

Submitting 231

Chapter 231

It was late at night, and few cars were on the road.

When Anthony realized something was wrong, his chest felt cold, and his scalp tingled slightly.

He looked at Genevieve sitting next to him. She was still angry, her eyes vivid and beautiful.

His anger disappeared instantly and was replaced by intense panic and regret. 'I shouldn't have been impulsive. I shouldn't have impulsively involved her. Louis has gone mad!' he thought.

Anthony pursed his lips and calmly turned the car, heading for the suburbs. The car's speed hadn't decreased.

Genevieve glanced sideways at him and asked, "Can you buy phones in the suburbs? Are you going to steal?"

Anthony smiled and said calmly, "Genevieve, don't worry. We will pass by a lawn ahead. Open your door and jump off."

Genevieve abruptly turned her head and laughed in anger, saying, "You want me to jump out of the car?"

Anthony pursed his lips and watched the dark road ahead in silence. However, the veins of his hands on the steering wheel trembled, showing his panic at this moment.

Genevieve's heart sank, and she instantly realized something was wrong. "Is the brake not working?" she asked.

The business world was unpredictable, and people would fight at all costs. If one could stand before the crowd and cheer today, one could also stand on the roof and jump off a building tomorrow.

Anthony held a high position, which naturally aroused many people's jealousy. Genevieve immediately realized he had been plotted against.

Anthony's voice became nervous as he exclaimed coldly, "It's too late. Genevieve, jump!"

Ahead was the lawn, and further on was the ditch, which was more dangerous. Thus, they couldn't miss this opportunity.

Genevieve's heart trembled slightly, but she put her hand on the door handle. 'I'll get hurt, but I have no choice. This is good enough. But what about him?' she thought.

Genevieve hesitated and looked at Anthony's cold face.

Anthony glanced at her with indescribable guilt and complexity.

She would get hurt, but he would die.

Genevieve's heart sank, and a place in her heart suddenly felt empty. Her face paled. Close to death, she suddenly felt helpless. The cold wind hurt her face.

A moment ago, she wanted Anthony to die. She didn't care whether he died or not. But at this moment, she didn't want him to die.

There was a lawn on her side of the car, and she would just have a scratch if she fell on it. But on his side, there was nothing but unfinished buildings.

Time passed second by second.

Anthony's heart tightened. No matter how hard he tried the brake, it didn't work. The brake had been tampered with. When he saw the lawn was about to pass, the veins on his forehead throbbed. He couldn't help urging Genevieve, "What are you waiting for? Jump!"

Genevieve gritted her teeth, suppressing the panic in her chest. She looked at the surroundings with the light, and a truck suddenly appeared from the opposite direction.

Anthony's expression changed drastically. The road was narrow, and it wasn't safe to drive at night, let alone with brakes that weren't working.

Genevieve immediately pressed his arm and said in a deep voice, "Turn right and drive onto the lawn."

Anthony's face darkened. The car might turn over on the lawn, and Genevieve wouldn't be able to get out. He was still hesitating.

The truck opposite them sensed danger and honked in a panic. It was too late for the driver to brake. The sound pierced the night sky, dangerous and sharp.

When they were about to collide head-on, Anthony suddenly turned right, but the truck still crashed into the Bentley.

Bang!

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The moment the black Bentley rolled over, Anthony suddenly unfastened his seat belt and threw himself to the right to protect Genevieve. The next second, he lost consciousness.

Genevieve saw Anthony throw himself at her, blocking the windshield fragments for her. Warm liquid soaked her dress. She felt suffocated and couldn't suppress her panic.

"Anthony..." Her voice trembled, and she didn't know whether the wetness on her face was blood or tears. A chill ran down her spine. The person who was still quarreling with her a moment ago had lost consciousness in a flash.

When Genevieve was at a loss, the truck driver jumped out in a panic, went over, and opened the car door. "Oh no! it was too dark, and I didn't notice..." he said in a panicked and frightened tone and began to drag them out of the car with trembling hands.

Anthony, who was on top of Genevieve, was motionless. Genevieve came to her senses, unbuckled her seat belt, and hugged Anthony. However, she felt warm liquid on his back, and a faint smell of blood came. Her heart sank, and she felt cold.

She gritted her teeth, endured the sadness, and fumbled to find the switch of the sunroof. Fortunately, it worked, and the sunroof opened.

Genevieve spoke to the truck driver in a hoarse voice, saying, "Please, drag him out first. Drag him gently. He's injured." He was injured from protecting her.

The truck driver went over to help without hesitation.

When Genevieve followed them out, she realized her body was covered in Anthony's blood. It was dark red, and it soaked through her evening dress.

The truck driver called the police and ambulance as he trembled with fear. He could tell these two weren't ordinary people, and the car was a luxury one. He wondered how much he would need to compensate and was afraid all his money wouldn't be enough.

Genevieve stood in the distance, looking at the black Bentley, which had rolled over, with deep eyes. White smoke was rising faintly from the front of the car.

She was lost in thought, her facial expression cold.

Soon, a gray Maybach arrived.

"Genevieve!" Selene shouted heartbrokenly.

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Genevieve was stunned. She looked up and saw Selene get out of the car.

Louis also came over. His face was solemn, and his aura was strong and indifferent, as if he had come out of the darkness and had no emotions. When he looked at Anthony on the ground, his eyes flickered, and his thin lips tightened into a line.

Louis was shocked to see Genevieve covered in blood. He stepped forward and looked her up and down with suppressed emotions in his eyes. "Genevieve, are you okay?" he asked, holding her in his arms cautiously like a fragile treasure.

Selene kicked Anthony. "How did he drive? Did he want to kill people?" she fumed.

The truck driver dared not say anything.

Seeing Genevieve was silent, Louis thought she was frightened and hurt. He picked her up and said, "Let's go to the hospital. Don't be afraid, Genevieve. You will be fine."

Genevieve should have been relieved since she had gotten out of danger and her friends had come. But for some reason, she felt a burst of chill, and her heart was beating violently. She felt uneasy and restless as if she were falling into an abyss.

Chapter 232

It was already noon the next day when Genevieve woke up in the hospital.

The sun was scorching, and sunlight shone in. The design of the VIP ward was sleek and elegant. The hospital had always been considerate of rich people.

Opening her eyes, she saw Louis sitting beside her in different clothes. His gray shirt made him look both cold and gentle, accentuating his features.

He was peeling an orange for her with his eyes downcast. The white veins on the orange were plucked off little by little, leaving the pulp looking meticulously delicate and bright.

As soon as Genevieve's breathing deepened, Louis noticed it and looked at her with joy. He exclaimed, "You're awake!"

Genevieve smiled and said, "Why are you here?"

As soon as she finished asking, Selene opened the door and walked in. Relief filled her when she saw that Genevieve had woken up. She said, "You're finally awake. Mr. Fallon has been here all night and didn't even catch a wink of sleep. You just caught a fright and weren't hurt but slept until now. Even Anthony, who was injured, had woken up!"

Louis smiled gently and said, "She's timid, Ms. Quinn, so don't tease her."

Selene smiled and raised her eyebrow.

Louis sounded protective of Genevieve.

She stood in front of Genevieve's bed, smiling. "Mr. Fallon, I know she's timid. It's all thanks to you for getting there in time. Otherwise, I really wouldn't know what to do! Since you haven't slept all night, why don't you go and get some rest?" she offered.

Louis smiled and replied, "I'm fine. I can only be at ease once Genevieve wakes up."

Genevieve cleared her throat and said, "I'm fine, Louis. Go and get some rest. Everything will be fine since Selene is here."

Louis glanced at her and nodded after a few seconds of silence.

O He put the peeled orange aside and said gently, "The doctor said you need rest after the fright, so don't tire yourself out. I'll see you later."

Genevieve nodded.

Louis looked at Selene and nodded. Then, he walked out.

Genevieve watched him leave, her eyes darkening unconsciously.

Selene sat next to her and tore the orange in half. She ate one half and handed the rest to Genevieve.

"The orange Mr. Fallon peeled tastes so sweet!" she teased.

Genevieve pushed it around but didn't eat the orange. She looked at Selene and asked, "How's Anthony?"

"Why do you still care about him? He's lucky to be alive!" Selene remarked. She couldn't help but criticize Anthony as she ate the other half of the orange.

Genevieve frowned and said quietly, "It's not his fault. Someone had tampered with the brakes."

Selene hadn't swallowed the food in her mouth, so she choked, let out a coughing fit, and stared at Genevieve in shock. She asked, "What?"

Genevieve pursed her lips and asked, "Tell me how you found us?"

Selene was still in shock, so she told her what happened the night before without thinking twice. "After Anthony took you away last night, I kept your phone. Soon after, Louis came to find you, and I told him you left with Anthony. Louis' expression was thunderous, and he said that Anthony's emotions were unstable after drinking. He was worried that something bad would happen. Then, I ran after him, and

Louis drove to find you guys. That's when I saw your car moving toward the suburbs. After that, I saw you guys got into an accident!" She began to feel something was off the more she talked about it.

Catching the dark look on Genevieve's face, she couldn't help but ask, "Are you suspecting Louis?"

Being Genevieve's friend for many years, Selene immediately realized something was wrong. However, she was in disbelief.

Genevieve took a deep breath and thought, 'Why was Louis the first to arrive then? He knew there would be danger, didn't he?'

Genevieve's heart sank.

She thought, 'With Anthony's status, ordinary people can't even get close to his car, but what about Louis? He's Presley's eldest son and part of Hoffman Group. Naturally, he has the chance to get close to Anthony. I realized Anthony's worries might be valid after all!'

Selene frowned and said, "Anthony's back and leg were injured. Mr. Hoffman left after checking in on him. Quincey was there and wanted to confront you, but I yelled at her."

Quincey knew Anthony had been injured again because of Genevieve and wanted to get even with her.

However, Selene wasn't weak. She used her sharp tongue to berate Quincey to the extent that she nearly fainted from anger.

Genevieve pursed her lips and immediately pushed her blanket away. She said,

"I'll go find Anthony."

Selene nodded.

She was quite optimistic about Louis at first but found that he was worse than Anthony.

Genevieve wasn't hurt, so she walked out with a shawl over her shoulders after changing her clothes.

Anthony's ward was across the corridor. It was quite far, and police, doctors, and Daniel were stationed by his door.

Daniel was surprised to see Genevieve and walked over. He said, "Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Hoffman said you shouldn't get involved in this mess. He'll handle it."

Genevieve was also in the car, but the police didn't an her because Anthony had told them not to.

Genevieve pursed her lips and asked, "Is he awake?"

"Yes," Daniel responded, opening the door for her.

Anthony sat on the hospital bed, looking pale as he tapped away on his laptop.

Seeing her enter, he narrowed his eyes slightly and then turned off the computer.

"You're here. Are you feeling better now?" Anthony asked. His voice was low and husky. His expression was cold, and fatigue was evident on his face.

His leg was fixed with steel plates, and his back was wrapped in gauze. He looked much worse than she did.

Genevieve crossed the room and sat beside him silently.

Anthony felt sorry for getting her involved.

He was angry and sullen. News of his drunk driving accident had spread on the internet. As a result, business rivals attacked Hoffman Group with it, destabilizing its stock price.

He knew someone was deliberately causing him trouble and knew who was behind it.

He wasn't going to let that person off the hook that easily.

Since the peace had been broken, he wouldn't pull back his punches anymore.

He was silent for a while.

Genevieve offered slowly, "I agree to help you find Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret."

Anthony suddenly looked at her.

In the end, Genevieve began to suspect Louis. She couldn't just stand by and watch Frank and Margaret go

missing.

She was helping Anthony and testing Louis.

"It's just an act. After we find them, we don't owe each other anything anymore Geneviève said. Her voice was cold and indifferent, but Anthony was surprised nonetheless.

He smiled, and the lines of fatigue on his face faded slightly. He replied, "Okay."

He would agree to whatever terms she wanted.

Quincey's voice came from the door.

She came in and said carefully, "Antony.

Quincey entered with a tall, middle-aged man, but her face paled when she saw Genevieve.

Genevieve spotted the man, froze for a moment, and then smiled. "What a coincidence! I met him in the hotel's elevator once,' she thought.

Chapter 233

The middle-aged man didn't recognize Genevieve and didn't even notice that Quincey was acting weird.

Instead, he walked into the room with a smile and spoke like an elder to Anthony. "Anthony, I heard you were Injured. Your mother is worried, so she asked me to be your driver. I know some combat arts, so I'll protect you from now on since outsiders can't be trusted."

Anthony glanced at the man coldly.

Quincey studied Genevieve's expression and thought, "She didn't seem to recognize him."

She pursed her lips and said smilingly, "Yeah, someone tampered with your car. Maybe it's the driver, so it's best to fire him, but you can be at ease with family."

Quincey glanced at Genevieve again and asked, "What are you doing here, Ms. Lawrence?"

She had wanted to get even with Genevieve before but had nearly fainted from Selene's scolding.

Fortunately, the middle-aged man, Edmund Zabel, comforted her, allowing her to get over it and calm down.

Genevieve smiled and said, "I'm visiting Mr. Hoffman."

Quincey couldn't help but snort. "How shameless for a guilty person to show up!" she remarked.

Hearing Quincey's tone, Anthony was about to say something.

However, Genevieve laughed and repeated, "Yeah. How shameless for a guilty person to show up."

She glanced at Edmund with profound implication.

Quincey felt the spot between her eyes twitch, and her expression changed.

She was, indeed, feeling guilty and risky for introducing her lover, Edmund, to her son as his driver.

However, Presley seemed to lose all scruples since his scandal with another woman had gone public. He didn't go home anymore and spent his days with his lover.

Only she knew what it felt like to be alone in an empty room.

She didn't want to sneak around anymore, and Edmund proposed to use the opportunity of Anthony's Injury to take up a position in the Hoffman family, making it convenient for him to be with Quincey.

Quincey contemplated and was tempted.

However, she didn't expect Genevieve to be there.

They had met by the hotel's elevator in the lobby before.

She still felt nervous and terrified after all that time.

Hence, she felt Genevieve was implying something the second Genevieve opened her mouth.

Quincey paled and couldn't speak.

Edmund said, "We're all here for Anthony, so let's all talk peacefully.

He squeezed Quincey's arm nonchalantly and smiled at Anthony with a fawning look.

Quincey's expression changed again, but she didn't dare to cause trouble for Genevieve.

She turned her head away and took a deep breath. She asked, "Okay, Anthony. Do you agree with this arrangement?"

She was Anthony's mother, so she shouldn't be refused over such a small thing.

Anthony's eyes darkened. He glanced at Edmund and said in a deep voice, "I trust the people around me. The driver is fine, so I'm not firing him."

Quincey's heart sank. She asked, "Do you still think it's fine after all this? I'm doing this for your own good! Your uncle is family."

Impatience flashed across Anthony's eyes, and he commented coldly, "Should we do a DNA test and verify if he's really your long-lost relative?"

Quincey paled in an instant.

She suddenly remembered that Anthony was very picky about the people he surrounded himself with. Even the assistant, Kenneth, whom she planted, had been removed.

She had lost control over Anthony after he had lost his memories.

Edmund hurriedly said, "She's my cousin. Anthony, your mother is just worried about you. Forget it if you're unwilling."

Anthony glanced at him indifferently and silently.

Genevieve didn't expect to see a show when she came over, so she just kept silent and smiled.

She wouldn't leave while such a good show was on.

Quincey gritted her teeth and felt ashamed to be humiliated by her son in front of Genevieve.

She compromised at Edmund's words. "It's fine if he's not your driver. Just arrange a position for him in the office since it's hard for him to find a job now,"

she said.

Anthony frowned slightly. He didn't expect her to take such good care of Edmund. He informed her, "There is vacant position suitable for him in the office."

"Nonsense! So many shareholders and other companies bosses slotted their people into the company. Don't think I don't know about it. Why is it that they can, but not your uncle?" Quincey argued.

She was furious, for she was, after all, the lady of the Hoffman family. She should have even that bit of privilege.

Anthony's expression turned stony, and he said icily, "The premise of benefit exchange is that I'll gain some benefit from the exchange. You should know that.

Why don't you ask Dad about it? I'll keep quiet if he agrees."

Quincey gritted her teeth in anger at the mention of Presley.

Fear washed over Edmund, and he immediately smiled and said, "Forget it. Let's not bother Mr. Presley Hoffman. over something this trivial. I'm fine with looking for other jobs. Get some rest, Anthony. I'll visit again next time."

He rubbed his hands, glanced at Quincey, and left with a smile. Quincey glared at Anthony before whirling around and leaving.

Genevieve was amused.

Anthony suddenly asked, "Do you know him?"

Startled, Genevieve raised her eyebrow and said, "I don't."

Anthony knew she wouldn't tell him the truth, so he didn't continue to ask.

However, he made a mental note to have someone investigate this mysterious

"uncle" later.

Once the show ended, Genevieve had no reason to stay.

She stood up and said, "Rest well. I'm leaving."

Anthony panicked and suddenly blurted, "Even if we're acting, it should look realistic. Remember to come and visit me often."

Genevieve abruptly felt goosebumps all over her skin.

She quickened her pace and left.

The minute she stepped out of the room, she saw Daniel come up with a new phone in his hand.

It was the latest model of the brand she was using.

Daniel handed it over and said with a smile, "As soon as Mr. Hoffman woke up, he asked me to buy this for you as an apology."

Genevieve paused, feeling moved that he caught and remembered such a small detail.

She didn't say anything and merely took the phone and left.

Daniel breathed a sigh of relief, opened the door, and went in. He reported, "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Lawrence took the phone and left."

Anthony was injured, but he seemed to be in a good mood. With a smile, he said,

"Well, I'm sure my gesture must have touched her. She not only came to see me but also accepted my gift."

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He wondered, "Isn't Mr. Hoffman thinking of this phone as an apology?"

Under the police's scrutiny, Anthony's blood test results were revealed.

The alcohol in his blood was nowhere near that of a drunk driver.

Plus, the car's examination was also done. An issue with the brake pad caused the brake to fail.

Hoffman Group soon issued a statement saying they would fully cooperate with the police in investigating the true cause of the accident.

Netizens' comments took a turn, and Hoffman Group's stock stabilized.

The next day, Presley came to the hospital with the board of directors' decision. He said, "Anthony, you're still recovering, so don't worry about the company for now. Louis will temporarily take over your position."

Daniel smiled and looked at Anthony hesitantly.

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you were injured. Your mother is worried, so she asked me to be your driver. I know some combat arts, so I'll protect you from now on since outsiders can't be trusted." Anthony glanced at the man coldly. Quincey studied Genevieve's expression and thought, "She didn't seem to recognize him." She pursed her lips and said smilingly, "Yeah, someone tampered with your car. Maybe it's the driver, so it's best to fire him, but you can be at ease with family." Quincey glanced at Genevieve again and asked, "What are you doing here, Ms. Lawrence?" She had wanted to get even with Genevieve before but had nearly fainted from Selene's scolding. Fortunately, the middle-aged man, Edmund Zabel, comforted her, allowing her to get over it and calm down. Genevieve smiled and said, "I'm visiting Mr. Hoffman." Quincey couldn't help but snort. "How shameless for a guilty person to show up!" she remarked. Hearing Quincey's tone, Anthony was about to say something. However, Genevieve laughed and repeated, "Yeah. How shameless for a guilty person to show up." She glanced at Edmund with profound implication. Quincey felt the spot between her eyes twitch, and her expression changed. She was, indeed, feeling guilty and risky for introducing her lover, Edmund, to her son as his driver. However, Presley seemed to lose all scruples since his scandal with another woman had gone public. He didn't go home anymore and spent his days with his lover. 1/5 Only she knew what it felt like to be alone in an empty room. She didn't want to sneak around anymore, and Edmund proposed to use the opportunity of Anthony's injury to take up a position in the Hoffman family, making it convenient for him to be with Quincey. Quincey contemplated and was tempted. However, she didn't expect Genevieve to be there. They had met by the hotel's elevator in the lobby before. She still felt nervous and terrified after all that time. Hence, she felt Genevieve was implying something the second Genevieve opened her mouth. Quincey paled and couldn't speak. Edmund said, "We're all here for Anthony, so let's all talk peacefully. He squeezed Quincey's arm nonchalantly and smiled at Anthony with a fawning look. Quincey's expression changed again, but she didn't dare to cause trouble for Genevieve. She turned her head away and took a deep breath. She asked, "Okay, Anthony. Do you agree with this arrangement?" She was Anthony's mother, so she shouldn't be refused over such a small thing. Anthony's eyes darkened. He glanced at Edmund and said in a deep voice, "I trust the people around me. The driver is fine, so I'm not firing him." Quincey's heart sank. She asked, "Do you still think it's fine after all this? I'm doing this for your own good! Your uncle is family." Impatience flashed across Anthony's eyes, and he commented coldly, "Should we do a DNA test and verify if he's really your long-lost relative?" Quincey paled in an instant. She suddenly remembered that Anthony was very picky about the people he surrounded himself with. Even the assistant, Kenneth, whom she planted, had been removed. She had lost control over Anthony after he had lost his memories. Edmund hurriedly said, "She's my cousin. Anthony, your mother is just worried about you. Forget it if you're unwilling." Anthony glanced at him indifferently and silently. Genevieve didn't expect to see a show when she came over, so she just kept silent and smiled. She wouldn't leave while such a good show was on. Quincey gritted her teeth and felt ashamed to be humiliated by her son in front of Genevieve. She compromised at Edmund's words. "It's fine if he's not your driver. Just arrange a position for him in the office since it's hard for him to find a job now," she said. cno Anthony frowned slightly. He didn't expect her to take such good care of Edmund. He informed her, "There is a vacant position suitable for him in the office." "Nonsense! So many shareholders and other companies' bosses slotted their people into the company. Don't think I don't know about it. Why is it that they can, but not your uncle?" Quincey argued. She was furious, for she was, after all, the lady of the Hoffman family. She should have even that bit of privilege. Anthony's expression turned stony, and he said icily, "The premise of benefit exchange is that I'll gain some benefit from the exchange. You should know that. Why don't you ask Dad about it? I'll keep quiet if he agrees." Quincey gritted her

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Chapter 237

Selene called in the evening about something urgent.

Thus, Genevieve directly met with Selene.

As Selene was staying in a relatively remote hotel, Genevieve repeatedly checked before entering.

Then, Selene opened the door, looking terrible.

Genevieve was startled and asked, "What happened? Why are you here?"

Selene hugged her and cried.

Genevieve comforted Selene for a while before the latter finally said, "My mother signed a bet-on agreement. It looks like she lost and owed a lot of money. My family is bankrupt!"

Then, Genevieve asked with surprise, "Why haven't I heard about it at all?"

Selene sobbed, "I only knew about it last night. Loan sharks have been searching for my mother at home, so she hides here. She went out early this morning to get money."

Anxious and shocked, Genevieve still wondered why she did not know about it.

She then comforted Selene, "Don't panic. I will investigate this matter right away. You can stay at my place first. I can give you all the money you need."

When Selene heard Genevieve's words, she felt slightly relieved.

Genevieve called Jasper and told him to investigate the Quinn family's matter and Lorelai's current location.

After Selene washed her face, she said awkwardly, "I've never stayed in such a shabby-looking hotel before. It has bad soundproofing, and the old couple next door has been screaming so loud."

She did not mention that the woman's voice was slightly familiar.

Genevieve was speechless and felt awkward. After all, this kind of hotel was only suitable for people having an affair and not for Selene, who had lived a luxurious life since childhood.

Thus, she knew Selene suffered after staying there.

"Well, let's eat something. Then, we can go back to my place so that you can rest," Genevieve said.

Selene nodded and went out with Genevieve.

The couple in the next room walked out of their room at the same time.

Genevieve subconsciously looked back, and the woman's expression changed subtly.

The woman covered herself well and even wore a mask and sunglasses.

It made Genevieve wonder why a woman with a Hermes scarf and bag would be there.

Meanwhile, the man was about to walk out when the woman pushed him in.

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Genevieve merely glanced at them briefly. Then, she took Selene's arm and comforted the latter softly, "You still have me. Don't worry."

She did not seem to notice anything.

The woman behind slowly breathed a sigh of relief. However, she still stood there in shock.

She even felt that her legs went weak.

"What's the matter?" Edmund's voice was heard.

"I just saw Genevieve," Quincey said in a low voice.

Edmund frowned before saying cautiously, "Isn't she the woman in Anthony's ward? Did she recognize you?"

Quincey, feeling unsure, shook her head.

Edmund breathed a sigh of relief before saying, "If she recognizes you, she will definitely not let you go because you two don't get along. Don't worry. When can you get the money? I don't know why the loan sharks came to find me again. They even forced me to pay the debt today. If I refuse, I will die!"

Hearing this, Quincey patted his chest smugly.

"Don't worry. You won't die. I will get the money for you," she said.

Edmund kissed Quincey hard. Although she was already old, she still had her charm.

"Luckily I have you, dear!" he said.

Quincey smiled shyly and then left through the back door, heading straight for Hoffman Group.

However, she did not get what she wanted.

The finance department did not transfer the money to her as usual.

Thus, Quincey was so angry that she made a scene, and the top management instructed the security guard to deal with her.

Quincey wanted to see Anthony. However, she was told that Anthony had not been discharged from the hospital and Louis had been taking over Anthony's position.

She called Anthony on the way to the hospital.

When Anthony answered the call, Quincey asked aggressively, "What's going on with the company? Why is Louis taking over your position? Also, why can't the finance department transfer money to me? I need some money now. Transfer 10 million dollars to me right away."

There was a lingering coldness in Anthony's green eyes.

However, his voice remained indifferent as he said, "I have no choice as Dad decided it. I can't take out my money as well. If you need money, you can ask Dad."

Quincey was at a loss for words. Then, she asked, "Don't you have 10 million dollars?"

"I don't," Anthony replied before hanging up the phone.

Quincey's face turned pale with anger.

'I only have a few hundred thousand dollars. How can I ask Presley for 10 million dollars? If he finds out that the money is for Edmund to pay the loan sharks, he will kill me,' she thought.

When she arrived at the hospital, she learned that Anthony had already been discharged. She called him again,

but he did not answer her call anymore...

Quincey became slightly flustered.

'Did Genevieve say something to Anthony? Did he find out something was amiss, so he stopped giving me money?" she wondered.

While Quincey was getting worried, Edmund called repeatedly. However, she did not dare to answer his calls.

Thus, Edmund sent her a message.

He texted: [Where's the money? The loan sharks are here. Come here quickly.

I'm going to die soon, so I might just tell others about us.]

Quincey's arms trembled a little. She did not want anything bad to happen to Edmund, so she took a taxi to his place.

Even though the loan sharks knew his house, Edmund did not move to another place as he thought he could pay their money.

Quincey got out of the taxi and saw more than a dozen burly men in black standing at the door. Her face turned pale with fear, and she immediately went back inside the taxi.

"Let's go. Hurry up," she urged.

She knew that if she walked there without any plan, they would have something on her.

Thus, when Edmund called Quincey, she turned off her phone and threw it aside.

That night, Daniel went to the hospital.

"Edmund ran away. Our men watched him buy a ticket and leave," he said.

They had no interest in knowing the place Edmund went to.

Anthony nodded.

Daniel then said, "Quinn Group is in debt because it was tricked into investing in a project for a short sale. On the surface, the project is good, but it's actually a scam. Mrs. Quinn probably fell for it. This may be the end for Quinn

Group."

Anthony frowned slightly and pondered before asking, "What project?"

"It's a project that the southern region is collaborating with Wildefield Street. I heard that the Campbell family also participated in it. Aiden knew it wasn't good, so he didn't invest much, but Mrs. Quinn invested a lot," Daniel answered.

As Louis covered his actions well, they did not manage to find anything.

Daniel wondered if Anthony could put up with Louis and his continuous plans. Then, Daniel received a message. His expression changed after reading it.

"Mrs. Quinn jumped off a building," he said.

Chapter 238

Selene was the first to get the news and rushed to the hospital.

At that time, Lorelai had already been sent there.

Some other people who wanted her to pay their debts were also there.

Genevieve also arrived and heard the people shouting.

One shouted, "Pay back our money!"

Another repeated, "Pay back our money!"

Someone else said, "If you don't pay us back, you will die even after coming out of the emergency room!"

The employees of Quinn Group were there as well.

Selene was shouting while those people surrounded her. She did not look as if she was put at a disadvantage.

"I dare you to touch me. I'll play dead. Don't you know it's illegal for loan sharks to lend money? I'll call the police. Do you think that you're the only one with connections? I have my own connections as well! What's the matter? I dare you to barge in. Are you bandits?" she scolded them loudly. Even at this time, she did not back down.

Scarlett was hiding at the side with a gloomy expression.

Meanwhile, Aiden wanted to help Selene but was stopped by Scarlett.

"Don't go there. Fortunately, you two are only engaged. We lost a lot of money because of her family. We still respect them, which is why we didn't ask them for the money. Are you planning to pay the debts for them?" she asked.

Aiden hesitated slightly.

Genevieve arrived just in time to hear what they were saying.

1/5

Both Scarlett and Aiden were stunned.

Then, Genevieve glanced at them and snorted coldly. "Don't worry. It's not the end of the Quinn family. I will pay the money they owe you for Selene," she said.

She looked at Aiden coldly, thinking, 'I thought Aiden had become mature after Cecilia's incident. But I didn't expect him to be a coward and selfish man. When Lorelai had money, they wanted him to get engaged with Selene. But now, he just stood by and did nothing!'

Jasper's clothes wrinkled as he pushed his way through the crowd to make way for Genevieve.

Selene saw Genevieve, and the former's eyes reddened, but she did not cry.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

Genevieve smiled and said, "I came to see Mrs. Quinn."

She said to the men, "I've called the police. If anything happens to Mrs. Quinn because of you, I won't let any of you leave."

One said, "Are you threatening us? We're here to collect the debt and will leave after you pay the money!"

Another said, "That's right. She jumped off the building because she couldn't pay back the money. We don't want to follow in her footsteps. Just ask her to pay us back!"

They were shouting aggressively.

Because they looked fierce, Genevieve knew they were loan sharks.

She pondered for a second, then said with a smile, "It's natural to repay the debt. Selene and I are close, so I will pay for her. How about you give my assistant your IOUS?"

She looked at Jasper, who immediately nodded.

Meanwhile, the men looked at each other in disbelief.

Jasper took out the checkbook solemnly.

"Ms. Lawrence has the money. Give us your IOUS, and we will pay you," he said.

Selene grabbed Genevieve's arm and said, "Don't..."

Genevieve patted her on the arm and smiled.

One of them took out his IOU and said, "She owes me 400 thousand dollars."

Selene glanced at it and said, "This is not signed by my mother!"

"How dare you deny it?" the man said, staring at her fiercely.

Genevieve grabbed Selene's arm and looked at Jasper.

"We'll pay it. Let's resolve this peacefully," Jasper said.

The man sneered, "That young lady is much more generous. I'll let you off easily this time."

Seeing this, the others took out the IOUS they had prepared in advance.

They said, "Take ours as well..."

It was chaotic for a moment.

Jasper took the IOUS and even took photos of them.

After that, he held the IOUS in his hand and said with a smile, "We already called the police before we came here. I have all the evidence with me. We'll pay back the money after the police confirm that you're not criminals."

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone's expression changed instantly.

One said, "Damn it! How dare you fool us!"

Another said, "Bitch, how dare you lie to me!"

The crowd was so angry that they wanted to beat Selene and Genevieve.

Genevieve grabbed Selene and took a step back. Then, the former looked at the men coldly.

The next second, a police siren sounded outside.

All of a sudden, the men panicked. They looked terrified.

After all, every one of them was a crook.

Putting aside the fact that they might not get the money now, they would be sent to jail if they stayed there.

Someone shouted, "Run..."

Then, all of them turned around and ran outside until there was no one left.

Selene suddenly breathed a sigh of relief, grabbed Genevieve's arm tightly, and smiled miserably. "You're so smart!" she said.

Genevieve smiled but did not say anything. Seeing Scarlett and Aiden coming over, Selene looked gloomy.

Scarlett did not want to curry favor with Selene anymore.

Thus, she said, "Selene, your mother's health is the most important thing now. Quinn Group will go bankrupt NO soon. Why not let Aiden help you? After all, you're just a girl and don't know anything."

Genevieve frowned slightly and chuckled before saying, "You planned to call off the engagement. So, who are you to help her?"

Selene seemed to have expected it and did not even look at them. "Don't bother,"

she said.

Scarlett was rendered speechless. She was very dissatisfied with Selene's attitude, but she did not mind it as the engagement would be canceled soon.

"In that case, let's discuss calling off the engagement after you deal with the bankruptcy. But, Selene, you can't even afford your mother's medical fee now. You should think of a plan soon. We won't ask you to pay back the money now, but it doesn't mean that you don't have to pay us back at all," Scarlett said harshly and bluntly.

Aiden frowned slightly. He said, "Mom, why did you mention it?"

Scarlett answered, "Because we should prepare in advance! Originally, you didn't have any feelings for each other you were forced to be together because of the benefits. Now that it's gone, we should go our separate

ways."

Selene's eyes darkened.

She looked away after she spoke.

Scarlett wanted to say something more, but when she saw Genevieve's gaze, her heart skipped a beat, and she did not continue.

"Fine. We'll leave now," she said before turning to leave.

Aiden looked at Selene and hesitated. Finally, he took out a card and gave it to Selene before leaving.

Selene threw it directly to the ground in disgust.

Genevieve chuckled as she picked it up. "It's a supplementary card with no limit.

Does he like you, Selene?" she asked.

Chapter 239

Selene was speechless. Her eyes rolled at Aiden's words. "His mother was condemning me just minutes ago. I'm not spending the money on his card. This is all just for show."

She didn't care.

She had expected nothing from their marriage.

All that mattered then was Lorelai surviving after the attack.

Genevieve patted Selene's shoulder. She had waited with Selene for half an hour until the doctor appeared from the emergency room.

"We've managed to save her, but there's severe damage to her cranial nerves. It's unlikely she'll wake up again. Be prepared for the worst," the doctor said.

Selene's face turned pale at the devastating news.

Genevieve asked for more details about Lorelai's condition and told Jasper to take care of the medical fee.

Before leaving, Genevieve gave Selene her credit card. "Thought I'd send you the money, but with the situation surrounding Quinn Group, your cards might've been frozen. Take this for now and sort the company out first. If you need more help, let me know."

Selene didn't refuse Genevieve's help. She nodded, her eyes reddening.

Genevieve arranged for a caregiver to assist Selene. She had been busy with work until midnight, so Selene told her to go home and rest.

Smiling helplessly, Selene said, "Don't worry about me. I'm not breaking down in times like this."

Genevieve nodded and only left with Jasper after feeling reassured to see Selene remaining strong.

Outside, the police were still on the hunt for the fugitives. Over ten of them were arrested, while the rest remained at large.

Nevertheless, they were just rabble and were no match for the police force.

Genevieve and Jasper left through the backdoor.

Jasper couldn't keep the information he had found to himself any longer. "Ms. Lawrence, Quinn Group has been deliberately targeted."

"What do you mean?" Genevieve asked.

"Wildefield Street manipulated Quinn Group into losing their project. They wanted to take over the company." Jasper responded. "I asked around and found that the medical research and development team of Quinn Group has developed a drug that could control memory. When Quinn Group goes under, the research would stop. Could someone be worried about the drug hitting the market, Ms. Lawrence?"

Genevieve's expression subtly shifted.

Pharmaceutical research and development were only a small part of Quinn Group's operations that didn't generate much profit and thus received little attention.

But Lorelai had always kept it running in honor of her late husband, Joel, who had died from a rare and undetectable disease.

Something didn't feel quite right to her. "Who could be worried about the release of this drug?" she wondered.

The web of power players on Wildefield Street was too complicated. There were too many hidden hands pulling strings behind each move, and it was impossible to trace the people behind.

Meanwhile, in a luxurious downtown condominium, Stella waited for Calvin to pick her up. Anthony finally arrived after five minutes.

Stella tensed, her eyes looking at him nervously. "Mr. Hoffman," she greeted him.

Anthony looked stoically expressionless. "Get ready to play your part," he said without looking at her. "You know how to report to Louis, right?"

Stella nodded stiffly.

They walked in, one after the other, and when they arrived at the door, Stella put on a smile and linked arms with Anthony.

The door opened, and there was a woman in her early thirties who was dressed sophisticatedly. She wore an

emerald necklace and bracelet and radiated grace and gentleness.

"You must be Mr. Hoffman, Please come in. Your father's been waiting for you," the woman said.

Anthony nodded slightly and stepped inside.

He recognized the woman immediately, and she was Paige Qualls.

Her affair with Presley had caused quite a scandal, which tainted the reputation of Hoffman Group.

Even so, Presley was still seeing Paige, which meant she had used her tactics on him.

Stella smiled from behind. "Thank you," she said.

"You must be Mr. Hoffman's girlfriend. Please come in," Paige said, Presley sat on the couch near the window, reading a newspaper.

When he heard Anthony, he looked up. "You're here."

Anthony nodded.

Presley was relieved that Anthony didn't object to the place they had arranged to meet, assuming Anthony was willing to make compromises.

"I heard your mom's been borrowing money lately. Is there something urgent she needs money for?" Presley asked as he reached out to pour coffee.

Anthony hurriedly took the coffee pot before speaking nonchalantly. "Just the usual stuff. She went overboard with shopping. I've stopped giving her money from the business accounts since Louis took over. Can't risk any accusations of mishandling company funds."

Presley nodded approvingly. "You did right. She's spending frivolously. That needs to change," he commented.

As Anthony poured coffee for Presley, he remained silent.

Presley looked up to find Stella cheerfully following Paige around. Dissatisfaction was written over his face. "You should find someone on your level. Keeping someone like her around is one thing, but her family background doesn't compare to Genevieve's!"

Anthony froze. "I'll do what I can," he said.

"Your people should try to work with Louis more. He's not trying to steal the company from you. All of this will belong to you eventually," Presley said.

Louis must've run into some difficulties within the company.

It wouldn't sit well with Anthony's employees if he were to fire them all. The company would go down.

Anthony smiled. "Sure. I'll remind them."

Pleased, Presley nodded.

Just then, Paige walked over to the two of them and said, "Let's have dinner first, Mr. Hoffman. I've asked the kitchen to make your favorite food!"

Presley chuckled contentedly. "Just call him 'Anthony. You're only a few years older than him."

Yet, Anthony excused himself and stood up to leave.

Paige watched him go and couldn't help but feel disappointed. Turning to Presley, she pouted. "Your son doesn't seem to like me."

'It'd be strange if he does!' Presley sneered silently.

However, he was in a good mood.

"He's the same way with everyone. It's nothing to do with you," he reassured Paige.

Anthony's face turned grim the second he walked out, his eyes brooding.

Stella followed behind him and watched him get into his car. And before she could speak, the car drove off.

She was nothing more than a tool to Anthony, yet she had wishful thinking that he would send her home.

For the next few days, Selene found herself working around the clock.

Despite the help of Genevieve's people, she struggled with handling the problems plaguing her company.

Fortunately, the supposed private lenders turned out to be fakedt was someone who had pressured Selene to dispose of the remaining assets.

While she was uninterested in the company business, she refused to declare bankruptcy just like that.

Genevieve gave her a large sum of money just so she could declaren Quinn Group's bankruptcy and start a new company with the same core team.

Selene agreed after giving Genevieve's plan some thought.

A week later, preparations for the transition had begun.

However, Anthony requested an early meeting with her.

Genevieve thought that she needed to see him, too, so the two arranged to meet at a cafe at Lawrence Group.

She brought the newly groomed Goldie with her, and the latter also appeared satisfied with its clean coat of hair.

Anthony arrived early, and his eyes brightened at the sight of her, but his expression soured when he saw Goldie by her side.

Goldie stuck out its tongue, jumping off from Genevieve's arms to show off its new goat of hair, but she its!

quickly grabbed it.

"You can't run around in the cafe," Genevieve gently scolded.

When she looked up at Anthony, her eyes turned colder. "Why are you still in a wheelchair?" she asked.

Chapter 240

Anthony pursed his lips. His voice sounded hoarse as he spoke. "Well, It takes a long time to heal."

His gaze lifted up to Genevieve's, the muscles in his throat tightening before he continued, "Just wanted to tell you that you should be looking out for me when we go on the show. I'm injured. Can't handle the stress."

Genevieve had barely sat down on the chair before she suddenly sprang back up. "Oh, please. Don't be so dramatic. It's just a leg injury. Are you saying your heart was hurt, too?" she taunted.

Anthony's eyes flickered with resentment as he said, "Well, it'll take a longer time to recover if I get stressed out. I got hurt trying to protect you. I don't want you to say anything on the show that might hurt me."

Genevieve was speechless. She looked at him in disbelief, and even Goldie rolled its eyes.

"Don't try to guilt-trip me." She scoffed. "I haven't even blamed you for dragging me into this mess. Have some shame, will you?"

Anthony's face turned pale, and suddenly, he clutched his chest, gasping for air.

Startled, Genevieve thought that he was having an attack and asked, "You're having side effects?"

Hurrying over to him, she grabbed a cup of coffee and poured it into his mouth, hoping it would help.

The scalding hot coffee burned Anthony's mouth. Convinced it was unintentional, he told himself to forgive her on the inside.

He coughed but finally stopped struggling to breathe, his complexion returning to normal.

Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief and sat back down across from him.

Anthony wiped the coffee stains off his clothes and took a deep breath of cool air to soothe his burning tongue.

Genevieve petted Goldie's fur while casually saying, "There you go. I saved your life, so we're even now. Besides, you have questionable morals. What else can hurt you?"

Anthony took a deep breath and looked at her with a complicated look. "Gen, I'm still hurting from the injury, you know!"

Genevieve's hand froze. She looked up at him and said before getting up to leave, "If that's all you have to say, I guess I'll have to get going."

With so many people in the cafe, anyone would've thought they were on a date.

But Anthony's expression shifted, and he lowered his voice. "Gen, don't you want to know who's behind your friend's company going bankrupt?"

Genevieve tensed up and sat back down. "You know who it is?"

"It's Louis," Anthony said.

Genevieve wasn't particularly surprised by that revelation.

She had always suspected that Louis was involved, but she had no proof.

"How do you know?" Genevieve asked while looking at him.

Anthony pursed his lips before saying, "If I tell you, will you take care of me?"

Genevieve's jaw tensed. 'This scumbag sure has many problems, she cursed silently.

Anthony's expression turned somber. "Louis took my place, and I have nowhere to go now. I don't have many people left by my side. Daniel is on a long vacation, and I only have you to rely on," he said pitifully.

A furrow appeared on Genevieve's forehead as she thought about the recent changes within Hoffman Group.

Anthony was affected by it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have free time on his hands.

"What do you want?" she asked impatiently, her arms crossed.

Goldie, who was curled up on her lap, stuck out its tongue and looked at Anthony.

Genevieve couldn't help but feel sorry for him. He was impotent and had even become disabled.

His parents cheated on each other and left him to run Hoffman Group alone, only to have the company be taken. over by Louis.

He was then all alone, but part of Genevieve believed he deserved it.

Anthony pursed his lips but did not attempt to argue with Genevieve.

He took out a box of pills from his pocket and placed it on the table. "These are the pills they gave me after I lost my memory," he explained softly. "They suppress the memory center. They were sent to my

father by someone overseas. But when I stopped taking them, I remembered everything. Mrs. Quinn has a research lab, and I'm afraid she may have developed something similar."

Genevieve's face stiffened as she listened. "You think Louis is behind this?"

Anthony's expression turned cold and serious; his jaw tensed. "Gen, this is aimed at me. There's no one else with that kind of power."

Louis had investments in laboratories abroad developing that type of drug, and that couldn't be a coincidence.

A chill ran down Genevieve's spine.

So, that could mean that Louis had not only ruined her best friend's company but also almost cost Lorelai her life, all to cover up the effects of the drug.

She didn't want to believe it, but she had to.

Anthony pressed his lips together and asked, "Do you believe me?"

Genevieve met his gaze.

Anthony smiled, his face looking stern yet warm. "If you do, then what I'm about to say is true. We must work together, Genevieve," he said solemnly. "His target isn't just Hoffman Group. His attack is coming from elsewhere now-starting to infiltrate from elsewhere. He won't spare Lawrence Group. You have to tell your brother, Jeffrey, not to take that flight route."

Genevieve stared at Anthony in horror.

Jeffrey had never told anyone about the flight route he would be taking on his return to the country.

'How did Anthony know?' Genevieve wondered.

Anthony looked at her expressionlessly. "The person I had monitoring Louis was discovered. He vanished near the airline. Something seems off with the route."

Genevieve's face turned pale, and she immediately called Jeffrey, and fortunately, he answered quickly.

"Gen, I was in the middle of picking out a gift for you," Jeffrey told her.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief. "Jeffrey, something's wrong with your flight.

Don't board the plane for now."

Jeffrey was silent for a few seconds. It sounded like he had walked to another spot before speaking. "How do you know that?"

Genevieve paused and looked at Anthony.

He reached out when she handed him her phone.

"Hey, Jeffrey. It's Anthony." He spoke politely.

And before Jeffrey could begin to curse him out, Anthony continued, "That person you contacted, Mark, was a mercenary who protected Louis. You can't trust him..."

Their conversation was short-lived as Jeffrey abruptly hung up.

Anthony returned the phone to Genevieve with a smile. "Jeffrey suspected at long ago, so he hasn't made any

moves yet."

Genevieve was relieved, but she couldn't help but feel ashamed of Anthony's boldness.

She thought to herself, 'Look at you pretending like the two of you are tight.'

"Do you believe me now? He might spare you, but he won't spare those around you, Gen," Anthony said in a mesmerizing voice that made her quiver. "I understand. We'll work together," Genevieve said, her intuition telling her that Anthony wasn't lying.

It was no longer just about finding Frank and Margaret.

Genevieve looked at the box of pills on the table, a sense of unease growing within her.

Anthony smiled. "I have one more condition."

"Why do you have so much to ask?" Genevieve said.

"You have to divorce him," Anthony responded.

Genevieve frowned, and it suddenly dawned on her that Anthony thought she was still married to Louis.

Though amused, she simply nodded. "Okay."

As Anthony watched her agree so readily, he couldn't help but think that she still had feelings for him.

Genevieve couldn't stay any longer when her worries plagued her mind, so she grabbed Goldie and left.

The server at the cafe was about to help Anthony with his wheelchair when he suddenly stood on his feet and dragged his wheelchair out as he left, leaving them stunned.

'He's pretending all along!' the server exclaimed inwardly.