around alone. It is still dangerous around here."

Genevieve nodded. She was surprised he wasn't angry about this incident.

"But between Samson and Malcolm, who's the child of Austin and Rosalie?" she asked.

Louis' eyes darkened, and his voice was a little indifferent, "Malcolm is Austin's child and has nothing to do with Rosalie."

Genevieve's eyes widened in shock. 'Nothing to do with her? Isn't Rosalie the mother?' she wondered.

Louis knew her question and said in a shallow voice, "Rosalie used Austin's sperm from a sperm bank and found a surrogate to deliver the baby. Austin didn't know about the baby's existence until he was born. However, the baby's surrogate mother took illegal medicine and caused him to have an illness. The best way to cure him is to do a bone marrow transplantation. Samson is the other son of the surrogate mother. His bone marrow can save Malcolm."

Therefore, Austin was caring for the two children.

Samson was malnourished and looked similar to Malcolm.

So Rosalie never doubted that Samson was a substitute.

Genevieve took a long time to digest the fact before she blurted, "So you've known all along?"

But back in their country, he never said a word.

A trace of coldness flashed across Louis' eyes, but when he looked at her, his gaze turned a little warmer.

"Yes, I knew. Otherwise, why would I tell you Rosalie's weakness?" he replied. From the start, Louis had taken the initiative to tell her how to deal with Rosalie.

Louis called the driver to pick Genevieve up, and he didn't return upstairs until the driver arrived.

When he went back up, Amelia looked at Louis carefully and asked, "Mr. Fallon, did Ms. Lawrence find anything suspicious?"

Louis replied, "I don't think so."

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief. "Actually, it'll be good if she can accept Samson..."

Louis was silent, knowing it was impossible.

Because Genevieve never asked what was wrong with the child.

She didn't care.

In just a few days, Genevieve had no interest in shopping anymore. She was so bored that she was watching a

drama series in Fallon Group's office.

She also smiled less.

Seeing that she didn't ask to go home again, Louis thought she had slowly adapted to her present life.

He planned to take her to a dinner party, thinking it would be good for her to have a night out.

The banquet was very high-profile. In addition to the powerful business leaders, many celebrities in Atharia's political circle were attending.

Singers and celebrities popular in the entertainment industry of Atharia would also be performing during the dinner.

Genevieve took Louis' arm and glanced at the crowd, many of whom were seen on TV or in magazines.

Louis socialized in a foreign language fluently.

Genevieve didn't expect a socializing event abroad to be so boring. She would rather be watching her drama series.

She wore a bright red, limited-edition dress that night, which had yet to appear in the market. It made her look delicate and attractive.

The people at the event looked at her from time to time, but they restrained their gazes to be polite because of Louis.

A white-bearded foreigner came over with a smile and shook hands with Louis. "Mr. Fallon, a boss from Clusia wants to invest in the medical laboratory. Why don't you go and meet him?"

Louis frowned slightly but quickly returned to a gentle smile. "Of course."

Genevieve took his arm and made their way through the banqueting hall into an inconspicuous room.

The white-bearded foreigner pushed the door open. "Please go in."

Louis and Genevieve could feel the still atmosphere when they stepped into the room.



There was a man sitting among a group of foreigners, talking and laughing. His aura was strong, and his handsome eyes were somewhat indifferent..

When he saw Louis, his pupils shrank slightly, but quickly recovered to a sharp gaze.

His eyes moved to Genevieve, the woman beside Louis.

His expression froze for a moment, and his heart started to beat faster.

With each thump, he could feel his heart almost beating out of his chest.

This feeling made his face slightly pale..

Seeing the people inside, Genevieve's polite smile gradually disappeared. Her eyes were as cold as ice, and she felt that this day had come later than expected.

If it hadn't been for Louis' sudden accident, she would have flown back home and got even with them!

Inside the room and the banquet hall outside were two different worlds.

Although it was within the same banquet, people in the room could go out, but people outside might not be able to come in.

On the other side of the door, music could be heard intermittently.

Genevieve looked at Andrea sitting next to that man, Anthony, smiling and laughing. Andrea's face quickly dropped when she noticed Genevieve.

Andrea suddenly went out of breath, and her mind went blank.

It was as though she saw a ghost. She started trembling and hid behind Anthony.

Their foreign friends were puzzled and confused by her odd behavior.

Louis took Genevieve's hand and went in.

Before they spoke, Louis and Anthony seemed to have had a silent battle among themselves, and there was no clear winner.

The white-bearded foreigner introduced them.

They shook hands briefly as if they didn't know each other.

Anthony's facial features were clear and sharp, straight and handsome. He looked at Genevieve calmly with his green eyes.

For some reason, he was filled with fear and tension that no one knew.

Unconsciously, he also stretched out his hand to her and said, "Hello."

But Genevieve did not shake hands with him, even after a few seconds.

She glanced at him coldly and held Louis' arm tightly. Her voice wasn't sweet and indifferent. "Let's not waste time talking business. I still want to go shopping!"

Chapter 157

Louis put his complicated emotions away, becoming gentle and doting as he said, "Yes, it won't take long."

He looked at the crowd politely and helplessly, saying, "This is my wife. Sorry, I made her angry a few days ago and have just comforted her. I've got to go shopping with her soon."

Everyone smiled in understanding and didn't seem surprised by his actions.

Successful people from abroad would value family far more than their career. Anthony's expression darkened after he heard his introduction.

He withdrew his hand and sat down calmly.

Everyone sat together to drink and started talking about various topics.

Anthony didn't seem interested in them, though.

His deep and calm gaze kept falling on Genevieve.

Genevieve ignored his gaze and stood up to chat with a foreign lady.

The lady liked the woman by Louis' side, who was beautiful and easy-going with a slight temper, unlike the docile Andrea next to Anthony.

Louis looked away in relief upon seeing that Genevieve's mood wasn't affected.

It took Andrea a lot of effort to restrain herself.

She calmed down the turmoil within her.

Her gaze was fixed on the woman talking and laughing with the foreign lady, who didn't even bother looking at her.

Louis didn't have much reaction and pretty much ignored her.

Andrea couldn't help but wonder, 'Maybe Louis didn't hear me instigating Lauraine, which is why he doesn't know the whole situation. Then, is this Genevieve the real Genevieve? Or...'

She stood up with a glass of wine in hand and walked up to Genevieve and the foreign lady.

The two people's conversation stopped abruptly as if offended by the arrival of this uninvited guest.

She smiled softly and raised her glass to Genevieve. She said, "Mrs. Fallon, we've met before, haven't we? What's your name again?"

Genevieve's eyes flashed with amusement. She mused, 'Does she think I'm not Genevieve?'

She recalled Andrea's provocations toward Lauraine when she was hung up to die on the cruise ship.

Presumably, Andrea was the one who instigated Johnson to kidnap her.

Looking at the delicate and timid woman, Genevieve suppressed the thought of plotting her death.

A subtle but sharp pain came from the bottom of her heart, which was more like a deep-seated hatred.

But in the next second, Genevieve suppressed her emotions and smiled with eagerness as she said, "We haven't met before. My surname is... Schmidt. Yvette Schmidt."

She had suddenly thought of Yvette. Thus, she borrowed her name.

Andrea's face looked relieved after she heard that, and she didn't find any resentment on Genevieve's face. She mused, 'So she's either a substitute for Genevieve or she forgot everything just like Anthony.'

She smiled brightly and said, "Ms. Schmidt, it's nice to meet you."

Genevieve nodded lightly and continued to chat with the foreign lady.

Andrea couldn't get a word in, so she left in embarrassment.

After a while, Genevieve and the foreign lady left one after another to go to the restroom.

Andrea was just about to return to Anthony's side when she saw his dark gaze directed toward the direction. where Genevieve went.

Andrea's heart skipped a beat. She felt uneasy.

She changed her direction and followed Genevieve to the restroom. When she entered, Genevieve was alone. The foreign lady was nowhere in sight.

Genevieve was washing her hands, the water gently flowing through her slender fingers, which were as delicate and beautiful as works of art..

Next to her was a clean hand towel.

Andrea stood next to her and turned on the faucet as well. "Mrs. Fallon, how long have you known Mr. Fallon?"

she asked.

Genevieve lowered her head and smiled but did not answer.

Andrea suddenly felt uneasy and asked, "Mrs. Fallon, did you grow up in Atharia?"

Genevieve slowly took the towel, and instead of wiping her hands, she put it under the water to soak it.

Her voice was soft and gentle as she said, "Ms. Thomson, you're very curious. Is it because you're feeling guilty of something?"

Andrea's expression changed instantly as she turned toward Genevieve.

She exclaimed inwardly, 'Nobody introduced me. So how does she know my surname is 'Thomson'?"

Genevieve's smile gave people the chills.

Her smile was very cold.

Andrea's eyes flickered as she asked, "Are you Genevieve?"

Genevieve squeezed the water from the towel and looked sideways at Andrea, smiling brightly. She replied, "No, I'm a vengeful ghost."

She pretended to be mysterious. Andrea's body trembled slightly as if she was frightened.

Needless to say, Andrea wouldn't forget what she did back then.

She never thought anyone would mention it again in her life. She had finally reached a new status in life, but retribution had come searching already.

She stepped back abruptly and was about to turn around to leave. Genevieve quickly pressed the wet towel over Andrea's nose and mouth from behind.

Andrea fearfully struggled, but Genevieve pushed a hard, cylindrical-shaped object against her back.

Andrea trembled in horror.

She didn't dare to struggle.

Andrea trembled as Genevieve coldly said, "Are you afraid? Ms. Thomson, I have missed you every day, and I believe you feel the same. Isn't it uncomfortable not being able to breathe? It's all right. It'll be over soon."

Her tone was gentle as if coaxing a baby to sleep.

However, her beautiful eyes were filled with coldness.

Her pent-up hatred surged forward.

Genevieve trembled slightly; she was feeling excited.

She couldn't wait to return the favor, but she still didn't think it was enough.

Compared with this, what she had gone through was more terrifying and deadlier.

Genevieve's eyes welled up.

The swirling tide of emotions almost trapped her.

The air in Andrea's mouth disappeared little by little, and the cold, suffocating feeling drowned her like a tide.

Genevieve's action was simple and quick. Andrea fainted in just five minutes.

Andrea wasn't dead.

She let go and looked at Andrea lying on the ground, her face pale and eyes closed.

She smirked, regaining her senses.

She took out a nylon rope from a cleaning bag nearby and tied Andrea's hands together.

She gagged Andrea while she was half-conscious.

Then, Genevieve dragged her to the window like a pile of garbage.

The high-rise windows on the 22nd floor did not have protective nets.

The moment Andrea was suspended in the air, she seemed to sense some danger. She suddenly opened her eyes and struggled violently...

Horror and tears filled her eyes.

It was the fear of standing unsteadily on top of a high-rise building and the panic of being weightless in the air. Despair gnawed at every inch of her bones like a poisonous snake.

She was so scared that she kept looking up at Genevieve, shaking her head and crying.

Chapter 158

However, Genevieve only calmly looked at her and put her forefinger to her lips to quiet her. She said, "It'll be bad if you accidentally fall."

She slowly tied the rope to the rickety window.

It was a knot with buckles.

Seeing this, Andrea became more desperate.



Genevieve took a deep breath. She felt better at last.

She was finally able to find some relief from the heavy feelings in her heart and the daily nightmare of falling off a cruise ship into the sea.

She mused, 'This is great. It's better to torment others than to torture myself.'

Genevieve washed the towel and put it aside.

She stood in front of the mirror and pursed her lips.

Then, she opened the door and went out.

The walls in the corridor were exquisite and complex, in a distinctive Baroque style. The oil paintings on the wall looked thick and aristocratic.

Circular wall lamps were nailed to the wall, casting bright halos and dark shadows.

She barely took a few steps when she saw a tall and noble figure standing by the wall.

Between the light and shadow, his expression was complicated, and his eyes were sharp.

Anthony stood there, his eyes as dark as an abyss, looking at Genevieve with scrutiny.

It was somewhat strange.

Genevieve didn't know if he had heard anything. She felt oppressed momentarily, but she still walked back without looking at him.

They gradually got nearer.

The scent of agarwood spread from his body, and Genevieve's arm was grabbed.

Her eye eyes darkened, and she stared at him coldly and indifferently.

Anthony calmly asked, "Do we know each other?"

Genevieve felt a moment of surprise. Looking at Anthony's serious expression, she realized he wasn't joking.

She lowered her eyes and chuckled. "It's better if we do not," she uttered.

She wondered, 'Is Anthony faking it, or is he for real? How could he forget me? He sure is lucky. Even those who want to condemn his despicability can't take the higher moral ground."

Anthony frowned as he stared at her face and firmly said, "We know each other."

Genevieve slightly raised her eyes and pulled her arm out of his hand as if she didn't want to say more.

Anthony quietly said, "I see. Did you have a crush on me before? Do you like me?"

Genevieve rolled her eyes speechlessly.

Lauraine went from naive to greedy Andrea went from gentle to vicious.

Only Anthony felt good about himself, as always, which was annoying.

She turned her head to glare at him, frowning slightly, and said, "It sure isn't easy for you to persist in being shameless, Mr. Hoffman."

With that, she immediately walked away. She would suffocate by being there for another second.

"Where's Andrea? She was also in the bathroom," Anthony suddenly asked.

Genevieve paused in her steps as her expression grew dark. She turned her head.

She smiled meaningfully and said, "Go in and have a look yourself."

'They're together now, thought Genevieve calmly.

ergency cans the hapter 153

ven if Andrea was Mrs. He Hofman no she couldn't care ROSA 18:08

or her, Anthony was a thing of the past.

Anthony dared to see her from taking revenge, she would do the same to him e wasn't a good person amway nevieve walked away without hesitation e returned to the banquet hall took off the bracelet that could be retracted to as thick as a finger from her ind, and gave it back to the foreign lady who had returned a long time ago.

e wondered amusedly, if Andrea knew that it was not a gun but a bracelet that scared her half to death uld she be angry?"

e turned around in a good mood and suddenly saw an unexpected person standing nevieve froze slightly, and her eyes instantly reddened.

son standing there, smiling at her.

a tall man walked toward her, his posture dignified and nonchalant, with a slight smile on his face. He said, u've suffered a lot."

it one sentence almost made Genevieve burst into tears.

! opened her mouth slightly and sobbed, "Uncle Caspian..."

iis had surrounded her with a lot of people, and there were countless pairs of eyes on her constantly pian finally found a chance to meet her, so naturally, he refused to let it pass.

scanned her from head to toe, then sighed with distress. He said, "Gen, don't be afraid. I'm here to take you ay."

pian was Darrell's brother, but he was only ten years older than Genevieve.

r he was born, Lawrence Group had gradually grown larger, so he grew up in a honeypot like Genevieve and rey.

rell loved this younger brother very much, but Caspian had an unruly personality.

He acted like a prodigal and caused many troubles.

Darrell could only send him abroad to avoid more trouble and to train himself.

After he went abroad, he made a name for himself, but no one associated him with Lawrence Group.

Genevieve saw hope when she saw him. She nodded.

Caspian glanced around as if nothing had happened, like someone who was there to strike up a conversation. He said, "I've been causing trouble for him recently. If you have the chance, get a strand of Louis' hair."

Genevieve suddenly looked up. She asked, "Hair?"

Genevieve immediately understood the use of the hair.

It was for identification.

She wondered who he would test it with.

Just as Caspian was about to speak, the people inside walked out laughing and talking.

The people in the banquet hall crowded around to chat.

Louis left the crowd and saw Genevieve standing alone in front of the buffet, hesitating over which dessert to eat.

Louis' gentle and handsome face was very notable in the crowd. His aura was strong and cold; but his temperament was always somewhat gentle, which made people feel pleasant.

He gently and decisively declined several business talks and walked toward Genevieve. He said, "I didn't see you come back after so long. I thought..."

Genevieve smiled faintly and remarked, "Thought I ran away?"

Louis looked at her quietly for a few seconds before saying, "You wouldn't."

Genevieve gave up on the idea of eating there.

Although the dessert looked delicate, she lost half her appetite thinking about its sweet taste.

The server retrieved their coats.

Louis took it and helped Genevieve put on her coat first. Then, he picked up his own and left with her.

Just as they left, she heard a sharp shout from the restroom behind her.

It was a dark night, and it felt damp and cold. The drizzle made the thick, waxy leaves wet which then converged into water droplets of different sizes that fell to the ground.

Colorful neon lights were reflected on the ground.

It was as if the night was torn in half.

Louis opened the door for her, but Genevieve didn't get in.

She turned around in the drizzle and looked up slightly. Her side profile was delicate, with her lips full and her eyebrows vivid.

She looked up to the 22nd floor and the figure teetering in the air.

She looked regretful.

She sighed inwardly, thinking, 'Too bad she didn't fall Oh, I forgot place an out of service sign at the restroom door. Is that why they found her so quickly?!

Louis looked up, and his expression changed slightly. He instantly turned to look at her.

She still looked gentle and cold, and her eyes looked indifferent.

Chapter 159

His voice was dry and hoarse. Somehow, he felt heartbroken.

He saved her, but he didn't remember her hatred for her.

He asked, "Was it you?"

Genevieve blinked and smiled coldly before turning around to get in the car.

She didn't respond, but her silence sufficed as an answer.

Louis paused and didn't rush to get in the car. He walked away to make a call.

After a few minutes, he got into the car with a damp chill.

Genevieve faintly said, "You don't have to worry about me being caught. I've checked in advance. There are no surveillance cameras or witnesses. I won't get caught."

She mused, "And I won't get him in trouble either."

She spoke simply. Her voice was clear and without the slightest trace of fear or hesitation.

She wanted to get out of this predicament without troubling him.

Louis pursed his lips. His gaze was sharp and deep.

He reached out and squeezed her hand, saying, "Don't be afraid."

Since it was nighttime, it was just too easy to get Louis' hair.

She pretended to bring him a glass of milk in the study and said a few nice words. She got what she wanted after massaging his head for a while.

Genevieve was becoming more familiar with this kind of thing.

Anthony's sudden appearance gave Louis a sense of crisis.

He had to reconfirm her feelings.

Louis looked at her affectionately and said, "Gen, do you like me more now?"

Genevieve answered, "Of course."

He asked, "Then, do you want to stay with me forever?"

She replied, "I need to think about it."

She didn't say yes as it would sound too fake.

Leaving some space would also give Louis some hope. Louis was pleased with this answer as it was just as usual.

The two watched a movie together and went to bed after bidding each other farewell.

The next day, Genevieve found an opportunity to go shopping and gave the hair to Yvette.

She felt vaguely worried and afraid about something, though she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

However, since she already did it, she could only wait for the result.



After three days, Yvette found David, who had been imprisoned by Louis in the suburb. He was on the verge of collapse after being tortured.

She then took David to Fallon Group.

Genevieve was also at Fallon Group, but she and Amelia were in the lounge.

There was a commotion outside, and Amelia ran out in a hurry.

Genevieve stood not far away, watching quietly.

David showed up with a bruised and swollen face. At the same time, he called in several major shareholders of the company.

At the door of Louis' office, he loudly shouted, "I'm telling you, this man isn't worthy of sitting here at all. He's fake. He's not Louis!"

Everyone looked at one another in bewilderment.

Louis stood there coldly, his eyes fierce.

With a DNA test report in hand, David raised his hand high and shouted, "This is a DNA identification report. If

you don't believe me, you can go and test it again. We're all being cheated by him. He's not Louis. He's the real Austin!"

As soon as he said this, everyone was shocked.

They had seen the late Austin before.

These two looked completely different.

Yvette also echoed, "He's not Louis. He's Austin. Don't believe him."

One of the shareholders took a look at the report which was done by an authoritative institution.

He asked, "Louis, what the hell is going on?"

Another questioned, "Yeah. How is this detailed at all? I think it's better to have another test."

It was no secret that this report had become a powerful weapon to turn defeat into victory in David's hands.

Louis slowly walked to the door and said indifferently, "This is fake. How did you even get my test sample, Schmidt?"

David coldly snorted and said, "Take a look at those around you."

Yvette frowned slightly and subconsciously tried to find Genevieve in the crowd.

Just this one move completely exposed Genevieve.

Louis frowned slightly, his gentle smile instantly suppressed.

He glanced over and saw Genevieve standing there.

As he thought of the past few days they were together, anger surged like hot lava and filled his chest.

His eyes flashed with coldness, but he quickly hid it.

Amelia and the bodyguards quickly took David and Yvette away.

Mr.

David was unwilling to give up. He turned around and shouted, "He's fake. He's Austin, and he has no right to be in this position. He's a liar. Get him out of Fallon Group."

Louis stood there, and the people around him couldn't help whispering.

However, Fabio took control of the situation quickly.

Louis walked to the shareholders and said indifferently and calmly, "David's holding a grudge against me for kicking him out of Fallon Group. You should know better whether this report is true or not. If this matter is revealed, it'll affect the company and its stocks. It'll directly affect your interests. Do you understand?"

His aura was strong and indifferent, and he slowly explained the stakes in a few sentences.

The shareholder who proposed the retest instantly came to his senses and shut his mouth.

Once an identity fraud in Fallon Group was exposed, the stock price of the group would drop drastically the next day.

Nobody wanted to go against their own interests.

The crowd dispersed, and none of them dared to say anything.

Yvette was dragged by Louis' men in another direction, closer to Genevieve.

She scolded him in a hurried tone, "Those two kids aren't your nephews. They're your sons. Who do you think you can fool?"

The DNA test was done with the two kids.

Genevieve trembled slightly.

Meeting his eyes, she knew she couldn't hide it from him anymore.

Suddenly, she felt nervous, but she also hoped that he wouldn't hurt her.

She dragged Yvette over, hoping she would find a chance to escape.

But in the next second, her hand was forcefully pulled away from Yvette.

Louis coldly grabbed her arm and went straight into the lounge.

The bodyguards left quietly.

There were only three people left in the lounge.

Yvette's fingers were trembling, and her throat was sore from shouting. She looked at him and said, "You looked can't hide it from me, Austin. We grew up together. You can't lie to me."

Louis' eyelashes trembled. His eyes were cold and sharp, and he said in a deep voice, "So what?"

At this moment, he seemed to be burned by his own anger, and his eyes were deep and cold.

He didn't deny it, let alone suppress his emotions.

He lost his calmness and indifference as he stared at Yvette coldly.

Louis lowered his voice and gritted his teeth as he said, "He's dead. Are you satisfied now? He didn't want you. It's you who had to come this far."

Yvette's tears fell quickly. She was overwhelmed with grief and silently wailed.

to tell She slowly squatted on the ground, unable to stand upright due to the grief. Her heart ached to the point where she could hardly breathe. "Ah..." She seemed to be able to pronounce only a single syllable.

Louis' reddened eyes flashed with loneliness as he clenched his fists..

He glanced at Genevieve, who was standing beside him. His profile was smooth and sharp, and his face was as pale as ice.

He clenched his teeth and sneered at Yvette, "You want to know who killed m

him? It v father, who planned the accident. I was also in the car at the time. He protected me, his identity to live and get revenge for him, do you understand?"

Chapter 160

Louis' words cut Yvette's heart like a knife.

It felt as if a long-hidden secret had been exposed.

The pain he suffered was no less than anyone else's.

But the betrayal and hurt he suffered were so immense he almost let out all his bottled-up emotions.

Wette's eyes were scarlet and full of tears.

She was full of expectation, yet all that was left was disappointment.

Her obsession was destroyed in an instant, leaving her in utter despair.

She held her head with both hands, and the blue veins on her fingers bulged as she burst into tears.

Louis looked up, restraining his ruthless expression. He turned and dragged Genevieve out of the lounge to his office.

He tried his best to suppress the bitterness in his heart as he looked at her. "You've secretly been in contact with them, intending to set me up and leave me, right?"

He already knew the answer.

What he wanted was to hear her say it in person.

"Was everything a facade these few days? Was it not enough that I showered her with gentleness, indulgence, and adoration?" Louis contemplated.

The nervousness Genevieve was feeling gradually faded away at this point.

She pursed her lips. 'It'd be good if we could end things here,' she thought.

"Yes," she admitted.

Louis swallowed hard. Anger filled his gaze, and his body tensed.

He had imagined himself besieged on all sides.

Yet, it was beyond his imagination that Genevieve would be the cause.

"Why? Have I not been good enough to you? Was risking my life for you not good enough?" Louis's eyes were bloodshot, and as if he was drunk, rage was brimming from his gaze as he suppressed his trembling breaths. His voice was coarse and displeased.

Genevieve gritted her teeth, and her eyes also reddened.

It wasn't until this moment that she couldn't bother to pretend anymore.

She pushed away his hand that was on her shoulder with a heavy heart. Her eyes were cold and distant, and her voice was helpless and full of pain.

"You think that's being good to me? By locking me up and not letting me contact my family or return home? By threatening me with my family? By treating me like a fool? I'm grateful you saved me, Louis, but I won't change myself to meet your preferences and become your private property just because you saved me. There's no point in life if I do that," Genevieve uttered as she poured her heart out at once..

She had done her best at trying to learn to accept a new relationship.

Unfortunately, the relationship was ruthlessly nipped in the bud.

She couldn't go on.

'A relationship mixed with impurities will never be pure anymore,' she thought.

"Is it wrong to keep you by my side? Is it my fault that I love you?" Louis' voice was dry and hoarse yet strong with emotions.

Genevieve lowered her head and scoffed. Then, biting her lower lip, she looked up at him. "Louis, do you love me, or do you hate Anthony? Wasn't dealing with Anthony your motive for approaching me from the beginning? You hate him, don't you, Austin Hoffman?"

Seeing Louis' face stiffen and darken as she spoke, she clenched her fists tight. At first, Jeffrey found out about Louis' relationship with Anthony. However, she didn't take it to heart.

When she saw Samson and Malcolm here, she resorted to the timeline of when they knew each other.

'If Louis is Austin, his relationship with Anthony surely isn't as good as Anthony thought. Although Louis didn't compete with Hoffman Group overtly, he must've used secrecy as a trend. There's no way he's in the country for me,' she thought.

Genevieve wasn't that naive.

She knew Louis had a scheme planned, but she didn't want to expose him yet.

All she wanted was to get herself out of it.

Gazing at him with tears, she said gloomily, "Besides, I gave you a chance to tell me everything. But what did you do? You played me like a fiddle. Louis, we don't trust each other at all. What future is there for us?"

The chaos in Louis' eyes faded, and his gloomy face slowly calmed down, too.

He pressed his pale lips together, and his throat tightened.

He wanted to explain, yet he didn't know where to start.



What she said was the truth.

It was indeed so initially.

But gradually, he became sincere.

It wasn't his intention to lie and deceive her, yet, those were a done deal.

Genevieve wasn't a woman who knew nothing.

W She was smart, alert, and independent. Before she fully trusted someone, she had to see their sincerity first.

Staring at her aloof yet delicate features, Louis felt a sharp sting in his heart, so painful it almost engulfed him.

Seeing Louis stay silent, Genevieve took a deep breath and calmed down. "That's it. I'll repay you in other ways for saving my life. We're not meant to be."

At this point, she could no longer deceive herself or continue acting submissive.

Genevieve lifted her foot and was about to leave.

"I should've regained my freedom long ago," she mused.

Louis' eyes darkened, and with a cold expression, he chuckled and said icily, "It's not your call."

He stared at her. "Since we've started, we have to stick to it till the end, even if we have to put on an act."

'How can I let her leave when I've worked so hard to get her?' he thought.

Genevieve glanced at him, shocked.

Louis pulled out his phone and called the driver, his voice chilly. "Take Mrs. Fallon back Don't let her leave the house without my order next time!"

Genevieve widened her eyes at Louis. "What's the point in doing this?"

"At least you won't leave me," he responded.

'Even if that meant resorting to despicable methods, I won't probe or compromise anymore since she at one refused, she shall stay till she changes her mind,' Louis decided in his mind.

Soon, someone came up. "Mrs. Fallon..."

Genevieve bit her lower lip, pushed the driver away, and ran out.

Stunned, the driver looked at Louis.

Louis slightly raised his chin and coldly spat, "Go after her and take her back.

"Understood," the driver answered promptly.

Even if he couldn't catch up, there were still others.

Someone had told Genevieve that many bodyguards were placed around her.

It was more than she could imagine.

Just as she ran out of the Fallon Group building, two men in blackn stood before her looking imposing yet still respectful. "Please get in the car, Mrs. Fallon."

When Genevieve saw a black Bentley drive up to her, a pang of coldness settled in her heart.

With how they had fallen out, there was no need to remain courteous anymore.

Louis' love was so overbearing to the point it felt terrifying.

Genevieve glanced around and found no one looking.

She bent over and got into the car.

Her fists were clenched tightly, and she was trembling all over.

There were twice as many people in the manor, and there was simply no way she could get out.

Even until late at night, Louis didn't return...