

Submitting 221

Chapter 221

Anthony's feelings toward Austin were a mixture of the closeness they shared in their youth and a hint of guilt.

He regarded Austin as a good friend, and he believed that Austin felt the same about him.

So when Austin had a car accident, he took care of Rosalie and Austin's child on his behalf.

However, in the end, Anthony divorced, losing his beloved Genevieve, and Genevieve ended up marrying Austin.

This was the world's most absurd joke.

He suddenly felt that he had stepped into someone else's trap since the beginning.

But by the time he realized it, it was too late.

Austin and his mother hated him and Quincey. They would never get along well.

The ties within all rich and powerful families, including the Hoffman family, were not pure and without interest or conflict.

Genevieve frowned. She knew Austin was Louis.

The woman wondered, 'Has the truth been revealed? Did Louis solve all the problems?'

Even though Genevieve was happy for him, she also felt a subtle disquiet.

She did not want to recall the gloomy past between her and Louis.

"You found out?" Genevieve asked.

Anthony's heart ached when he noticed her reaction. He chuckled. "So I'm the only one who doesn't know. Gen, you were already aware of it."

Genevieve lowered her eyes, voicing honestly, "I found out when I was at Atharia. After all, he saved me after I fell into the sea. Anthony, he has nothing to do with us, right? You gave me up for Rosalie and her son. In your heart, everything is more important than me, isn't it? Why should I return to that pitiful life? I dumped you, so you feel indignant and dissatisfied. But you deserved this! I won't agree to reconcile just because you will feel better this

way. Don't waste your time on me."

Her words pricked Anthony's ego, and his expression turned ugly.

He didn't probe further nor have the right to blame Genevieve for not informing him.

Anthony suppressed his emotions with a hint of bitterness and disappointment on his face.

He hated Louis' lies, but he was grateful for his #not, doom would have befallen Genevieve.

The problem between Genevieve and him was that he kept ignoring the sacrifices she made for him. With that in mind, a heaviness rested on Anthony's chest.

Genevieve pushed him away, walking inside. "Close the door for me when you leave. Thanks."

Anthony stated, "I know I did wrong, and I'll do what I can to make it up to you. I won't let you go, Gen."

With a dull pain in his chest, he stared at Genevieve's back weakly.

This place was like paradise to him when he stayed there for a few days. But now, his sanctuary was driving him away.

A cold aura exuded from Anthony as he prepared to leave when a tiny, fluffy pet hopping around his feet.

He looked down. Goldie, wearing new clothes, happily jumped around at his feet, capturing his attention and showing off his new outfit. The dog also rolled at his feet proudly.

At that moment, Anthony couldn't help but find Goldie quite adorable..

He pursed his lips and looked at Genevieve hesitantly. "Goldie doesn't want me to leave."

Anthony didn't want to leave, either.

Genevieve was drinking water. She merely glanced at the door casually and coughed.

Goldie immediately turned its head around and bared its teeth at Anthony before running toward Genevieve without looking back.

Anthony mused, "Well, Goldie is still a dog.

Before he left, the man suddenly thought of something and turned toward Genevieve. "Gen, it's obvious to us that Louis has an ulterior motive. I fear he is trying to get close to you to exact revenge on me. Please be careful."

Genevieve froze as Anthony shut the door.

She had speculated Louis' motive in approaching her. But it doesn't matter now. She didn't expect much from him, merely treating him as an ordinary friend.

A few days later, Monica had to go for another round of checkups after staying at home for some time, as she was about to return to the village.

For convenience, she moved back to the hospital for the following procedures.

Genevieve went to visit her after finishing work.

Unexpectedly, waves of laughter erupted from Monica's ward.

Genevieve pushed the door open and found Anthony inside.

Other than him, there was another middle-aged woman with an exceptional aura.

Genevieve recognized the woman immediately. She was the female lead of a cliché drama that Monica watched recently.

In the drama, her husband died. She rejected many men's advances, firmly raising her son.

The woman looked the same as she was on TV, roughly in her thirties.

Currently, she sat politely before Monica and thanked the latter for supporting her drama. She also peeled the oranges for Monica in an approachable demeanor.

Meanwhile, Monica smiled brightly and held the woman's hand, praising her flawless acting skills.

As for Anthony, he produced his phone, wanting to snap a photo of them together.

Monica nodded happily, doing the "V" sign while the actress cooperated with the session obediently.

Genevieve was genuinely puzzled by the scene before her.

"Gen, come on and take a photo with us," Monica invited.

Genevieve was stunned but walked over with a smile, not wanting to disappoint Monica.

The actress nodded to her politely and elegantly, then focused on the photo-taking session with Monica.

Genevieve stood behind them, smiling in a standard photography session way.

After taking a picture, Anthony shook his head. "This isn't good enough. Let's retake it."

He turned the camera on Genevieve, snapping a photo of her. His actions went unnoticed by the others.

Monica's face was stiff from smiling. She gazed at Anthony. "Are we done?"

Anthony took another picture and nodded with a smile. "This one's perfect. You look the best."

Monica smiled so hard that she couldn't even close her mouth. She waved her hand. "No. No. Please don't speak

the truth..."

Anthony didn't know how to reply.

Genevieve clicked her tongue and straightened up. "Grandaunt Monica, what's going on?"

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"It's a kind gesture from Anthony. He knew I liked this drama, so he asked the female lead to come and watch it with me. He id this would put me in a good mood. I'm happy now. Anthony is so considerate. I just had a fracture, and he came over to visit me right away. He told me he would bring along the male lead next time..." Monica sounded thrilled. She paused, "

with you." Genevieve's smile stiffened, musing, 'She's picky, isn't she?"

Anthony agreed and said gently, "Okay, it's up to you to make the decision."

Genevieve stood speechless for a while. She finally realized how Anthony was so good at winning people over.

He looked at her before telling Monica. "I need to discuss business matters with Gen, so you go on with watching TV, okay?"

"Sure! No problem. Go ahead, Gen!"

Monica replied, looking at Genevieve excitedly. "Anthony is here to visit me, so don't neglect him."

Chapter 222

Genevieve feigned a smile and nodded before following Anthony out.

As soon as they got out, she stopped smiling.

"Anthony, did I not make myself clear enough?" Genevieve asked.

Seeing her attitude, Anthony smiled helplessly.

"I have no other intentions. She got hurt because of us, so I feel bad about it. Isn't it normal for me to visit her?" explained Anthony.

"Since when did the Hoffman family become considerate?" asked Genevieve sarcastically.

Anthony answered seriously, "For you, always."

Genevieve couldn't help rolling her eyes and said, "Don't come here again. You're not welcome."

"Really? I think Mrs. Lawrence welcomes me very much. I'll call her favorite actress over next time," replied Anthony.

Anthony could be considerate when he wanted. The gifts he prepared would suit the recipient's preferences.

Just like this time.

His presence made Monica happier than Darrell's.

With his memory restored, Anthony was now more amiable. At least when it came to Genevieve, he became more forgiving and patient.

He appeared in front of her time and time again, as always.

His intention was obvious.

However, Genevieve wasn't moved.

It was the day Lauraine was discharged from the ICU.

Genevieve was at the hospital, arriving earlier than the Hoffman family.

She went inside, carrying a fruit basket with a smile. The new bodyguard at the door only knew that Anthony was close to her. He didn't know the situation.

The doctor finished the checkup and left. Genevieve sat on a couch not far away.

She didn't make a sound, so Lauraine thought no one was there.

Seeing Genevieve smiling at her, Lauraine trembled with fear.

"Why are you here? Tony..." stammered Lauraine.

She covered her chest. She was still very weak, so she didn't have the strength to speak.

Genevieve went to shut the door and returned with a smile.

"Ms. Hoffman, your brother hasn't come yet. Don't worry, I want to have a few words with you," Genevieve said.

If it hadn't been for the sudden onset of her illness, Genevieve would've felt that Lauraine was no longer the innocent girl she used to be.

There was nothing she could do.

Lauraine's face was pale and she looked at Genevieve warily.

"You... What do you want to do?" Lauraine asked.

Genevieve looked at her with a smile and a relaxed expression before saying, "I've already dealt with Andrea. You're next. Lauraine, I'll give you a chance. If you turn yourself in, I'll let the police handle the rest."

Attempted murder was still a criminal offense, even if it was done under instigation.

However, the Hoffman family was powerful. Lauraine might not be punished severely.

Still, it would stain their reputation.

Lauraine immediately shook her head and stared at Genevieve with a pale face.

"Dream on. You don't even have evidence. Why should I turn myself in?" shouted Lauraine.

Genevieve knew she would say that. She smiled and didn't say anything more.

The bodyguard outside made a sound. She figured Anthony must have arrived.

Genevieve stood up and walked away to the door.

A loud crashing sound rang out just as she arrived at the door. It seemed that something had fallen to the ground.

Anthony pushed the door open and came in just as Genevieve turned around to look.

Lauraine was panting heavily on the bed and said, "Help..."

She had removed the medical instruments from her body.

Genevieve's eyes turned dark, thinking that Lauraine was indeed not as innocent as she looked.

Anthony looked at Genevieve before turning to Lauraine.

Lauraine looked weak and pitiful. Tears streamed down her face as she said,

"Tony, help me..."

She thought Anthony was still the same person who'd grant her requests after losing his memory.

However, Anthony didn't go in. Instead, he ordered, "Go and call the doctor."

Then, he made way for Genevieve to go out at the door.

"Tony..." Lauraine couldn't help but raise her voice. "It's Genevieve who did this..."

Hearing that, Genevieve paused on her way out.

Anthony's expression was somewhat complicated and grave.

He pursed his thin lips and looked at Genevieve before saying, "I know it's not you. We'll talk later. You can leave first."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows. She never thought Anthony would have a clear mind even once.

"I'm here to visit her sincerely. I hope she gets better soon so that I can settle the matter," said Genevieve.

She left after saying that.

Anthony's expression was solemn and cold as he walked in. Lauraine was lying on the bed weakly, looking at him with reddened eyes wordlessly.

It seemed that she was blaming him for not trusting her.

Anthony remained silent.

The doctor came in quickly.

Seeing the situation, the doctor didn't ask anything. The doctor rearranged the instrument before leaving again.

Anthony sat at the bedside, and his bearing immediately turned cold. The look in his eyes was dark, devoid of emotions.

"Genevieve's disappearance on the cruise ship. Did you do it?" asked Anthony.

His voice was deep and cold as if encrusted in ice.

Lauraine's expression changed slightly, and she instantly turned hysterical.

"No! It's not me! Did Genevieve tell you that? She's framing me!" shouted Lauraine.

Anthony's expression was cold as he said, "Lauraine, your wrists tremble every time you lie. You don't dare to admit you did it, do you?" Lauraine instantly pressed her trembling wrist as her face turned pale.

"Tony, I really didn't do it! It wasn't me!" she denied it through gritted teeth.

Genevieve couldn't do anything to Lauraine since she had no proof.

Lauraine wasn't so stupid that she would surrender herself.

Anthony's expression was tense and dark, eyes cold as he said, "Andrea has exposed everything, and you still EΠ deny it?"

When Lauraine heard that, her expression changed instantly.

Lauraine didn't believe it when Genevieve said just now that she had dealt with Andrea.

However, Anthony said the same thing now.

Her heart kept pounding as if she had fallen into a bottomless pit. Panic and fear engulfed her.

"Still denying it?" berated Anthony.

Lauraine trembled and burst into tears.

She explained, "It was Andrea who instigated me. At that time, I found her and wanted to pull her up, sol untied the rope. I really wanted to pull her up: But Andrea kept saying to let Genevieve go and that no one would know. Genevieve took my Louis away! I hate her! Tony, I really didn't mean to. Andrea told me to never admit it. She even said..."

Anthony's chest felt heavy as if a big stone was pressing on it.

The disappointment in his eyes was palpable as he watched Lauraine cry uncontrollably.

He didn't know how the innocent Lauraine turned out like this.

He searched crazily for Genevieve that day on the cruise ship.

Meanwhile, Andrea and Lauraine were trying to kill the person he was searching for desperately.

A cold feeling crept into his bones, leaving Anthony feeling bereft.

He, on the other hand, conveniently forgot everything because of amnesia.

Leaving Genevieve to bear all the consequences.

Genevieve had done nothing wrong.

Anthony's jaw was tightly clenched, and his eyes were cold.

He felt suffocated when he thought of the hatred and indifference that Genevieve had treated him with all this

time.

Fortunately, she was fine. Still, Lauraine could have killed Genevieve.

This could explain Genevieve's hatred toward him.

Anthony stood up, expression dark and inscrutable.

Chapter 223

Lauraine grabbed Anthony's sleeves with a mournful expression, just like when she was a child, and pitifully begged, "Tony, please help me. I want to apologize, but she doesn't accept it. She's fine now, so what am I guilty of? This is unfair!"

Anthony's eyes were cold as he said, "Fair? What's fair? She did survive, but you didn't save her. How is it fair?"

He was furious. Lauraine covered her face and cried guiltily.

She didn't know what to do now.

Anthony took a deep breath and asked, "What did she say to you just now?"

Lauraine choked up as she sobbed, and she angrily said, "She told me to turn myself in. Tony, I can't do that. She has no evidence, anyway. What can she do to me?"

When he heard this, Anthony's eyes darkened with disappointment.

Genevieve had made concessions.

Still, Lauraine wouldn't give in.

He pushed her hand away, eyes dark and gloomy. In a deep voice, he said, "Lauraine, you're beyond saving." After that, he turned around and walked away.

Lauraine shouted emotionally at his receding figure.

Anthony didn't spare a glance her way.

He didn't know how to face Genevieve now.

At the entrance of the ward, he had asked Genevieve to let Lauraine go.

It was ridiculous now that he thought about it.

Guilt-tripping was one of the Hoffman family's specialties.

Anthony was utterly ashamed.

It would be a month in a few days.

The Lawrence family was sending Monica back to the countryside.

Rebecca and Alice didn't leave empty-handed.

Carrying large bags, Samantha also prepared many gifts for others.

Especially Rebecca, who had received 20,000 dollars in supplement expenses from Quincey secretly. No one knew about this, so she went home happily.

The Lawrence family members all let out a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, a new topic went trending on the internet.

There was nothing else but the news about the private life of Stella, a popular emerging celebrity.

She was caught by the paparazzi having dinner with a mysterious man who looked similar to Anthony.

When the paparazzi asked about the man's identity, Stella smiled shyly and didn't admit or deny it. She just said, "It's not convenient to make it public yet!"

Selene showed her the photo. It was indeed Anthony.

However, Genevieve wasn't interested.

Turing Tech Innovations' project had entered a critical early stage.

Jacinta led the project at Turing Tech Innovations, a company Genevieve owned.

There were two meetings every week, and three people had to attend.

In addition, they each arranged a confidant to deal with the daily affairs.

To put it bluntly, these confidants were informants they sent on the basis of mutual trust.

Genevieve's confidant was Eric, while Jacinta's was a vice president.

The person Anthony brought was more unexpected. It was Stella, the newcomer who had been a hot topic on the internet a few days ago.

Jacinta firmly opposed this decision first by saying, "You let a layman in on such an important project? An actress, at that? Mr. Hoffman, are you joking with us?"

Stella was dressed exquisitely and fashionably. She even wore a women's business suit, standing behind Anthony with a smile.

Anthony glanced at her calmly, then looked at Genevieve and pursed his lips slightly. He explained, "Stella's next project is about corporate jobs, so she's here to learn. Don't worry. She will do well. I vouch for her."

Stella nodded with a smile. Softly, she said, "Ms. Sanders, Ms. Lawrence, the project is proceeding according to plan. If anything happens, I will inform Mr. Hoffman at once. I won't delay the project's progress."

Jacinta didn't want to argue with someone who couldn't even be considered an assistant, so she looked away.

Genevieve looked at the contract in front of her and didn't oppose Stella's presence. She was rather happy seeing this.

Needless to say, working with Stella, who was representing Hoffman Group but not from the circle, would be easier than working with someone who was.

At least Stella wouldn't come up with random ideas.

Eric thought the same, sitting beside Genevieve and nodding to Stella with a smile.

The meeting attended by the six people was serious and brief.

Jacinta had no interest in chatting, so she didn't try to smooth things over.

After the meeting, Jacinta and Genevieve went to the restroom together.

Jacinta couldn't help but complain, "Is Anthony out of his mind? It's such an important project, and he sends someone like that? Does he take me for a fool? Actors just need to follow the script. What other experience do they need?"

Genevieve didn't want to add to her tirade, so she just smiled and said, "Ms. Sanders, nothing will happen. Don't worry."

Jacinta scoffed before coldly saying, "It's obvious that Anthony and that woman are very close. Andrea is his fiancée in name only. I think this woman is a replacement. He moves on quite fast. Forget it. If something really happens, I won't let him off easy."

As she spoke, her phone on the side lit up.

Genevieve glanced subconsciously at the name flashing on the screen.

It was Caspian's.

Before she could take a closer look, Jacinta hurriedly picked it up.

Jacinta pursed her lips and calmly said, "I have another cooperation to discuss.

See you later."

Drying her hands, Jacinta then quickly left.

Genevieve speculated that Caspian might be working with Jacinta's company.

Her phone was still in the conference room.

She went back to get it.

Unexpectedly, Anthony was still there.

Genevieve frowned slightly and walked over to take her phone.

Anthony seemed to be waiting for her, asking, "Is Ms. Sanders angry with me?"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows. It was a business matter, so she didn't want to burn any bridges.

"I can't read other people's thoughts. You can ask her yourself," replied Genevieve.

Anthony's eyes darkened as he asked, "You don't object to me letting Stella participate?"

Genevieve looked down to check if there was any important notification on her phone. Without raising her head, she replied, "No, it's your company's decision. I won't interfere." Anthony didn't know what to say. The explanation he prepared was useless.

Genevieve was so upfront and honest, not misunderstanding anything at all.

"Are you free at noon? Shall I treat you to lunch?" asked Anthony. Genevieve looked at the time and smiled politely before saying, "I'm not free."

At this moment, Stella knocked on the door and came in. She looked at Anthony with a soft smile and said, "Mr. Hoffman, let's have Clusian food for lunch. I've made a reservation."

Anthony frowned slightly.

Genevieve had already turned away and was about to leave.

Stella waved to her on the side and said, "Ms. Lawrence, would you like to join us?"

"No, thanks. Enjoy your lunch," replied Genevieve.

The sound of Genevieve's footsteps gradually faded away.

Anthony's expression became indifferent again, and his temperament remained imposing.

Feeling something was wrong, Stella's expression turned stiff as she said, "Mr. Hoffman, it seems that Ms.

Lawrence has something to attend to.

Anthony picked up his blazer and went out while ordering, "Cancel the reservation."

He wouldn't eat with another woman.

Stella froze a little, but she still smiled and nodded. "Okay," she replied.

Genevieve did have a prior engagement.

Yvette had arrived.

Perhaps to get away from the news of Louis' death, she came here to relax.

Genevieve picked her up at the airport.

It wasn't only Yvette. Louis, who she had not seen for a long while, was also there.

Louis had a calm and reserved demeanor. A warm smile appeared on his face when he saw her, making him look cheerful.

Yvette had been on the plane for too long. When she saw him, she couldn't help but complain, "He obviously has a private plane, but he wants to keep a low profile. Will he die if he lets me hitch a ride?"

Chapter 224

Genevieve smiled and arched a brow. "I wasn't informed in advance that you'll be here too, Mr. Fallon,"

Before this, she heard Anthony mentioned it casually and thought it wouldn't happen this soon.

Louis flashed a gentle smile. "It's because of business. I'll only stay for two days. I didn't intend to trouble you."

Genevieve felt relieved. Perhaps because he was only staying for two days, the pressure instantly disappeared.

She went to help Yvette with the luggage and smiled. "Then you should stay a few more days. I'll show you around."

After all, Yvette had helped her before.

She could be considered half a friend!

"Of course," Yvette said confidently.

Louis was going in a different direction from them. His driver had been waiting outside and took him directly to the hotel where he was staying.

But Yvette wouldn't stay in the same hotel as Louis.

Although she was much more polite to him, it still felt awkward to see her ex- boyfriend's face.

In the car, she didn't hesitate to inform Genevieve, "I found out that it was my dad who caused trouble for Louis. Austin forced him into a corner, and I could only watch helplessly. Ms. Linda Hoffman probably knew about it long ago. They tacitly exiled my dad, and now he's probably feeding lions on the Alendorian savanna!"

He claimed to have been transferred to the Alendorian branch to expand their business, but there was no branch in the Alendorian savanna.

There wasn't a soul in sight.

Genevieve patted her shoulder, unsure how to comfort her. "It's okay. You can stay here as long as you want."

She had several properties under her name, and she took Yvette to one in the downtown area. She then replaced

the combination lock and fingerprint lock with hers.

Yvette was somewhat satisfied with her gratitude.

The two were in an outdoor restaurant.

When Yvette was almost finished eating, Genevieve started on her ice cream.

"Actually, I'm looking for a job. Genevieve, do you have any connections?" Yvette asked with a frown. She wasn't embarrassed at all.

Genevieve paused. "What kind of job do you want?"

"Nothing too taxing, just something where I don't have to think too much and don't get too tired. I just need to put on makeup and look pretty every day," Yvette said with a smile.

Genevieve was speechless.

She looked at Yvette, who wasn't joking, and thought for a moment. "Pretty? Actress? Do you want to act?"

She thought acting would suit Yvette well.

Yvette said, "I've never acted before, but I can try!"

Genevieve smiled. "Okay, I'll make you a big hit!"

With that, she called Sullivan from Eagle Entertainment directly, Sullivan said, "Okay. Bring her over so I can take a look at her."

Genevieve and Yvette went straight to Eagle Entertainment.

The new director was Joe Ades, whom Sullivan had hired at a high salary.

Joe and Sullivan were waiting in the office.

As soon as Genevieve and Yvette arrived, Joe approached them excitedly. "Ms. Lawrence, is this the person you recommended?"

Yvette had distinctive features, perhaps due to some mixed blood, with a cold-toned complexion that wasn't stunning in the entertainment industry but was very distinctive.

Genevieve greeted Sullivan and nodded with a smile. "Let Yvette try first. If she's interested, you can push her a bit more. If not, we'll forget about it."

Wette stood there, smiling. "Don't worry. I love what I do!"

Joe exclaimed, "I like dedicated artists!"

The matter was settled.

Genevieve personally brought her here, and Joe understood the implication. It wasn't a problem to focus on promoting her.

Joe took Yvette out for a walk.

Genevieve then chatted with Sullivan in the office. He handed her a cup of coffee. "Hoffman Group's subsidiary, Sidus Entertainment, is focusing on promoting Stella Leverich, and now you're putting forward Yvette. Gen, are you planning to rival him?"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow and smiled. "I don't have so much energy to fight in such trivial matters. Yvette is a friend from Atharia. Her family has some problems and wants to stay in Clusia for a while. You don't have to give her too many resources deliberately. She can act in dramas or join variety shows to pass the time."

Actually, it didn't matter to Yvette whether she was popular or not.

She probably wouldn't care.

The key was that she could divert her attention and pass the time.

Hearing this, Sullivan understood.

He looked at her and sighed. "Have you gotten a boyfriend lately?"

Genevieve looked at him blankly.

Sullivan smiled and said, "We have some new young talents here, young men who are very much to your taste.

Do you want to meet them?"

Genevieve almost laughed. "Uncle Sullivan, are you asking me to choose a consort?"

Sullivan responded, "I'm saving the best ones for you. I can't let them get corrupted by the entertainment.

industry!"

Genevieve couldn't help but chuckle, picking up her bag and standing up. "Thank you for your kindness, but i don't need it."

After leaving Eagle Entertainment, Genevieve returned to Lawrence Group.

The TuringTech Innovations project was on track, so she didn't have to keep an eye on it.

But there were still other matters in the company!

As soon as she arrived at the office, Jasper handed over a document. "This is from Turing Tech Innovations, Ms.

Lawrence."

Genevieve glanced at it and saw the words "Top Secret" written on it.

Genevieve's face darkened slightly.

How could such an important document be sent here casually?

"Who delivered it?" she asked.

Jasper told her, "Stella Leverich, Mr. Hoffman's subordinate. She left after delivering this."

Jasper also felt something was wrong.

Such a top-secret document would normally be picked up by a designated person, or Genevieve would head there personally to read it.

It wouldn't be sent over without any notice.

He didn't even dare touch the document.

Genevieve's face was somewhat cold as she took the document and walked in.

Opening the document, she saw the entire plan for Turing Tech Innovations' project.

She took a deep breath and threw the document aside, her gaze turning dark.

She didn't want to lower herself and blame Stella for being unprofessional.

The next morning, Anthony called, his voice solemn. Anthony called her and said in a solemn voice, “

Genevieve had a bad feeling in her heart. She took her bag and went directly to Turing Tech Innovations.

Genevieve opened the door and went in.

Jacinta was already there, looking livid.

Anthony also looked gloomy and indifferent.

As soon as she went in, everyone was watching her. "What happened?" she asked.

Anthony pushed the file to her. "The project plan has been leaked. Our foreign enemy has obtained our plan and taken preemptive action to seize the rights to use some key patents."

Genevieve's face suddenly changed, and she picked up the file to take a look.

Sure enough, a foreign company had emerged out of nowhere and followed Turing Tech Innovations' plan. It got a head start.

Jacinta slammed the table and shouted, "How could the project plan leak? Who leaked it?"

Several vice presidents, including Eric, were standing in front of her.

Eric couldn't help but speak up. "The project plan has always been a m top-secret document, carefully stored in a safe. But yesterday, Ms. Leverich opened the safe, didn't she?"

Chapter 225

Everyone looked at her.

Stella's expression subtly changed. "Yes, I opened it. Mr. Hoffman asked me to bring the plan over to him and asked if Ms. Lawrence had seen it. So I brought two copies, gave one to Ms. Lawrence first, and then personally handed the other to Mr. Hoffman. After Mr. Hoffman finished reading it, I brought it back. As for Ms. Lawrence's copy..."

Stella pursed her lips and glanced at Genevieve silently.

Jacinta furrowed her brows slightly. Anthony's gaze turned dark as he looked at Genevieve.

"Did you bring it?" he asked.

Genevieve gritted her teeth incredulously. She was now implicated in this mess.

She demanded, "Ms. Leverich, are you implying that I leaked the document?"

Stella pursed her lips again. "I didn't say that, Ms. Lawrence. Don't misunderstand me."

Frowning, Jacinta interrupted, "Genevieve, have someone bring the document over."

Of course, she didn't believe Stella's nonsense.

Genevieve texted Jasper and sat down, her expression cold and indifferent.

Silence ensued.

Ten minutes later, Jasper brought the unopened document over.

It remained sealed.

Anthony tapped the document with his fingertips, his gaze turning dark. With an intimidating aura, he said in a deep voice, "Let's put this matter aside for now. Turing Tech Innovations' project will take a break."

Genevieve looked up and was the first to object. "Why put it aside? Stella just now insinuated that I leaked the document. Shouldn't we investigate who leaked it and hold them accountable?"

Anthony's gaze turned darker. "Of course, we'll investigate, but that's not the most pressing issue."

Immediately, Stella approached and examined the document.

"The document has been opened. It wasn't sealed like this when I handed it over!" she exclaimed.

In an instant, everyone turned to Stella.

Stella stood there. Taking a deep breath, she looked at Genevieve. "Ms. Lawrence, you opened it, right?"

The fact that the document had been opened implied she could have leaked the document.

Stella opened the document in front of everyone, only to find blank pages. Her expression changed. "The plan has been switched!"

Genevieve suddenly realized that she was the target.

But was Stella acting on her own, or was Anthony behind it?

She glanced at Anthony coldly.

Anthony stood up abruptly and glared at Stella. "Enough!"

Seeing the situation, Eric immediately stepped in to defend Genevieve. "Mr. Hoffman, what do you mean? Ms. Lawrence won't stand to gain anything from leaking the plan. How dare Stella wrongly accuse her?"

Stella quickly stepped back and said softly, "I didn't mean to falsely accuse Ms. Lawrence. It's just that the situation needs investigation, isn't it?"

Anthony's face was shrouded in coldness.

He announced, "I'll have it investigated thoroughly. There's no need for further discussion."

Genevieve sneered, "I'm just afraid Mr. Hoffman will pin the blame on someone else."

With that, silence filled the conference room.

Jacinta couldn't help but scrutinize Anthony.

Anthony didn't react and stood up.

He walked straight out of the room.

As the situation's development was different from what Stella thought, she immediately went after him.

Just as she reached the office, Anthony suddenly turned back, gripping her neck tightly and lifting her. Shocked, Stella stared at him and struggled.

up.

She felt like a puppet, powerless to resist.

Tears streamed down her face as she felt her throat being crushed. Coughing violently, she gazed at him pleadingly.

Anthony gritted his teeth in a fury. "Do you think I won't hit a woman? Stella, who do you think you are to take action under my nose?"

Stella couldn't breathe. A sense of suffocation overwhelmed her.

Death was so close.

She couldn't make his strong arms budge and could only push him away weakly.

In the next moment, Anthony suddenly released her.

Acting as if nothing had happened, he took out a cigarette and lit it. Smoke swirled around him. He exuded a chilling and disdainful aura.

He looked down at Stella like she was misplaced garbage, full of disdain and disgust.

Stella covered her throat and coughed in pain. At that moment, she thought she would die for real.

After a few seconds, Anthony asked coldly, "Who instructed you to do this?"

Stella shook her head vigorously, tears and mucus streaming down her face.

"It wasn't me, Mr. Hoffman. I didn't leak it!"

Anthony remarked indifferently, "I have another way to deal with stubborn people.

Do you want to know?"

Suddenly, Stella felt a chill from the ground enveloping her.

Her body trembled.

Suddenly, she felt Anthony's coldness and ruthlessness, which he had deliberately suppressed in front of Genevieve.

Amidst the swirling smoke, she couldn't see Anthony's expression clearly, but she could feel the danger.

Someone once told her that Anthony was a loyal and easy-going gentleman.

But now, it seemed that the person's understanding of Anthony was superficial.

Her heart was pounding rapidly as she spoke up. "I'll be honest. It was Louis."

Anthony narrowed his eyes.

He extinguished the cigarette between his fingertips with a light yet decisive motion. The crimson dot disappeared.

Ten minutes later, Anthony returned to the conference room.

He said darkly, "The leak came from Stella. She won't show up anymore. The losses will be borne by the Hoffman Group. Please don't worry."

Jacinta scowled. Scoffing, she stood up and left directly.

She was dissatisfied with Anthony getting the woman involved in the first place.

Now that something had happened, he even wanted to blame Genevieve. What a dirty trick!

She turned around and left, slamming the door loudly.

Others left one after another.

Anthony looked away helplessly.

He then noticed Genevieve gazing at him indifferently.

He pursed his lips. "I know this has nothing to do with you, Gen."

The corners of Genevieve's lips lifted. "I just want to know. Are you the one pinning the blame on me?"

She naturally sensed that Stella was suspicious.

But could Stella be so audacious as to sabotage a project worth tens of billions of dollars?

Anthony took a deep breath and approached her, his eyes hiding a faint glint.

"Genevieve, will you believe what I say?"

She clearly didn't believe him.

From the beginning, when Stella deliberately implicated Genevieve, Anthony sensed that something was wrong.

Genevieve naturally noticed it as well, but she suspected him!

Genevieve met his eyes and smiled. Her voice was clear. "I don't believe you."

Anthony's eyes darkened, and he smiled self-deprecatingly. "Then I won't say it. But I must point out that someone is trying to sow discord between us, leading to today's situation. See, now you have even less trust in me, right?"

He spread his hands, looking indifferent and casual.

Genevieve's smile froze.

She looked at him. "You said I can make my own judgment."

The Lawrence family would also lose its money in this expensive project. expensive-project. She wouldn't let her emotions cloud her judgment.

"It was Louis who ordered it, Gen. I'm his target. When I thought of him as a good friend before, he must have been looking down on me." Anthony stood there, his aura cold and formidable. A hint of mockery appeared on his lips.

He looked at Genevieve's stunned expression and continued revealing shocking news, his voice indifferent.

"Gen, my father has transferred some of his power to him. He's now on par with me."

Chapter 226

"Gen, let's put on a show." Anthony looked at her.

Genevieve pursed her lips. She wasn't surprised about Louis dealing with the Hoffman family, but she wasn't pleased to be involved.

After all, the lost money included her share.

She looked at him. "What kind of show?"

"Louis won't stop. If we reconcile, he'll come after me through you, and he'll come after you, too," Anthony said.

"He won't," Genevieve interrupted before Anthony could finish.

I She thought Louis would never go after her.

Anthony looked at her coldly and said solemnly, "He will."

Genevieve fell silent.

Anthony pursed his lips. "Gen, you don't understand Louis. You only know what he wants you to."

Genevieve's chest tightened as Anthony's words felt like nails being driven into her heart, forcing her to wake up and confront a truth she couldn't accept.

"If that's the case, why should I get involved?" She stood up and wondered if it would be better if she stayed out of it.

Anthony's eyes darkened, a restrained shadow of restraint passing through them. "Grandpa and Grandma are missing, Gen. This news hasn't spread yet, and I suspect Louis' involvement. It could become his trump card. Help me find out where they are. You don't need to get involved in anything else."

Genevieve felt a chill in her chest, unable to conceal her shock.

She thought, 'Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret see a doctor, didn't they? Louis gave me the business card to pass on to Anthony. He trusted me, so he took my suggestion. Did I unwittingly hand them over to Louis?'

All of a sudden, Genevieve felt suffocated, dizzy with confusion.

She overestimated herself and underestimated Louis.

Now, his gentle face seemed to transform into that of someone forcing her into submission.

O Genevieve thought, 'What if his behavior at that time wasn't due to loss of control, but instead revealed his true nature?'

She found it hard to accept that Louis had put on such a flawless facade, and wondered if this was all speculation.

Anthony grasped Genevieve's hand. "Gen, will you stand with me?"

He looked at her with expectation, trust, and some hidden feelings.

However, Genevieve stared at him blankly.

Before long, she regained her senses.

She slowly withdrew her hand. "I will bring Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret home."

There was no questioning it, as Frank and Margaret had done nothing to deserve this.

Genevieve would never stand idly by if Louis were to hurt them.

Moreover, deep down, she felt that Louis wouldn't be so ruthless.

Upon returning to the company, Genevieve immediately had someone inquire about the whereabouts of Frank and Margaret.

It turned out exactly as Anthony had said. They were missing.

If this news were to spread, it would shake Hoffman Group more than any previous scandal.

However, this or was kept tightly under wraps.

Even Genevieve only realized the truth after multiple inquiries, confirming that Anthony hadn't lied.

She thought for a moment before calling Yvette. "Do you know which medical lab Louis is associated with?"

Yvette hesitated for a moment before she went to a relatively quiet place. "Many. He even holds shadow shares of those you wouldn't imagine. He controls cutting-edge medical technology worldwide. Genevieve, why don't you ask if I've adapted?"

Before Genevieve could react, she instinctively asked, "Have you adapted?"

Yvette complained, "I don't want to be the second female lead. I want to be the female lead. Is this all you've got?"

Genevieve was speechless and wondered if Yvette was really complaining about her position now.

She couldn't help laughing. "Ms. Schmidt, as a newcomer in the industry, it's not wise to play the lead role right away. You need to get familiar with the circle first. You'll get your chance to play the female lead in the next production."

Yvette grumbled and hung up the phone.

Genevieve gradually calmed down, realizing that Yvette had said everything that needed to be said.

She thought, 'Nearly controlling the world's most cutting-edge medical technology...

Suddenly, a chill ran down her spine as if a cold breeze had risen from the ground.

Just then, Jasper knocked on the door and entered. "Ms. Lawrence, this is an invitation from Fabio, Mr. Fallon's assistant."

Genevieve had just taken the invitation when the phone rang.

It was Louis calling.

She hesitated for a moment before casually answering.

His voice was warm and gentle. "Genevieve, have you received the invitation? I wonder if I have the honor to invite you as my companion?"

Genevieve glanced at the invitation. It was for a very ordinary business dinner hosted by Hoffman Group.

She paused for a moment. "Sure, but why one hosted by Hoffman Group?"

"You'll find out when you get there." Louis smiled and said nothing more.

Since her return to the country, he had treated her like an ordinary friend.

Hence, Genevieve didn't have as many reservations about him. A friend who had saved her life naturally held at different significance.

She wasn't worried about the dress and jewelry, as they could be prepared at any time.

However, she was surprised when Louis personally came to pick her up for the event.

Genevieve wore a light purple gown, exuding an ethereal and stunning aura.

She only wore a diamond bracelet as an accessory, with no other adornments.

Yet, her radiant and elegant presence was enough to captivate anyone.

As she stepped into the car, Louis caught a whiff of the sweet scent of orange bergamot emanating from her.

Genevieve smiled and bent down to adjust her dress. "You don't seem to have a particular favorite perfume scent?"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "Of course not. There are plenty of good perfumes out there. Why limit myself to just one? I prefer to choose my perfume based on my mood."

The scent of pine wood flowed gently in the car, similar to the fragrance surrounding Louis.

Louis smiled, and his gaze momentarily turned deep.

The stiffness was quickly replaced by warmth.

"Aren't you curious why Hoffman Group is hosting tonight's event?" Louis asked.

Genevieve looked at him, already having a vague answer in her heart.

However, she couldn't articulate it.

Louis smiled, seemingly without any concealment. "I couldn't keep Austin's matter hidden any longer, so I

decided to come clean. Naturally, I have a stake in Hoffman Group. Presley's overflowing fatherly love insisted on don't me acknowledging my roots, so I went along with it. Don't ask me why I agreed. My mom's integrity back then allowed their despicable actions to succeed. Now, it's time for them to pay the price."

Genevieve paused as the passing shadows outside the car window blurred and indistinct.

Her chest felt slightly heavy. "Are you trying to reclaim everything from back then?"

"Not really. I'm not interested in the Hoffman family's possessions. I just want to see if a family like that will fall apart because of my presence."

Louis' voice was calm, devoid of warmth.

Genevieve pursed her lips and suddenly thought of Anthony.

She didn't care about what Louis would do to the Hoffman family. It wasn't her place to judge as an outsider.

Moreover, Presley hadn't treated Louis and his mother well.

Louis wasn't a saint. Whatever revenge he sought, there would be evidence to trace it back.

Genevieve thought, "But what about the rest.

"Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret went abroad for recuperation through your introduction. Do you know where they are?" she asked.

Chapter 227

Genevieve asked directly, watching his every look and reaction without blinking.

The subdued light outside the window cast a hazy glow, accentuating the contours of his face. It made them appear even more profound.

He merely furrowed his brows slightly, then showed a surprised expression. "It was Anthony who sent them away. I didn't delve into it, but he should know with so many people he dispatched."

Genevieve watched his bewildered expression, feeling increasingly conflicted.

For a moment, she couldn't discern whose words were true.

friend "That hospital was recommended by a friend of a friend of mine. If you want to know, I can have my inquire about it. But why are you suddenly thinking about them?" Louis asked, patiently soothing her.

Genevieve smiled. "Anthony told me they've disappeared."

Louis fell silent upon hearing that.

His emotions shifted swiftly, leaving Genevieve unable to discern them.

He took a deep breath, twirling a black ring on his left middle finger.

It was a decorative piece she hadn't seen before.

His fingers were slender and clean, almost like a work of art.

Then, he scoffed, "Did he suggest I've hidden them? To threaten him?"

Genevieve, I'm not that despicable. Those are my family members, too. And they are old. It seems he's unhappy with my return to Hoffman Group. My presence threatens him, so he's trying to deal with me this way."

Louis suddenly grasped her hand. His large hand felt cool against hers.

His deep and enigmatic gaze locked onto hers. Emotions swirled within Genevieve, which she couldn't quite identify. "Do you trust me, Genevieve?"

Genevieve met his gaze, smiling as she placed her hand on the back of his. "Of course, I believe you," she replied, her heart secretly sneering.

In fact, she didn't believe either of them.

They both seemed intent on dragging her down.

Hence, believing in either was futile.

She only believed in herself.

Soon, they arrived at the entrance of the banquet hall.

Outside, a drizzle fell, leaving traces of dampness on the ground that quickly disappeared into the carpet.

Louis alighted from the car, taking the umbrella from the driver and opening Genevieve's door to shelter her from the rain.

Not a single hair out of place, Genevieve smiled as she looped her arm through his, stepping inside confidently.

With experience, she was becoming accustomed to such occasions.

Inside the banquet hall, the lights were bright and colorful, dazzling and radiant.

Genevieve could tell immediately that this wasn't an ordinary event.

Almost every prominent figure from the business world was present..

As soon as she entered, she attracted the attention of many.

But approaching her was Anthony, tall and imposing.

This was the first time Anthony and Louis had appeared together in public.

People noticed their slight resemblance but quickly dismissed it.

Anthony's features were colder and sharper, his green eyes harboring a hint of chill beneath his calm smile.

Meanwhile, Louis exuded a softer, more refined aura, making him more approachable, like basking in a warm

spring breeze.

Genevieve also noticed Anthony's companion, Stella.

Stella wore a high-end outfit, the length just covering her calves, adorned with pearls and jewels. As she work in the entertainment industry, she knew what stood out.

However, compared to Genevieve's ensemble, Stella's fell short.

Genevieve's glowing complexion and exquisite collarbone were incredibly eye-catching, her flawless face sparking envy in Stella.

Stella got even more envious when she saw Genevieve's haute couture, which she had no access to borrow.

However, she didn't forget her main task and greeted Genevieve and Louis with a smile, "Mr. Fallon, Ms. Lawrence, you both look amazing today!"

Louis smiled, responding with a gracious smile, "Thank you, not as perfectly matched as you and Mr. Hoffman."

Stella shyly lowered her head and smiled as she glanced at Anthony.

Upon seeing him staring emotionlessly at Genevieve, her smile vanished.

A director of the company approached them. "Louis, Mr. Hoffman has been waiting inside for quite some time."

Louis paused and nodded. "I'll be right there."

As Louis and Genevieve entered together, Presley and Quincey watched them. Their thoughts were entirely different.

Quincey had never had a good impression of Louis, and with Presley suddenly favoring him, it made her feel a sense of crisis.

She had organized this banquet reluctantly, but since Presley had insisted, she couldn't refuse.

He said if she didn't want to host it, she could pass it on to someone else.

However, there was no way she would give up the power she held.

She wasn't like the proud Linda.

Seeing Louis and Genevieve together only fueled Quincey's frustration.

If Genevieve were still the impoverished woman she once was, Quincey would have relished the spectacle.

But now, Genevieve, the heiress of Lawrence Group, was coupled with Louis. Meanwhile, Anthony's fiancée was a lunatic, and his companion was an obscure starlet. All this was enough to make her blood boil.

She had expected Genevieve to come over and exchange pleasantries, but instead, Genevieve merely nodded in acknowledgment and walked away.

Genevieve was modestly polite.

As Genevieve turned away, she saw Selene waving and beckoning to her.

She smiled and walked over. "You're here, too?"

Selene raised her eyebrows and said unscrupulously, "If I had known you were coming, I wouldn't have come O reluctantly. The Campbell family and the Hoffman family have a good relationship. Of course, they will attend. Mrs. Campbell invited me to come along because Aiden's identity makes it difficult for her to bring other

women."

In reality, Genevieve had come reluctantly, too.

Hence, she understood Selene instantly.

She remembered the incident at the mall when she saw Aiden and Cecilia. "Has the matter with the child been resolved?"

Selene shrugged indifferently. "Who knows? I'm not prepared to be a stepmother anyway. How he deals with it is his business. He might end up raising an illegitimate child."

The two of them sat down nearby, where it was quieter.

Selene waved her hand. "Let's not dwell on unhappy matters. Look, Ms. Hoffman seems like a changed person, doesn't she?"

Genevieve followed her gaze.

In the distance, Lauraine danced gracefully in the ballroom, dressed in a beautiful gown, looking like a delicate princess, innocent and harmless.

Her eyes twinkled with joy, appearing genuinely happy.

She seemed like a different person from the weak patient she had been in the hospital a while ago.

Selene chuckled. "It's because the man of her dreams is back, and he

didn't blame her instead, he's become her father's right-hand man. So, she's happy, thinking she has another chance."

Genevieve was momentarily surprised, but then she understood instantly, It was because of Louis...

It seemed that she didn't know that Louis was her half-brother.

However, this secret wouldn't stay hidden for long.

Genevieve chuckled lightly as she shook her head.

She chatted and laughed with Selene, but Selene was soon summoned by Scarlett to socialize.

Genevieve decided to go to the restroom.

However, just as she reached the door, she heard Lauraine's voice from inside. "Don't be fooled by Genevieve's facade of innocence. She's ruthless and cunning. She's the one who drove my sister-in-law to the mental hospital. She's had countless men around her. Even when she was still married to Tony, she was caught with

several men..."

Chapter 228

With a resounding "bang," the door opened. Genevieve entered and stood there, indifferent and relaxed. Her lips slightly curled with a hint of icy disdain.

The two socialites standing behind Lauraine paled in fright, taking a step back.

They glanced at Genevieve, then at Lauraine, Lauraine caught sight of Genevieve through the mirror, and she was stunned before regaining composure.

Perhaps she thought this was the Hoffman family's territory, and Genevieve wouldn't dare do anything to her.

One of the socialites close to Lauraine stepped forward. "What do you want to do? This is a public place. We can call for help with a shout."

The other chimed in, "Exactly, Genevieve, don't think too highly of yourself. Your perfect persona online is just a facade. We don't believe it. If you're truly innocent, these rumors wouldn't exist. If they do, don't be afraid of people talking."

Genevieve chuckled lightly in response.

She stepped forward, her features striking and her aura chilly and commanding.

Gazing at the two individuals before her, she addressed the one behind, "You can't conceal the fact that you slept with seven young men in one night and underwent an abortion. Those seven young men will soon expose your scandal of exploiting your power..."

"You're talking nonsense..." The person Genevieve addressed was flustered and exasperated. "You're falsely accusing me!"

Genevieve quirked her lips with a hint of disdain. "If you were truly innocent, these rumors wouldn't exist. If they do, don't be surprised if people talk about it."

She echoed back the same words her accuser had used against her.

The socialite looked at her in shock, mouth agape in disbelief.

Before they could react, Genevieve's expression turned cold. "If you don't want my words to become reality, leave now."

Teasing them didn't mean she held them in any regard.

The two socialites exchanged glances and realized they were at a disadvantage. Continuing would only result in further humiliation.

Hence, they scurried out, one after the other, Lauraine watched the two fleeing figures and gritted her teeth as she glared at Genevieve. "Feeling guilty? I've already apologized. Whether you accept it is your problem. You're not dead. Don't act like a creditor. The Hoffman family can afford any amount of money."

Genevieve raised an eyebrow and said coldly, "Lauraine, you're the first person I've seen who can commit wrongdoings and still act righteous. I regret ever being so blind as to donate bone marrow to trash like you."

"It's clear you were the one crying and begging to marry Tony. Don't act all righteous!" Before Lauraine could finish her sentence, Genevieve grabbed her hair and forcefully pushed her against the wall.

Lauraine's eyes widened in pain. She had just recovered, and her physical strength was no match for that of an ordinary person.

She felt like her scalp was being torn off.

Genevieve's indifferent gaze remained steady, her aura commanding respect.

She casually turned on the tap, and the water flowed loudly into the classical- style metal sink.

It was elegant, restrained, and luxurious.

Genevieve approached her and slapped her in the face.

Lauraine cried out in pain and covered her face. "You're insane! Help..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Genevieve grabbed her hair again and forcefully submerged her head into the sink.

The water gushed out instantly, overflowing onto the floor.

Lauraine struggled violently, her exquisite hair now a disheveled mess.

Submerged in water, she couldn't even make a sound..

Her face contorted in agony, transitioning from pale to purple until she was nearly breathless. Only then did Genevieve pull her head out of the sink.

Lauraine gasped for air, her body trembling involuntarily with fear creeping through her limbs.

Her makeup was all smudged, tears and water washed over her face, and her scalp was throbbing.

Genevieve's voice came from behind her. "Now, can you speak nicely?"

Lauraine's fingers clutched the crystal countertop tightly, staring at her blurry reflection and Genevieve's refined figure in the mirror, Overwhelmed by fear, she trembled. Tears streamed down her face as she cried out, "Yes, yes, I'm sorry, Genevieve. Please spare me!"

She hadn't died, and neither had Louis.

The guilt in her heart dissipated.

Before, Genevieve's threats meant nothing to her. She couldn't be compared to Andrea.

But now she suddenly felt that Genevieve was not as easy to deal with as she had imagined.

Lauraine, who had been pampered since childhood, had never experienced someone laying a hand on her before.

Her knees weakened, and she slid to the ground, the water from her hair soaking her clothes.

Genevieve disdainfully released her grip, her voice cold and detached. "If I hear any more baseless rumors from you, I won't be so lenient next time. Do you understand what to say when you leave?"

Lauraine shivered uncontrollably, her face completely drained of color. She nodded incessantly, "Yes accidentally got wet."

I Genevieve knew Lauraine was insincere, but she didn't press further, as the latter falling ill here would only cause trouble.

She casually washed her hands, not sparing a glance at Lauraine on the ground, then turned and left after opening the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Anthony and Louis standing outside, accompanied by the two socialites who had left earlier.

It was clear the socialites called them over.

Anthony stood there with a dark expression and didn't move. His silhouette shrouded in shadows, his eyes intense and inscrutable.

His presence exuded a restrained chill.

On the other hand, Louis wore a gentle smile, his relaxed demeanor contrasting sharply with the others.

One of the socialites rushed in eagerly, dragging the drenched and bedraggled Lauraine out. "Mr. Hoffman, look, Genevieve dared to bully Ms. Hoffman here. We weren't lying!"

Lauraine's face was ashen as she trembled all over.

At the sight of Anthony, her eyes immediately reddened with tears, and at the sight of Louis, a glimmer of hope appeared on her face.

Genevieve chuckled lightly from the side and was unperturbed. "Bully her? Did any of you witness it? Ms.

Hoffman, did I bully you?"

As she spoke, she shrugged and tears streamed down her face. "Tony, Genevieve bullied me. She hates me and threatened me..."

Lauraine wouldn't swallow her pride.

She occasionally glanced at Louis, but he remained indifferent, standing by as if watching a joke, showing her no sympathy.

Anthony took off his coat and threw it e

m onto Lauraine's wet body, blocking her soaked clothes. His voice was cold and faintly chilling. "No one saw what happened. Lauraine, stop making a scene. Since your clothes are soaked, just go straight home."

His voice was low yet heavy, and his gaze pierced with coldness.

Chapter 229

In an instant, the temperature in the room seemed to drop.

Lauraine looked at Anthony in shock and couldn't help but burst into hysterical tears. "It's her who bullied me, can't you see? Why are you still siding with her at this moment?"

She glanced at Louis with a mix of grievance and despair. Her voice sounded hoarse. "And you, you've been deceived by her. She's not a good person at all. Can't you see how she bullies me?"

Lauraine felt utterly wronged and couldn't understand why everyone was siding with Genevieve.

She was devastated as her brother and the man she liked showed no concern for her.

Even if they knew the truth, they just wanted to brush it under the rug.

She thought, Just why? What makes her so special?'

Lauraine hated Genevieve to the core, her chest swelling with resentment and bitterness.

She stared deeply at Louis, her eyes shimmering with resentment and determination. "You were supposed to be mine. Genevieve is just using you as a stepping stone. Now she's back getting entangled with Tony. Why can't you see through her?"

Louis fell silent for a moment, his eyes carrying a hint of coldness.

The onlookers watched the scene unfold with a hint of shock.

Lauraine's sudden confession took everyone by surprise.

Genevieve's lips curled in amusement, but she remained silent.

Finally, Louis spoke, his voice cold and cutting. "Backing Genevieve up is my decision. There's no need for outsiders to meddle in our affairs. Ms. Hoffman, you seem to have forgotten what you did to Genevieve. You're not exactly a paragon of innocence, are you?"

His words felt like a bucket of ice water dumped over Lauraine, freezing her in place.

Her expression was a mixture of complexity and fear, drained of color.

She thought, "He knew, he knew everything. He knew I had something to do with Genevieve falling into the sea. He knew that I was shameless and sinister. He saw through the dirt and unwillingness in me."

At that moment, under the diamond lights, she bared her soul, only to be laid bare by Louis' penetrating gaze.

She wished she could disappear.

Suddenly, images of Genevieve falling into the sea and Louis leaping after her flashed through Lauraine's mind. She was suffocating in her chest.

In the end, she was the most vicious person.

She stood there, trembling, unable to utter a word.

Louis stepped forward, walked past Lauraine, and took Genevieve's hand. "Let's go. Don't dirty your hands anymore."

They left, one after the other, leaving the two socialites gaping in disbelief.

They were shocked that the situation was over, Some people didn't understand what they just said, while others understood.

Anthony's eyes lingered on their retreating figures, filled with resentment and jealousy.

He didn't want to admit it, but envy was rampant in his heart.

Then, his cold gaze fell on Lauraine.

He was thoroughly disappointed in her as he thought, "If you've done something wrong, you should be held. accountable. That's only right."

Just like that, he remained silent.

Anthony looked at the other two people and said, "Take her away."

The other two nodded blankly, and Anthony walked away without looking back.

s he moved, he glanced at the reddish-brown beads on his wrist, concealed by his sleeve.

Lauraine stood frozen in silence, her entire being seemingly drained of soul, desolate and hopeless.

Genevieve went back, and Selene just returned.

The two of them gathered and exchanged the information they had just received.

It turned out that Louis was brought into Hoffman Group as a special management-level personnel.

While he may not have had much real power, he could effectively balance out Anthony's influence.

Selene couldn't help but say, "Mr. Hoffman's move caught everyone off guard. A father-son conflict unfolded in the company. But what is he after?"

Genevieve thought, 'What is he after? Perhaps Anthony's development had already slipped out of Presley's control, prompting him to feel threatened.'

She felt there was something she couldn't quite grasp, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

That day, someone revealed Stella's identity, and Scarlett and a few others were mocking her. Stella stood there looking helpless, but no one stepped forward to help.

Genevieve was puzzled, but Selene stepped in to explain, "Stella is Benjamin's illegitimate daughter. Mrs. Campbell pretends she doesn't exist, but her eyes are always fixed on her. Seeing Stella here almost drives her crazy."

That's why Selene was asked to leave, and Scarlett went to confront Stella herself.

After all, it was a family secret that couldn't be openly discussed.

Genevieve averted her gaze as she was not particularly interested in such matters.

Meanwhile, Selene's eyes lit up as she held her phone. "Look at this..."

She handed Genevieve the phone eagerly, sharing, "Isn't he one of Eagle Entertainment's artists?"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow as she watched the live broadcast showcasing several muscular men in tank tops Eagle Entertainment's rookie under Eagle Entertainment's banner, cheerfully performing calisthenics. It talent show.

The tank tops they wore were almost like strings holding two pieces of fabric together, barely concealing their sculpted chests.

Their sexy physique, combined with their innocent smiles and earnest calisthenics routine, not only lacked any hint of greasiness but also had a certain charm that defied convention.

As a result, the number of comments and viewers in the comment section exploded..

[Smile for me!]

[Oh, my gosh! If they don't debut, who will?]

[Let's send rockets!]

[Compared to the pretty boys, these guys are dripping with masculinity. Can I even handle this?]

Genevieve glanced at the screen, unable to suppress a surprised flutter of her eyelids.

She took a few more glances and couldn't help but laugh along, exchanging a knowing smile with Selene.

These men were truly rare finds.

Luckily, they were unnoticed in their corner, free to enjoy the spectacle.

Each holding a phone, they watched in in the the muscular men in the live stream, sending gifts and rockets at a speed faster than grabbing monetary gifts.

"I want to top the leaderboard. Genevieve, don't you dare steal it from me,"

Selene said.

"I'm giving gifts to Robby. Every time he smiles, my heart melts," Genevieve exclaimed.

Robby was the muscular man who stood on the far left, exuding a youthful and endearing sunny charm with his smile. Each smile seemed to sparkle with stars.

It made people feel so sweet.

In this formal and serious setting, it seemed like Genevieve and Selene had found a slice of paradise.

They laughed and smiled, completely engrossed in the livestream.

Unbeknownst to them, Anthony had silently approached from behind.

He had been hesitant to approach Genevieve earlier, fearing her wrath over Lauraine's incident.

However, different from what he had imagined, Genevieve was not enraged but was smiling happily instead.

Anthony's face darkened as he drew closer and saw Genevieve and Selene each holding a phone, laughing at the muscular men on the screen.

He was infuriated, especially when Genevieve eagerly sent gifts to m secure the top spot. Her eyes were fixed on the screen without blinking.

She sent gifts with a smile, seemingly enjoying it wholeheartedly.

His expression darkened.

The flames in his chest raged uncontrollably, threatening to consume him like burning charcoal.

Genevieve had never been so generous with him before.

Selene lost to Genevieve, failing to secure the top spot. She quietly approached and asked, "Liam or Zayn? Who do you prefer?"

Anthony's face turned even darker as he listened to Genevieve's gentle voice reply, "I hate making choices.

I have both?"

Can't

Chapter 230

Finally, Anthony couldn't stand it anymore and snorted coldly.

Genevieve and Selene were caught off guard. Watching this kind of live stream on such an occasion, they felt a little guilty already. Genevieve's phone fell to the floor, and her phone screen shattered. She stared at Anthony with a gloomy face.

Anthony didn't know what to say and frowned coldly. "This kind of video with thirst traps should have been banned long ago. Can't you enjoy some elegant works?"

Genevieve couldn't help rolling her eyes. "What thirst traps? They are doing aerobics!"

"How can you smile like this when watching aerobics? This is clearly a thirst trap to solicit sexual attention!" Anthony's voice was hoarse, with a bit of anger. The calmness and restraint earlier were all forgotten. The tiny spark in his heart exploded as if explosives had been ignited.

Genevieve gritted her teeth. She was already guilty and didn't want to attract onlookers because of the dispute. "So what if it's a thirst trap? It's none of your business. I'm not watching you. They're good-looking!"

She thought of Anthony's impotence again, thinking, 'That's right! He's impotent. That's why he is jealous!' Seeing Anthony fall speechless in anger, Genevieve suddenly felt happy.

Selene added fuel to the fire. "That's right. Don't you watch videos of sexy ladies? Are you a man?"

Anthony's face darkened. He was so angry that his face tensed, and he couldn't speak. He thought, 'Damn those sexy ladies! Am I so tasteless? She openly watched those live streams with thirst traps but accused me instead?'

Genevieve whispered quietly in Selene's ear, "He is impotent, so he's jealous."

Despite the low voice, they were so close to Anthony that he could hear them clearly. This time, his face turned livid and grim.

Selene gave him a meaningful look with sympathy and contempt.

Anthony's aura was overwhelming and cold, and a chill shrouded him. He suppressed his emotions and was at the end of his tether. The next second, he grabbed Genevieve's hand and walked out.

Genevieve tried to break free, but Anthony's strength was so great that her wrist turned red. 'Maybe his pride is hurt!' she thought.

Not far away, Stella watched Anthony leave with Genevieve and wanted to call out to them, but then she thought. of something and shut up.

Louis, who was surrounded by the crowd, saw this, and his eyes darkened slightly.

Anthony took Genevieve outside. Lights flickered in the drizzle. It felt somewhat misty and wet.

Genevieve wrinkled her nose, thinking. 'My phone is broken. What is he mad about? She shook off Anthony's hand, glanced at him with contemptuous eyes, and uttered slowly, "Selene's right. Don't all men like sexy ladies?"

Anthony was so angry that he tightened his jaw, gritted his teeth, and enunciated, "I don't like it."

"What?" Genevieve exclaimed.

"I like elegant ones, like you." Anthony's deep eyes fixed on Genevieve's face.

Genevieve looked stunned, frowned slightly, and then smiled perfunctorily. "You have nothing to do with my elegance, and you don't deserve it." With that, she turned to go back to get her phone.

But Anthony grabbed her arm and said in a hoarse voice, "Then tell me, how can I deserve it?"

The drizzle was hazy, and Genevieve felt the air moist. His words were like a wind blowing through the drizzle, making her heart foggy.

Anthony held her arm firmly but dared not exert too much force. With these words, he lowered his status before her, devoid of any sense of distance and superiority.

But Genevieve was unmoved. At least she wouldn't be touched by his change of attitude. 'Touched? What unworthy feelings!' she thought. She took a deep breath, turned to look at him, and enunciated, "Anthony, how many times do I have to tell you? It's over between us!"

Since he betrayed their marriage and she lost her child, they were destined never to be together again. She thought he only regretted not winning her heart and not what he had done.

Anthony's eyes darkened slightly, and his face stiffened. His heart ached as if he had been punched in the chest,

his face pale.

Genevieve saw his look and added fuel to the fire. She looked at him and approached him with a smile. Her hands gently adjusted his collar, but her voice was cold. "Besides, have you forgotten Louis and I haven't divorced? What makes you think I'll stand on your side? Do you want to fight with him for a woman? Would you dare to do that when you can't even protect yourself now?"

Genevieve would make the best of it. Anthony might have endured the secret relationship when he had lost his memory before. But now that he had remembered everything, he wouldn't put up with it. She knew he cared. about his dignity the most. As the CEO of Hoffman Group, he was a powerful man who could control everything. She didn't believe he would fight with others for a woman. Not to mention, the woman was someone else's wife and his ex-wife.

Anthony's face was cold, but his eyes seemed on fire. He couldn't suppress the anger in his heart. "Why do I not dare? Do you think I'm afraid of him?" His voice was low and cold, emitting a chilling aura.

When Genevieve looked up at him, Anthony tightened his grip on her hand and stubbornly walked in the opposite direction. Genevieve couldn't break free and frowned. "Anthony, are you crazy?"

Anthony had already gone mad when he saw Genevieve hanging out with others. Seeing she would rather watch some unimpressive live streams than look at him, he had lost his mind. At that moment, he didn't want to think anything. 'She should have been mine,' he thought.

abou

The black Bentley parked quietly on the roadside. Seeing Anthony and Genevieve come over, the driver, who had just returned from the convenience store, immediately got out and greeted them.

But before he could open the back seat door, Anthony stuffed Genevieve into the passenger seat, sat in the driver's seat, and told him coldly, "Go back by yourself."

The driver immediately closed the door for them and stepped aside.

Genevieve's eyes widened, and she wondered what Anthony was up to.

"Anthony..."

With a cold face, Anthony started the car. He glanced at Genevieve, who was anxious and angry. The anger in his chest was aroused, and he couldn't calm down. 'Do I not dare?

I've done so much for Austin, but he set a trap against me? What else do I dare not do?" he thought.

The luxurious and steady Bentley wasn't low-key at all on the road.

Don't Be Stupid. Use a Hydraulic Press Machine

O Anthony slammed on the gas pedal, and the cold wind came in through the window, blowing away the scent of high-end air freshener in the car. Genevieve couldn't help pinching his arm. "Where the hell are you going?"

Anthony pursed his lips, wondering, 'Where? I want to take her away and hide her somewhere as far and as private as possible.' He could do it, but he wouldn't.

Anthony gulped and was silent for a while before saying in a cold voice,

"I'm going to buy you a phone. But when he wanted to slow down the car, he suddenly realized something was wrong.