

Submitting 241

Chapter 241

Genevieve went back to the Lawrence residence.

Darrell was fishing by the pond at the back of his mansion and came back with a full bucket.

He had reared those fish.

Samantha was busy in the kitchen. Seeing Genevieve come back, she waved her hand happily. "You came back just in time. I'm going to the hospital to visit Selene's mother. Will you come with me?"

Genevieve frowned and approached her. "Mrs. Quinn is still in a coma and can't eat this delicious food."

Samantha rolled her eyes and said, "This is for Selene. She's been working hard these days, so she needs to eat some good food. She's a filial daughter and takes such a good care of her mother."

Genevieve pouted and said, "Mom, if you were ever in a vegetative state, I'll also take good care of you every day."

"Are you out of your mind?" Samantha glared at her daughter, completely abandoning any concern for her own composure and thought, 'She'll be the end of me one day.'

As soon as Darrell came in, he heard Samantha cursing. He couldn't help being nosy and asked, "What happened? What's going on?"

Feeling guilty, Genevieve dared not speak.

Samantha grumbled, "She said she would wait on me if I'm in a vegetative state!"

Darrell's face darkened, and he reached out to pinch Genevieve's ear. "How dare you curse my wife, huh?"

Genevieve begged for mercy. "I was wrong..."

Samantha snorted proudly and asked Darrell to stop.

Darrell then let go of his hand.

Genevieve rubbed her ear and immediately changed the subject. "Did you make this soup for Selene? It smells

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Dann glanceu alter on airmass piss saw to the whole process. Of course, it smells good."

Genevieve pretended not to hear it. She wanted a serving and looked at Samantha eagerly.

Samantha looked at her helplessly and asked someone to serve her a small bowl. "You go with me later."

Genevieve nodded. As expected, the soup was delicious.

On the way, Genevieve told Samantha that she was going to participate in the divorce show.

Not only did Samantha not object, but she even agreed to Genevieve's idea.

Genevieve was flabbergasted. "You support me?"

"Of course, you're as perfect, like me. Appear on air more and find your boyfriend sooner. Your father was fascinated by my acting back then." Samantha smiled gracefully.

Genevieve smiled too.

They arrived at the hospital.

Selene had just wiped Lorelai's body with a care worker's help. When Samantha and Genevieve arrived, she hurriedly greeted them. "Mrs. Lawrence, what brings you here?"

Samantha looked at her with a smile and touched her hair gently.

"I'm here to see you. Selene, you've lost weight. Stay with Gen. I'll make you good food," Samantha said.

Selene grew up with Genevieve. Given her lively personality, she managed to gain many elders' favors.

"Thanks, Mrs. Lawrence," Selene said sweetly.

Samantha smiled and asked Genevieve to fetch the soup. "Remember to eat well. If you have any difficulties, just tell Genevieve. I'll take care of it if she can't."

Selene held back her tears and hugged Samantha.

"Thank you, Mrs. Lawrence. Don't worry. I'm all grown up now."

Then, Selene's phone rang, and she went to answer it. Her face darkened after hearing a few words.

"Mrs. Lawrence, please wait for a moment. A friend of mine came to deliver something. I'll go and have a look."

Samantha nodded and said, "I'll sit with your mother for a while before I go. Go get busy."

Selene ran away in a twinkling of an eye. Genevieve watched from not far away and asked the nurse, "Does Aiden often come here?"

The nurse said after some time, "Oh, Mr. Campbell? He comes here quite often, at least once every day, but Ms. Quinn is reluctant to talk to him and often quarreled with him."

Genevieve frowned slightly and wondered, 'Aiden has been going out with Cecilia's sister, Mikaela. Does he think Selene is better now?'

She walked to the stairs and suddenly heard people arguing downstairs.

"Your family proposed to break off the engagement, and now you're saying it's back on. Are you playing with me? I should be glad to be rid of you, a cheating bastard that sides with your mistress. Do you want me to celebrate it?" Selene asked bluntly.

Aiden's voice came out deliberately calm. "Those are all old scores before the engagement. Can you be rational? What good will it do you to cancel the engagement now? I told you that if we get married, I'll help you deal with your problems. Why don't you understand?"

"Thank you for your vicious kindness. Now, I wouldn't want you to feel wronged. How do I even deserve you now?" Selene mocked, slammed the door, and went upstairs.

Genevieve hurriedly withdrew herself.

When Selene came back after regaining her composure, she looked the same as before, but her face was slightly pale.

Genevieve made an excuse to go out with her and asked, "I heard you two arguing. What happened?"

Selene didn't feel abashed. She gritted her teeth and said, "The Campbell family is really something else. When I dealt with bankruptcy, they didn't even show up."

Now that I'm starting a new company, the engagement is back en again. Do they take me for a fool?"

Genevieve could hear the irony in Selene's tone. She lowered her eyes slightly and said with a smile, "Maybe Aiden means well. Don't forget that the new company has no value in going for public listing now. In the eyes of the Campbell family, your new company might be nothing at all. Is he trying to help you?"

Selene pouted and said, "No need. Who is he to help, anyway?"

Genevieve smiled and said, "It's better for Quinn Group to focus on chip research than financing right now."

Selene nodded. "Why did you ask me to give up the drug R&D center? I heard that we are about to make progress."

Genevieve pursed her lips. She couldn't tell Selene what Louis was targeting.

Otherwise, she might alert Selene.

As long as Louis gave up the drug development center, there was no reason for him to target Quinn Group.

"Chips and technologies are all the rage now. Drug research will take more than a decade. Can you afford to wait?" Genevieve asked.

Selene thought it made sense and immediately gave up the idea of restarting the drug research.

Not long after, Samantha came out with red eyes.

The two of them left the hospital.

The first day of the show's shooting was done in a scenic resort, with a vast expanse of beach in front of it.

Anthony had agreed, the night before, that he would come to pick Genevieve up.

After confirming the time and location, he went over.

Lydia could only meet them up in the afternoon.

Genevieve didn't bother to drive, so she had someone send her outside the shooting site to wait for Anthony.

She held a small umbrella by herself, her demeanor cool.

However, Anthony didn't show up at the appointed time.

Genevieve lost her patience standing under the hot sun.

Her legs hurt from the heels.

She called Anthony, but her call was declined.

Genevieve was furious.

Just then, Emilio's cool blue Lamborghini stopped in front of her. He whistled, and Brendan was sitting in the passenger seat,

Brendan couldn't help but smile and wave his hand, looking innocent "Genevieve, are you sunbathing and catching up on some calcium?"

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'Calcium?' Genevieve thought to herself and sneered. "Do I look calcium deficient?"

Emilio couldn't help but smile. "Not really. More like a fool."

Brendan burst into laughter.

Genevieve stared at them speechlessly and opened the back door to get in. "Drive."

She had obviously thought of them as drivers.

Emilio slowed down and asked, "Why are you waiting here?"

Genevieve didn't want to answer. She had cursed Anthony and his family a thousand times in her heart.

Suddenly, Brendan shouted while scrolling on his phone. "Why did Tony pick her up at the airport? How is this on the news?"

Genevieve's expression changed, and she immediately checked her phone.

Sure enough, the news on the Internet was all about Anthony and Stella.

Anthony sat in the Bentley car and lowered the window, revealing half of his handsome and indifferent face. Stella, in a long pink dress, walked down the steps.

She was caught on camera when she was about to open Anthony's door.

The photo went viral.

Netizen A: [Stella's mysterious boyfriend is exposed.]

Netizen B: [Stella's rich boyfriend is Anthony Hoffman!]

Netizen C: [Anthony picked up his wifey at the airport! Good news is coming!]

Brendan tutted and said, "Tony, are you serious about this starlet?"

Emilio turned to get his phone excitedly. "Great! Anthony's image as a scumbag is established!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he drove his Maserati up the curb, and his tires let out a loud screeching sound.

Emilio's face changed and he braked immediately.

Aggrieved, he carefully caressed his steering wheel. "My car!"

Brendan was speechless. "Do you even know how to drive? You have two passengers!"

Genevieve was shocked and grateful that she was wearing a seat belt. Otherwise, she would be in trouble.

She thought, 'I shouldn't have come out today. There's not a single reliable man around me.'

"Don't you know you can't look at your phone when you drive?" Genevieve was furious.

Emilio felt indignant.

He was too nosy..

'No, it's all Anthony's fault!' Emilio thought.

There were many cars on the road, and Emilio couldn't touch the bumped parts. He had no choice but to restart the car. "Stop scolding me, or I'll be even more unstable!"

Genevieve and Brendan looked at each other.

Both of them fell silent.

Anthony stood Genevieve up just to go pick Stella up.

Genevieve decided to embarrass him since he clearly had no regard for her.

When they arrived at the mansion by the beach, Genevieve was surprised when Brendan followed her in with his luggage. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm also on the show!" Brendan said matter-of-factly.

Genevieve's eyes widened and thought, 'Is he divorced too?'

Emilio coughed and explained, "This is both a divorce show for divorcees and dating show for singles. Brendan is on the single team. If any of the divorce teams can't get back together, they'll go for a blind date with the singles. Gen, just tell me who you like, and I'll....."

Emilio blushed and was interrupted by Genevieve before he could finish. "Why not just put me in the single team? Who wants to stay with an old man?" Brendan was stunned and wondered, 'Divorced old man? Is Tony so detested now?'

Emilio hesitated and said, "Just bear with it."

Genevieve snorted coldly and walked out.

There were already many people in the living room of the large mansion.

Everyone was chatting enthusiastically.

What surprised her was that there were three men sitting there, and one turned out to be Robert, who was on the live radio gymnastics the other day.

Genevieve's anger vanished into thin air.

Robert looked like an innocent college student, making others spare a few glances at him.

E He didn't wear a vest. Donning a white shirt, he looked like a polished scoundrel.

When they saw someone coming in, they immediately stood up politely and greeted her.

Genevieve squinted with a smile and waved gently. "Hello!"

Emilio and Brendan looked at each other in confusion.

"Ms. Lawrence, you're more beautiful in person. I thought your photos were polished, but your skin looks as flawless as in your photos!" Robert came up with a smile and handed her a glass of water.

"As soon as you came in, your whole body seemed to glow. I didn't even realize it..." Robert praised.

Genevieve's face lit up, having received a compliment from a boy she liked.

Although she knew he might not be entirely truthful, it still pleased her.

Genevieve sat down in the middle of the couch and couldn't help sending a video to Selene.

However, she refrained from sending it since Selene might still be at the hospital and in a bad mood.

There were two men sitting opposite the couch. One was good-looking and a little familiar, while the other was ordinary.

Genevieve suddenly fell in love with the show at this moment.

The good-looking man also smiled and greeted, "Ms. Lawrence, I'm Titus Dawson, and signed a contract with Eagle Entertainment when I first debuted."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and smiled. "Are you also here for the blind date group?"

Titus' awkward smile froze slightly. "I'm in the divorce team."

Genevieve also smiled awkwardly. The man in a suit next to him was ordinary-

looking, but his clothes were expensive.

He smiled confidently and said, "Ms. Lawrence, I'm Gabriel Osborn, a high-

ranking executive of a listed company."

Genevieve greeted politely. It was obvious that he was in the divorce team, so there was no need to ask.

She glanced around and noticed that there was no woman except herself!

The director ran downstairs and panted. "Two female guests from the divorce team went to the beach, and Lauraine and Stella haven't arrived yet.

Most importantly, Anthony hadn't shown up either.

Hearing this, Genevieve's eyelids twitched, and she frowned at Emilio.

"Lauraine's going to be here too?"

Emilio shrugged and said, "It wasn't her at first. She kicked that person out and told me at the last minute."

Genevieve felt a little unhappy now, However, on second thought, Lauraine was the one who should be afraid and upset.

"Why should I be afraid?' Genevieve thought.

She smiled brightly and looked at Robert next to her. He was patiently peeling fruit with his head down.

Genevieve felt much better.

Robert handed Genevieve the peeled fruit with a toothpick and said m smilingly: "Mr. Shelton told me to take good care of you in the show. Eagle Entertainment is a big sponsor!"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows. Clearly, she hadn't expected him to be so direct and thought, 'He's so innocent and cute!'

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Robert had a contagious smile. He leaned closer to Genevieve like he wanted to whisper something. He said, "The three of us host live streaming. Mr. Ades said that we should try joining a variety show. If it

doesn't work out, they will change it for us again. I'll definitely try my best to make money for our company!"

Genevieve couldn't help laughing.

Suddenly, the director shouted at the door, "Mr. Hoffman is here!"

When Anthony entered, he looked at Genevieve on the couch and the man, who was smiling brightly, close to her.

Anthony's face darkened instantly, and his eyebrows twitched. He wanted to get up and separate them but suddenly remembered he was in a wheelchair.

He coughed hard and glared at them.

In the end, he was surrounded by directors and other guests.

The two people on the couch ignored him.

"Mr. Hoffman, let me help you push your wheelchair. I saw on the news that you went to pick Ms. Leverich up earlier. You must be tired," someone said.

Stella, who stood behind, smiled. When she saw Genevieve, her smile froze.

Anthony pushed the people before him aside and couldn't help but ask, "Genevieve, why are you here so early?"

Everyone's flattering voice fell silent instantly.

Genevieve glanced at him with a cold and distant look. "If it weren't for you, I would have arrived earlier," she answered. Then, she stood up, folded her hands, and added coldly, "Mr. Hoffman, you had

an appointment, but you should have told me if you wanted to stand me up. How could you let me wait for you here? Are you a psychopath?"

Emilio couldn't help but sneer and thought, 'I see. No wonder Genevieve was about to burst into anger standing in the sun.'

Anthony frowned slightly, and his face suddenly looked serious as he said, "I asked someone to inform you that I had something urgent to do."

As Genevieve blocked his number, they communicated through the driver or assistant.

He was rushing to get to the airport, so he asked the driver to inform Genevieve.

'Didn't the driver tell her?' he wondered.

Looking indifferent, Genevieve smiled coldly and asked, "Did you tell a ghost?" She snapped back at him without hesitation, and the people around her broke into a cold sweat.

This couple was the most popular. If they got back together, it would definitely be a hot topic on the internet.

However, let alone getting back together, it was already good if they didn't fight.

Emilio stood in front of Genevieve and said seriously, "Mr. Hoffman still hasn't changed his bad habit of two-timing. Genevieve has been waiting in the sun for several hours. Look at her sunburn."

Genevieve glared at him and thought, 'That's so exaggerated!'

Anthony's face darkened.

His expression was cold and stiff. His grip on the wheelchair tightened slightly, and his aura turned gloomy.

rendan tried to mediate the dispute. "There must be some misunderstanding. There should be more drinks for unishments at the bonfire party later. Emilio, have you prepared the banquet for the press conference?" he sked.

milio paused before saying, "I forgot..."

ne director hurriedly said, "I remembered. Why don't we go out and have a look?"

order to avoid the awkward atmosphere, everyone instantly rushed out while chattering.

ly Anthony was there, who wouldn't let anyone touch his wheelchair.

called the driver, and the latter ran over immediately. "Mr. Hoffman," the driver greeted.

Anthony looked at him and asked indifferently, "Did you inform Ms. Lawrence?"

The driver's expression suddenly changed. He apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hoffman. Ms. Hoffman asked me to run errands for her at the last minute, so I forgot..."

Anthony's face darkened even more.

Genevieve sat there unfazed, leisurely eating some fruits.

Anthony said coldly. "Piss off."

The driver left in embarrassment.

Genevieve clapped her hands and said casually, "Why pretend to be innocent?"

Who doesn't know how to find a scapegoat?"

The driver and assistant certainly knew they had to take the blame for their superiors to smooth things over.

The corners of Anthony's mouth twitched as he thought, I really am innocent!

He said aggrievedly, "I really didn't mean it. How about you stop blocking my number, so I can contact you personally in the future?"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and said, "No need. Who dares to believe you again? Before the divorce, everyone was more important than me. Isn't it the same now?"

There was no need to contact her personally.

anthony's throat throbbed slightly.

Genevieve stood up with her bag, and Robert, at the side, walked over with a grin. "Ms. Lawrence, I'll help you carry it. How can I let a fairy carry it by herself?"

he remarked.

Genevieve hated herself for not having some money for tips on her after seeing how helpful he was.

he smiled and thanked him gently.

gaze was cold. He was frustrated.

'That guy with the canine tooth looks familiar, but I forgot where I saw him, he thought.

Genevieve was about to leave when Anthony said hoarsely, "You promised to take care of me."

Genevieve paused and was about to ridicule him more when something suddenly occurred to her.

She smiled gently and softly, saying, "How do you want me to take care of you?"

Anthony raised his eyes and pursed his lips. He said, "Help me push my wheelchair!"

In order to give her this opportunity, he deliberately changed the fully automatic high Etech wheelchair into a manual one that cost about 100 dollars.

Genevieve smiled and agreed, "Sure."

Behind her, Robert's eyes widened.

Anthony's gloomy face softened slightly. When he raised his eyes,

Genevieve turned his wheelchair around and strode forward.

The mansion's entrance was a stair with four or five steps, and beside it was a ramp for the disabled.

She had to admit that the crew was so detailed when selecting a location.

Genevieve glanced at the slope, ignored it, and pushed his wheelchair to the steps.

Anthony's heart skipped a beat. He said, "Genevieve--"

He suddenly grabbed the armrest, and before he could finish speaking, he felt the wheelchair was in the air.

With force behind him, the center of gravity of his whole body involuntarily shifted forward.

He stepped out with one foot. Suddenly, he thought of something and retracted his leg.

In the end, he sprawled on the ground.

Underneath him was sand. The ground was soft, but it still hurt.

Anthony's face turned pale.

Genevieve was surprised and ran over. She said, "I didn't see it. I also forgot your legs are injured!"

Anthony sighed secretly in his heart. He had expected it, so he was not furious.

He propped himself up with his hands and when he was about to support himself with Genevieve's hand, he heard Robert suddenly shout, "Someone help! Mr. Hoffman fell flat on his face."

Everyone looked over.

Anthony's body stiffened.

He took a deep breath and looked at Robert coldly.

Robert ran over innocently and squatted down, asking, "Mr. Hoffman, do you need help?"

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When Anthony heard Robert's question, he got goosebumps all over his body.

He suddenly remembered who Robert was.

"It's the muscular guy Genevieve saw on a livestream at a party! He wore a revealing vest to please women while doing gymnastics!" he exclaimed inwardly.

Robert helped Anthony to his feet and then to his wheelchair.

Anthony looked at Robert coldly and said in a hoarse voice, "I know who you are. You dance suggestively on the Internet."

Robert was stunned and stood there with an aggrieved expression as he said, "I was doing gymnastics!"

Anthony scoffed, "What ordinary man does that in such revealing clothing?"

Robert paused slightly. His face turned red with embarrassment as he replied, "It is indeed revealing, but I play by the rules! Mr. Hoffman, you wear a lot of clothes, but aren't you still unethical?"

The people around were stunned for a moment and instantly quieted down.

Genevieve gave him a thumbs up as she said, "Say more if you can!"

Robert shyly ran over to Genevieve and stood beside her as he said, "Ms. Lawrence, please help me testify. I was being kind and trying to help Mr. Hoffman, but he humiliated me. What's wrong with gymnastics? Stella is a pole vaulter!"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and said with a smile, "Sure. I can testify!"

face contorted with rage, and his chest heaved up and down.

was standing not too far away, listening, but she dared not intervene.

a few people knew about her experience.

ne stepped back with a guilty conscience.

Brendan, who was watching the show, came forward. He smiled and said, "That's enough. It doesn't matter what you dance."

He held Anthony's wheelchair and said in a low voice, "Robert works at Eagle Entertainment, and Genevieve protects it. It's not worth it. Are you going to turn against her for him?"

Anthony paused, and his expression darkened.

If Brendan hadn't warned him, he would have kicked Robert out immediately.

'This jerk is obviously up to no good and will only be the biggest obstacle to my remarriage to Genevieve," Anthony thought.

However, he was in the wrong and shouldn't have let Genevieve get angry from the start.

He didn't know what to do if she was triggered and left.

Anthony took a deep breath, calmed down, and looked up at Robert as he said coldly, "I forgive you."

Robert and Genevieve were speechless and puzzled.

Genevieve was waiting for Anthony to lose his temper so she could stop filming the show and leave.

However, she did not get a chance to.

The sun was about to set.

All members of the crew had arrived.

Yvette, wearing sunglasses and a dazzling red dress, strutted over haughtily.

In the darkness, she looked like a long-haired female ghost approaching.

The first person to react was her rival, Stella.

Stella, who was posing on the side, was frightened and screamed.

Yvette clenched her teeth and felt Stella deliberately embarrassed her in public.

She clenched her teeth and walked over with her back facing the camera. Then, she immediately pulled Stella's hair and said, "Why are you screaming?"

Stella's strength was not inferior to Yvette's, but she didn't dare to fight back at that time.

After all, she was a new film crew member and had to make a good impression on the others.

The director next to her saw Yvette and ran over happily. "Ms. Schmidt," he greeted.

Stella clenched her teeth and was about to cry.

Yvette suddenly held Stella's face and kissed her hard as if they were best friends before saying, "My dear, I'm so happy to film the show with you!"

Yvette tilted Stella's head to look at the latter's tearful face. "Look how touched she is!" she quipped.

The director gasped when he saw how close they were. "There are only a few besties like you two in the entertainment industry!" he said.

He decided to make good use of their pure friendship.

After the director left, Yvette let go of Stella and clapped her hands in disgust as she said, "How many layers of powder did you use? My hands are all white."

Stella bit her lower lip in anger and couldn't say a word.

She thought, 'I don't get to present myself and even let Yvette use me!'

"You..." Before Yvette could finish her words, she waved at the woman in the distance and said, "Genevieve, my sweetheart..."

Yvette ran over happily.

Genevieve was video-calling Samantha when Yvette hugged her. She almost dropped her phone in the sea.

She pushed Yvette away helplessly and said, "Now I'm your sweetheart?"

Her place in Yvette's heart had risen to the top.

Yvette smiled and replied, "Of course. You rich people are all my sweetheart!"

Genevieve was speechless.

'It seems easy for her to work in the entertainment Industry!' Genevieve thought.

Yvette greeted a man sitting not far away who she thought was a staff member and said, "Hey, hot guy, help Genevieve and I take a picture!"

She tilted her head and said, "I'll post it on Twitter to increase your popularity."

Genevieve fell silent.

She was speechless.

She could only smile at the camera.

The man obediently took his phone and aimed it at them.

However, he zoomed in until Yvette was out of the frame, and only Genevieve was in it. Then, satisfied, he pressed the button.

At that time, Brendan played music while grilling skewers and chatting happily with Emilio.

Anthony called him over and handed the man his phone as he said, "Take a picture for me."

Brendan took it and watched as Anthony pushed himself to where Genevieve was.

He sat there with the sparkling sea behind him, looking like he was engulfed by darkness but could not be evoured. His aura looked relaxed and comfortable, strong and magnificent.

fter taking the picture, Brendan returned the phone and continued grilling.

Meanwhile, not far away, Robert began doing gymnastics for all the female guests, who applauded and laughed round him, especially Genevieve, who grinned broadly as if she had never been so happy.

nthony sneered.

What's there to look at?' he scoffed inwardly.

He was very pleased when he looked at the photos on his phone.

One of them was himself, while another was Genevieve. It was like a group photo. Then, he posted the two photos on Twitter, which he didn't use for a long time.

He wrote: [A perfect match!]

The photos of me that were secretly taken during my trip to the airport even went viral. I spent a lot of m money to take them down. Now, the timing is perfect. Guess what! I even asked the production team to advertise it. Genevieve has no reason to ask me to delete them now!' he thought.

Anthony was satisfied.

Half an hour had passed, but his Tweet was still not trending.

Anthony hesitated about whether to spend money on buying trending searches.

Just then, he checked his Twitter account and noticed hundreds of comments.

One wrote: [Curse you for stealing people's accounts!]

Someone commented: [Do you think you look good together? Nonsense! You thief!]

Another wrote: [Your editing skills are so bad. This account is fake. Don't fall for it!]

One comment read: [Genevieve was shot at close range, twice the size of Anthony in the left picture. Obviously, it's a screenshot. Don't put them a

together.

Anthony looked at the comments, and none said the picture looked good.

'What's wrong with Genevieve's appearance? Are they blind?' he wondered.

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Anthony's mouth twitched in anger. He called Daniel and said, "For the tweet I just posted, buy the trending searches for three days!"

Daniel hesitated. He had undoubtedly seen Anthony's tweet and was also slightly skeptical.

He pursed his lips and thought, "Can I persuade him to calm down? Both of them are exceptional. It's just that the setting and atmosphere in his post are so ugly! If people know he posted it, Hoffman Group's stock price will fall!"

Daniel didn't immediately agree and asked cautiously, "How about we ask the production team to post some promotional photos? Then we'll buy trending searches to promote you and Ms. Lawrence."

After deliberately emphasizing Anthony and Genevieve, Anthony agreed without hesitation.

Daniel breathed a sigh of relief.

He immediately contacted the crew and asked them to take some nice pictures after hanging up the phone.

Although shooting at night was technically challenging, it was a piece of cake for the film crew.

The atmosphere by the sea was incredibly wonderful at night.

That was why he asked the crew to take pictures of them.

Ximena Wadle, who was in the divorcee group, also came to support Robert.

Robert called out to the women in an adorable way.

Lauraine, who arrived late, received no special treatment.

She never appeared in public, rarely went out, and had few friends.

She joined the show to impress Louis with her charms.

When she arrived, she sat down with Anthony. Next to her, Gabriel, the head of the divorcee team, came over and flattered her.

Lauraine was reserved and had a strong vanity. She didn't reject him or show enthusiasm.

The film crew called her a freelancer.

There was a short interview during the filming.

The first one was Anthony. The crew asked, "You and Ms. Lawrence have been divorced for so long, and many people are around you two. What do you think of the men around Ms. Lawrence?"

Anthony frowned and replied, "I trust my ex-wife. Those people have nothing to do with her."

Everyone responded with a nod.

The next turn was Genevieve.

The crew asked her a special question, "Among the men on the show, is there anyone who meets your criteria for choosing a partner?"

Genevieve smiled. After all, she was in front of a camera. She nodded gracefully, looking refined.

"Is it Mr. Anthony Hoffman?" the film crew asked.

Genevieve stopped smiling and replied, "Of course not."

Everyone was interviewed by the film crew.

However, only Anthony and Genevieve's interviews were released in the online promotional clip.

Suddenly, the Internet exploded into a heated discussion.

The photos were beautiful to see.

Genevieve and Anthony seemed harmonious but distant, with equally compelling auras, but they did not make eye contact.

With that, Daniel helped Anthony buy off the fans criticizing the couple. They started commenting that the couple was a perfect match in no time.

In the end, the comments of the real fans flooded the Internet.

Those who commented it was a perfect match were criticized.

Someone wrote: [My goddess is fine on her own!]

Another commented, Anthony spent the morning with an actress. Why is he pretending to be affectionate in the afternoon?]

One asked: [Isn't Stella in the show, too? It really is a battlefield.]

Another wrote: [Are Yvette and Stella good friends? They seem close!]

The news went viral.

It was a bit cold by the sea at night.

Robert said he was going to the mansion to find a shawl for Genevieve. Then, he quickly ran away.

Meanwhile, Genevieve smiled and drank a can of beer with Emilio.

Emilio clucked before saying, "Robert certainly has a bright future!"

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and said, "He'll surpass you soon. Are you as fast as him?"

Emilio was speechless.

If he had been good at serving rich women, he wouldn't have been a nobody in the circle for three years, unable to make a name for himself.

Who would pay the bill if he acted like a scion?

Emilio curled his lips and muttered, "You don't really like him, do you?"

Genevieve frowned and smiled as she said, "I treat him like my younger brother."

Emilio breathed a sigh of relief.

However, upon second thought, he felt something about her statement didn't seem right.

'Do those rich women also say to him, 'Good boy! Let me love you?' Genevieve is not that kind of person!' he

thought and shrugged.

Back at the mansion, Robert was just about to leave with a shawl when he saw Lauraine standing in the doorway, staring at him like a ghost.

She was holding a black sack.

Robert was startled and greeted her politely, "Ms. Hoffman, why are you here?"

Lauraine thought, 'I can do anything with my identity and beauty.'

She noticed the shawl in his hand and touched her shoulder. She looked pitiful as she said, "It's a little chilly."

Robert gripped the scarf tighter and pointed to the couch, saying, "There's a blanket over there."

Lauraine's expression froze. She walked over and said in a low voice, "Do you not know who I am?"

Robert looked at her blankly.

Lauraine paused and continued, "I'm Anthony's sister."

Robert frowned slightly and couldn't help but look at her again.

'No wonder she's as annoying as Anthony,' he thought.

Lauraine had finished the preamble and then took out a paper bag, saying, "Put this medicine in Genevieve's drink, and I'll give you 20,000 dollars."

Robert was shocked, and his jaw dropped.

He stepped back, not daring to touch the bag.

Lauraine stepped forward and said, with a smile, "It's very simple. No one will know. As long as you do what I say, I'll make you famous on this show and give you lots of resources later on. How about that?"

Robert immediately shook his head and replied, "I won't do that."

Lauraine's expression darkened, and she gave him a warning look. She said, "If you don't, I can get rid of you right now."

Robert stared blankly and took the bag with shaking hands.

Lauraine smiled with satisfaction. She thought he was intimidated by her and had to do it no matter what.

Even if the truth was eventually exposed, she paid him in cash instead of making a transaction, and there was no evidence that she did so. Lauraine took the 20,000-dollar cash from her bag into his arms.

To her surprise, Robert didn't hide upstairs. Instead, he grabbed the money and ran out.

Lauraine frowned slightly and suddenly had a bad feeling in her heart, so she chased him.

Robert ran over to Genevieve.

The big, strong, charming boy suddenly burst into tears.

Genevieve was startled and put down her beer to calm him down.

Emilio was stunned.

Robert cried and took out the drug and money, looking very aggrieved. He said, "Ms. Hoffman asked me to drug you and gave me 20,000 dollars.

She said that if I don't do it, I won't be allowed to stay on the show."

Emilio's expression suddenly changed.

"Damn it..." Genevieve grumbled. She opened the sack and saw it was full of money.

She narrowed her eyes. She looked coldly at Lauraine as the latter came out of the mansion.

Lauraine paused, feeling slightly anxious, but soon regained her composure. She turned and walked toward Anthony.

Chapter 246

Genevieve's eyes gleamed with an icy coldness.

She couldn't stand any of it.

Genevieve walked over and slammed the sack down on Anthony.

Anthony, pretending to be disabled from his wheelchair, made no effort to dodge the attack even though he had the opportunity.

The heavy sack crashed into him with the force of a brick, causing him to gasp in pain.

However, as he turned his head, Anthony maintained a gentle smile and calmly asked Genevieve, "What's wrong?"

Genevieve sneered at Lauraine, who was standing behind Anthony, and remarked, "Perhaps you should ask whether your sister has grown tired of her life."

Anthony's expression slightly stiffened.

He gave Lauraine a cold look and pursed his thin lips into a thin line.

Lauraine stood there, bravely forcing a smile, appearing innocent and confused. She said, "Genevieve, what have I done? Why are you so upset?"

Robert rushed over. He looked aggrieved, and his eyes brimming with tears. He quickly spoke up, saying, "It's her! She gave me 20,000 dollars to drug Ms. Lawrence. She said if I didn't do it, she wouldn't let me appear on the show!"

In the meantime, the director next to them was fervently playing upbeat and energetic music, creating an enthusiastic atmosphere with the vibrant beats of the DJ.

The director continued to urge Yvette and Stella to show more "sisterly affection" on camera.

However, the unfolding situation with Anthony caught the attention of many people. 'The program hasn't even officially started filming yet, and there's already a conflict?' they thought.

Someone called for the director to come over and see what was going on.

As the director approached, he heard Lauraine sneer and say, "Genevieve, how could you accuse me like this? My money and my medicine are gone. I've been looking all over the place for them. I even have a suspicion about who took them!"

Genevieve's expression darkened as she fixed her with a cold, intense gaze.

Genevieve thought, 'Has Lauraine grown a brain? Her tactics have become more refined!'

Robert angrily stomped and pointed at Lauraine, exclaiming, "She's lying through her teeth!"

Lauraine was left speechless.

Genevieve smirked and calmly suggested, "Since this is the production team's area and there are cameras everywhere, why don't we just review the footage? After all, there are no blind spots in the mansion for filming."

Lauraine's expression stiffened slightly as Genevieve looked at her.

Her eyes flashed with a hint of nervousness.

She was unaware of the cameras because she had arrived late and had not entered the mansion.

If she had known earlier, she wouldn't have chosen that place.

Robert's eyes lit up as he said, "That's right! Let's watch the surveillance footage!"

The nearby director sighed and remarked, "None of the cameras inside are turned on!"

Genevieve looked at him coldly.

The director immediately realized he must have misspoken.

Lauraine was relieved and smugly remarked, "You don't even have any evidence..."

"Enough!" Anthony exclaimed. His face grew cold and grim, and his gaze was brooding and intense as if he were struggling to suppress the turbulent emotions swirling within him.

His powerful presence instilled fear and intimidation in Lauraine, causing her to recoil.

Anthony tightened his grip on the wheelchair's armrest, the veins in his arms slightly bulging, indicating his exertion and anger, "Look, Lauraine has no privileges here. If she has done anything wrong, the production team has the right to kick her out," he said.

Everyone was shocked.

Lauraine's first reaction was one of surprise, then disbelief, and finally embarrassment and a flush of humiliation.

"How can you defend outsiders over your sister, Anthony? I'm your flesh and blood," Lauraine exclaimed.

Anthony's gaze turned cold and menacing as he addressed her, his voice carrying a frosty edge, "Absence of evidence does not equal innocence, Lauraine. Consider this a warning. I'll overlook it this time, but if there's a next time, you're out!"

The icy glare of his eyes sent a shiver down Lauraine's spine and caused a slight quiver in her heart. Fear inadvertently crept into her, turning her complexion pale.

The surrounding crowd was deadly silent.

Only the DJ's music continued to play in the background. It didn't fit in with the tense atmosphere.

Finally, Lauraine clenched her teeth, her eyes flashing a reddish hue. "Fine, go ahead and gang up on me. Genevieve, you've got some nerve!" she said. She said with tears in her eyes. Then she made her way back to the villa.

There was no way to resolve the situation unless she left.

Lauraine gained no advantage. Instead, she got a scolding from Anthony.

The director wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

"Isn't this supposed to be a 'reunion'?" he wondered.

When the director turned around, he found Yvette and Stella arguing in front of everyone.

Yvette taunted Stella by saying, "Stop acting so innocent! Your financial backer brought a bunch of relatives and friends to the show, all looking for a share of the spoils, huh?"

Stella shot back at Yvette, "You're no saint yourself. Your sponsor isn't exactly shy about using his connections either. Who's the pretender now?"

So, they ended up grabbing each other's hair and got into another fight.

Until they both rolled onto the beach....

The surrounding staff looked on in disbelief.

The director, who rushed over, was even more surprised.

The director thought, 'Aren't they supposed to act like affectionate sisters?'

He had witnessed female celebrities who appeared close in public only to backstab and betray behind the scenes.

But he had never seen two actresses get into a physical fight.

With a distant expression, Emilio looked away. He let out a sigh, wondering,

'When can I finally get rid of these two individuals?'

The director panicked and shouted, "Stop, stop fighting..." But his efforts were in vain.

He instructed the nearby assistants to step in and intervene.

But they all shook their heads.

"Our Yvette likes to handle things on her own. She doesn't allow us to bully others," said one of the assistants.

Stella's assistant added, "If they don't want to join the fight, we won't either."

The director was left speechless.

The director thought, 'Are they discussing fighting ethics at a time like this?'

Meanwhile, Anthony lifted his head and reached out to grab Genevieve's arm.

Don't be mad. You can hit me a few times to let off steam if you're mad. After all, I'm already crippled," Anthony aid.

Genevieve couldn't shake his grip, so she pushed his wheelchair over.

The beach became truly chaotic.

The facade of peace was torn apart, and all conflicts were unraveled.

The director felt like his head was about to explode as everything was in utter chaos.

He ran to look for Emilio.

After all, Emilio was the producer of the show.

"Mr. Sanders, what should we do? Who should I try to appease first?" the director asked.

It was the first time the director had encountered something like that, which couldn't be scripted.

It was a disaster.

Emilio took a sip of beer, gazing up at the pitch-black sky, and let out a sigh.

"Stop trying to mediate. Let's call it a day and go to bed," Emilio suggested. The pre-shooting ceremony had been a complete disaster.

'It can't possibly get any worse once the actual filming starts, right?' the director wondered.

The night passed in a whirlwind of fear.

There were not enough rooms in the mansion. Genevieve and Ximena, from the divorcee group, shared a room.

Ximena always exuded worldly detachment and held a string of jade prayer beads. After showering, she sat on the bed and prayed.

Genevieve was quite fond of her. While Ximena remained aloof during the evening's chads, she quietly helped clean up the mess after everyone else left.

Genevieve lay down on the bed and applied her face mask. Then, she started a casual conversation with Ximena.

"You are quite devout, yet I saw you enjoying a few glasses of wine tonight?"

Genevieve asked.

Ximena shrugged and answered, "As long as I'm devout in my heart, that's all that matters."

"So, which one was your ex-husband?" Genevieve asked. Ximena's prayer beads spun faster. "That scumbag Titus," she replied shortly.

Before Genevieve could inquire further, Ximena stopped spinning her prayer beads and revealed, "Curious why we divorced? He cheated on me, and when found out and wanted a divorce, he disagreed and installed surveillance cameras at home. He gradually drove me crazy, made my fans think I had mental problems, and then tried to leave me with nothing."

Chapter 247

Genevieve's mind reeled with disbelief as she mused, 'Titus seemed like a decent man. I can't believe he'd do such a thing!'

By now, Ximena was overwhelmed with emotions. She muttered some prayers before asking, "What about you? Mr. Hoffman is good-looking, rich, and powerful. Many coveted his attention, yet tonight, it was solely on you. How'd you two get divorced?"

Genevieve pondered silently before extending her pinkie finger into the air.

She meant to say she was beyond Anthony's league.

Ximena's beaded bracelet slipped from her grasp in sheer astonishment. "Is his thing really that short?"

Genevieve stiffened, then swallowed, deciding to stay silent.

'Close enough. We're not getting back regardless,' she mused.

Ximena's sympathy shone through her eyes as she retrieved her beaded bracelet from the floor. "Goodness! All the more reason to think twice before getting remarried. Intimacy may be trivial, but it's far from unnecessary."

Genevieve peeled off her facial mask as she couldn't contain her laughter at Ximena's two-faced behavior.

"You're right. Anyway, what are you doing here?" Genevieve asked.

Ximena clenched her jaw, her voice laced with bitterness. "He left me with nothing and ruined my acting career. I've lost every penny I have to him. Now, I want the world to know the truth about that scumbag."

Gritting her teeth, she squeezed her bracelet so tightly it threatened to snap.

Genevieve pursed her lips, pondering, 'She must've had it rough, too.'

In another room, Anthony, known for his germophobia, refused to share a room with anyone else.

He contemplated hurling the mattress out as Brendan persisted in staying, but the latter quickly interjected, "Don't you want Genevieve back?"

Anthony retorted, "And why exactly does that concern you?"

"I'm the only one on your side now. Show some appreciation, would you?" Brendan grumbled.

Gritting his teeth, Anthony begrudgingly let him in..

Brendan swaggered in, making himself comfortable before probing, "So, what's your sleeping arrangement with Genevieve, considering you hate room-sharing."

Anthony sneered. "Simple. She's my wife; you're not."

Brendan reminded, "Well, she's not anymore."

A frown creased Anthony's features. "The bed is off-limits. The floor's all yours."

Brendan's eyes widened.

'The double standard!' he exclaimed inwardly.

Anthony shot Brendan a disdainful glance before turning his attention to his laptop, and the latter was soon nodding off on the ground.

After Anthony settled his business, he reached out to awaken Brendan.

"How can I convince her to remarry me?" Anthony asked.

Brendan shielded his face wearily, groaning with a hint of reluctance, "It's impossible."

Anthony's expression turned grim as he shot Brendan a frosty look.

Brendan immediately added, "Don't rush it, Tony. Focus on building a connection first, then capture her attention. What do you think sets you apart?"

After a brief pause, Anthony confidently stated, "Everything."

Brendan was speechless but pressed on, "Which one stands out the most?"

"I'm rich?" Anthony stated, albeit tentatively.

He was about to claim his charming looks as his standout trait, considering Genevieve's instant attraction toward him.

Yet, he restrained himself, reminding himself of the Importance of humility instilled by his upbringing. Brendan sighed. "Tony, your wealth won't impress Genevieve anymore. She's quite well-off herself, isn't she?"

'It feels like Tony has nothing to show off, save for his riches, Brendan thought.

Brendan cleared his throat, adopting a serious tone. "Why don't you just mold yourself into Genevieve's type?"

Anthony scowled. "Like doing naked aerobics?"

Brendan said, "Let's face it, Tony. You don't have the same level of fitness as that aerobics guy. Don't compete with your weaknesses against others' strengths."

Anthony shot him a cold glance, not uttering a word.

A palpable chill settled over the room.

Brendan swiftly broke the ice, saying, "You could always give aerobics a shot. See how thoughtful and charming the other guys are? Most importantly, smooth-

talking goes a long way."

Anthony was full of indignance.

The conversation stretched into the late hours, with Brendan dominating the discussion while Anthony remained silent.

Although reluctant, Anthony tuned in to Brendan's words.

Soon, Brendan's snores filled the room while Anthony remained awake, contemplating, 'Should I try naked aerobics?'

The next morning, the director arrived, eyes burdened with dark circles, a testament to his restless night.

Thankfully, everyone honored him enough to arrive on time.

As per the script, they were scheduled to shoot the first meeting.

In other words, it was a reshoot.

Despite their intense argument the previous day, Yvette and Stella entered the room arm-in-arm like a pair of best friends.

Ximena and Titus arrived next, their faces beaming with smiles. Titus even helped Ximena with her luggage.

Lauraine and Ximena, however, ignored each other, their demeanor suggesting either unfamiliarity or a refusal to acknowledge each other.

Things were a little different with Anthony and Genevieve.

Anthony appeared frail and worn, his presence commanding yet tinged with melancholy.

On the other hand, Genevieve exuded an ethereal beauty, her flawless features radiating with an otherworldly grace.

Sporting a bright smile, Robert helped Genevieve with her bags, sharing looks and smiles with her now and then.

Genevieve took on the responsibility of guiding Anthony's wheelchair.

Their unusual grouping sparked intrigue.

Brendan, acting as the event's host, sauntered over to them with a warm e

smile, bravely broaching the subject, "Well, this is rare. Seems like you two Srare. are becoming quite the duo, Ms. Lawrence and Mr. Hoffman.

Becoming fast friends?"

A subtle frown marred Genevieve's features. "Didn't the production team arrange this?"

Brendan was rendered speechless.

Despite the darkness in Anthony's eyes, he managed a gentle smile through his pale complexion.

"I'm just... making an effort to impress Ms. Lawrence," he stated between coughs.

Brendan signaled a thumbs-up discreetly while thinking, 'All that talk last night paid off!'

Genevieve's eyes widened in horror as she instinctively stepped away from the wheelchair.

Meanwhile, Emilio struggled to contain his amusement as he observed the scene unfold from outside.

Brendan swiftly kicked off the segment.

"We'll draw lots to decide on your partner and complete tasks together," he announced.

After calling for a lottery box to be brought over, he explained that those who drew the same number would be paired up for the tasks.

Genevieve was last to draw.

With a smirk, Brendan handed her the last remaining slip, eliciting a glare from Genevieve as she wondered, 'What's he up to this time?'

She flipped the paper over, which showed the number ten.

Anthony also muttered, "Number ten..."

Genevieve gave Brendan a frosty stare.

'Only a fool would believe this wasn't rigged,' she huffed inwardly.

"Let's switch numbers, Mr. Hoffman.

take You team up with Stella, and I'll Ms. Lawrence," Robert exclaimed eagerly, his eyes gleaming with excitement before Brendan could speak.

A sudden hush fell over the room as Anthony shot him a glare.

This pretentious little...' he cursed inwardly.

Brendan cleared his throat as he enforced the rules. "You can't swap with another man."

However, Robert stood before Genevieve like a fearless, willingm sacrifice. "

Once again, Brendan was struck mute.

Is that a loophole?' he wondered.

Chapter 248

Eventually, Robert and Anthony formed a team, while Stella teamed up with Genevieve.

The production team even arranged for staff to shoot short clips to enhance the program's view.

Robert and Anthony planned to cook for everyone, but Anthony couldn't because he was in a wheelchair.

Consequently, Robert prepared the remainder of the meal while Anthony carefully peeled the apple in the kitchen.

Robert was busy preparing and occasionally greeted the camera.

In the meantime, Genevieve and Stella were busy rearranging and decorating the room.

Genevieve donned a laid-back cream dress complemented by bold red lips, exuding an air of effortless chic.

Upon reentering the living room, Robert, brimming with excitement, eagerly made his way out of the kitchen to greet her.

However, he accidentally bumped into Anthony's wheelchair.

Anthony screamed and covered the back of his hand, his expression changing.

The fruit knife fell to the ground.

Robert felt a profound sense of helplessness as he stood still. "Mr. Hoffman, I'm sorry. I didn't see you here..."

Genevieve's grin vanished as she swiftly made her way over. "What happened? Did you cut your finger?"

Anthony looked pale and was biting his lips to endure pain. He replied, "It's okay. Don't blame him. It was an accident."

Robert was speechless.

Genevieve couldn't tell his intention. She bent down and grabbed his hand. "Go and call a doctor."

The film crew was assuredly equipped with doctors ready to handle any emergencies.

After a brief moment, Robert nodded and ran out.

Genevieve wondered, 'Did he cut off his whole finger?'

She tried to look at Anthony's hand, but he blocked her. "I'm worried it might scare you. There's a lot of blood."

Genevieve ignored his words. She tried to pull Anthony's other hand away but saw his finger was still attached.

Genevieve frowned at him.

Anthony gestured toward a minor wound on his hand's back. "Look, it's bleeding!"

Genevieve stood up speechlessly and sneered. "Hurry, let's get a close-up shot before it heals!"

Upon uttering those words, she exited the room and noticed a doctor standing at the doorway.

Injuries during filming were commonplace, yet Anthony's mishap sent shockwaves through the entire production team.

Instantly, everyone gathered around him.

Soon, Brendan sighed helplessly.

He wanted Anthony to learn from others' virtues, not how to lie.

However, Anthony's hand was still heavily bandaged under the careful attention of doctors.

He lifted his hurt finger, intending to assist Robert with the vegetables.

Robert was terrified with a panicked look and consistently urged him to take a rest.

Only then did Anthony push his wheelchair outside, feeling satisfied.

Everyone was conscious of how they appeared on camera but returned to their normal selves when it was off.

Lauraine thought about it and went over again.

Maybe her lack of acting talent made her seem pretentious.

Subsequently, everyone suggested playing an adventure game.

There was a big pool behind the mansion.

The director outlined the course and announced the game's rules.

The quick swimmer took the ring, and others could also snatch it from him. Whoever secured the ring in time won.

It was very simple.

However, that game was exclusively designed for women, leaving no opportunity for men to participate.

All the women came out after putting on their swimsuits. Genevieve wore a light-colored, modest swimsuit that elegantly showed off her slim figure. She looked radiant.

Everyone else wore different colored swimsuits.

Genevieve noticed Lauraine standing at the entrance to the changing room.

She smiled at Genevieve, but Genevieve ignored her and went to the pool.

Lauraine looked at her back with profound implication.

Genevieve used to enjoy playing with water, but after falling into the sea, she developed a fear of seawater and hadn't been near it since.

After some contemplation, she decided to return and change her outfit.

Yvette, the last to enter the changing room, chose to wear Genevieve's beautiful swimsuit because she liked it.

Finally, she donned her swim cap and goggles, flashing Genevieve a beaming smile. "How is it? Nobody can tell us apart now."

Genevieve agreed with Yvette, who had been staying fit since she began her acting career.

If she kept going this way, distinguishing between them would become increasingly difficult.

Yvette walked confidently to the pool and snatched the swimming ring with the rest.

Seeing that, Genevieve smiled and went outside.

Lauraine watched coldly until Genevieve, wearing a light-colored swimsuit, got into the pool. Then, she slowly approached Genevieve.

The swimming pool's vast expanse stretched more than 150 feet, making it nearly impossible for onlookers to discern activities at its far end.

Lauraine observed "Genevieve" as she fluttered in the water, clearly unfamiliar with the pool's depth.

She was going to drown!

Overwhelmed with relief, Lauraine quietly approached her.

Just as "Genevieve" was about to come up for air, a hand pushed her head back underwater forcefully.

"Genevieve" immediately struggled and kicked Lauraine.

But Lauraine wouldn't give up such a good opportunity.

Accidentally falling and drowning was a better excuse than being drugged.

Lauraine fiercely grabbed her neck with one hand and pushed down on her head with the other.

Lauraine's actions were not seen by anyone from a distance, despite the noise she made.

Ten seconds, twenty seconds...

Suddenly, a loud laugh echoed from far away.

Ximena won the game.

Without hesitation, Lauraine pressed "Genevieve" underwater firmly, not allowing her head to emerge.

People started to climb out of the pool to leave. 30 feet, 20 feet from where the two were...

Lauraine's heartbeat was extremely fast..

She was terrified and cold. She felt threatened by Genevieve, making her sleep uneasy.

She went to visit Andrea.

Andrea was so miserable. She screamed daily and wished to end her life in the psychiatric hospital.

Finally, she felt the person beneath her stop struggling.

"Genevieve" weakly sank into the water. Lauraine let go of her hand, feeling relieved.

She quickly entered the water, climbed out on the other side of the pool, and smiled at the people approaching.

"Hey, Ms. Hoffman, why didn't you join us to play just now?" Stella asked with a smile.

Lauraine smiled weakly and coughed, her face pale. "I'm not healthy enough for intense exercise. My doctor only allows me to soak in the water for a while, but I'm happy with that."

Being aware of her health situation, Stella chose to remain silent, simply looking around in curiosity. "Where is Wette? She didn't come to snatch it from me. This is strange!"

Lauraine's smile suddenly solidified as her heart skipped a beat. An inexplicable sense of foreboding washed over her.

She quickly became her natural self again, smiled as she left the pool, and walked away with them.

Stella glanced at the big pool before leaving. "Has everyone left?" Lauraine replied softly, "Most likely. They're all elsewhere." Everyone laughed, changed their clothes in the changing room, and then left.

Chapter 249

However, Lauraine's expression froze as she exited the changing room.

At a distance of about 10 feet, Robert was on a tree, picking coconuts.

Genevieve looked up, wrapped in her shawl, and pointed at the largest coconut. "Move slightly to the left..."

After Genevieve finished speaking, she saw a group of women come out.

Lauraine's gaze was off and her lips were pale.

She looked at Genevieve regretfully and fearfully. "If Genevieve is here, who's in the pool?"

Genevieve paused, looking around.

She suddenly remembered Yvette's words. "Nobody can tell us apart now." Her expression changed.

Genevieve's expression chilled to ice as she shouted, "Where is Yvette?"

Stella trembled and shook her head. "I don't know. I didn't see her."

Genevieve was anxious. She observed Yvette changing her clothes before diving into the pool, making it clear that Yvette wouldn't depart on her own.

She strode to Lauraine, seizing her by the collar tightly, and asked in a cold, indifferent tone, "You're seeking death, aren't you?"

Lauraine's eyes narrowed, and her lips turned pale. She trembled and couldn't speak.

The people surrounding them exchanged puzzled glances.

They didn't know why Genevieve's attitude suddenly changed.

The next second, Genevieve pushed her away and ran to the pool.

Anthony was always attentive towards Genevieve, ensuring that he was aware of even the slightest difficulty she might face.

From a brief distance away, he had a sudden realization and sprang to his feet, chasing after Genevieve.

Ximena stared at his legs in disbelief, her shock evident. "Has your leg recovered, Mr. Hoffman?"

He ran straight in without answering.

A figure in a light-colored swimsuit appeared to be floating in the pool.

Drenched from the pool, Genevieve was trying to pull the person out. "Yvette, stay with me!"

She pushed Yvette against the swimming pool wall. Without hesitation, Anthony hurried over to help her up.

When he tried to help Genevieve, she pushed him away. "Leave me alone! All of you don't care about human life, do you? What a crazy family!"

Her fury was so intense that it drained the color from her face, leaving it pallid and distressed.

She knelt beside Yvette, shaking, and performed chest compressions and artificial respiration.

Anthony was deep in thought, his eyes clouded with intensity.

Shortly thereafter, they all arrived.

Upon witnessing it, the expressions of everyone present changed.

"Call a doctor!" Genevieve shouted loudly and with misery.

A person in the crowd called for a doctor, and then Genevieve moved aside.

She felt very weak and slumped to one side.

Emilio left the film crew temporarily for personal matters.

When Brendan came over, he was shocked that he couldn't say anything.

That was a serious accident.

Anthony stood there silently with a frigid expression. His fists were clenched tightly, betraying the anger simmering in his eyes, which seemed on the verge of erupting at any moment.

Brendan approached and asked in a deep voice, "What happened?"

Anthony's eyes held a chilling intensity, and his posture was rigid with tension.

The doctor continued to give first aid for a few minutes.

After five minutes, Yvette eventually spat out water and started to breathe weakly.

Upon witnessing that, everyone let out a collective sigh of relief.

The next moment, Genevieve suddenly stood up and ran out angrily.

Lauraine packed her luggage and was ready to go, but Genevieve stopped her when she got downstairs. "What are you doing?"

Despite her fear, she envied Genevieve's luck, who had once more effortlessly escaped a predicament.

Genevieve was furious, fixed Lauraine with an icy stare, and slapped her in the face.

Lauraine was not as physically strong as Genevieve, especially since Genevieve was using all her strength.

She didn't even have a chance to dodge.

Lauraine angrily covered her face and glared at Genevieve in shock. "How dare you slap me?"

She believed Genevieve wouldn't reveal anything in a public setting like the film crew.

However, the next second, Genevieve grabbed Lauraine's hair and pulled her outside without hesitation.

Lauraine kept screaming and struggling, but Genevieve didn't let go.

Genevieve yanked Lauraine's hair hard while Lauraine scolded her intensely.

Upon arriving at the pool, everyone deliberately cleared a path.

Then Genevieve forcefully pulled Lauraine's hair, pressing her head underwater.

Lauraine's face turned pale as she screamed in fear.

Everyone held their breath, captivated by the unfolding drama, no one daring to intervene as Genevieve engaged in such reckless behavior.

The pool's water level soared above Lauraine's head. Moments later, Genevieve yanked her hair upward to let her breathe.

Before she finished catching her breath, Genevieve submerged her head in the water once more.

After being repeatedly dunked in water five or six times, Lauraine was too weak to struggle.

She contorted her body in an awkward position and lay by the pool, crying and pleading for Anthony's help.

However, Anthony remained motionless, observing the scene with indifference.

He didn't intend to help or stop her.

Despite the swimming pool's thermostatic water control, Lauraine

was overwhelmed by an intense chill.

She was too weak to defend herself against Genevieve's torment.

Genevieve forcefully pushed her into the water, making it impossible for her to fight back.

For the last time, everyone silently watched for a minute as Genevieve didn't pull her out of the water.

Lauraine lay still, her head underwater and half her body soaked by the pool, resembling a lifeless figure.

Everyone at the pool was silent.

The silence was filled with panic and terror.

Ultimately, Brendan approached, lifted Genevieve, and dragged Lauraine out of the water. "Doctor..."

Upon receiving Genevieve's icy gaze, Brendan tightened his lips before speaking, "It's/difficult to explain why someone died, Genevieve."

Especially in front of so many people.

He watched Genevieve go mad while Anthony didn't care.

Chapter 250

The surrounding people left one by one, afraid to stay.

Anthony looked at Lauraine indifferently.

He pondered, 'How did Lauraine go from being weak and well-behaved to this? She has survived countless near-death experiences. She must know the hardships of survival. Yet now, she callously harms others!

He lowered his gaze coldly and said in a low, somber voice, "Lauraine, you brought this on yourself!"

Then, he left without looking at her again.

Lauraine was in a great panic.

"Tony!" she exclaimed.

Soon Lauraine was escorted out by the crew.

Everyone else was silent.

After all, it was an internal matter of a wealthy and influential family. They would undoubtedly face dire consequences if they didn't keep their lips sealed.

No one witnessed what had happened to Yvette in the swimming pool, and there were no surveillance cameras.

Yvette had no choice but to admit defeat because Lauraine refused to confess.

Fortunately, Genevieve spoke up for her.

Once Yvette had recovered, she was eager to leave the film crew and avenge Lauraine.

Genevieve urged her to calm down, saying, "Lauraine is not stupid. She must be hiding now."

"Are you saying I won't be able to find her if she decides to hide for the rest of her life," Yvette snapped.

Yvette was infuriated.

Genevieve thought for a moment and said, "Then let her come to you"

"How? Yvette asked si replied, Genevieve looked at Vorft and rigting, "She likes tout!

much Yvette cheered, he temples twitching as he thought. What a coincidence!

She Really composed herself and nodded. "I see. Then what's the rush? Finish the recording for the show first!"

finally With that, Yvette turned around and leh.

Anthony was at the door when Yvette stepped out. Needless to say, she did not have a good impression of Anthony and his sister.

"Mr. Hoffman, are you trying to be a doorkeeper here?" Yvette scoffed.

Anthony pursed his lips and asked, "Where is Genevieve?"

Genevieve came out of the room and looked at him calmly.

Anthony took a deep breath and said, "I'm here to apologize on behalf of Lauraine."

He looked at Genevieve, his eyes dull and carrying a dark gleam. He knew Genevieve's hatred for Lauraine would never wane.

Yvette scoffed, "Then you should apologize to me. Why are you apologizing to Genevieve?"

Anthony pursed his lips.

Genevieve smiled and said, "Lauraine intended to hurt me, but you took the fall for me by wearing my clothes, which led her to mistake you for me."

With that, Genevieve looked at Anthony and said, "Mr. Hoffman, I assume you know everything?"

Anthony fell silent.

Of course, he knew everything.

2/6

Brendan had retrieved all the surveillance footage. Although there was no surveillance camera in the swimming pool, there was one in the hallway leading from the pool to the dressing room.

He knew exactly what had happened when he compiled all the surveillance footage.

Yvette's eyes widened as she was shocked.

Genevieve stood there indifferently and said, "In that case, don't blame me for what I'm about to do."

Anthony had a grim expression.

He didn't want to clean up the mess for Lauraine anymore.

What she had done was outrageous.

He worried Genevieve would take it out on him because of Lauraine.

Genevieve went to Brendan and urged him to finish the show quickly. She was fed up with everything.

The director skipped the stage where the guests had to nurture feelings for each other and proceeded directly to the part where they confessed their feelings. Genevieve sat in a chair with the sea breeze blowing behind her. Her eyes were cold, but her voice was soft as she said, "I'll never marry again, and there's no need to nurture any feelings. I'm tired of being a widow. How could I make the same mistake again?"

Brendan's smile was stiff. "Then who is your ideal partner?" he asked.

Genevieve tilted her head and smiled sweetly, saying, "Someone like Robert."

Brendan was speechless.

'I shouldn't have asked the last question!' he thought.

Soon, it was Anthony's turn.

He sat there gently. There was a slight sense of distance, but he was no longer domineering.

"My ideal partner is always Genevieve," he said.

The rest of the crew was shocked to hear those two big shots.

'Anthony is still in a disadvantaged position, while Genevieve likes the cute Robert, they thought.

Yvette approached and smiled as she said, "Who doesn't like a young and cute man? Are you suggesting we choose Anthony, who is boring and can't talk for more than a minute?"

Genevieve nodded in agreement.

Anthony overheard the comment as he happened to pass by, causing a change in his expression.

Brendan patted his shoulder and sighed before saying, "Tony, cheer up. You are not bad. If I were a woman, I would choose you!"

Anthony pursed his lips and looked at Brendan coldly as he said, "If you were a woman, I wouldn't like you."

Then he went to look for the director.

Brendan was speechless.

After Lauraine left, the mood of the crew returned to normal.

Yvette and Stella teased each other occasionally, and everyone was used to it.

In the evening everyone had a barbecue by the sea.

The shooting involved the people from the blind date group.

Robert wore a vest and cooked a barbecue for everyone. From time to time, he would start doing gymnastics, which made everyone laugh.

Everyone's attention was on Robert.

Anthony stood in the dark and watched him coldly.

The director came over and asked nervously, "Mr. Hoffman, are you sure you want to do it?"

Anthony's jaw tightened slightly as he replied, "Yes!"

The director sighed and told the staff to get ready.

Genevieve covered her mouth and giggled, savoring a piece of fruit occasionally.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "It's fireworks!"

Genevieve instinctively raised her head and looked at the sea in the distance.

Boom!

The sound of several explosions echoed across the beach.

Over the sea, clusters of fireworks blossomed in the air.

The fireworks were more dazzling than the stars.

For a moment, Genevieve was stunned.

The fireworks didn't vanish in a flash but transformed into other text m shapes Genevieve, let's get married again!

Love!]

The "Love" shape was conveyed by the shape of a man's slender thumb and forefinger, which formed the love gesture.

Genevieve's eyes widened in shock.

Then she saw Anthony approaching in a custom-made suit, carrying a bouquet of delicate roses.

Genevieve clenched her palms. "Anthony, what are you doing?" she asked.

Anthony pursed his lips and replied, "This is a surprise for you. I want you to see my sincerity."

Everyone was stunned.

"I'm in shock. Can you stop pulling stunts like this?" Genevieve complained.

Anthony paused and glanced at Robert. His expression darkened for a moment before he said, "I can give you what they can't. Genevieve. I hope you try to make me like you."

He took a deep breath and looked at Genevieve expectantly.

He thought to himself, 'She is silent.

She must be touched by my sincerity. Robert is nothing. Once more people

are around, she'll soon realize he's just average. But I'm truly the special one!

Anthony believed that he would move her with his sincerity. Everyone was cheering.

"Wow, that's so sweet!" one said.

"Accept him! Accept him!" another suggested.