

Submitting 20

Chapter 20

The man entered the conference room, his gestures exuding an aura of nobility and authority.

His deep gaze happened to fall on Genevieve, and he nodded slightly. This little detail went unnoticed.

Genevieve was caught off guard by it. Quickly averting her gaze, she focused on the information about this man's background.

Fallon Group was a formidable entity overseas with a mysterious background. Louis Fallon, the recently appointed head of Fallon Group, was known for his ruthlessness and decisiveness. He successfully carved a path through intense competition within the group, seizing control and consolidating power.

Lawrence Group placed significant importance on this cooperation. Louis' personal presence signified the sincerity of Fallon Group, emphasizing the imperative nature of collaboration between the two corporations.

Genevieve was present merely to listen to the meeting, but the depth and breadth of the projects they discussed were both shocking and exciting.

The meeting lasted for one hour.

Jeffrey and Louis reached a tentative agreement, and the discussion took on a light-hearted tone.

Once the meeting concluded and everyone had left, Jeffrey invited Louis to join him in his office, and Louis readily agreed.

Jeffrey looked back at Genevieve and greeted, "Gen, join us."

Genevieve didn't have a chance to say no.

Either way, she was curious about Louis' resemblance with Anthony. Hence, she nodded with a smile.

When she followed them into the office, Jeffrey announced directly, 'This is my sister, Genevieve, Mr. Fallon.'

"I know. You once mentioned that anyone can recognize her at a glance in the crowd, as she is the most dazzling, Mr. Lawrence, Louis replied.

The corners of Louis' lips curled upward, and his indifference faded. He seemed to exude both goodness and a hint of mischief, but in the next second, he approached Genevieve.

Subconsciously, she raised her head as his cold and scented aura drew near.

Louis held out his hand. His gaze was deep.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Lawrence," he said.

Genevieve smiled and shook his hand gently before quickly letting it go.

For some reason, she couldn't see through Louis, sensing that he was hiding something. However, she was unsure whether it was a sign of danger or something else.

"Eagle Entertainment is the largest entertainment company in the country. I've always had an interest in investing in the entertainment industry. When the opportunity arises, I would like to seek your advice, Ms. Lawrence. Would that be acceptable?" he said.

Genevieve paused and answered politely with a smile, "I'm flattered. It is our honor to cooperate with you."

When Louis heard such an answer, a smile seemed to flicker in his eyes.

It disappeared in a flash.

He then turned to Jeffrey for a quick chat. Soon after, his assistant urged him for the next meeting.

When he left, there were only Jeffrey and Genevieve in the office.

Genevieve couldn't help asking him, Jeffrey, did you realize that he looks like..."

Jeffrey knew that she would ask about it. That was why he asked her to stay.

"Louis' aunt, Linda, is the first wife of Anthony's father. It is not surprising that they bore some resemblance," he answered.

Genevieve was slightly taken aback. Then, she nodded.

'No wonder they look somewhat alike. It turns out that they are cousins, thought Genevieve.

"The Hoffman family went through a difficult divorce with Linda in the past, resulting in a lack of cooperation between them. Louis, however, is not just investing in collaborative projects with Lawrence Group in Clusia. He intends to expand their business in this region. We need to collaborate and remain vigilant, Jeffrey explained.

Jeffrey didn't make things clear, but Genevieve understood him. She nodded in reply.

After leaving Lawrence Group, she planned to return to Eagle Entertainment.

or was Unfortunately, she noticed an accident midway, and the man sitting in the luxurious and eye-catching car Louis.

She hesitated for a few seconds before approaching the car and asked, "Mr.

Fallon, do you need help?"

The driver, who was in the front, acted as if he had found a savior when he heard her.

"Miss, Mr. Fallon has hurt his forehead. Could you please take him to the hospital?" he asked.

Before the driver could finish asking for Genevieve's help, Louis had already exited the car. He was dressed in a black shirt and pants, exuding a cold and noble temperament. His eyes were deep and dark, and his forehead was indeed scraped.

However, there were no injuries beyond that.

He bowed slightly, polite and courteous, but at the same time, he didn't seem genuinely sorry for disturbing her

"Thank you, Ms. Lawrence," he said.

Genevieve nodded and took him to her car.

She served as his driver that day. Nevertheless, Louis didn't opt for the back seat. Instead, he took the passenger seat. They sat so closely that she could discern the warm and cool fragrance emanating from his body, creating a slightly uncomfortable sensation for her.

There was a moment of silence.

Louis glanced sideways at her, sporting a light smile, projecting a casual demeanor, and radiating goodwill.

He said, "Ms. Lawrence, I can't explain why, but I feel a sense of closeness with you the moment I lay eyes on you Perhaps this minor accident is destined. May I extend an invitation for dinner later?"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows slightly and responded with a casual smile, "Mr.

Fallon, we are business partners. We have to assist each other. You don't have to be so polite."

He discerned her refusal through her words and demonstrated the sensibility to refrain from pressing further They then arrived at the hospital.

Genevieve helped him to get a doctor. The VIP area was rather quiet.

She called Jeffrey outside the ward As soon as she hung up the phone, she could hear high heels approaching her from behind.

She turned her head, and Rosalie stunningly appeared in front of her. However, the latter's eyes were slightly red and swollen.

As Rosalie looked at Genevieve, her eyes grew even redder, and her anger seemed on the verge of overflowing

"Why are yo you here? My son wouldn't be sick if you hadn't gotten someone to scold me on the Internet. Genevieve, you are a bitch! If something happens to Samson, Anthony will be the first to make you pay for it. Give me back my son!" she yelled.

She stepped forward emotionally and wouldn't let go of Genevieve's clothes.

"Piss off!" Genevieve screamed.

Genevieve frowned and pushed her away with a cold expression.

She couldn't help feeling disgusted when being touched by Rosalie.

But the next second, Rosalie suddenly knelt on the ground, weeping bitter tears.

"Please, Genevieve, let me go. Please clarify with the netizens that things weren't what they thought. I have

72 15:33

wronged you. Please let go of my child... she begged.

Genevieve could instantly tell the reason for Rosalie's sudden change of attitude.

Footsteps then approached behind Genevieve. She turned around and saw Anthony there, his face stern, and Matthew had his eyes open widely.

e spice.

As Rosalie attempted to pull Genevieve's clothes and stir Genevieve suddenly bent down and yanked Rosalie back by grabbing her hair.

Rosalie's scalp was almost torn off, causing her cries to escalate into screams due to the intense pain.

She raised her head with a frightened look in her eyes and looked at Anthony for help.

Genevieve, however, did not let go and slammed Rosalie's head against a nearby wall.

There was a heavy thud, and Rosalie's sobs stopped abruptly. Rosalie couldn't help trembling all over.

The entire incident took place within three seconds.

Genevieve finally shook off her hands in disgust and clapped her hands.

Her eyes were full of coldness, but a dangerous smile appeared on the corners of her mouth.

to with your the

"Do you really believe I would cooperate with your theatrics? m Rosalie be wiser in the future. Perhaps that way, you might live longer," Genevieve mocked.

Rosalie's ploy was intended to garner Anthony's sympathy by involving Genevieve.

'Well, if that's the case, the more pathetic, the better, right? I shall comply then!' thought Genevieve.

Finally recovering from the intense pain, Rosalie collapsed on the ground weakly. She looked at Anthony m he look miserably and complained, "I just wanted to beg Genevieve's forgiveness. I know it was my fault..."

e She then sobbed.

Anthony's expression was cold. He was indifferent toward the incident in front of him.

Before Rosalie could finish her pleas, a sneer from an onlooker suddenly sounded from a room next to them.

"Come. Look over here. And cut!" said the man.