

## Submitting 201

### Chapter 201

Genevieve almost didn't recognize Goldie.

She took two steps back in shock. When she saw it clearly, her expression instantly changed. "Goldie, where's your fur?"

The chubby dog before her could hardly be considered a dog.

There was no hair on its body-not even on its head.

The glossy, golden coat it took pride in had been shaved clean.

Its sorrowful eyes were even adorned with two drops of tears.

Its plump little body twitched every now and then as it lay whimpering at her feet.

It wasn't cute anymore but somewhat pitiful.

Genevieve was still stunned when Anthony walked in with a bag of things.

He stood tall and straight, looking quite intimidating and dignified. However, his expression was somewhat genial and tentative.

"You're up? Did you enjoy your breakfast?" he asked.

It was rare for Anthony to speak to her in such a gentle tone.

Genevieve looked at him for a while, still visibly upset.

"I told you to leave yesterday, but you didn't. And you even bullied my dog?" she asked, her voice clear, cold, and hostile.

Anthony paused, then approached her casually with a warm smile as if nothing had happened.

He said, "Genevieve, things said during a fight shouldn't be taken seriously. You can't just write me off. I admit that the Anthony in the past has let you down, but I swear that won't ever happen again. I'm here. You can hit or scold me all you want, but please don't break up with me."

He grasped her wrist as though she were a priceless gem.

Anthony had swallowed his pride. He had never bent over backward for a woman before.

Genevieve was about to yank her hand out and slap him, but his phone suddenly rang.

He took it out.

Genevieve's gaze swept over the name on his phone.

It was Andrea.

In a flash, she changed her mind.

Of course, Anthony wouldn't answer his fiancée's call in front of her.

He hung up the phone and put it aside. He noticed that Genevieve didn't withdraw her hand. Her expression had eased as well.

Feeling somewhat relieved, he walked over and hugged her. She didn't push him away.

"Genevieve, I'll treat you well. Could you put the past behind you?" he uttered. Genevieve's eyes welled with tears. She looked up and held them in.

The next second, she wrapped her stiff arms around his waist and rubbed her chin against his shoulder. Trying to sound lighthearted, she said, "I'll trust you, just this once."

Her eyes were blurry with tears.

Her words were not sincere.

She had been hurt so deeply. She wasn't going to make the same mistake again.

'Anthony, you brought this on yourself, she thought.

Anthony hugged her tighter, feeling incredibly happy.

Yesterday's gloom was swept away.

He even felt a little excited.

He knew that she had been acting on impulse.

She wasn't entirely without feelings for him.

As they hugged, Goldie appeared even more aggrieved.

It sat on the ground and looked at its owner in tears, indignant and disdainful at her perceived betrayal.

Anthony's phone rang again.

He frowned slightly, irritation flashing across his eyes.

It was Andrea again.

Subconsciously, he glanced at Genevieve.

However, Genevieve was expressionless as she settled back on the dining chair and set Goldie on her lap. She stroked its nonexistent coat repeatedly.

Goldie was even more aggrieved, trembling in Genevieve's arms.

The phone kept ringing.

Genevieve glanced at him, her eyes clear and warm, and said sweetly, "It's okay. Answer it. I won't make a sound. It might be something urgent."

Upon noticing Anthony's somewhat darkened face, Genevieve stood up. "How about I step outside for a while?"

Even though that was her home, she had to leave. For that, she cursed him out in her mind.

He should be the one leaving.

Regardless, on the surface, she appeared considerate and gracious, gentle and tolerant, arousing pity.

Anthony was upset as he looked at her.

It was unclear whether he was feeling guilty or frustrated.

He took a deep breath. He wanted to ask if it truly didn't bother her. 'Isn't she angry?' he thought.

However, they had just made up. He didn't dare to say anything that might ruin it.

He gently touched her long hair, his gaze inscrutable.

"No, there's no need for that," he said.

They had confirmed their relationship. It was simply a forbidden love affair.

No one else would know about them.

Of course, they couldn't tell anyone about the relationship. Genevieve's reaction didn't suggest that she wanted to make it public either.

Furthermore, she hadn't divorced.

It would be bad for her if word got around.

Anthony sat beside her, giving her a fried egg while accepting the call.

Andrea's anxious voice came through. "Anthony, I heard that something happened to Lauraine, Is that true? Is she okay now? Have you found a suitable bone marrow donor?"

Genevieve felt bad when she looked into Goldie's tearful eyes. She decided to buy more dog food for it later.

When the time was right, she would avenge Goldie.

Though she seemed to be doing her own thing, she had heard everything.

After the barrage of questions, Andrea slowed when Anthony didn't answer. "Anthony, did Genevieve refuse to help? I heard from my En mom. She's changed completely. It's like she's lost her mind. If she says something ridiculous, don't believe her. She's quite cunning..."

Andrea had purposefully started her call by asking about Lauraine.

Eventually, she brought up Genevieve again.

'If she's going to play the part of the saint, she should go all out. She changed the topic halfway through. Does she think Anthony is an idiot?' Genevieve thought.

She glanced at Anthony.

Upon noticing her gaze, Anthony's cold face softened slightly. He reached out to hold her hand and gently pinched her palm twice.

It was like he was trying to soothe her.

Genevieve couldn't help but smile. Despite what Anthony had assumed, she wasn't angry.

She could only withdraw her hand and start to eat the chowder.

Anthony interrupted Andrea's chatter with a cold voice. "Do you know Genevieve well? Are you familiar with her?"

Andrea stopped abruptly.

The silence lasted for a few seconds.

Even Genevieve could sense her apprehension.

Andrea paused and said cautiously, "I'm not familiar with her, of course. That's what I heard from Lauraine and the others. Has she visited you now that you're back?"

Anthony breathed deeply and looked at Genevieve next to him. She'd nearly finished the chowder. She was that unconcerned.

'She's not bothered at all!' Anthony thought, feeling a little annoyed. His patience with Andrea dwindled further until it was almost gone.

He loosened his collar and said impatiently, "That doesn't concern you, Andrea. Keep your family an line, especially your mother. If you continue to use the Hoffman family name to act high and mighty, I won't hold

back."

He hung up-right after that.

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Andrea didn't dare to call back.

Genevieve finished the chowder then.

Goldie glared at Anthony with resentment from Genevieve's lap. Tears flowed from its eyes, wetting its face.

Anthony looked at Genevieve and chuckled. "Are you not even a little angry?" he asked.

Genevieve paused for a while and looked at him, somewhat confused.

"Angry? Because she said I've lost my mind? You already gave her a hard time for that, didn't you? Well done. I'm not angry now," she explained dryly.

In truth, she was thinking, "Why should I be angry? It'd be weirder if Andrea said something nice about me."

The thing that surprised her was Anthony's tepid attitude toward Andrea.

He seemed to have no feelings for her. That would make things easier.

'Well done? Did she only pay attention to what Andrea has said about her?' Anthony thought.

He pursed his lips and grinned. His mood had lifted.

Somewhat resigned, he looked at Genevieve and said in a husky and listless voice, "Genevieve, you're so...'

"Infuriating but lovable" was what he meant to say, but he didn't.

Upon seeing his reaction, Genevieve had a startling realization.

She should be angry right then.

That was how vixens would act.

She had to deviate from her personal values.

She immediately latched onto his arm and huffed, "I'm angry!"



Anthony lowered his gaze and looked at her, amused. In a deep and pleasant voice, he asked softly, "Why are you angry?"

Genevieve bit her lip and looked at him piteously with slightly reddened eyes. "Don't answer her calls in front of me from now on. If she scolds me, you have to tell her off. You weren't harsh enough!"

Anthony stared at her, his eyes brightening.

"She actually got upset?' he thought.

With a slight smile, he suddenly drew her onto his lap from his side, obviously pleased by her words.

"All right, I will," he said.

He put his arms around her soft waist and patted her on the back, seemingly trying to comfort or apologize.

In truth, Genevieve's heart Alle tingly.

When he indulged her, her vanity and confidence were easily satiated.

With his affection, it felt as though she could do anything.

But then, she recalled being his wife and watching him and the homewrecker flirt.

When she anxiously called him in the past, did they mock her as they did then? She had become that pretentious and seemingly innocent woman. Surprisingly, she could feel the pleasure brought about by that dubious victory.

Genevieve's heart instantly sank.

She sneered self-deprecatingly.

She would never be distracted by such fleeting victories.

Anthony changed lovers frequently. It would be strange for her to believe in his sincerity.

She had to focus on the goal and disregard everything else.

M Genevieve gently raised her head. She couldn't help but ask, "Will you actually get married?"

Anthony was about to answer when she lowered her head and nuzzled against his heart. An electric sensation flowed through him.

"Forget it. I don't want to know. I'm afraid I'll be heartbroken," she said, wondering if her acting was good.

She had never acted before, so she wasn't sure if he could see right through her.

'I have to get Emilio to give me some lessons. I need professional guidance!' she thought.

Nevertheless, Anthony gently raised her chin, his eyes deep and inscrutable.

He suppressed the surge of emotions in his chest, lowered his head, and kissed her.

His breaths were laced with caution.

'We'll get a better ending, right?' he thought.

Genevieve was slightly stunned as she looked at his well-defined jawline.

It was indescribably sexy to her.

She soon cooperated, looking dazed and restrained.

'He can't perform anyway. A kiss or two won't hurt,' she thought.

Their breaths intertwined. The gentle kiss lasted for a long while.

Every second seemed to be stretched infinitely.

It was such a romantic and quiet morning.

However, Goldie jumped down from Genevieve's lap discontentedly and started barking at them.

It sounded miserable and resentful, disrupting the tender moment.

Genevieve thought, 'What a good dog! I'll feed you an extra portion! That's a must!'

Having his kiss cut short, Anthony frowned and glared at Goldie.

He wanted to be angry, but he also felt that being angry at a dog was a waste of energy-especially when he was in front of Genevieve.

He bent down and picked up Goldie, who was yowling.

Genevieve was shocked. While she was considering if she should snatch Goldie back, Anthony stroked the dog's head and said gently, "You're so beautiful, Goldie. Come on, call me 'Dad.'"

Goldie shook its head, unwilling. It wanted to jump down, but Anthony held its weak body tightly in his arms. It couldn't escape.

Pleased, Anthony glanced at Genevieve.

He said, "I know you don't want to part with it. I can't take allergy medication every time I come here. That's too much trouble. Now, I will treat it as my own son. From now on, let me clean and shave it. We can all live together peacefully."

In trying to figure out how to keep the dog and take care of his allergy, Anthony had come up with the worst idea.

The corners of Genevieve's mouth twitched. She thought, 'My poor Goldie! He's such a jerk for bullying a dog!'

Goldie's dislike for him was apparent. It leveled its teary eyes at Genevieve while being forced to accept Anthony's caress.

Genevieve felt bad for Goldie and took it back from Anthony.

She looked at the trembling Goldie, petting it as she said, "Good pup, I'll dress you up in the prettiest clothes."

At that, she stood up and left.

She was afraid she would curse him out if she stayed any longer.

Fortunately, Jasper had bought a lot of clothes for Goldie. They would come in useful then.

After donning a custom-made, dazzling dark grey coat and a Burberry scarf, the air Goldie gave off was entirely

different.

Goldie shook its body and moved to its eating spot, ready for its meal.

It was still quite upset, baring its teeth while glaring at Anthony, wanting to bite him.

Regardless, it didn't dare to do so.

All it could do was eat and whine to Genevieve while shooting Anthony the occasional glare.

Genevieve's heart melted.

Anthony had a simple meal. When he saw how clingy Goldie was to Genevieve, he was peeved.

It was time to go to work.

Anthony had already postponed an early meeting that morning.

He stood up with the phone in his hand and said, "I'm going to the office. Shall I give you a ride?"

Of course, Genevieve refused.

They would draw attention if they traveled together.

That she wouldn't do.

"You can go first. I'm going shopping with Selene later," she said.

Anthony paused and frowned. "Mr. Lawrence is being so lenient with his CEO these days?"

Genevieve chuckled and retorted gently, "If a business fails while it's CEO is away, there must be a problem with

the organization."

When they weren't showing each other affection, they were combative and wouldn't give in.

Genevieve was the type to conceal her ruthlessness beneath an unassuming facade..

Anthony couldn't argue with that. After glancing at her, he left.

Genevieve finally relaxed.

She was exhausted after acting all day and night. Fortunately, Anthony was impotent. It would be dangerous otherwise.

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Genevieve watched as Goldie finished its meal and sobbed on her lap, clearly sad and aggrieved.

She gently patted its smooth head, feeling heartbroken, and comforted it, saying, "Goldie, I will avenge you. Just bear with me for now. When the chance comes, I'll shave off his hair and let him taste it!"

Goldie responded with a loud burp, a sign of its agreement.

Genevieve then held Goldie in one hand and carried documents in the other.

Her bag was hung around Goldie's neck, and it seemed happy to wear it, even puffing out its chest with pride.

Genevieve had purposely chosen a palm-sized bag that day, and Goldie loved it. She first went to the company to send the documents Anthony had signed.

After all, the projects couldn't afford any further delays, especially considering the possibility of unexpected events.

Selene arrived at Lawrence Group right before Genevieve.

She was chatting with several handsome employees, flirting with them.

Genevieve came over and shot her a warning look.

"Wait for me inside next time. Don't go flirting with my employees. Besides, he's getting married soon," she warned sternly.

Selene snorted coldly and rebuked, "If I could sway his decision of marriage with a few words, I would say it's better for the wedding to be called off."

She then entered Genevieve's office eagerly and asked, "What happened between you and Anthony? Wait, what happened to Goldie's fur?"

She stared at Goldie in the kennel and noticed that its head and neck were bald.

It looked dejected.

Goldie, on the other hand, avoided eye contact.

It was tired from crying and complaining.

Since it entered the company, Jasper's assistants and secretaries were shocked to see it and weren't as warm toward it as before, though Jasper went to hunt snacks and dog food for it as usual.

Goldie also became distant from others, except for Genevieve and Jasper.

After all, it needed to rely on them as it had lost its beauty.

Selene continued to scrutinize it and asked, "Who did this?"

Genevieve sighed and explained, "Anthony is allergic to dog fur. He didn't want to take medicine every time he came to my place, so he did that. What a cruel and unscrupulous man!"

Selene immediately noticed the point. "Do you two live together now?"

Genevieve froze, looking awkward.

'We haven't done anything out of line. I should try to be more natural,' she thought.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine," Genevieve promised.

Selene frowned. "He's a man. You..." She suddenly thought of something.

After years of friendship, Selene understood what Genevieve meant immediately.

She wanted to laugh in disbelief but held it back and said, "No way!"



Genevieve shrugged. "It's true."

Selene burst out laughing.

"Oh, my gosh. Does this mean Andrea will be a widow?" she joked.

Genevieve smiled coldly and countered, "It's hard to say if she'll even be able to marry him!"

Selene had a vague idea of what Genevieve wanted to do but didn't verbalize it.

Instead, she gave a thumbs-up in approval.

Real besties were like that. When one knew the other was about to do something mischievous, they would offer their support and not be a hindrance.

After completing her work, Genevieve left with Selene to shop as the last trip was unsatisfactory.

This time, they purposely cleared the mall to avoid meeting someone they didn't want to meet.

While watching the fashion show, Selene remembered something and said with a smile, "Did you know Mrs. Thomson complained to Quincey after that incident last time? She wanted Quincey to scold her son, but Quincey shot back at her with mockery and ridicule. It seems like Quincey doesn't approve of this marriage either."

Genevieve wasn't surprised by it. She merely raised her eyebrow and said, "Quincey looks up to wealth. She would never appreciate the Thomson family's background. Besides, Quincey knows I'm from the Lawrence family. How could she dare to stand up for others?"

Selene shook her head and sighed. "Looks like Andrea is having a hard time maintaining her position as the fiancée!"

Genevieve smiled coldly, thinking, 'Besides, I want her to live in constant fear- make her lose what she cares about most and suffer miserably.' Returning her thoughts to reality, she remembered some news Samantha had told her.

"Are you getting engaged to Aiden?" Selene's face stiffened when she heard that, and she fell silent.

"Why?" Genevieve never expected Selene to agree to it.

Selene looked down at the ground and smiled mockingly as she explained, "You know our circle well. People come together for the sake of interest and break up for the same thing. My mom wanted to work with the Campbell family long-term. I'm her only daughter and also the one who can help her."

The Quinn family and the Campbell family were equally strong and reputable.

While the Campbell family boasted strong connections and backgrounds, Lorelai Quinn was equally capable.

With the two families working together, they could form a powerful alliance and achieve their goals.

Genevieve fell silent, speechless.

Though marriage of convenience was distasteful, it was often the most effective form of collaboration.

Furthermore, it ensured that no one from a different social class would infiltrate their circles.

That was evident from Quincey's rejection of Genevieve when she was penniless.

After selecting their clothes, they requested home delivery as it wouldn't be convenient to carry them around.

They got to a cafe, and Selene ordered two cups of long black.

"Let's not talk about it. I don't care about who I marry anymore. I try to make it work with him, and if I can't, I'll take care of myself," said Selene.

Genevieve then thought of the well-known scandal between Cecilia and Aiden. Once Selene married him, Genevieve knew she would be subjected to ridicule.

Selene

"Luckily, Cecilia's child isn't Aiden's. Otherwise, Selene will have a hard time!" she thought, feeling sorry for

Selene.

Before she could speak, Selene looked out of the window and cursed through gritted teeth.

Genevieve was taken aback by it and looked in the same direction.

She spotted Aiden, whom she hadn't seen for a long time, with a young lady pushing a stroller with a cute child inside.

The woman bore a striking resemblance to Cecilia..

Selene looked at Genevieve and asked, "Do you think Cecilia's child is truly not Aiden's?"

Genevieve's expression changed. "I don't know."

She was suspicious.

www Selene-looked solemn. "She's Cecilia's cousin, raising the baby on her behalf,"

she explained.

Meanwhile, she thought, 'Why do I have to see such a dramatic scene?'

Chapter 204

Mikaela was startled for a moment, then shrank behind Aiden as if afraid of what might happen.

Selene noticed her slight movement, and her smile faded.

She exchanged a glance with Genevieve, and they both understood each other's thoughts.

Indeed, there was something in the coffee Aiden cleared his throat and walked over to greet them.

"What a coincidence. Enjoying a coffee here with Ms. Lawrence?"

Selene chuckled.

"Yeah. After all, my fiancé is accompanying another woman, so I have to find my best friend."

Aiden's expression darkened slightly, but he patiently explained, "Mikaela is here to handle the adoption procedures for the child. I'm just helping out."

He knew the importance of the marriage of convenience.

He also knew that his own reputation was not good.

If he married a woman who was beneath him, maybe he could feel justified.

However, Selene's background was equal to the Campbell family's, so marrying her was a compromise.

There was no way around it. Since he had agreed, he had to give Selene the respect and care she deserved.

The scene seemed inappropriate.

He was not a broad-minded person and knew what girls cared about.

Selene smiled, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "You are truly generous, even more compassionate than the heavens! Unfortunately, the orphans in the orphanage and the children in impoverished areas of Alendor have not had the fortune to meet you. Otherwise, they would all benefit from your grace="

Aiden was not a fool, so he could tell the irony in her words.

He felt a little embarrassed for a moment.

The child had nothing to do with him, and he was really in no place to help. However, for the sake of Cecilia, he could not just stand by and do nothing. Mikaela heard that, stepped forward, and bowed to Selene with reddened eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't expect us to cause you trouble. Please don't misunderstand. I'm the one who asked Aiden for help," she said.

Then, she looked at Aiden and said in a lowered voice, "Sorry for bothering you, Aiden. I shouldn't have come to disturb you if I knew that you already had a fiancée. You'd better leave us alone. I will find another way."

With that, she pushed the baby stroller and started to leave.

Aiden frowned slightly, seeming to hesitate.

Selene did not miss his hesitation. The honest and peaceful married life she had expected seemed unattainable then.

She could only look out for herself.

She forced a smile and looked at Genevieve, then said, "I still think that bracelet is nice. It caught my eye. Why don't we go take a look later?"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and replied, "Sure."

Beside them, Aiden took a deep breath and did not leave. Instead, he sat down nearby and asked, "Why don't!

go with you?"

At that point, it was no longer appropriate to go after Mikaela and the child.

However, Selene glanced at him, leaned closer, and whispered, "Aiden, tell me the truth before we get married. Is that child yours?"

Aiden's expression changed subtly. "No."

He was wrongly cuckolded, but he could not say anything.

His grievances with the Wood family and Cecilia's past were nothing to reminisce about.

Cecilia had been with him for so many years, and he had also paid the price.

if he had not thought that the child was his, he and Cecilia would have cut ties long ago.

Now that he knew the child was not his, he was both relieved and unjustly accused.

However, Selene obviously did not believe him.

She smiled and did not say anything.

Finally, she stood up and said to Genevieve, "Come on. Let's go home after shopping. My legs are tired from walking all day."

Aiden followed them out.

Selene raised her head and said to Aiden with a smile, "Go. Someone is waiting for you. If you don't chase after her, she'll be disappointed."

Aiden frowned slightly at the woman not far away, who was glancing in their direction.

He stayed and casually said, "Which bracelet do you like? I'll buy it for you."

He wanted to change the subject.

Selene slung her bag over her shoulder, chuckled lightly, and with a hint of disdain in her eyes, glanced at Mikaela.

"No need-we're not the kind of women who can't afford things and have to rely on men to pay for them."

She grinned and then pulled on Genevieve to leave.

All those bracelets were fake anyway.

The two of them immediately went on the elevator.

M Genevieve could tell that Selene was in a bad mood and sighed. "If you really don't want to, forget it. The Campbell family isn't a good one anyway. Mrs. Quinn has always cared about you, and she won't force you if you don't want to."

Selene looked down, not knowing what to feel at that moment.

"Don't worry. We're not at the end of the road yet. I'm not that stupid. There's still a difference between Grement and marriage."

Genevieve understood what she meant, and she sighed in relief.

She could not bear to see Selene being wronged.

She was always carefree, like a little child, always charging ahead.

If she was wronged, it would be so painful!

Genevieve sent Selene back..

Suddenly, she thought of Samantha and Darrell.

They did not force her into that marriage.

Genevieve thought about it and specially bought a box of pastries that Samantha liked, then happily returned to the Lawrence residence.

There were sounds of chatter and laughter coming from inside as if there was a family gathering.

Samantha liked to listen to operas, and in the past, they would occasionally attend a few shows.



It looked like they were in a good mood that day!

Genevieve drove in. The servant came out happily to open the door for her.

"Ms. Lawrence, you're back?"

Genevieve smiled and replied, "It's so lively at home."

- has asked someone to sing at home!"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow. She was naturally happy when Monica came.

Relatives from her father's side rarely visited except on special occasions-especially when her m e

father and Caspian depended on each other. Except for Monica's support, others just watched from the sidelines.

However, as soon as their business started to pick up, they all came swarming.

Because they swarmed too frequently, it irritated Darrell, so he would regularly give them some benefits to appease them.

Genevieve went in and heard laughter inside.

Darrell was especially happy, even joining in the opera with a few lines, which prompted Monica to tease him. Your broken voice is still the same. Why don't you spare us? It's worse than a crow's call!"

"I learned it from you," he replied.

Monica could not help but burst into laughter. "I couldn't have taught a student like you."

Everyone laughed.

When Samantha saw Genevieve, she stood up happily and greeted her. "Gen, come and see Grand aunt Monica."

Genevieve walked over with a smile and sat down next to Monica. "Grand aunt Monica, why did you only come to see me now?"

Monica's rough but warm hand lovingly caressed her cheek. "Look at you-you've grown 36 beautiful just like me. Back then, I was a beauty in the village. Young men from ten miles around came to court me."

She began to recall the past.

Genevieve could not help but laugh, and Samantha warned her from behind by patting her shoulder.

Her eyes signaled, "Don't make fun of her!"

Darrell burst into laughter behind them.

Chapter 205

Monica's two daughters-in-law, Rebecca and Alice, sat on the sofa next to her.

Their seniority was similar to Samantha's, but there was a twenty-year age difference between them.

Rebecca, the eldest daughter-in-law, made the effort to dress up. She was skilled in sweet-talking and always made an appearance.

Alice, the second daughter-in-law, looked gentle and honest. However, she was somewhat reserved and lacked eloquence in speech. Whenever she visited, she couldn't help but feel intimidated.

However, they never left empty-handed after visiting the Lawrence family.

As a result, they felt that their relationship with the Lawrence family was highly valued.

Genevieve felt ambivalent toward Alice and Rebecca and considered them to be just ordinary guests.

However, she loved Monica very much.

It was probably because Darrell said that Monica always secretly sent money and food to him and Caspian.

When Darrell was in the hardest time, he couldn't afford to eat and wanted to drop out of school. As a result, Monica beat him up and took him to school.

Beyond the banquet hall, there stretched a waterside promenade for over 30 feet, leading to a pavilion.

It was a stage specially constructed for performances, a gift from Darrell to Samantha.

The performance was melodious and dreamlike.

Monica said that a young man gave her a basket of peaches.

Rebecca couldn't help but interrupt her with a wink. "Mom, why do you keep talking about this? Get to the point!"

Everyone was confused.

Darrell and Samantha were also at a loss.

"Is there anything wrong?" Darrell asked with concern. Monica pondered for a moment and said in confusion, "I'm fine." Rebecca couldn't help but cough and make a funny face at Alice. But Alice was unmoved. She lowered her head and said nothing.

Rebecca gritted her teeth and said with a smile, "That's a good thing. Isn't Gen divorced? A divorced woman is worthless. In our town, people who get married for the second time can only find someone with children or an old man. As her aunt, I don't have the heart to let her marry those people and want to introduce her to a good young man!"

Darrell's face turned gloomy, and he interrupted her in a cold voice. "What are you talking about?"

If Monica weren't present, he would have hit her directly.

Samantha halted him, gently squeezed his hand, and cast a smiling glance at Rebecca.

"A good young man? Who is it?"

Rebecca couldn't help but smile complacently and patted her chest with excitement.

"It's my son, Nathan. He graduated from a prestigious university. I thought that we should keep all benefits for ourselves. Hence, I told him not to find a job. He should just be the CEO of Lawrence Group. When he is married, to Genevieve, she can stay at home as a full-time wife. Nathan will be the breadwinner of the family. Success won't mind that this is Genevieve's second marriage.

Rebecca's idea was quite idealistic. Darrell was rich, but he only had one son..

Most wealthy families had several sons to inherit the business.

Hence, Rebecca turned her attention to Genevieve.

Since Jeffrey was the only son in their family, Genevieve would surely receive a sizeable share of the family fortunes.

M The stage opposite the pavilion was babbling with melodious music.

Yet, no one was in the mood to enjoy the show except Monica.

Alice lowered her head with embarrassment, as if she wanted to hide from this occasion.

However, Rebecca had no shame at all.

She looked at Samantha with a hopeful expression, as if anticipating positive feedback about her son.

"Genevieve is a girl, after all. It's not appropriate for her to constantly be out in the public eye. When she marries Nathan, she can enjoy life at home!"

Genevieve felt disgusted when looking at Rebecca's face.

It was the reason why Darrell never allowed his relatives to visit much.

In fact, there was no need to contact some relatives for a long time.

Samantha took a sip of the delicate coffee in front of her. Next, she couldn't help chuckling.

"If I remember correctly, your son didn't go to a prestigious university, did he? His school was a lowly-ranked school that was hardly prestige. Is he having problems finding a job?"

Rebecca stiffened in embarrassment when she realized her lie had been exposed. Then she laughed and tried to explain.

"People who attended elite schools can also work in lowly jobs. It doesn't matter what kind of school he was in. The most important thing is that my son is a smart man. He liked Genevieve as soon as he saw her photos."

Samantha stopped smiling and her face became indifferent. She tried her best to hold back her anger.

If it weren't for Monica, she wouldn't let such a person come to her house.

Genevieve looked at Samantha and knew she was angry.

She was about to say something when she heard a bang..

Darrell slammed the item in his hand on the table.

Most of the splashed water and debris were thrown onto Rebecca.

There was a dead silence in the living room.

Monica watched the person singing at the pavilion and said nothing.

Rebecca's face was slightly pale. However, she managed a flattering smile and said, "What are you doing? We are family. Let's talk nicely!"

Rebecca looked at Alice in hope that she would help smooth things over.

However, Alice was so frightened that her face turned paler. She just sat there and didn't dare to say anything.

Darrell snorted coldly. He respected Monica because she was kind to him.

But it didn't mean that he would treat everyone in her family equally.

After years

of working in the business world, he had mastered the art of discernment.

He looked at Rebecca with disgust and said, "Who the hell are you to talk like that about my daughter in my house? Even if she divorced, people like you and your son are undeserving of her. Stop daydreaming!"

Rebecca's face was pale, and she felt aggrieved.

"I meant well. I..." She wanted to have a big fight, but she didn't dare.

After all, she was at the Lawrence residence. Most people couldn't even set their foot there.

If Monica hadn't come, they would have been taken to the hotel for a meal and then sent back.

you to Monica, who was watching the show attentively, finally turned around and said, "Well, I've already told give

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up. You just had to listen to the rejection yourself. Your son is short and ugly. How is he worthy of Gen?

Even if Gen had divorced eight to ten times, your son wouldn't even stand a chance. Back in the day, I was just like Even after getting married, there were still plenty of suitors lining up for me. Beauties like us wouldn't settle for a mama's boy like your son."

Rebecca's expression changed visibly. She was angry that Monica didn't speak up for her if she had been at home, she would have made a huge fuss. But now she was unable to get out of the humiliating situation.

Samantha couldn't help but scoffed, albeit gracefully.

She was still well-mannered even when sneering at others.

She took a deep breath and said, "Mom, that's your grandson. How can you say that? Besides, I'm just saying it out of kindness. If Genevieve is unwilling, then forget it!"

Chapter 206

Samantha asked the servant to clean up.

Genevieve smiled and walked behind Darrell to give him a shoulder massage.

"Dad, don't be mad. She's just making a suggestion. We won't take it seriously."

Rebecca breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's right. We are family. There's nothing to be angry about. Genevieve, maybe you will like Nathan when you see him in the future!"

Darrell was about to stand up and swear when Genevieve pressed him down.

"I know what you are up to. Isn't it because I am the CEO of Hoffman Group? To tell you the truth, your son's degree is not even qualified to apply for a job as a security guard in our company. He can't even get into the company."

Rebecca's face darkened, and she felt a little embarrassed to be accused by someone much younger.



She gritted her teeth and smiled.

"I never thought that way. My son is going to start his own business, You are overthinking it."

"That's great. Originally, I wanted dad to make an exception and find a suitable position for him. Since you said so, he must rely on his own ability to support himself. We shall mind our own business."

Genevieve smiled and wrapped her arm around Darrell's neck from behind.

"Dad, did you hear that? Don't meddle in other people's affairs!"

Darrell chuckled and understood the pit dug by Genevieve.

"All right."

Rebecca's face was even more gloomy. She felt anxious and angry.

It was all her fault for saying things so quickly that she missed a good opportunity.

She was annoyed to have fallen into Genevieve's trap.

Rebecca glared angrily at Alice beside her.

She was secretly cursing Alice for keeping silent.

Monica watched the play with great interest and didn't care about anything that was happening.

Samantha went to ask the maid to clean up the room before turning to Monica.

"Aunt Monica, stay here for a few more days. I'll have someone sing for you every day."

Monica smiled and nodded.

"Fine. Anyway, I've finished my work in town and I can rest for a few days."

Darrell patted Genevieve's hand happily.

"You should come back often to accompany Monica."

"Of course."

Rebecca's heart was relieved, and her face just floated with joy.

Since Samantha asked the old lady to stay, they would definitely accompany her.

In this way, she would have another chance to talk about her son's job.

However, Rebecca's happiness was short-lived.

Samantha said, "Rebecca, Alice, you can stay at the hotel. I will ask someone to take you to the best hotel, which is convenient for shopping."

Rebecca's face stiffened.

She didn't want to stay in a hotel.

No matter how good the hotel is, it won't be as grand as the Lawrence residence.

Monica interrupted Rebecca, "That's good. You can buy something to bring home for your family."

"Mom, is it okay for us to stay here with you?"

Rebecca constantly hinted at her mother-in-law.

However, Monica waved her hand and said, "What's so good about watching you all day? I need to rest. Besides, it's inconvenient for you two to live here. Darrell and his wife are taking care of me because of filial piety. What's the point of serving oth of you? Come on, didn't you hear that the hotel is the best? You haven't stayed there in your whole life, so hurry up and leave. Don't waste time!"

Samantha greeted the butler with a bright smile and asked him to prepare the car.

Rebecca gritted her teeth reluctantly.

But it was useless for her to say more since Monica had said so..

Alice stood up obediently and tugged at Rebecca's clothes.

"Let's go."

Rebecca gritted her teeth, but then she nodded and said goodbye with a forced smile.

"Mom, if you miss us, just call me and we'll come right away!"

The old lady didn't care about them at all.

As soon as they left, Monica looked at Darrell happily and joked. "Well, they scolded your daughter. So, I drove them away."

Darrell smiled and stroked Genevieve's hair.

"Aunt Monica, I only have one daughter. No one can bully her."

Samantha stood up and poured tea for Monica.

"He's always taken good care of his children, especially Genevieve. Even though Genevieve wasn't hurt from a bump, he would cry himself first."

Monica couldn't help laughing. Her hair was not messy at all.

"He also protected his brother in this way last time."

Darrell smiled and asked, "How's the family? Are the children filial?"

"Well, they are nice to me now. They know that you are good to me, so they think that I'm still useful to them. I know that," Monica said. "You've given a lot of subsidies over the past few years. When I die in the future, just leave them alone and live your own lives."

Monica was getting older, and she was never afraid of death.

She enjoyed everything as long as she could.

Even if she saw through Rebecca and Alice, she didn't say a word and pretended to be dumb.

After dinner, Genevieve received a photo on her cell phone.

Anthony changed into pajamas and sat in the living room. He carried Goldie and took a selfie.

Goldie looked reluctant, and the dog's eyes were full of resentment and grievance.

It didn't forget where its fur went.

But the man's big hand was holding its neck strongly, and it had no room to struggle.

"When will you come back?"

Genevieve was stunned for a while when she saw his message.

After all, they hadn't chatted for a long time.

She hasn't posted anything since she stopped her essay-long messages.

It was the first time that Anthony had asked her whereabouts.

She paused for a while and then sent an address.

"Pick me up?"

She knew that Anthony didn't dare.

Neither did he dare to expose his relationship with the world nor face the Lawrence family like this.

Several minutes passed.

Anthony replied, "Okay" Genevieve was shocked.

She was lying on the bed and got up immediately to change her clothes.

When she went downstairs, Samantha had just come out of the harp room. They looked at each other in confusion.

Samantha asked suspiciously, "It's so late. Why are you going out? Are you in a relationship?"

Genevieve was just looking for an excuse to leave when Darrell came down.

Seeing this, he hurriedly said, "There's something wrong with the company. I asked her to deal with it. She is the CEO now, so she has to bear hardships and have a sense of responsibility!"

Genevieve nodded.

Samantha chuckled and sighed helplessly.

"I'll accompany Mrs. Hoffman around for the next few days. I happen to have something urgent on my hand, and I'm not confident others can handle it. You can go."

Genevieve immediately patted her chest.

"Leave it to me. There's nothing to worry about."

As she spoke, her phone rang.

She was afraid that Darrell and Samantha would realize something, so she hurried away.

Darrell nodded with satisfaction.

Samantha wanted to follow Genevieve, but Darrell stopped her.

"Let's respect her privacy. If she wants to tell us, she will just bring him back."

"You're so optimistic. If she falls in love, I won't be at ease. Samantha Le muttered as Darrell coaxed her away.

Chapter 207

Genevieve didn't drive, so she had the driver drop her off at the entrance before calling it a day.

As soon as the driver left, she noticed a black Bentley parked under the swaying shadows of trees by the roadside, blending into the night like a silent beast of steel.

In the next moment of her discovery, the lights suddenly illuminated the entire street.

Golden rays cascaded onto the ground, seemingly greeting her arrival.

She couldn't see who was inside the car, but she could vaguely discern the dark silhouette.

A faint tremor stirred within her heart as she contemplated, 'Could Anthony unexpectedly harbor favoritism and warmth? But everything feels so fake. Throughout three years of marriage, he has never once taken the initiative to pick me up. And now, he suddenly appears? Isn't this ridiculous?'

Genevieve's chest felt as if it was stuffed with cotton, and just as the sensation of being touched surfaced, it was smothered by a suffocating heaviness.

She masked her deep sentiments with a soft smile as the car pulled up.

Anthony drove there himself. Clad in a black coat, his tall, straight figure emerged from the vehicle with a noble grace, somehow warming the chilly air.

The passenger door swung open, and Anthony stood beside her. "Feeling touched, Genevieve? I've come to pick you up," he said.

'He actually showed up!' Genevieve exclaimed inwardly. 'If my parents were to step out now, they'd definitely see us,' she mused further.

But she no longer cared. Who wouldn't want to indulge in a bit of madness on an exhilarating night like that?

Genevieve snapped back to reality, smiling as she leaned against his shoulder, her voice gentle and tender as she stated, "Of course, I'm so touched, Anthony. Why are you so good to me?"

That was how the pretense of innocence and sweetness played out. Even for minor matters, he had to be lauded as though he had performed a grand feat.

Anthony's pleased expression was evident. A faint smile lingered on his lips as he reached back to pinch her cheek, his eyes shimmering softly as he uttered, "Get in the car."

Inside the car, the temperature was comfortable, gradually dispelling the chill she brought in, prompting her to sigh involuntarily.

"You actually came? Aren't you afraid my parents will catch us?" Genevieve asked.

Anthony smiled faintly, replying, "Afraid of what? Worst case scenario-I'll just take a few hits!"

He was prepared to face those punches, whether sooner or later.

Given his previous attitude toward Genevieve, the Lawrence family and the Hoffman family should have been at odds.

Their apparent tranquility was superficial, existing solely within their business interactions.

Genevieve chuckled softly, rolling down the window to let in the gentle breeze. "You're surprisingly self-aware,"



she said.

Anthony stole a glance at her, admiring her delicate profile. The roadside lights cast a soft glow on her face, accentuating her prominent nose and charming features.

Unable to resist, he reached for her left hand resting on her lap, clasping it in his own and planting a tender kiss, feeling a warmth spread in his heart.

That small gesture was reminiscent of lovers in the honeymoon phase.

Genevieve glanced sideways at him, fighting the urge to withdraw her hand, and then turned her head away.

As they approached a traffic light intersection, she seized the opportunity to retract her hand. "Please drive safely, Mr. Hoffman. I still want to live a few more years."

Anthony refrained from reaching for her hand again, smiling instead.

As they reached the penthouse, Genevieve sighed with relief.

Before they entered, she caught Anthony saying, "Have you considered replacing your assistant?"

Genevieve looked at him in surprise and asked, "Why?"

Anthony reached out and encircled her delicate waist, the warmth of his fingertips passing through, burning hot. "Jasper knows the passcode to your home? How can you trust a man to freely come and go here?"

He had left work early to surprise her, but when Jasper entered with the passcode instead of Genevieve, Anthony's heart churned with turmoil, and his emotions turned cold.

Jasper, also visibly surprised to see Anthony, quickly regained composure, nodded naturally, and attended to Goldie, arranging its bedding and providing food and water. Goldie was extremely affectionate toward Jasper, who seemed familiar with everything in the house.

Anthony's competitive nature fueled his displeasure toward Jasper.

After Jasper had left, he scooped up Goldie and snapped a photo with her. He then asked for the pickup address.

Genevieve, however, just smiled indifferently. "Jasper is helping me take care of Goldie and handle document deliveries. Of course, I trust him-that's why I made him my assistant."

She wasn't foolish. Anthony had tried to dismiss her trusted confidant with mere words, but in her eyes, Jasper was more important than Anthony.

Observing Anthony's darkening expression, she smiled, linking her arm through his. "Are you jealous?" she teased.

Anthony stubbornly kept a straight face, refusing to admit it, and stayed silent.

Genevieve chuckled, and the two walked in, one after the other.

Genevieve changed her shoes while Anthony paused behind, glancing at the nearby trash can. His expression darkened as he noticed the disposable slippers that had been thrown away by the servant.

Only his slippers remained there, and it looked better that way.

He changed his shoes and entered, tentatively suggesting, "What if I find a better replacement for him?" He felt uneasy with Jasper around her.

Genevieve had already scooped up Goldie, who had come to greet her.

She glanced back at him with a smile and said in a gentle but faint voice, "Mr. Hoffman, let's not interfere with each other's business, shall we?"

In an instant, he understood her underlying message and contemplated, Jasper is her concern, and I shouldn't interfere with it."

The replacement would mean inserting his own associate by her side, a significant taboo in business.

Anthony squinted, then massaged his temples in sudden realization.

Inwardly chastising himself, he thought, 'How could I commit such a foolish and low-level mistake? M Genevieve merely views Jasper as her assistant, protecting him. Yet, I hastily perceived him as a rival. My possessiveness is greater than I realized."

He pursed his thin lips slightly and said, "It's my fault."

As Genevieve noticed his softened tone, she smiled and shook Goldie's paws, remarking, "Tell your daddy I'm pleased he's jealous."

Goldie silently turned its head away, closing its eyes, ignoring Anthony completely.

Yet, upon hearing the word "daddy," Anthony's tension instantly eased.

A rare smile crept onto his lips as he gazed gently at Genevieve. "Got it," he remarked.

Genevieve playfully waved Goldie's paw again, asking, "Do you have something to add?"

Goldie silently stuck out its tongue, rolled its eyes, then seized the opportunity with its owner nearby and couldn't resist starting to bark.

"Woof, woof, woof..."

Starting with a soft growl, Goldie's barking at Anthony grew louder and more insistent, almost as if it wanted to lunge and nip at him.

It was a testament to the saying that dogs were emboldened by their owners, particularly when they were nearby.

Anthony scowled, gritting his teeth as he glared at Goldie, restraining the urge to toss it away, before shifting his gaze to Genevieve.

Genevieve pursed her lips, maintaining her composure, and translated in a sweet voice, "It says wants a pear! necklace and a custom-made pair of Jimmy Choo high heels!"

it Goldie persisted in sticking out its tongue, barking fiercely, "Woof, woof, woof..."

It seemed eager to bite someone.

Suddenly, Anthony smiled lazily.

He reached out and tousled Genevieve's hair affectionately. "Buy it," he said warmly.

Chapter 208

Seeing Anthony in his usual self, Genevieve smiled and waved Goldie's paw, saying, "Thank you!"

Goldie still barked ferociously.

The next second, Genevieve put the dog down and let it wander.

Unexpectedly, Goldie appeared bewildered and spun over and over, emitting a yelp and sticking out its tongue at Genevieve.

It had planned to make a scene, not anticipating things to settle.

Alas, Genevieve walked away.

Anthony looked condescendingly at the dog, all ready to grab it. Frightened, Goldie jumped backward and fled disorderly.

Gone was the battle between them.

A snort escaped Anthony as his expression became steely.

Meanwhile, Genevieve changed clothes in the cloakroom, stumbling upon two strange haute couture suitcases.

She was confused, for she did not recall asking for those clothes.

Anthony walked in and said softly, "Didn't you invite me to live together? I asked someone to bring some of my clothes over."

Genevieve's mien did a one-eighty. "Didn't you say no?"

'Why'd he go back on his word like this?' she wondered.

Anthony's face darkened. He had yet to say no. Instead, he had mentioned that he would come when he had time to spare.

He imagined what would have happened should he had too much time.

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Yet, he might have sounded a tad rushed.

He then said with a sullen look, "Are you upset?"

Genevieve blinked, forcing a grin. "No, I'm over the moon. I was just surprised, so I spaced out."

She walked over and circled the two big boxes, feeling increasingly depressed while pondering, 'Duh! I'm happy. enough on my own.'

Still, on second thought, she figured that he could do nothing in bed, anyway, so he could stay all he wanted.

Then again, she would not want to stay with that man under the same roof for too long.

In her book, it was time to speed up her plans.

Once Anthony fell for her, Genevieve would make Andrea lose her most-coveted title as the lady of the Hoffman family and make Lauraine pay.

Before that happened, she would bear with it.

Tilting her head and thinking, Genevieve asked, "You need me to unpack them for you?"

Her asking was merely out of courtesy. She was going to leave it to the maid.

Anthony nodded nonetheless. "Well, I'll leave it to you, then."

Genevieve's mouth twitched.

She wanted to slap herself.

Freezing for a bit, she smiled and began to unpack the boxes.

While unpacking, she secretly called him names.

That guy did not bring along too much clothing, only his regular outfit.

There were several shirts and trousers of the same style but with different cufflinks.

However, the dark blue cufflinks in the most conspicuous spot seemed familiar to her. Without paying much

attention, she stuffed them into the drawer.

Just like that, she worked all night.

Upon rising, she saw Anthony standing at the door with a cup of coffee. He looked at her gently and warmly, poles apart from his behavior during the day.

From time to time, though, he seemed rather dejected and cold.

Genevieve frowned. "Why are you wearing your legs out? You might as well take a seat and watch."

Her voice was laced with resentment as she dropped that sarcasm.

Anthony voiced indifferently, "Genevieve, have you helped other guys unpack, too?"

Genevieve froze. "Not everyone's as thick-skinned as you."

She used to unpack his clothes for him, but after the divorce, she found out that it was a servant's job.

'How dumb of me to have done all that!' she grumbled inwardly.

Anthony lowered his eyes, concealing his complex feelings.

'What a relief. At least only I got to see this tender side of her but not other men.

They'd have to get through me first,' he mused.

Genevieve stretched. "I'm gonna take a shower. Make yourself at home."

She was exhausted. Being with him turned her off, so she would pretend that he was not there:

Anthony smiled. "I have some work on. Can I use the study?"

Genevieve paused. "The guest room and the small study next to it are all yours."

Anthony raised his eyebrows.

The meaning behind the lady's words was as clear as day-he would be spending the night in the guest room.

Early in the morning, Genevieve was woken by a call from Darrell. "Mrs.

Lawrence wants to go shopping, but your mom and I have something on. Bring her shopping, will you? She's old and can't walk long, so she won't take you the whole day. See her home when she's tired.""



Genevieve replied sleepily. "You'll send her here?"

"Yeah, set your work aside first." Darrell hung up and did not even probe into the matter the night before.

Genevieve washed herself up and stepped out.

Hearing some noises in the kitchen, she thought the maid had clocked in early.

Never did she expect to be greeted by Anthony's towering back standing against the sun as if glowing elegantly.

Gracefully, he cut some toast and fruits.

Next to him was Goldie sitting on the floor enjoying some dog food.

It would glare at Anthony from time to time, showing that it would never accept him.

Witnessing that, Genevieve trembled slightly.

Bitterness swelled within her, catching her off guard.

She began seeing Anthony in a new light.

If anything, she was shocked to see how far he could go for his other half.

Because in the past, she had experienced none of that.

No longer did she care after having had a taste of it.

Soon after, Anthony noticed her, thus walking over and pulling out a seat for her.

"You're up. Let's have breakfast, shall we?"

Genevieve was pretty sure he did not slip into her master bedroom the night before.

She reckoned that perhaps it was because he was facing problems in bed.

Such thought relieved Genevieve's uneasiness.

She felt sorry for Anthony for having to keep that embarrassing detail to himself.

She walked over and sat down.

"Thank you. I didn't know you could've made breakfast, Mr. Hoffman."

Anthony's smile froze as though he had realized something.

He presumed that Genevieve was surprised because he had never made her food before.

Feeling depressed, he became more determined to treat her well.

"Let me know what you think. I'll cook often if it suits your taste," he pronounced.

Genevieve was astounded by his change and peeked at him unwittingly.

Then again, toast and fruits could be easily prepared.

She did not think she could tell the difference in taste.

Rather, she missed the bagel and pudding the maid used to make.

She could not lie and claim that the breakfast was nice.

Clearing her throat, she stated with a smile, "

Anthony's face darkened. Genevieve held his hand and cooed, "Ki bẻ m heartbroken it you wear yourself out."

She felt like a jerk to blurt out such words without even blinking.

Actually, she felt sick, not to mention getting impatient. She dreaded that she would give herself away with her acting.

Anthony looked softened instantly and held her hand. "Genevieve, you- Before he could continue, his phone on the table chimed. Genevieve glanced at it, only to see the caller ID "Andrea" flashing.

'What a bummer!' she mused, could not help rolling her eyes.

Her grimace stunned Anthony. His gaze turned gloomy as he uttered, "Let me get this."

Chapter 209

Anthony did not avoid Genevieve while answering the call.

Still, Genevieve thought he would just hang up.

It seemed that she had underestimated Andrea's importance to him.

"Good news, Anthony! I've found someone who can donate bone marrow to Lauraine. The donor matched all of Lauraine's indicators. I'll be bringing her back this instant!" Andrea's voice was full of surprise and expectation as if it carried great news.

Anthony frowned at first, but then he got quite emotional. "Okay, I'll send someone to pick you up."

Genevieve was sipping the milk quietly.

She and Anthony were in two different worlds, so to speak.

Not a hint of emotion was on her face.

That would make sense, for it would do her any good that Laurainé secured a match.

Genevieve would have let Lauraine off the hook had the latter simply gone with the wind.

By the looks of it, that might no longer be possible.

Putting down the phone, Anthony still appeared jubilant, but when his gaze reached Genevieve who looked indifferent, he was stunned for a second.

The fact that Genevieve refused to be Lauraine's donor again had left a knot in Anthony's heart.

Even so, the Hoffman family had no right to strong-arm others into doing so.

Plus, he did not wish to aggravate the matter to the point of no return, hence never bringing it up.

He assumed that Genevieve must be pleased with the outcome..

Anthony reached for Genevieve's hand on the table, cooing, "Don't worry about Lauraine. It's been settled."

Genevieve lowered her eyes to hide the coldness in them and uttered with a smile, "Well, congrats."

She was never worried.

Never could she forgive Lauraine for hurting her.

She would exact revenge and see whether Lauraine could survive like she did.

Anthony smiled, not noticing Genevieve's mood change.

Genevieve never ate much. After having half a cup of milk, she stood up and packed Goldie's necessities so that she could take the dog with her to the office.

Anthony was still spirited after breakfast. "Want a ride?"

Genevieve shook her head with a grin and remarked coldly, "Your fiancée's coming back, so we should be discreet. Best if you be careful, Mr. Hoffman."

Anthony's eyes darkened. His chest felt a tad stuffy.

He had indeed overlooked that they could never go public with their relationship.

However, he felt bitter to see Genevieve so sane all the time.

With that, the two parted ways from the penthouse.

Genevieve took Goldie to the office while Anthony headed for the hospital.

Not a concerning word did she ask about Lauraine.

Hoffman Group had mobilized a flock of staff for check-ups, but only a few of them had positive results. Among them, none was suitable to donate.

Anthony was exasperated. After all, Lauraine was his sibling.

To think that Andrea could find a match, Genevieve knew how eager Andrea had been to gain a foothold in the Hoffman family even when recuperating abroad.

Andrea must have been uneasy, knowing that Genevieve was so close to Anthony, or so was Genevieve's

thought.

She smirked and let out a sneer before whistling to Goldie. "Slow down, Goldie. What's the hurry?"

Goldie wagged its tail and turned to eyed her. Fortunately, Goldie had adapted to having those soft, fitting clothes on itself.

As it eyeballed Genevieve, it seemed pitiful.

Genevieve sighed and caressed the dog's head. "Let me get you a fake fur to put on, then you can play with other dogs!"

Goldie could not understand, but it still wagged its tail happily.

Its owner had always given it the best, anyway, unlike that guy earlier at home.

When Genevieve arrived at the office, she saw to some matters when Darrell's driver sent Monica over.

It was Monica's first time visiting Genevieve's workplace but appearing having no fear whatsoever.

She toured the place like some big shot.

When Monica got upstairs, Genevieve welcomed her with a smile, "Grandaunt Monica, Dad told me to take you shopping. Give me a minute to prepare. Come with me to my office. We'll leave once I'm done."

Monica was energetic as she nodded. "No hurry. From where I came from, things are always cheaper later in the day. Take your time."

Genevieve made no sound as she smiled and led the old lady into the office.

Monica ambled around the office happily. "Your office is bigger than the square where we dance, Gen. How tiring it is for you to dance here alone!"

Genevieve's lips twitched as she broke into laughter. "I don't dance here, Grandaunt Monica. This is just an office."

The office looked spacious only because she had asked Jasper to move the bookshelf out. She planned to replace it with a new one later.

Monica sat on the couch with her legs crossed. She was all smiles.

Inadvertently, she touched something soft and warm. Fear overtook her expression as she jumped in fright.

"Ah!"

Jasper had just bathed Goldie, so it was naked without any fur. It was trembling while taking the a nap u blanket.

Monica was shocked to see Goldie crawling out of the blanket on the couch. Both surprised and frightened, she covered her chest and was panting. "I was almost scared to death..."

Genevieve hurriedly walked over to pick Goldie up. "Grandaunt Monica, this is my dog, Goldie."

"Y-Your dog? I thought it was a cat!

Is it a new breed? Why doesn't it have any fur? It looks pretty trendy, huh?" Monica racked her brains and could not come up with a compliment.

The dog looked hideous yet adorable in its own way.

Genevieve smiled and brought Goldie nearer. Monica stepped back in fear. "No, no, no. I'm afraid of dogs. I can't hold it."

Goldie could not help rolling its eyes and looked away calmly.

Genevieve frowned. "Dad said you raised tons of mastiffs back at your place."

'Why's she scared of dogs suddenly? Can't she see how cute and empathetic Goldie is?' she wondered.

Monica licked her lips and did not seem awkward despite not being pointed out.

"I'm afraid of everything except.

mastiffs!"



Not a word came from Genevieve.

'Fine... Goldie's not close to her, so I think their feelings must be mutual, she thought.

Genevieve put Goldie back under the blanket and went to tidy up the documents on the desk. "I need a minute!"

Monica waved her hand. "Go ahead."

When Genevieve returned, she saw that Monica and Goldie had gotten along well with each other.

Monica could not let go of Goldie, and Goldie, too, was in high spirits, sticking out its tongue and wagging its tail at her.

The second Genevieve came over, om Monica eagerly sang Goldie's praises. "Goldie's amazing. I dropped my bracelet under the couch, and Goldie got it out for me. It's so sensible!"

Goldie stuck out its tongue as if squinting while smiling.

Had it had fur, it would have looked even cuter.

Genevieve chuckled. "Grandaunt Monica, Goldie loves to fetch us things. It must be happy to know you approve of it!"

Monica stuck her face close to Goldie's head happily. "Good dog! Do you think Goldie'll be afraid of my mastiffs? Maybe I should bring it back home to make friends with them. What say you?"

Chapter 210

Genevieve paled and stammered, "I-It's very afraid!"

She thought, 'Letting Goldie accompany a mastiff? Goldie's not even enough to be its snack! Please spare Goldie.'

Goldie was still sitting there proudly, unaware of the impending danger.

Monica sighed regretfully, patting Goldie. "What a pity."

Genevieve quickly grabbed her things. "Let's go, Grand aunt Monica. The driver is waiting downstairs!"

She feared Monica might reconsider if that continued.

Genevieve took Monica to the shopping mall.

Thinking Monica would splurge, Genevieve was prepared to pay.

However, Monica only looked around and didn't buy anything. "How expensive! 60,000 dollars for a piece of clothing? Are they robbing people? Aren't those shoes just for seniors? You can find them anywhere!"

Genevieve tried to pay, but Monica refused and scolded her instead.

They wandered around all morning, and Monica wasn't tired at all.

Finally, Monica quietly asked Genevieve when they were sitting in a store, "Are there no clothes for less than 20 dollars?"

Genevieve smiled. She paused and answered, "Yes, but they generally don't sell to ordinary people. Wait. I'll talk to them."

Genevieve stood up, and the store manager served her respectfully. "We can sell based on the original price, and whatever Mrs. Lawrence gives in the end is fine."

The store manager, understanding Genevieve's filial gesture, agreed promptly.

He promptly an for suitable clothes for Monica to be brought out from the warehouse.

Sunshine worms Tea aroma wafts Legend of the Phoenix

Monica was extremely happy to hear they were on sale for 2 dollars each.

Genevieve watched Monica eagerly try on clothes.

Her phone rang, and it was Selene calling.

Genevieve walked out of the store to answer it..

Selene's voice came. "A friend of mine at the hospital said that Andrea is quite cunning. She found a suitable match for Lauraine, and all the indicators have been tested in advance. The operation will start as soon as she arrives today."

Genevieve knew about Andrea returning to the country but hadn't expected her to be that fast.

It was as if Andrea was very eager.

When Andrea returned from abroad, she eagerly made plans to go shopping with Quincey, not wanting to waste a single moment.

Andrea had witnessed Genevieve's craziness and apathy and knew that the latter wouldn't let her off easily.

Therefore, Andrea aimed to remove her quickly and assume the role of the lady of the Hoffman family.

"Mrs. Hoffman, it's been so long since we last met. I really missed you. I brought some gifts from abroad and sent them to your home. I know you don't lack anything, but this is my heartfelt gesture. Please don't refuse."

Quincey was flattered by her praise, and a sudden sense of superiority emerged.

Andrea had a sweeter tongue than Genevieve, who came from a wealthy family.

They entered a luxury store.

They watched as the store manager personally attended to a country bumpkin- like old lady, trying on clothes identical to those on Quincey.

In an instant, Quincey was livid and strutted over arrogantly. "What's the matter with this place? Do you do business with anyone? How dare you let this old hag wear the same clothes as me? Who does she think she is?"

"Why is a stinky street beggar here?" Quincey knew all the socialites and noblewomen within the circle.

However, Monica was completely unfamiliar, and the wrinkles and lines on her face proved that she was not someone who had lived a privileged life.

Quincey was not afraid of offending her at all.

The disgust and anger in her chest were about to be unleashed.

Quincey thought, 'How dare a stinky old hag wear the same clothes as me? This is simply insulting!'"

Stunned for a moment, the store manager then politely stepped forward, explaining, "Mrs. Hoffman, she's also our distinguished guest."

"Distinguished guest? Ha! Do you think she can afford it?" Feeling somewhat speechless, Quincey stood there. before saying, "Take off her clothes and throw her out!"

Andrea couldn't help but speak up from the side. "What are you waiting for? Who does this stinky old hag think she is? Mrs. Hoffman isn't someone who's short of money."

The store manager remained silent.

Overhearing them, Monica turned around and stated angrily, "What's the use of having money if you lack manners? You don't want others wearing the same clothes as you? Well, I won't take off these clothes. I'll buy all of them. Pack them for me!"

Monica had never experienced such humiliation before.

Smiling awkwardly, the store manager immediately had someone pack the clothes for Monica.

Quincey's face turned livid with anger.

Andrea hurriedly took Quincey's arm. "Mrs. Hoffman, don't worry. You can go over there and have a seat. Leave this to me."

That was a good opportunity to please Quincey, and Andrea naturally wanted to perform well.

Quincey sat down angrily in the nearby lounge.

However, she was keeping an eye there all the time.

Andrea didn't do anything. She just stood idly by, looking at other clothes.

The tension in the atmosphere seemed to ease gradually.

The shop assistant gave the clothes to Monica, who took out 40 dollars from her bag. The shop assistant accepted it with a smile. "Come again next time!"

Monica nodded in satisfaction, picked up her clothes, and got ready to leave.

There was a wooden-colored corridor at the door, with a spacious exhibition hall underneath the three or four steps of the corridor.

Monica walked out of the corridor, not noticing someone approaching from behind.

A sudden force came from behind Monica when she was about to walk down the stairs while holding on to the railing.

"Ah!" The scream was accompanied by the crisp sound of bones breaking.

Genevieve hung up the phone and went back. She saw the scene as soon as she entered the store.

Her expression dropped in an instant.

The entire store was shocked by the scream.

Andrea hadn't even wiped the smug smile off her face when she noticed Genevieve's fierce glare. The latter was the last person she wanted to see.

Andrea's expression shifted abruptly, and she had a bad feeling.

The next moment, Genevieve quickly ran over and found Monica writhing in pain on the ground, gasping in agony.

Given Monica's age, her bones were more fragile. Furthermore, the push from behind caused her to lose her footing, collapse to the ground in pain, and render her unable to move.

"Grandaunt Monica..."

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"Grandaunt Monica..."

Monica's face turned ashen from the pain.

The store manager quickly came over. "Ms. Lawrence, we've called for an ambulance. Please wait a moment, and don't move her."

Genevieve was terribly flustered.

Monica was old, and Genevieve feared there might be some aftereffects.

Genevieve mused, 'I was careless this time.'

Andrea stood there with a pale face, looking pleadingly at Quincey nearby.



Quincey had initially intended to make some sarcastic remarks, but she changed her mind when Genevieve appeared.

She thought, 'It seems like that old hag and Genevieve are together.' She immediately sat back down. She nervously pursed her lips, thinking about how to escape that predicament.