

Submitting 24

Chapter 24

Genevieve was someone who loved passionately, yet she was equally as decisive in severing ties with those she hated.

After sorting through her emotions and dutifully delivering items to the hospital, she drove to Eagle Entertainment.

As she stepped out of her car, Genevieve immediately spotted George at the entrance, wearing a weary expression in an unmistakable green floral pants and a disheveled yellow shirt. The security guard stationed at the door confronted him, skillfully restraining George's threatening gestures and intercepting his harsh words.

Lacking the touch of lipstick, George compensated with a thick layer of foundation that cast an unnaturally pale complexion on him. Defiantly, he stood with hands on his waist, hurling curses at the security guard, his voice sharp and reminiscent of a strangled duck. He yelled, 'I've been gone for less than a day. How dare you guys stop me? Believe it or not, I'll fire you all and let you go begging on the street!'

The security guard, unfazed, responded with indifference, "Kindly present your employee ID. Entrance without proper authorization is not granted to non- employees."

Fuming with anger, George paced back and forth, berating the security personnel through gritted teeth. "You're all just watchdogs How dare you offend me? I'm..." he said.

Before he could finish his words, the security guard stood with a respectful demeanor and nodded toward the approaching figure behind him.

"Ms. Lawrence, the security guard greeted.

Genevieve acknowledged the greeting with a nod. "Good morning," she responded gently and walked in as if no one was watching. However, George stopped her.

In an attempt to appease Genevieve, George forced a strained smile, though nervousness was palpable. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes betrayed the visible strain.

"Good morning, Ms. Lawrence. I purposely waited for you here. I have been waiting for you here all morning" he said Genevieve nonchalantly smirked as she stopped in her tracks, her bright eyes hinting a touch of coldness as she said, "Were you waiting for me? What's the matter? Are the people you've buttered up not coming through for you?"

George's face briefly stiffened at Genevieve's direct words, but he quickly recovered, bringing back his friendly smile. "When things get tough, true colors show. It's the way things roll in this industry, praising one and tearing down another. Right now, Eagle Entertainment is my only hope, and I've been thinking about going back to work. I can't stand being away from the company!" he replied.

His online reputation had taken a nosedive, turning him into the subject of scathing criticism from all corners. Now, the place where he lived had even been exposed, leaving him with no choice but to hole up in a hotel

In terms of work, the companies that had once courted him were now silent, and even his brand partners had suddenly become unreachable. Those who used to stand by him had vanished, including the few small actors he had poached from Eagle Entertainment.

So, he had no other option but to crawl back.

Genevieve chuckled lightly, her gaze indifferent as she said, "The company's doing just fine without you. Your resignation procedures are all squared away. Maybe it's time you explore other opportunities."

After hearing that, George panicked and said, "Ms. Lawrence, I'm sorry. I spoke without thinking. It was my mistake. But, you know, having been with Eagle Entertainment for so long, even if Mr. Shelton were here, he wouldn't just fire me, would he?"

Thinking that name-dropping Sullivan might change Genevieve's mind, George pleaded his case.

Genevieve cast a quick glance at George, picked up her phone, and dialed Sullivan straight away.

Sullivan, who had previously been hospitalized and was now having his vacation in Sumanthova to recuperate, had entrusted Genevieve with overseeing company affairs.

Answering the call reluctantly, Sullivan complained, "Genevieve, we agreed not to disturb my vacation."

Genevieve chuckled softly. "I'm firing George. Do you have any objections?" she asked.

George was stunned for a moment, and just as he was about to speak, Sullivan's impatient voice came through. "I have no objections. You handle company matters. The signal is bad. I'm hanging up," he replied.

He then hung up the phone.

George's face turned ashen, looking extremely depressed.

Raising an eyebrow, Genevieve remarked, "Did you hear that? You brought this upon yourself. Don't blame us for turning hostile, and don't overestimate your worth."

With that, she headed toward the company, but the security guard remained in place, blocking George from entering. He clenched his teeth, unable to hold back a scolding delivered in his sharp, high-pitched shout.

"Genevieve, where does this arrogance of yours come from? You're nothing but an unwanted presence. Don't think I'm unaware of your hand in yesterday's trending topic. You lost your man, and now you're yenting everywhere. It serves you right that nobody wants you!" he shouted.

Unaware that Anthony had orchestrated the previous day's trending topic, he believed Genevieve had spent money to expose his dark secrets for retaliation.

Genevieve paid little mind to such a mentally challenged individual.

She promptly informed those around her that she would involve the police if George continued to cause trouble.

Meanwhile, the TV station recording proceeded smoothly.

The four interns proved obedient, sensible, and eager to learn. Each one of them showcased their unique style, with Jessica standing out.

Genevieve made a special effort to attend the opening ceremony.

While everyone was present, the staff mentioned that a mystery guest had yet to arrive.

Supposedly, a professional dancer from the esteemed Arden Dance Group was set to be the judge who, to hide the face and not reveal the identity, chose to wear a mask.

Amidst the bustling activity among the staff, Genevieve settled into a seat to wait for the guest's arrival.

The click of high heels resonated and grew nearer.

Not far away, the director warmly greeted the approaching figure, showering her with admiration, saying, "It's truly an honor to have you here. I've heard about your performances with the Arden Dance Group, the world's top dance troupe!"

In response, she smiled while gracefully playing with her hair. Her calm voice reached Genevieve's ears.

"Even after being away for three years, I still like the vibe of my hometown better," said the guest.

Genevieve's eyes narrowed as she recognized the familiar voice.

Turning around, she spotted Rosalie standing there. She was smiling as she spoke with the director, For a brief moment, Genevieve stiffened. It seemed that no matter where she went, Rosalie had a way of appearing.

Rosalie lifted her gaze and caught sight of Genevieve. With a seemingly deliberate Intent to unsettle eherm Rosalie walked over. A over. A sly smile played on her lips as she spoke in a soft, teasing tone. "Ms. Lawrence, what a surprise. I didn't expect you to personally come to send the interns off to the show!" she said.

Genevieve turned her head to face Rosalie as she remained in her seat. With a knowing smirk, the former said, "I thought you'd be desperate to find a spot to hide. It is surprising to see you have the guts to show up."

The director, who had just returned to the country, was unaware of the tension between the two. He stepped forward and explained, "Ms.

Lawrence, meet the mystery guest recommended by Mr. Campbel, Ms. Rosalie Stewart. She's slated to be the judge for this selection,"

'Mr. Campbell? Did he mean Aiden? Genevieve pondered in confusion.

She vaguely remembered Aiden's mother, Scarlett, being the daughter of Campbell Group, and his father was the renowned director Benjamin Campbell, who held significant influence in the industry.

Genevieve casually scrutinized Rosalie and commented, "An expelled intern turned judge? Your program arrangements sure do seem easy." Hearing that, the director froze and blinked in confusion.

Rosalie, reveling in her triumph, maintained a triumphant gaze on Genevieve. She explained with an smile, "Well, there's no other option.

I wanted a fresh start, but he thought it was too demanding. I still have to take care of my baby, and I wouldn't want to push myself. So, I could only become the judge."

With that, she covered her mouth and let out a smug chuckle.

Initially, she believed that the public's opinion would leave her powerless. Little did she know that there would be a silver lining for herself.

"Ms. Lawrence, don't worry. I won't seek revenge like you did. I'll treat everyone fairly," Rosalie said.

er eyes, and a She glanced meaningfully at the familiar faces on the stage, particularly at Jessica. She narrowed her hint of ruthlessness flashed in them.

Genevieve immediately understood who Rosalie was talking about. With a faint smile playing on her lips, Genevieve rose from her seat without sparing a glance at Rosalie and remarked sarcastically, "It seems like everyone and anyone can take the stage now. Is this show still meant for people to watch?"