

## Submitting 23

### Chapter 23

Genevieve lingered for a moment before quickly clicking on the webpage.

The headline that dominated the morning news centered around the video of "Unspoken Rules," even featuring George's social media update from last night.

In stark contrast, the latter's updates had turned into a downright joke.

Celebrities who initially came to his defense had now deleted their posts, choosing to stay silent on the matter.

Meanwhile, the comment section had become the epicenter of noise, with an eager audience anticipating the unfolding drama.

One commented: [Kindness sure is often taken advantage of. Are you even human? I'd say you're more of an Inhumane creature instead!]

Another netizen wrote: [The person who knelt down and endured alcohol being thrown at him must be psychologically scarred. He needs to quit the entertainment Industry!]

Another one commented: [This sissy acts better than most actors. He should've been kicked out of the entertainment industry long ago. Genevieve's definitely a tough one to fire you as soon as she took over!]

Another comment showered praise on Genevieve that stated: [My admiration for Genevieve is on the rise. Who wouldn't love a woman who is beautiful, kind, and just like her?]

Without delving too deeply, Selene's voice came through on the phone. She asked, "Did you hear? Anthony bought the top trending spot. He's planning to leave that video up for three days, trying to mess up George's reputation. Do you think he's doing it for you?"

Genevieve frowned slightly. Hearing that name unsettled her.

Her lips lifted into a grin, and she let out a cold chuckle..

"Nah, he's just distancing himself from the matter to save his own skin. Everyone knows George's under him, Genevieve remarked.

With a disapproving sound, Selene scoffed and cursed, 'This scumbag!'

After ending the call, Genevieve tossed her phone aside and went to freshen up.

The whole George debacle barely registered in her mind.

Instead, she was preoccupied with a more urgent matter-how to get a hold of Anthony's blood or hair.

As Genevieve was about to leave, her phone rang.

It was Mary, the housekeeper at the new mansion.

She hesitated briefly before picking up.

Mary's voice came through. She said, "Mrs. Hoffman, I was cleaning up and stumbled upon a box with your personal belongings in the study. It seems to be a diary or something. Do you want to come and get it?"

Genevieve felt a jolt, her heart skipping a beat, but she replied calmly, "Sure, I'm nearby running some errands. I'll swing by to pick it up. By the way, about Mr. Hoffman..."

A hint of hesitation lingered as she was not eager to cross paths with Anthony.

Mary immediately understood and said, "Mr. Hoffman went to the company early this morning. He's not aware of this."

Genevieve replied, "Thank you, Mary."

With that, she smiled and headed out with her car keys.

Reflecting on the night of her first intimacy with Anthony, she recalled that he had left afterward. In a seemingly irrational move at the time, she had picked up a strand of his hair from the bed and kept it in her diary.

While it might seem somewhat absurd, the act was proving useful now.

When Genevieve arrived at the gate of the mansion, Mary greeted her with a cheerful look. However, Mary hesitated before speaking, as if she had something on her mind.

Unaware of anything unusual, Genevieve nodded before heading inside.

To her surprise, an unexpected presence awaited her in the living room.

Mary, trailing behind, explained, "Mr. Hoffman came back out of the blue. He saw these things and insisted he'd wait for you here."

With that, she hurriedly made her way out.

Anthony was lounging in a suit. Despite his commanding and indifferent presence, his eyes betrayed a hint of curiosity.

As he glanced up, he locked eyes with Genevieve at the door, closed the diary in his hand, and smiled.

way on a business trip, were you missing me like "I had no idea you were this crazy about me. Even when I was crazy? I called you once, and you were too excited to sleep?" Anthony remarked, casually reading out her emotions written in the diary.

Reading Genevieve's diary filled him with immense confidence. The detailed account of her profound love for him over a three-year journey served as undeniable proof. While Anthony could not hide his joy on the surface, a hint of

bitterness and guilt lingered within him.

She had loved him deeply, and he had been utterly oblivious. There were times when he had even acted coldly toward Genevieve.

Now, with this diary in hand, her feelings for him became irrefutable evidence.

Yet, he could not fathom how a minor setback could hinder her love for him, a reality he adamantly rejected.

Genevieve raised her eyes with indifference, gazing at him without a hint of disruption.

Yet, within her, a corner of her heart crumbled bit by bit.

The past she had deliberately hidden and forgotten appeared before her as if seeking to expose her to be ridiculed. It shamelessly probed and mocked her past emotions, dismissing them as childish and naive.

A swift and familiar pain gripped her heart as the waves of past feelings crashed upon her.

However, Anthony's High and mighty behavior toward her felt like a scalding slap in the face, seemingly intended to humiliate her.

She tensed her body, attempting to suppress her emotions.

The chill in the air seemed to solidify.

"Heh, can't you admit it? Genevieve, your love for me has driven you mad,"

Anthony scoffed. "I'll give you a chance. Own up to your love for me, and I'll let you be my wife again," he added.

He then stood up. Anthony's imposing figure advanced gradually, closing in on her step by step.

He peered down at her radiant features, a smile playing on his lips as he observed her deep in silent contemplation. An uneasy itch began to creep up within him.

A smirk curled at the bottom of his lips as he abruptly stretched out his hand to wrap around her voluptuous waist, pulling her irresistibly close to him. Genevieve made no resistance. Instead, she reached out and hugged his waist. Anthony's mind swayed for a moment as he looked at Genevieve's tender, sun-kissed skin before him. Unable to resist, he lowered his head to kiss her. However, the next moment, Genevieve swiftly pushed him away and delivered a kick, placing one foot on his calf and the other on his knee, all in one fluid, decisive motion.

Caught off guard by her move, Anthony instinctively retreated, but the pain in his legs caused him to stagger.

Luckily, a couch was right there to break his fall. He stared at her in disbelief.

"Genevieve..." he mumbled, suppressing his emotions in his tone as he adopted a stern expression.

Genevieve approached him slowly with her arms crossed.

A faint, indifferent smile lingered on her lips as she said, "Anthony, I'd need a bad luck streak for several lifetimes to end up with you. Even if you die in front of me, I won't bat an eye. So, don't be too self-assured, got it?"

The look on Anthony's face shifted slightly, now veiled in an unintelligible look.

Wearing a grim and cold expression, he rose to his feet and adjusted his clothes, Genevieve had not let go of the past.

"I'll make it up to you," Anthony declared, his voice low and hoarse, carrying a solemn promise to keep these secrets to his grave and to send Rosalie away.

Genevieve had not entirely moved beyond despising him. He needed to offer her some room.

Once the anger in her subsided, she would naturally gravitate back to him.

Genevieve could not suppress a mocking laughter at his attempt to compensate.

"Save it. I don't need it," she scoffed.

'The typically arrogant Anthony thought his several words could make me forgive him, didn't he?

'It's utterly ludicrous.

'How could he ever make amends for the life of my unborn child?

'Perhaps he has forgotten, but I won't,' Genevieve thought.

Stooping down, she picked up the thick diary from the table.

For a fleeting moment, her heart stung, but the sensation dissipated instantly.

m Every entry in the diary bore witness to her muscle memory, the pain becoming a familia routine. Anthony had failed to grasp how strong her love had been and the desolation it had transformed into:"

In the pages where she had chronicled joy and sadness, an equal measure of disdain unfolded for her past foolishness and naivety.

Holding back on the tumultuous emotions within her, she calmly m

picked up the diary and flipped it to a hidden compartment on the last page.

While the corners of her lips curled into a smile, it felt as if her heart had fallen to the ground.

'Perfect, today hadn't been in vain, Genevieve mused.

Her voice carried no emotion as she delivered a cutting statement. She said,

"Anthony, I hope you have a long and happy life without any offspring!"