

Submitting 25

Chapter 25

Rosalie's face went pale, her chest heaving with anger stirred up by Genevieve's sharp words.

However, Rosalie held back from confronting Genevieve. She knew better than to create a scene, especially with the public eye already giving her the side-eye.

The director, still recovering from the shock, watched as Genevieve gracefully made her exit.

However, Genevieve had yet to leave the building. Instead, she turned toward Leonardo's office, and just as she had anticipated, an argument was unfolding inside. Voices clashed, and even Walter, the director, was in the mix.

"I get it. You're not thrilled about Rosalie joining the show. But Mr. Hoffman just dropped some serious cash. We can't risk ticking him off, can we?" Walter said. Frustrated, Leonardo, with his teeth clenched, exclaimed, "That woman's moral compass is dubious at best. The last time, she nearly jeopardized everything for me. Eagle Entertainment swiftly parted ways with her without hesitation. Yet, what did you do? You went ahead and handed her a judge's seat. Are you intentionally reopening old wounds? I will not work with someone like her!"

Walter, feeling helpless in his position, let out a heavy sigh. He said, "It was Alden who personally came to arrange this. He's still in my office. How can I say no to him? If Anthony would show up next, should I also turn his arrangements down?"

They could not afford to offend a bigshot like Anthony.

Leonardo was too angry to speak.

Genevieve paused, spun around, and headed down the stairs.

As soon as she got downstairs, she caught Aiden standing there in a white shirt, talking to Rosalie.

Rosalie appeared to be in high spirits.

"Thanks for helping me, Aiden. You had always stood by Anthony and me. Let me treat you to dinner someday,"

Rosalie said.

Loosening up in his white shirt, Aiden allowed his tough exterior to soften. "No need to thank me: Your kindness makes you an easy target. Genevieve isn't someone to lose sleep over. If she causes any trouble again, just eliminate all the interns from her company," he suggested.

As soon as he finished speaking, Genevieve could not help but let out a soft, mocking laugh while taking the last step down.

The two were caught off guard by Genevieve's presence.

Rosalie maintained her composure, shooting Aiden a nervous look and making funny faces as if signaling him to lower his voice.

Aiden, being insufferably arrogant as usual, showed neither remorse nor panic. After all, he had come from a privileged, wealthy background.

He casually fixed his clothes and gave Genevieve a sidelong glance. His tone was assertive as he said, "What's there to fear? Tony offering her a job here is only for the sake of what happened in the past. Otherwise, how could she still be walking around here? Some people fail to recognize their own worth, but they've certainly mastered the art of arrogance."

Genevieve was not oblivious. She picked up on the mockery in Aiden's words.

Ever since her marriage to Anthony, Aiden had been the most hostile toward her, and she could not quite figure out where it came from.

Yet, at this moment, she pondered for a brief moment and decided there was no reason to pretend she did not hear them.

When she turned, her striking features betrayed a hint of cold indifference, and her eyes sparkled with clarity. She lifted her lips and said casually, "Are you talking about me?"

"Who else would that be?" Aiden responded. He stood firm, ready to unleash his frustration on behalf of Rosalie.

The corner of Genevieve's mouth stretched into a grin. With her arms crossed, she dropped her head and let out a faint laugh. "You know how the saying goes, right? If curiosity killed the cat, they'd be serving a life sentence. Both of you are nosy as hell, and you know where that leads," she said.

'Busybodies, she thought and snorted silently.

Aiden was infuriated and on the verge of approaching her for an argument, but Rosalie quickly held him back. "Forget it, Aiden. Don't get angry. It's not good if someone sees us," said Rosalie.

"Does she have any shame left? She bullies you like that, and in the end, you're still considering her feelings. How can such a person escape karma?" Aiden said gloomily.

Genevieve erased her smile and looked at him seriously.

"Retribution will come sooner or later. It's just a matter of whom it falls upon," she said.

She cast an indifferent glance at Rosalie standing beside him, then turned and walked away.

That glance was enough to stir panic in Rosalie.

When Genevieve turned to leave, Aiden was extremely infuriated. "This woman really is arrogant. Don't worry, Rosalie. I've already informed the TV station. She wouldn't dare to bully you," he said.

Although Alden's father was only a director, he had earned numerous awards and notable recognition in the Industry, establishing himself as a significant figure.

Rosalie nodded with a smile.

As soon as Genevieve went out, she immediately called Leonardo.

Still simmering with anger and unable to speak properly, Leonardo answered, "Ms. Lawrence, I was just about to call you. Let me tell you..."

"I already know. Rosalie is the judge, Genevieve interjected. "Don't stop her. If she wants to be one, let her. Virtue will find its proper place, and if she doesn't deserve it, she will fall miserably," she continued in a soft yet restrained voice.

Upon hearing that, Leonardo was momentarily stunned and left speechless for a brief moment.

"All right. I'll follow your lead," he eventually responded.

Because Genevieve presented evidence, he could clear up the misunderstanding. He thereby owed Genevieve a significant favor.

At noon, Genevieve received a call from the hospital.

The words "non-biological relationship" echoed in her ears as if she were in a dream. She grappled with the information, unwilling to accept that Samson was not Anthony's child.

It seemed implausible that Anthony was unaware.

So, it appeared that Anthony only loved Rosalie deeply. Therefore, even though Samson was not his biological child, he would still treat him as his own. Anthony showered Rosalie with all his love and was extraordinarily tolerant of her. He did not seem to care about himself or his unborn child.

Yet, all Anthony offered to Genevieve was 'compensation' to rid himself of her.

Genevieve's eyes stung, a subtle pain tugging somewhere deep within her heart. The relentless sun beat down on her, and a sudden weariness washed over her as if all her strength had been taken away in an instant. Genevieve was in a daze and could not quite discern where the fatigue came from.

Perhaps it was learning about this piece of information that made her feel absurd and pitiful.

She had not lost to an illegitimate child but to the profound love between Anthony and Rosalle.

It seemed to take a long time for the heart to go from aching to numbness, and eventually, it hardened.

Finally, she came to her senses.

Rather than going to the company, she headed straight to the Lawrence mansion and lay in her room.

Her surroundings turned quiet, providing a modicum of solace to her heavy heart.

Genevieve then drifted into a light nap.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar number, yet it looked vaguely familiar. However, she could not recall where she had seen it before.

She picked it up, and in a clear, deep voice, the other party said, "I hope I'm not disturbing you, Ms. Lawrence."

Genevieve pursed her lips slightly. "Louis?" she asked.

"It's me. Have you received the DNA test results?" Louis asked.

Louis' tone was confident, as if he held all the answers. Genevieve felt a subtle resistance, as if he had someone monitoring her every move.

Unaware of his intentions, she remained silent.

In his low and hoarse voice, Louis, smiling, explained, "I went to Eagle Entertainment this afternoon to discuss matters with you, but they said you did not come to work in the afternoon, so, I guess you may be in a bad mood after knowing the result?"

Genevieve unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief and spoke in a softened tone, saying, "I got the results, which surprised me. Were you looking for me, Mr. Fallon?"

Louis' voice deepened. "Aren't you curious, Ms. Lawrence? Anthony had always known that the child was not his. So, why is he hiding it from everyone?" he asked.

His voice sounded deep and clear, as if he was trying to help her understand.

"If you want answers, why not find an opportunity to ask Anthony's mother to help you find out," he suggested.

Genevieve's brows slightly furrowed. "Why are you telling me this?" she asked.

She always felt Louis' presence was mysterious, as if he deliberately carried some hidden purpose.

Louis sighed softly and said, "Because I don't want to see you sad, and I don't want you to live in hatred..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Genevieve hung up

'How corny,' she thought.

the phone.

Louis let out a chuckle and shook his head.

The smile on his face then faded into a chilly darkness. 'Oh, Anthony, I can't wait to see a good show unfold!' Louis thought.