

Submitting 161

Chapter 161

Perhaps Louis might never return to confront Genevieve's false display of affection, or perhaps the unexpected expose by David brought him a plethora of troubles to navigate.

Genevieve, for her part, lingered on the balcony late into the night.

Following the expose, she found herself utterly devoid of any leverage. This realization instilled a sense of insecurity within her.

The days seemed to blur together, with two passing by in what felt like the blink of an eye.

Genevieve remained in the dark about the world beyond the manor's walls.

The servants kept their conversations with her strictly to the topic of meals.

Louis' absence became a constant, leaving Genevieve grappling with a growing sense of unease.

The dawn of the third day brought with it the arrival of Linda.

Taking in Genevieve's noticeably diminished figure, Linda couldn't help but sympathize.

It was unclear to Genevieve whether Linda was privy to Louis' true identity. Nonetheless, Linda chose to remain

silent on the matter.

'Louis is quite pitiful, isn't he?' she thought.

Linda pursed her lips before saying, "Gen, I've been sent to check up on you. Are you sure you don't want to

stay?"

Genevieve's response was a shake of her head.

Linda was not surprised. Instead, she offered a comforting smile as she tenderly brushed aside a strand of

Genevieve's hair.

Clutching the phone, she steadied herself and announced, "Let her go. I've dealt with David myself, on your behalf. After his demise, no one will dare question you."

As she ended the call, tears streamed down her face, one after the other.

Over the years, under Austin's watchful eye, she had led a life of comfort and luxury and grime of such deeds.

So how could she get his hands dirty now?

far removed from the dirt

She had planted her people in the company and was well aware of the truths that Louis had confided in his office.

Linda knew the real circumstances surrounding "Austin's" presumed death and David's malicious intent.

'All this shouldn't have happened, she pondered.

At Fallon Group, Louis found himself on a high-rise balcony, overlooking the city shrouded in fog.

Tension gripped him as he shed any semblance of his usual composed demeanor, his gaze sharp and piercing.

The incessant vibration of his phone eventually drew his attention, but only after a considerable delay.

As he listened to his bodyguard relay the events preceding and following Genevieve's disappearance, a profound sense of dread weighed down on Louis' heart.

His inability to articulate his feelings left him engulfed in a void of discomfort and helplessness.

Deep down, Louis had never intended for David's demise to be swift, nor had he wished for Genevieve's release.

Yet, the uncertainty of Genevieve's fate if she remained confined gnawed at him.

In the end, it was Linda who made the call for him.

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Genevieve had flown back to Clusia aboard Caspian's private jet, landing directly atop the hospital. Upon hearing the news the following day, Darrell and Samantha were beyond belief.

Caspian escorted them to see their daughter, now lying in a hospital bed. The sight moved Darrell and Samantha to the point of speechlessness,

Darrell, overwhelmed, sat weeping silently, while Jeffrey offered tissues.

Samantha, radiant with joy, made calls to have ingredients delivered. She was determined to cook a meal herself,

As Caspian witnessed the family's emotional reunion, he offered a supportive pat on Darrell's back. "Don't fret,

Darrell. Gen's fortunate to have made it through safely. At the end of the day, Louis played a part in saving her. That's something we have to acknowledge."

Darrell, through his tears, countered bitterly, "Hell, he saved her only to keep her to himself, not to return her to us. I've been in despair, thinking my daughter was gone. Why should I give him any credit?"

When he heard of Genevieve's situation from Caspian, all Darrell felt was hatred and resentment over Louis' actions.

He struggled with a tumult of emotions, from elation at Genevieve's survival to despair over her captivity.

"Keep it down," Samantha chided gently, peering through the glass at Genevieve. "Let's not wake Gen."

At her words, Darrell settled down, falling silent.

Jeffrey, looking troubled, asked, "Do you think Louis will back off?"

After a brief pause, Caspian responded, "I've got Yvette reaching out to Linda for help. Linda's got influence over him, plus he's tied up dealing with the fallout from David's mess. He's got his hands full for now."

Alas, no one could predict whether Louis would simply let the matter slide.

Louis's real persona remained a mystery to those on the outside, and Yvette had kept mum about it.

Moreover, deciphering Louis' actions was a challenging task.

The room fell into a thoughtful silence.

Genevieve awakened later that afternoon to a mind wiped clean of immediate recollection.

The stark hospital light and the pervasive scent of disinfectant were the first things she registered.

As her memory gradually resurfaced, a wave of pallor washed over her.

She instinctively clutched at her chest, the memory of that debilitating pain still vivid, although the sensation was no longer present.

A slight frown creased her brow as she inadvertently knocked something over, the noise drawing the attention of her family outside.

As they rushed in, Genevieve's gaze met that of Darrell and Samantha, her expression softening, tears quickly following. "Mom, Dad..."

The moment felt surreal.

Outside, Samantha had maintained her composure, but at the sight of Genevieve's tears, her resolve crumbled. She rushed forward, embracing her daughter tightly.

Darrell, too, approached, his eyes brimming with tears, and joined the embrace.

The ordeal they had endured since the news of Genevieve's accident had been torturous.

They had clung to a faint hope, refraining from holding a funeral, and now, their prayers had been answered.

Genevieve was finally home.

Genevieve's tears flowed freely for a moment, her emotions overwhelming. She was finally home.

Caspian caught Jeffrey's eye, who was wiping away tears, attempting to keep his composure.

Caspian intervened, gently tapping Darrell on the shoulder. "We need to keep to keep things calm."

Regaining their composure, Darrell and Samantha dialed back their emotions.

spirits steady now. Let's try

Samantha caressed Genevieve's face, her voice laced with concern. "You've lost so much weight. Don't worry. I'll whip up something delicious for you."

Genevieve responded with a teary smile and a vigorous nod, noticing how much thinner Samantha appeared.

Samantha, who usually maintained her weight meticulously, now had hollow cheeks that marred her appearance.

On the other hand, Darrell's hair had turned almost entirely white.

Genevieve's heart ached for them; She was Darrell and Samantha's primary concern.

She felt gratitude toward Louis for rescuing her, yet she knew she could never abandon her family for him.

Thankfully, it wasn't too late.

Jeffrey came over for a hug. "Gen, it's such a relief to see you're all right."

“Thanks, Jeff,” Genevieve replied, grateful.

During this ordeal, Darrell and Samantha had been too distressed to focus on anything else.

Jeffrey had shouldered the responsibility of caring for his parents while dealing with the situation. Not only did he have to prevent his competitors from taking advantage of the situation, but he also had to go out to see to look for Genevieve.

Just then, Caspian ushered the doctor in, prompting Jeffrey and Darrell to step aside.

“How is she?” Darrell asked as soon as the doctor was done.

The doctor reassured them, “Ms. Lawrence is clear of the medication now and is in good health. She’s free to leave the hospital whenever she wishes.”

Relief washed over Darrell.

Genevieve, thinking back on Linda’s pill, figured Louis must be aware of her departure by now. She hoped he wouldn’t take out his frustration on anyone else and that they could move on s rately.

Darrell was eager to take Genevieve home, not wanting her to stay in the hospital any longer than necessary.

Genevieve, too, yearned to return home, and everyone else supported the idea.

Thus, Caspian dropped them off at the Lawrence residence and left.

The servants joyously celebrated her return, clearly having felt Genevieve’s absence deeply.

Samantha took charge of the kitchen, while Darrell excitedly prepared fruits a

Meanwhile, Jeffrey set up

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Jeffrey's face was gloomy and cold.

"Don't be afraid, Gen. It will be a matter of time before we deal with them," he said.

Genevieve smiled faintly as she thought, 'It seems that it wasn't that scary to tell the truth.

She didn't hide what had happened in Atharia.

She just didn't reveal who Louis really was.

Genevieve didn't think she should ever disclose that piece of information, for fear that it would be used against him.

He saved her life, and she would always be grateful to him.

Samantha sighed. "I always thought Louis was a kind person who would treat you well, but now, I don't think you two are right for each other. He cares about you, but there's a major issue with how he shows his love. But, Gen, without him, you wouldn't be able to return. We should be thankful for that."

Genevieve nodded.

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'Indeed. Louis and I aren't suited for relationships. I'll do my best to repay him, but I won't become romantically involved with him,' she thought.

Genevieve spent a week at home recovering.

Her body and mood were slowly improving.

Darrell and Samantha stopped bothering her and began focusing on their own activities.

Genevieve also gradually learned more about the company.

She knew she shouldn't stay in Eagle Entertainment.

The platform was too limited for her to fully realize her talent.

Darrell and Jeffrey had been discussing that matter lately.

Lawrence Group's anniversary dinner, which was planned to be canceled three days earlier, was held as scheduled.

Not only was it held, but it was also grand, luxurious, and high-profile.

It was a sensation.

An invitation from Darrell was big.

Besides, not everyone would accept his invitation.

That day, Lawrence Group made a block booking for the entire Walton Hotel.

Under the bright lights, it was almost like a vanity fair, with celebrities and big names gathered.

Some time ago, Darrell suddenly withdrew from everyone and was admitted to the hospital.

Subsequently, Lawrence Group and Hoffman Group also fiercely competed.

Although they went neck-to-neck, everyone understood that Lawrence Group would undoubtedly lose more than Hoffman Group if their rivalry persisted.

Everyone was waiting to see who would fall first.

But Darrell seemed to have turned a corner recently. He appeared at the anniversary dinner in high spirits, looking even more robust than before.

Darrell and Jeffrey were exchanging greetings with the people in the hall, and everyone came over to congratulate them.

Samantha's identity was no longer a secret, so it was natural for her to greet guests as "Mrs. Lawrence."

Samantha was wearing a black custom-made off-the-shoulder dress and a beige shawl, looking bright and dignified.

She effortlessly caught the camera's attention, calmly and elegantly greeting thriving socialites.

Quincey and Lauraine walked over, both dressed to the nines.

However,

their appearance and demeanor didn't stand out among the other noble ladies.

Upon seeing Samantha, Quincey immediately remembered the slap she had given her.

She wouldn't have gone there if Presley hadn't insisted on coming.

Quincey went over reluctantly. Before she could muster a friendly smile, Samantha took the initiative and gently held her hand, saying, "Mrs. Hoffman, how wonderful to see you here. What a pleasant surprise! It's been quite a few days since we last met. You look even more youthful than before. Ms. Hoffman, you're as stunning as ever, just like your mother!"

Quincey looked at Samantha in shock.

'Did Samantha realize her mistake and come over to apologize?' she thought.

Upon thinking of that, Quincey knew what she needed to do.

She snorted coldly. "Mrs. Lawrence, you're flattering me. We can't be compared to big stars."

Samantha smiled. "I have some good news to announce today. I hope it won't be too shocking."

Quincey frowned. "What good news?"

Samantha smiled brightly with a hint of pride. "It's just an anniversary dinner. There's no need for it to be so extravagant. But my daughter has returned, and she's joining the company. So, tonight's dinner is held for her."

Quincey's face stiffened.

She had wanted Anthony to be with Samantha's daughter before.

But Samantha had always been indifferent to her, so she didn't make a move.

Besides, she was quite content with how Andrea had been considerate toward her, so she temporarily set aside

that idea.

She didn't expect that that day's dinner party was specially prepared for Genevieve.

'Although Genevieve can't be my daughter-in-law, Jeffrey is still single,' Quincey thought.

At the thought of that, she smiled. "Mrs. Lawrence, I'm glad you've moved forward, everyone was quite upset because of that situation with the bitch some time ago. Now, we still need to focus on our daughters. Look, Lauraine has been by my side since returning from abroad. She doesn't have a boyfriend. I believe Mr. Lawrence is handsome and talented. We should give young people more opportunities to get to know each other."

Samantha couldn't help but chuckle.

She glanced at the shy Lauraine and remarked, "Ms. Hoffman, I thought you liked Louis? Oh, I recall that Mr. Fallon has passed away, so it wouldn't hurt to consider a replacement."

Samantha was blunt.

Lauraine's face turned pale in an instant, and her lips trembled slightly.

'Louis is dead...' What she had been trying to suppress couldn't simply be erased from her mind.

Quincey thought that Samantha's comments were odd, but she couldn't pinpoint it.

Lauraine wanted everyone to know about her pursuit of Louis.

Quincey thought that Louis was rich and wealthy, so she encouraged Lauraine not to give up.

She didn't expect that Louis was so short-lived.

Quincey smiled and tried to smooth things over. "You've misunderstood. Lauraine just wanted to thank Mr. Fallon for developing a new drug to help her..."

Before she could finish speaking, Samantha was whisked away by other guests who had come to greet her.

Quincey glanced at Lauraine unwillingly and said, "Be proactive later. Mr. Lawrence is much better than Louis!"

Lauraine's eyes were slightly red, and she lowered her head, unable to speak.

Anthony exuded a strong and commanding presence. His expression was cold, and his eyes were sharp and indifferent.

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'How could Anthony's ex-wife become the daughter of Mr. Lawrence, boss of Lawrence Group?'
Everyone looked at that scene in surprise.

Darrell proceeded to reveal Genevieve's identity. "Genevieve is an independent individual. She prefers not to rely on her family, so we respect her choice. However, I've been planning a trip with my wife recently, so after many persuasions, she agreed to return to the company. I have full confidence that my daughter will not disappoint me."

He looked at Genevieve gently, his eyes full of trust and pride.

Genevieve smiled and raised her eyebrows.

Samantha also went up gently and said a few words to ask everyone to take care of her.

Her words were filled with nothing but love and concern for her daughter.

But when she and Genevieve stood together, it suddenly struck everyone just how much they resembled each other.

But Samantha had aged so well that no one had ever suspected that she was actually Genevieve's mother.

Despite the shock, everyone quickly accepted the fact.

It was a tale of how the daughter of the Lawrence family ventured out to work incognito and ultimately inherited her family business.

-Alongside the exclamations, there was a hint of envy in the air.

After all, Genevieve's most well-known identity was once Anthony's ex-wife.

But right then, the identity seemed more like a blemish on her reputation.

The title of the Lawrence Group's daughter could overshadow all the glooms of the past.

After the Lawrence family had finished their speeches, the crowd burst into warm applause.

Jeffrey went up the stage to take a group photo, but instead of being the focal point of the spotlight as usual, he simply stood by Samantha's side.

Meanwhile, Samantha and Darrell flanked Genevieve in the center. Jeffrey's face beamed with smiles, showing

no hint of envy, Genevieve's status within the family was clear at a glance.

The scene caught the attention of some observers, hitting them like a bolt from the blue.

Quincey stood there with a pale face, staring at those on the stage.

Even her breath became quicker.

'Genevieve is Samantha's daughter?' She was taken aback by the revelation.

She couldn't believe that Genevieve, who had once been meek and compliant, willing to endure all manner of insults to marry Anthony, was actually from the prestigious Lawrence family. They had assumed that she had swallowed every insult due to her ordinary background.

As a result, the Hoffman family didn't even bother to ask about Genevieve's family.

After all, someone who was eager to ingratiate themselves was considered worthless.

And at present, it was revealed that she was the daughter of the Lawrence family who concealed her identity.

Quincey's heart almost leaped out of her throat.

She was thunderstruck.

'Samantha must have secretly ridiculed me for such thoughts when I contemplated proposing to her to unite our families through marriage.'

'No wonder Samantha reacted so strongly when the news came that Genevieve had fallen into the seal'

'She even slapped me.'

'At that time, we never imagined she had such a connection to Genevieve,' Quincey thought.

Various gazes fell upon her, some dripping with sarcasm, while others gleamed.

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Quincey had driven Genevieve away and chosen Andrea, who came from an ordinary background. Everyone found her decision laughable.

Quincey tensed and gritted her teeth, trembling with anger.

Lauraine's face was even gloomier.

Upon seeing Genevieve, her face betrayed not a hint of joy. Instead, it was filled with fear.

After all, she had loosened the rope at that time.

Lauraine trembled all over and quietly left the banquet hall when everyone was not paying attention.

But before she could walk out, she bumped into a man.

Her pale face made people suspicious.

"Why are you running?" The man's voice was hoarse, and his eyebrows furrowed slightly.

It was Anthony, who flew back from Atharia.

If he didn't attend Lawrence Group's banquet, rumors would have spread about him having disagreements with the company.

Despite their rivalry in the business world, they still had to uphold a friendly facade publicly.

Even when Lauraine saw Anthony, her fright didn't lessen a bit.

She made up a reason casually. "I'm not feeling well. I have to go back first."

Anthony frowned and said, "Ask the driver to drive you home."

Then, he went to the banquet hall.

It was very lively inside.

*But when he showed up, the voices in the hall seemed to gradually quiet down.

Anthony looked at Genevieve, who was surrounded by people greeting them and accompanied by Darrell and Samantha.

He pressed his lips thin. He stood there unmoving, his green eyes piercing like knife. No emotions could be discerned from his face.

From the moment he saw Genevieve in Atharia, he sensed that there must have been a connection between them in the past.

But he had no memories or clues.

Afterward, he could only extract one message from Quincey's fragmented words. "Genevieve is his ex-wife who coerced him into marriage by donating bone marrow."

'My ex-wife... Anthony mused. That revelation surprised him for a moment, yet he couldn't overlook the heaviness in his heart.

'No wonder Genevieve was not at all friendly to me when we met, he thought.

Meanwhile, amidst the lavish and grandiose event, he appeared to be the center of attention.

Anthony felt unhappy for a moment.

His eyes were clear and sharp.

He wondered why his ex-wife was so close to the Lawrence family.

But his good manners stopped him from losing his temper,

Quincey was alone in the banquet hall.

Even when no one came to mock and tease her, she couldn't help but wonder how the others would ridicule her behind her back.

Upon seeing Anthony approach, she didn't want to linger any longer. She swiftly turned around and dragged him along. "Anthony, let's leave now!"

She didn't want Anthony to know about his past with Genevieve.

Anthony, however, stood there motionless. His eyes were slightly gloomy, and his face was calm.

He glanced at Darrell and Samantha approaching, as well as at Genevieve, who appeared particularly stunning and attractive that day.

“Mr. Hoffman, you’re here. Mrs. Hoffman, don’t rush off just yet. Let’s have a fe.

smile.

e drinks,” Darrell said with a

It seemed that he was unaffected by the recent conflict between him and Anthony.

Anthony raised his eyebrows and said, “Congratulations, Mr. Lawrence. The celebration of Lawrence Group is a

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Anthony forgot everything.

He forgot what had happened in the last three years, as well as Genevieve.

Samantha remarked sarcastically. “Forgetting can be a blessing. Mr. Hoffman, you’re truly wise.”

She insinuated that Anthony was feigning amnesia to avoid responsibility for the cruise ship accident.

Genevieve sneered in her mind. ‘This reason is childish and ridiculous.’

Quincey looked pale.

A sense of anger swirled in her heart.

She looked up at Genevieve and voiced her thoughts. “Genevieve you

know resent us. If you like Anthony, you should just speak up. Don't fault us for not treating you well since you masked your identity and married into the Hoffman family. You only have yourself to blame for fooling us."

Genevieve smiled. There was a coldness lurking behind her lips.

Before Samantha became angry, Genevieve remarked lightly, "I had no choice. My family despised the Hoffman family. I was foolish enough to marry into it, but I never imagined I wasn't even appreciated after donating bone marrow. Initially, I thought Mrs. Hoffman came from an ordinary background and would likely get along well with me. However, it turns out Mrs. Hoffman looks down on those of humble origins the most, despite her own modest beginnings."

"You..." In just a few words, Quincey's face turned livid.

There were many people around. Quincey felt her face burning.

She trembled with anger.

The topic she wanted to avoid the most was her humble family background.

But Genevieve kept poking at her sore spot.

If Genevieve wasn't the daughter of the Lawrence family, Quincey felt like she would rip her mouth off her face.

Anthony felt a mix of emotions as he stood aside and listened to their conversation.

He hadn't expected things to unfold like this.

Samantha smiled gently but scolded, "Gen, you are the daughter of the Lawrence family and the CEO of Lawrence Group. I'd prefer if you refrain from mentioning your past."

Genevieve smiled obediently and shrugged, “Okay, Mom. I’ll go find Selene first.”

Samantha nodded.

After Genevieve left, Quincey’s expression brightened up.

But she didn’t want to stay.

Seeing this, Anthony had no choice but to send her back.

Samantha walked her to the door generously.

In the eyes of outsiders, the Lawrence family was forgiving and frank.

In contrast, Quincey’s departure mid-way through the banquet seemed quite petty.

The better stood out clearly.

Darrell chatted with Anthony for a while and was pulled over by others.

Selene was excited to attend the banquet and almost lost her voice.

She watched as Genevieve walked toward her and hugged her.

–“Boo–hoo, you scared me to death. Luckily, you’re fine. I never believed that you would die!” Selene said.

Even though the events on the cruise ship were kept secret, gossip still managed to leak out.

Selene wasn't sure Genevieve had died, but she didn't bring it up to avoid upsetting Darrell and Samantha.

Genevieve smiled and took a sip of the champagne. "I'm quite blessed. Of course I would live."

Selene asked Genevieve a few more questions, and Genevieve told her what she had told Darrell.

Selene couldn't help but sigh.

After sighing, she gritted her teeth and said, "You have no idea. Not long after your accident, my hospital friend

told me that Anthony woke up with drug-induced amnesia after half a month of hospitalization. He conveniently forgot about the three years he spent with you. Later, rumors surfaced that Anthony and Andrea got engaged. It's absurd! I seriously doubt if he was faking it all."

'Drug-induced amnesia?' Genevieve suddenly remembered Anthony's expression and reaction when she met

him at Atharia.

"Something's not right.

'But Anthony has always been neutral with his emotions. He was probably worried that word of his health would impact the company, so I couldn't discern anything from his demeanor.

"Today, he voluntarily admitted that he had amnesia, and it turned out to be true, Genevieve thought.

A trace of resentment and anger crossed Genevieve's heart as she fell into deep thoughts.

'How could Anthony sail through this period under the guise of amnesia while I nearly died in the sea, getting imprisoned and shot, before finally managing to get my life back on track?

'If it weren't for his invitation, I wouldn't have been on that cruise ship in the first place.

"If it hadn't been for his own sister and fiancée, I wouldn't have gone overboard.

"Everything seemed to have nothing to do with him, but it was all about him," Genevieve thought.

A complex and resentful emotion grew even more in her heart.

Right then, Jeffrey came over with a smile. He glanced at Selene, nodded, and then looked at Genevieve. He raised his eyebrows and felt happy from the bottom of his heart.

"Gen, it's your first day in the company tomorrow. Let me give you a gift. What do you want?" he asked.

Jeffrey was always straightforward.

Genevieve didn't shy away. Her mood brightened instantly.

She put down the glass in her hand, took his arm, and said with a smile, "Jeff, I want a private plane. I'll shortly be CEO and can't travel too modestly. By the way, I also want the penthouse you bought near the company. I'd like to live closer. Of course, I also want the shares of the IT company you bought privately..."

Selene looked at her in shock.

She had never seen a socialite who was so straightforward as Genevieve.

Genevieve asked for private jets, houses, company shares, and antiques without the slightest hint of embarrassment on her face.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was still talking about what she wanted.

Jeffrey looked a little helpless.

He couldn't help but cough and interrupted her, "Gen, don't be late for the meeting tomorrow morning."

Then he turned around and left.

If he didn't leave now, he would probably go bankrupt.

Genevieve stamped regretfully, "I haven't finished yet!"

Selene knew Genevieve's status in the Lawrence family and couldn't help shaking her head. "Do you know what my mother would say if I told her I want these things?"

Genevieve was puzzled and said no.

Selene smiled, "She'll probably ask me to go to the church and request them from the higher beings."

Genevieve laughed. Her eyes and eyebrows reflected a thin layer of splintered light under the bright lights.

Her pride and beauty were captivating.

Standing not far away, Anthony felt his heart skip a beat at the scene.

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Anthony stood in the breeze and drizzle of rain. The night enveloped him, and he integrated with the deep night

as if becoming one.

“Watch out for the rain.” Anthony’s voice was low and hoarse. He sounded somewhat desolate.

Genevieve frowned slightly, turned around, and yanked off the cold wood-scented coat before throwing it at

him.

She continued walking without saying a word.

Anthony behind her paused slightly before following her.

“Genevieve, do we have some misunderstanding? You seem biased against me.” Anthony asked.

They used to be married, so they were close before.

However, Genevieve’s attitude toward him now was no better than that of strangers.

He thought she should not treat him that way.

Since he woke up from a serious illness, people around him had deliberately hidden the reason for his serious

illness.

He could not find any clues, but he felt a strain in his heart.

Andrea was his fiancée. She was gentle and considerate, but something felt wrong.

The moment he saw Genevieve at Atharia, he felt a strong familiarity.

The familiarity made the strain in his heart shudder.

He tried to gain back his lost memories.

Genevieve walked in the front and said coldly, "Bias? I'm not biased against you, only opinions. Please stop following me. You look like a crazy stalker."

Anthony paused yet did not stop. He was calm and powerful.

He had experienced Genevieve's unforgiving attitude in the banquet hall.

Therefore, he was not surprised.

"Why did we divorce? Can you tell me what happened in the past? I've forgotten." His voice was deep and

earnest.

Genevieve seemed to hear something funny. She chuckled, paused, and looked back at his innocent yet icy face.

"Your mother, Mrs. Hoffman, must have spoken ill of me a lot. Didn't she tell you?" She asked. Genevieve seemed to hear something funny. She chuckled, paused, and looked back at his innocent yet icy face.

Anthony's throat tensed slightly. A chill crept up the corner of his clothes.

He looked at her with deep green eyes.

Quincey had told him that Genevieve had tried all means to marry him. The divorce was because she hooked up

with another man and cuckolded him.

He found the excuse absurd.

However, he felt gloomy again when he saw her frequently seen together with Louis at Atharia.

Genevieve glanced at him with a half-smile and whispered slowly, "Anthony, stay away from me. You'll suffer worse than death if you find out the truth."

She turned and walked away.

Anthony caught up and grabbed her wrist, which had smooth fingertips.

He gently exhaled a cold breath, stood tall and straight in place, and gazed at her with deep eyes.

"I don't believe what others say. I just want to know what I've forgotten," Anthony said.

He wondered why he had amnesia.

Those empty three years made his life no longer complete..

Genevieve's eyes were empty and icy. Her profile was gentle and smooth, and her face was emotionless.

Soon, she shook off his hand, her eyes full of anger and gloom.

“Get lost!” She was annoyed by his innocence and confusion.

She could not find a place to vent her hatred after she narrowly escaped.

Genevieve wondered why he forgot and why she had to go through all that.

Her iciness shocked Anthony. He watched her leave, not daring to catch up with her again.

The smoothness on his fingertips disappeared, and he felt melancholic.

Genevieve returned to the penthouse.

She felt a warmth on her face as soon as she entered.

The temperature was just right.

The diamond-like light was also bright and warm.

The penthouse had been redecorated to Jeffrey’s liking.

She removed her coat and went to the balcony, overlooking half of the city’s dazzling lights.

The city lights shone like the galaxy as the drizzle enveloped the night, creating an intense atmosphere.

The phone rang suddenly.

She glanced at it and answered sweetly, “Mom?”

Samantha smiled and asked her, "Are you home? Did your brother decorate the penthouse for you? Why don't I ask my servant to go over and take care of you?"

Genevieve smiled as a warm made the indifferent lights below seem warm as she looked down.

She answered, "No thanks. I don't want anyone else at home. I can take care of myself."

Samantha muttered gently, "Gen, don't panic. Settle the score one by one and don't hurt yourself."

A mother knew her children best.

Samantha knew what was on Genevieve's mind when Genevieve saw Quincey and Lauraine in the banquet hall.

Samantha knew Genevieve well.

Love and hate could easily get intertwined when it came to revenge.

Samantha was not worried about what Genevieve would do to the Hoffman family.

She was afraid Genevieve would get herself involved while getting revenge.

Genevieve was silent for a few seconds before chuckling. "Mom, don't worry. I'll take care of it."

Genevieve refused Darrell and Samantha's help because she wanted to do it herself.

After chatting with Samantha for a while, she hung up.

Then, she walked around the penthouse.

It was big.

She never mistreated herself.

She chose the largest and most comfortable bedroom, which was decorated in the style she liked.

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Jeffrey knew her so well that even the aromatherapy candle smelled the same as at home.

She went to the bathroom to take a bath. While soaking in the bathtub, she looked up and saw the movie titles interchanging on the ceiling for her to choose.

Genevieve took a comfortable bath and was exhausted after completing her skincare routine.

She slept sweetly that night.

Anthony icily returned to Hoffman Group.

His assistant, Kenneth Dickens, who had planned to get off work, immediately abandoned the idea and made

coffee for him.

Anthony was dissatisfied with the coffee Kenneth made.

He sat silently in the office with a gloomy and ghastly expression. The cigar between his fingers burned slowly.

The atmosphere was depressing.

Chapter 167

Kenneth had always been anxious around Anthony.

He was promoted from a regular assistant to the CEO's assistant, but Anthony was harsher and more indifferent than before Anthony had amnesia.

Anthony seemed to be examining people around him all the time.

Amnesia did not change his resolute, cruel, and decisive style of work.

He even worsened.

It doubled the challenge for Kenneth.

When Anthony gazed deeply at him, Kenneth immediately lowered his head.

Even if Anthony was seriously ill, he returned to the group and quickly regained his power.

Presley never showed up.

He never questioned Anthony's abilities.

Presley only took Quincey's advice, transferred Daniel, and replaced him with Kenneth.

Ultimately, Presley was afraid that Daniel would talk too much about the past when he stayed by Anthony's side.

Kenneth explained, "Your ex–assistant, Daniel, has been transferred to a small company in the neighboring city. Mr. Hoffman, I know I'm not good enough. If you let me go, Mr. Presley Hoffman will make it hard for me to survive in the industry."

He was also torn between Presley and Anthony all day long.

Kenneth also had to brief Quincey on Anthony from time to time.

After a few seconds of silence, Anthony waved his hand.

Kenneth left as if he were saved.

He had long noticed that something was wrong with Kenneth. There was no way he was dissatisfied with Daniel, who had worked for him for two years.

Kenneth had always been anxious around Anthony.

He was promoted from a regular assistant to the CEO's assistant, but Anthony was harsher and more indifferent than before Anthony had amnesia.

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He had long noticed that something was wrong with Kenneth. There was no way he was dissatisfied with Daniel, who had worked for him for two years.

Daniel was brought back from the neighboring city the next day.

He almost cried when he saw Anthony.

He thought he had to stay in the neighboring city for years.

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18:12

He was Hoffman Group's chief secretary but was suddenly demoted to an ordinary staff. The others bullied him and gave him the cold shoulder.

He was aggrieved.

Anthony watched Daniel with the same intense familiarity as he watched Genevieve.

Anthony wondered why Presley transferred Daniel.

Anthony's heart sank.

The more they tried to hide something, the more he wanted to know.

Daniel prepared to complain about his grievances.

He thought Anthony must have missed him. Even if Anthony had lost his memory, he had never forgotten their tacit understanding.

He was about to speak when Anthony looked at him for a few seconds and asked, "How did Genevieve and I

divorce?"

Daniel swallowed his words.

He paused, knowing Anthony did it for Genevieve.

It turned out he flattered himself.

He sorted out his thoughts and briefly described those three years from the most professional and objective perspective.

He told Anthony what happened on the cruise ship.

Anthony gradually became gloomy, and his icy gloom instantly overwhelmed Daniel.

Daniel stood there with his head down after he finished.

He had adapted to Anthony's temperament.

Anthony's eyes were as cold as ice.

He said, "So, I told Genevieve to go and put her in danger..."

His heart suddenly throbbed as if a sharp dagger swept across it.

The surge of emotions caught him off guard.

He thought of her indifferent eyes again and how hateful she looked at him.

No wonder she refused to even say a word.

He owed her and their child too much in the past three years.

Now, he could never make up to her after what happened on the cruise ship.

She hated him for good reason.

After a long time, Daniel looked at the pain and confusion in Anthony's eyes.

Anthony had lost his memory, so he had no idea about these things.

However, not knowing did not mean it never happened.

051% 18:12

Anthony said, "Mr. Hoffman, you didn't expect Ms. Lawrence to have an accident either. Don't overthink it."

It was a good thing to forget.

Otherwise, based on Anthony's deep love for Genevieve, something would have happened if he had not lost his

memory.

Genevieve was unlucky.

Anthony smiled bitterly and replied hoarsely, "Don't overthink it? No wonder she reacted so violently when she learned I had amnesia. She probably hates me!"

Daniel instantly understood and answered, "She knows you've lost your memory? Mr. Hoffman, is Ms. Lawrence... alive?"

Anthony glanced at him and tacitly admitted it.

Daniel got excited immediately.

He added, "That's great, Mr. Hoffman. She's lucky to have survived a great disaster."

Anthony looked calmly at him and said nothing.

However, Daniel knew he was upset.

Daniel could not be more excited than Anthony.

051% 18:13

Anthony checked the time. Kenneth happened to knock on the door and came in. He glanced at Daniel before looking at Anthony respectfully. "Mr. Hoffman, it's time for the meeting."

Anthony stood up, adjusted his sleeves, and glanced at Kenneth and Daniel in front of him.

Finally, he looked at Kenneth and said, "Hand over the work to Daniel and report to the project team."

Kenneth paused slightly before turning happy immediately. Working in a project team was his major, so it was naturally a piece of cake for him to work in his major.

Kenneth said, "Thank you, Mr. Hoffman!"

Daniel was also excited as he could finally return to his position.

He followed Anthony to the conference room.

Anthony paused as soon as they reached the door.

He looked at Daniel. "Investigate someone."

Daniel answered, "Who is it?"

"Louis Fallon," Anthony replied.

Daniel was slightly surprised. Louis disappeared with Genevieve on the cruise ship, but everyone only focused

on Genevieve.

Daniel said, "Mr. Fallon..."

Anthony added, "Including his relationship with Genevieve."

Anthony impatiently pushed open the conference room door and entered.

Daniel instantly felt the pressure.

From the moment Genevieve appeared in Lawrence Group, she realized she was not dreaming.

Jasper followed her from Eagle Entertainment, and they had informed Lawrence Group, in advance.

She merged Eagle Entertainment's last project into Lawrence Group and went to the conference room with

relevant documents.

People from all departments had been waiting for a while in the conference room.

Not everyone was qualified to attend Lawrence Group's banquet, and only the board of directors attended.

Not all of these heads of departments knew Genevieve's identity.

Those who knew had a tacit mutual understanding to keep it a secret.

However, everyone knew Genevieve's experience at Eagle Entertainment. It was only strange that she had

disappeared a while ago.

Chapter 168

'Lauraine's here?' Genevieve thought.

Genevieve put down what was in her hand as gloom flickered in her heart.

Before Genevieve could approach Lauraine at the banquet, Lauraine hurried off.

Lauraine was quick to run.

Genevieve raised her head gently and smiled slightly. "Let Ms. Hoffman in."

She was looking forward to knowing why Lauraine came to her.

Lauraine soon walked in. She did not look too well as her lips were slightly pale.

She looked very much like Quincey. Lauraine looked fragile, which seemed charming or pitiful.

However, one could tell she was trying to endure the fear in her heart.

Genevieve sat in the chair, holding her coffee lazily, and taking a small sip. Her nonchalant movements showed

elegance.

She looked up to see Lauraine standing there and biting her lower lip without saying a word.

A few seconds later, Genevieve said lazily and indifferently, "I'm busy, Ms. Hoffman. If you want to catch up, I

can't."

Lauraine trembled slightly. Genevieve's words seemed to make her uncomfortable.

Genevieve looked at her reaction with amusement.

Lauraine was terrified.

However, she was brave when she loosened the rope.

Lauraine's weak and timid appearance deceived her before. She must have accumulated her evilness for a long time. Otherwise, she would not have obeyed Andrea as soon as the latter provoked her.

A barking dog never bit.

Genevieve experienced it.

Lauraine mentally prepared herself, took a deep breath, and looked up at her.

“A–Are you really Lawrence Group’s heiress?” Lauraine asked.

She was in a trance as if everything she heard and saw at the banquet was a dream.

Genevieve’s mouth twitched. She did not expect Lauraine’s first question.

Genevieve asked, “Didn’t you know, Ms. Hoffman? After all, not everyone is qualified to attend that banquet.”

The announcement of Genevieve’s identity was Samantha and Darrell’s joint decision.

Genevieve’s light could not be obscured and would also attract jealousy and darkness.

There was no way to avoid it.

However, the identity as Lawrence Group’s heiress was a protective shield.

At least some people would be afraid of the power and background behind Genevieve when they wanted to

harm her.

Lauraine pursed her lips, still unable to believe it was true.

It was because Genevieve could disappear into the ocean.

However, Lawrence Group's heiress could not disappear quietly.

Since Genevieve's appearance, Lauraine had been in complete panic.

Lauraine asked, "Why did you... hide your identity?"

Lauraine gritted her teeth. If Genevieve had not deliberately concealed her identity, she might not have gone

that far.

Genevieve looked at her coldly for a few seconds and finally could not help chuckling.

She answered, "So it's my fault that I didn't tell you my true identity in time and made you bear the blame for a murder? Ms. Hoffman, did I hold a dagger to your neck and force you to kill me?"

Genevieve's voice was as cold as ice at the end of the sentence.

There were faint hatred and ridicule in Genevieve's eyes. All of Lauraine's reactions seemed fake to her.

Lauraine's lips turned pale.

She shook her head in a panic, looking extremely pale.

"I didn't mean to kill you, nor did I kill you. Didn't you hear me? It's Andrea. She instigated me to let you go. I just... I just didn't pull th

rope!" Lauraine said.

That was the reason she used to comfort herself.

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She was instigated. She was innocent, and it was all Andrea's fault. Lauraine had tried to save Genevieve.

Genevieve looked at her and found her ridiculous.

Genevieve asked, "You didn't expect me to come back alive, did you? Ms. Hoffman, you're so naive that you're ridiculous. You're aloof, wronged, and innocent. You seem more like a victim than me!"

Genevieve's sarcasm made Lauraine unable to hold back her tears.

Lauraine said, "Gen, I'm sorry. I didn't expect this to happen. I really regret it..."

Genevieve thought, 'Gen? It's disgusting to hear her call me that.'

Genevieve said, "Who are you to call me Gen? Ms. Hoffman, don't mistake me for Andrea."

Lauraine replied, "Sorry, I'm really sorry. Please forgive me."

Lauraine cried until her face was pale. She had nightmares for several days, dreaming that she was the one who fell into the sea.

She was scared to death.

Looking at Lauraine, Genevieve did not waver or become soft-hearted.

There was no way Genevieve could soft-heartedly forgive Lauraine just because she apologized.

Genevieve was the one who struggled and almost died in the sea.

She would never forget the pain and fear.

Her life was not that worthless.

She gently stroked the edge of the coffee cup. The texture on it was delicate and convex. Genevieve smiled leisurely. "Do you think apologies work? You killed someone and still hypocritically apologized. Do you think you can make it even?"

Lauraine trembled slightly.

She looked up tearfully at Genevieve. "How will you forgive me? I'm sincere."

Genevieve looked down slightly, took a sip of coffee, smiled lazily, and looked icily at Lauraine.

"Forgive you? It's only fair when you pay the same price as me. Or you can surrender yourself!" Genevieve answered.

Lauraine trembled violently, clenched her teeth, and shook her head hard.

Lauraine's voice changed as she sobbed and said, "No, it's not my fault. I won't surrender myself. I'll never do that. No one will know what happened that day. Even if you came back alive, you have no evidence to prove it. Genevieve, I've apologized to you. Why won't you spare me?"

She made herself insane, and Genevieve almost drove her insane.

'Why did Genevieve come back alive? If only she were dead, Lauraine thought.

Chapter 169

Lauraine's inner impediment. Louis, was the source of her behaviors then,

When Andrea bewitched her on the cruise ship, Louis had surrounded all of her topics.

Louis was the key.

Genevieve scoffed and stared at Lauraine, who was mad.

She thought, 'Is she saying I'm looking for trouble for myself? She's being unreasonable.'

Genevieve mocked Lauraine coldly. "Who do you think you are? Nobody has a responsibility to like or be good to you. What's the problem with the man you like? Can't others like him? Besides, did he show any interest in you? I donated bone marrow to save your life. Instead, you accused me of doing something terrible to you. Do you think it's appropriate? Lauraine, stop thinking too highly of yourself."

There was no use in remaining courteous now that they were on bad terms.

They weren't in a relationship where grudges could be settled by smiling off.

Genevieve refused to give in to Lauraine anymore.

She noticed Lauraine's body tremble, and her face was pale.

Genevieve summoned Jasper and ordered, "Send her off."

Jasper nodded and gestured for Lauraine to depart, saying, "Ms. Hoffman, this way, please."

Lauraine, controlling her rage and resentment, didn't dare to lose her temper before outsiders.

She glanced at Genevieve with profound implication before turning to leave angrily.

Just as she reached the door, she paused and looked back at Genevieve.

She inquired, "Since you're alive, is Louis, too?"

That was her reason for going there that day.

She wanted to know if Louis lived.

Genevieve replied faintly. "He's dead

Lauraine trembled, her legs weakening, and she nearly collapsed. She was then assisted by Jasper and exited after closing the door.

Genevieve watched Lauraine silently, finally laughing uncontrollably.

Genevieve mused, 'Lauraine. She may be vicious, but she appears to love Louis deeply. She adores him, but she made no apologies for watching Louis and me plunge into the sea. In the end, she just loves herself!

Genevieve shook her head and got ready to leave work. She then received a call from Selene.

Selene said, "We're at the bar. Emilio's back. We have to welcome him."

Genevieve was stunned. She hadn't heard the name in a long time, but she quickly grew delighted.

“All right, I’ll be right there,” she responded.

Emilio Sanders grew up with them.

He was Cosmo Group’s eldest grandson and a dissolute person who enjoyed freedom. He was born into a noble family with privileged circumstances, but he entered the entertainment industry three years ago.

Moreover, Emilio had suffered a lot in the entertainment industry.

In

recent years, he had almost no representative works to present.

Meanwhile, Genevieve arrived at the bar.

Selene and the others were not in a private room but rather in the finest booth upstairs,

The lively bar was noisy and projected a sophisticated atmosphere.

However, a clear and hoarse voice on stage sang a slow sentimental ballad, which clashed with the deafening music.

Genevieve felt that the person was lip-synching. She tolerated the noise and went to Selene.

Selene didn’t drink much, and Brendan sat beside her.

When Brendan saw Genevieve, he greeted her.

Emergency calls only

Genevieve looked at him and frowned, asking. "Why are you here?"

Brendan sighed helplessly and replied audaciously, "I'm a rich scion. Why can't I be here for recreation at night? Do I have to work overtime instead?"

It made sense to Genevieve, though.

But she wanted to know why he hung around with Selene.

Brendan sighed in relief. Since Anthony had lost his memory, Quincey had called him personally and asked him not to disturb Anthony.

So, he didn't dare to bother Anthony, leaving him completely unaware of what had happened aboard the cruise ship.

Brendan rejoiced when Genevieve, who had been missing for some time, resurfaced unexpectedly.

Selene sat there, enjoying herself while mixing the cocktail with a set of equipment.

Yet, she looked very unhappy.

Before Genevieve could inquire, Brendan leaned forward and said, "Aiden's family went to the Quinn residence to request another engagement with Selene. She's angry right now."

Genevieve was shocked and asked, "What's wrong with the Campbell family?"

Brendan felt horrible about saying bad things about his friend, so he simply sighed.

“Aiden is likewise caught in a bind right now. He wants to get back on his feet, but his mother insists on him marrying Selene to gain control of the company. The Campbell family’s stock is now significantly lower than it was previously. His mother hopes to save the company through her son’s marriage,” he added.

Genevieve gazed at Selene and felt sad for her.

“Selene, what’s your family’s stand?” Genevieve asked.

Selene glanced at her and laughed self-deprecatingly, responding, “My mom is still thinking about it, but I told her that I would never agree.”

As she said that, her clear voice came to an abrupt halt. She stood up and waved, shouting out, “Emilio!”

Genevieve was taken aback and looked up at Emilio, who had come down from the stage.

He was dressed in punk-style jeans and a cowboy hat. His facial features were handsome as if there were dazzling stars between his eyes and brows.

Emilio approached and looked around, eventually focusing on Genevieve’s face.

He suddenly grinned and patted her head, asking, “Genevieve, did you miss me?”

Genevieve smiled, stood up, and hugged him.

He had emerged suddenly, but the familiarity remained unchanged..

He looked more mature than a few years earlier.

Emilio patted her again and said shamelessly, “I know you miss me so much, but you don’t have to be so enthusiastic like some crazy fans.”

Speechless, Genevieve let go of him and rolled her eyes at him.

They had grown up together and witnessed his embarrassing moments.

She was familiar with his character even though they hadn't seen each other in years.

Brendan had just stopped by to say hello. He had an appointment with his friends at the next booth.

After looking at Emilio and Genevieve, he seemed to feel sorry for Anthony.

He mused, 'After Louis is gone, another person appears. I feel pity for Tony.

Emilio observed them chuckling and sagging on the couch. In the dim light, he seemed somewhat fascinatingly depressed.

However, there was a huge difference when he spoke.

He said, "I can't go on anymore. I plan to quit the entertainment industry."

Selene stared up at him, shocked, and Genevieve was also taken aback.

He swiftly took up the bottle of costly wine beside him and refilled it for them.

"Let's celebrate my new life!" Emilio said.

Genevieve and Selene clinked glasses with him inexplicably, and they had barely taken a sip when they heard.

Emilio add, "You're so rich. Can you pay the termination fee for me?"

Genevieve glared at him, unwittingly spitting out the wine.

Selene had swallowed and choked, causing her to cough excessively.

Genevieve carefully returned the glass and said, "Erm... I didn't swallow it."

Selene stomped her feet regretfully and scolded, "You, liar!"

Emilio looked at them furiously, particularly at Genevieve's glass of wine.

He attempted guilt-tripping by asking, "Are you guys still my best friends?"

"No!" Genevieve and Selene spoke simultaneously.

Emilio was speechless.

Selene glared at him and inquired, "How could you borrow money as soon as we meet?"

Genevieve nodded and added, "Besides, how can you have no money?"

Chapter 170

Emilio took off his cap, revealing his charming features.

With his appearance, it was unreasonable for him to be unfamous.

Emilio was far greater than those pretty boys.

At that moment, he said with a bitter expression, "Girls, I genuinely don't have money. A senior executive at the brand I endorsed attempted to take advantage of me. So, I beat them up. As a result, the liquidated damages in the contract were a scam, and I nearly lost everything. I cut ties with my family when I joined the industry. If I return and ask for money, how can I be a man in the future?"

Speechless, Selene rolled her eyes.

"You've been in the industry for over three years, yet you haven't received any awards. Your work was either removed or not reviewed. I think you're unsuitable for this job and should have returned long ago," she said.

Emilio felt aggrieved when he heard Selene discuss his failure.

Even he thought it was weird to have had such awful luck for three years.

Genevieve laughed out loud, pulled a card from her bag, and placed it on the table.

"I'll lend that to you. Remember to return it," she said.

Emilio picked up the card and kissed it cheerfully. Then, he looked at Genevieve and said, "Don't worry, Sweetheart. I'll be yours from now on. I've offered myself to you."

Genevieve, after listening to his words, suddenly felt the impulse to retrieve the card.

Selene was sickened by his statements and nearly vomited.

However, even after a small dispute, the three continued to talk.

When they had had enough of the drinks, Selene's driver arrived to pick her up, and she departed first, wobbling

away.

Genevieve attempted to call someone to pick her up, but her phone ran out of battery.

It was dark outside.

However, the magnificent light shone on the roadway, creating a sumptuous atmosphere.

The street was nearly filled with sports and luxury cars.

Emilio sent Genevieve outside. He had an average tolerance to alcohol and displayed no signs of intoxication on

his face.

“Where’s your car?” Emilio asked.

Genevieve looked around and noticed how similar all of the cars were.

“Where’s my car?” she repeated.

Emilio took her car keys and decided to look for her car one by one. He looked back at her and said, “Wait for me here. I’ll be right back.”

Genevieve was well-behaved when she drunk. She nodded and didn’t run about.

Genevieve stood for a few seconds before hearing a faint noise nearby.

After a

She walked over unconsciously and saw a gray animal beneath the street lamp dozens of feet away. Closer look, she noticed that it was a gray little puppy that had been discarded after being born in a month.

It trampled on the leaves pitifully, looking for something to eat.

Genevieve's heart softened, and she squatted down

The puppy staggered over, gingerly licking the tip of her high-heeled shoes, only to discover that they were not food. It whimpered and lay forlorn on her feet.

Genevieve laughed at it, but she hadn't brought any food with her.

If she left, the puppy might not survive the night and die ultimately.

Upon thinking of that, Genevieve slowly extended her hands, asking, "Do you want to come with me?"

The puppy seemed to understand what she had said. It licked her palm again and pressed its two muddy claws against it, trembling and looking pitiful.

Genevieve didn't mind the dirt and picked up the puppy.

It trembled in her arms and felt so light that it appeared to have no weight. It was exceedingly obedient, even

only whimpered.

As Genevieve rose and turned around, she noticed Anthony standing there in a black shirt, staring at her.

He stood by the door, under the streetlamp. The light made his shadow lengthy. He was tall and straight, attractive and noble, with an unmistakable clarity and restraint.

When Anthony saw the figure, he immediately recognized Genevieve.

The documents Daniel had handed over infuriated Anthony.

“Ms. Lawrence and Louis married abroad. Everyone knows, and she has never denied it herself,” Daniel reported previously.

Anthony mused, ‘She never denied it. Then, it’s true.’

Anthony’s heart sank. Somehow, he felt traces of unwillingness and anger, melancholy and bitterness.

He shouldn’t be like that as he believed Genevieve was his.

Observing her by the bar’s door fueled his already intense feelings.

Anthony paused and was about to move forward when a very cool purple Ferrari stopped beside Genevieve.

Emilio, who was in the car, smiled as he whistled at Genevieve and urged, “Get in the car.”

Genevieve held the puppy with one hand while opening the car door with the other.

But before she could open the door, a hand emerged behind her and pressed her firmly on it.

She smelled Anthony’s delicate, cool aroma.

Genevieve frowned, her drunkenness subsiding significantly.

She looked at Anthony impatiently and asked, "What are you doing?"

Under the dim lighting, she couldn't make out Anthony's expression. He simply said in a chilly voice, "I'll give you a ride since you've drunk."

Speechless, Genevieve pushed him away and refused. "No need. Get out of my way."

She mused, 'How unlucky I am. Why does he appear before me every day?'

Emilio also got out of the car, thinking that Genevieve was in trouble.

Then, he spotted Anthony. He tutted and leaned against the car, saying, "Look who's here... Mr. Hoffman, isn't it inappropriate for you to send her? She's on a date with me tonight."

Emilio snorted directly, full of disdain.

He was aware of everything that had occurred between Genevieve and Anthony, as well as what had been reported in the news.

He didn't have the right to get involved before, but right then, he did.

Anthony's face darkened slightly. Although hardly noticeable in the dark, he radiated a frigid aura.

He squinted his eyes, remembering Emilio.

Emilio, an entertainer from Anthony's bought Royal Entertainment was in a state of shelving and causing problems everywhere. He couldn't become popular—even if the company tried.

After remembering that, Anthony snorted coldly and looked at Emilio with even more contempt.

He looked at the tipsy Genevieve before sweeping coldly to Emilio and said in a deep voice, "You should know your place. Not everyone deserves to go on a date with you."

His remarks and patronizing posture enraged Emilio.

Anthony ignored him and led Genevieve to his car.

However, Genevieve withdrew her hand and clenched it against the window.

"My car..." she mumbled.

Anthony was stunned for a second before realizing that the car belonged to a lady—most likely Genevieve

He halted and looked at Emilio with disdain.