

Submitting 251

Chapter 251

The director was watching nervously.

He hoped that Genevieve would say yes. The ratings would undoubtedly rise then.

Even after many years of experience in the industry, he had never filmed such a ridiculous plot before.

Genevieve stood up slowly, frowned, and looked at Anthony. She gritted her teeth while suppressing her anger. "I appreciate your effort. It might have worked on me three years ago when I was quite smitten. But now, I have everything except love for you."

Genevieve couldn't wait to get out of there.

However, Anthony stopped her and frowned slightly. "Aren't you pleased with what I've done? If there's anything unsatisfactory, you can tell me, and I'll fix it for you!"

Genevieve stared at him coldly and rolled her eyes. "Is there anything to be pleased about? Would you be pleased if you were in my place?"

Anthony pursed his lips and said, "Of course. If it were me, I would be overjoyed!"

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

She felt her words had fallen on deaf ears.

-he took a deep breath, walked past him, and wanted to leave.

Anthony shoved the rose into her arms and said, "If you are not satisfied, I will find another way. Take this for OW!"

Genevieve scowled at him. She wanted to throw the flowers on the ground, but she was afraid that people might see it and start gossiping.

She gritted her teeth and left with the flowers.

Robert looked at them aggrievedly and didn't dare to catch up with Genevieve.

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Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine Brendan hurried over and glanced at the smug Anthony. He asked, "Tony, who came up with this idea for you?"

'It's so cringy and cliché. Most importantly, it embarrassed Genevieve. If it's one of the film crew's ideas, the person should be sacked!' Brendan thought to himself.

Anthony raised his eyebrows and said, "I figured it out myself."

He was quite proud of himself and didn't notice Genevieve's forbearance or speechlessness.

Brendan twitched the corners of his eyes and said, "Tony, do you still want to remarry Genevieve?"

"What do you mean? Didn't you see Genevieve leave with my flowers? It shows that she is tempted. I've decided to propose to her tomorrow!" Anthony said firmly.

Brendan spoke dryly after a moment, "You might as well take off your clothes and do gymnastics. Maybe she'll be tempted!"

Anthony's face darkened slightly.

He had thought about it.

Despite his best efforts, he couldn't conceive of doing it, so he gave up the idea eventually.

He couldn't bear the embarrassment.

He could handle Genevieve stabbing him, but he would never disgrace himself.

But he didn't mind embarrassing others.

So he found other gymnasts. He believed Genevieve felt his sincerity.

Brendan shook Anthony's shoulder and said, "Tony, listen to me. Don't propose tomorrow!"

"It will be humiliating if you do," Brendan thought.

Anthony snorted coldly and thought, "You're single. You know nothing!"

Then, he walked back briskly.

He had already bought the ring.

The rest of the crowd had still not snapped back from the recent buzz.

Everyone was envious of Genevieve, especially when they saw Anthony's fawning over her.

The director posted a snippet of Anthony's and Genevieve's conversation on the Internet and announced that Genevieve and Anthony had finished their filming.

None of them noticed that under the fireworks, two women were fighting fiercely with each other.

The next morning, while everyone was still in bed, the internet was ablaze with heated discussions.

The netizens had high expectations for this show.

Everyone was excited to see the director generously release a key snippet of the show.

A netizen commented: [It's normal to disagree, but agree? That's unheard of! The goddess is the most beautiful!]

Another wrote: [Mr. Hoffman is so pitiful and ridiculous! Hahaha!]

Another said: [Mr. Hoffman is hopeless. Let's get another man, Genevieve!]

Someone asked: [Am I the only one who saw Yvette and Stella fighting? Aren't they good friends?]

Anthony was oblivious to what was brewing on the internet.

He changed his clothes and went straight to Genevieve's door with the ring in hand.

Knock, knock!

Ximena opened the door.

Anthony frowned slightly. "Where's Genevieve?"

After a pause, Ximena said, "Genevieve has left the film crew. She mentioned she needed to return to the company to resolve something."

Anthony's face darkened.

Brendan kept an eye on him.

Seeing that, he ran over immediately and said, "Tony, you scared her away!"

Anthony glanced at him and went out with a cold face.

"Tell them I won't continue shooting," he said.

Anthony was as capricious as always.

Brendan had anticipated this outcome.

Genevieve was the reason why Anthony had come to this show.

Brendan was afraid that Anthony would do something impulsive, so he left with him and asked his assistant to settle the rest.

Brendan persuaded Anthony in the car, observing his poor mood. "Don't push her too hard. Just let Genevieve catch her breath. Why the hurry?"

Anthony frowned and said in a cold torn voice, "How can I not hurry? Should just wait for her to turn to another man? Can't you see the gymnast pursuing her? How can I not worry?"

Brendan didn't agree with Anthony. "You'll only know if she's right for you after a thousand ups and downs, she probably feels the same. Maybe you should consider finding another woman to act as a

distraction? It might make Genevieve feel a sense of urgency. When she's anxious, she might come after you!"

Anthony was annoyed and looked at Brendan speechlessly. "I don't even dare to do that in my dream!"

Judging from Genevieve's character, she might just cut contact with him for good if he really went through a thousand ups and downs before settling with her.

By the time he went back to her, Genevieve might have already had a baby with someone else.

Anthony felt upset at the thought of it. "It can never happen. I'll never give anyone a chance."

Brendan had many girlfriends, and they were the ones who pursued him first.

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Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine well of him.

That was all because of his outstanding personal qualities.

If Anthony could learn anything from Brendan, he wouldn't have been dumped.

Genevieve left because there was serious business to attend to.

The bugged phone that Louis sent her got a hit.

After she ordered the anti-wiretapping, there was no news from the other end.

Genevieve was worried that the bugging device had been discovered.

But now the bugging device was activated, which could only prove that Louis had a spare phone for confidential matters.

She was on the right track.

Genevieve hurried to Lawrence Group.

Jasper handed over the prepared recording. "Ms. Lawrence, this is the call between Louis and someone from abroad."

When Genevieve took it over, he heard Louis' familiar but cold voice.

It was the coldest she had ever heard, almost like a deadly snake flashing its tongue, sending chills down her spine.

"Have you got the cargo on the high seas?" Louis asked.

An old, booming voice mixed with a m

somewhat impure Western Epea accent sounded. "Oxcourse, thanks O to you, some people can live longer.

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Genevieve's face turned pale.

She had a vague feeling that something wasn't right, and this sense of foreboding was really strong. 'Cargo on the high seas? Is someone able to live a few years longer? Is Louis' investment in medical academia making progress?

Or... Genevieve didn't dare to dwell on the matter too deeply.

She suddenly thought of Rosalie.

Louis said he took care of her on the high seas.

Genevieve didn't think much. There were pirates on the high seas.

It was a different world, not conforming to the norm. It was a place where the strong preyed on the weak.

This was Rosalie's fate and destiny, and Genevieve felt no sympathy for her.

But Genevieve was suddenly curious. "How did Louis deal with Rosalie?" she thought.

Genevieve took a deep breath, the information she gathered within the few seconds of the call causing her palm to break out in a nervous sweat.

Jasper looked solemn and said, "Ms. Lawrence, something doesn't seem right with Mr. Fallon's call. Shall we...?"

Genevieve pursed her lips and said, "Let's keep this to ourselves. Alerting the adversaries without evidence could lead to retaliation, and we'll suffer losses since we're unprepared."

Jasper nodded and said, "Should I tell Mr. Hoffman?"

Genevieve thought for a while and said, "Okay. You can contact him, but you can't hand the recording over."

Jasper understood.

If the recording was leaked, it would surely cause a lot of chaos.

After receiving Daniel's call, Anthony's expression brightened slightly.

He had the car stopped.

"Get out of the car." Brendan was still proposing various suggestions for Anthony. Hearing that, he was stunned.

Anthony's face was cold and gloomy, with a hint of unexplainable pride. "Genevieve invited me to her place. We're going on a date, so you'll have to go by yourself."

Brendan's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Tony, this is an expressway. You can't stop!" Brendan roared.

Anthony pursed his lips and said, "Ahead is the service area."

Brendan was shocked. "How can I go back? Just take me to Genevieve!"

Anthony was a little impatient. "No, don't be a third wheel. Get out of the car!"

'You're really a good friend!" Brendan cursed Anthony more than a dozen times in his heart.

When they arrived at the service area, Brendan got out of the car reluctantly.

Anthony drove off and left Brendan alone.

The more Brendan thought about it, the angrier he became. He didn't want to take sides anymore.

He was pissed.

At Lawrence Group, Genevieve stroked Goldie, whom she hadn't seen in a long time, and felt that it had grown plumper.

Goldie was very excited to show Genevieve its new clothes, a yellow fur vest.

Genevieve caressed it.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Genevieve took a look and found it was from Susan Hill, Jeffrey's secretary.

She picked it up.

O Susan's voice was a little flustered. "Ms. Lawrence, has Mr. Lawrence contacted you these days?"

Genevieve's heart sank. "No, my last contact with him was a week ago."

She informed Jeffrey that she was going to record a variety show and might not be able to answer the phone promptly.

Until now, Jeffrey had never looked for her.

Susan panted and said, "Ms. Lawrence, something happened. Mr. Lawrence has been missing for a week."

Genevieve jumped to her feet with a pale face. "What did you say?"

"The progress at Mr. Lawrence is on hold, so he gave us a vacation. Last time, he only took a two-day break, but it's been a week now without any contact from him, which is unusual. I can't reach him at the moment. The servants in the manor mentioned that he hadn't returned, and there were no hotel check-in records. Also, the gifts he prepared for you and the family haven't been returned. Ms. Lawrence, I suspect something has happened!" Susan said.

It felt as though there was a hand inside Genevieve's body, tugging at her heartstrings. She found herself breathing heavily.

She trembled and suddenly had a bad feeling.

Her voice revealed her emotions. "Understood, Susan, Keep searching for him. I'll start investigating right away. Let's stay in touch and share any information we find promptly."

Susan recognized the urgency of the situation, so she immediately agreed.

Genevieve hung up the phone and contacted Jeffrey immediately.

Sure enough, no matter how many calls she made, no one answered.

'He's always surrounded by people, but he still disappeared without being noticed... Genevieve thought.

Genevieve took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down but failed.

Jeffrey was her closest family member. The mere thought of anything happening to him was too frightening to contemplate.

3/6

Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine She felt as though she had plunged into an abyss, an inexplicable fear looming over her.

Genevieve promptly summoned Jasper. "Arrange for someone to search for Jeffrey. Make it noticeable, but also conduct a discreet search."

Jasper immediately became serious and said, "Mr. Lawrence..."

Genevieve took a deep breath and panicked as she remembered the recording.

She suddenly remembered Anthony's words. "He will save you and let you go, but he won't be soft on your family."

It was Louis.

Genevieve's expression changed and her hands on her lap gradually clenched into fists.

She was shaking slightly.

Soon, there was a voice at the door. Anthony came in with a few bags of gifts.

Goldie circled around him happily.

Anthony had bought it dog food, toys, and custom-made imported clothes.

Daniel had prepared those gifts in m advance and stowed them in the trunk. He suggested that Anthony should also make an effort to win over Genevieve's favorite dog as a way to impress her.

Anthony didn't know how long they were in the trunk. Anyway, he brought them all here.

Jasper was stunned for a moment, and then immediately walked over to take the stuff.

"Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Hoffman is here," Jasper said.

He glanced at the gifts. None of them was for Genevieve.

He smiled and put it at Goldie's doghouse.

Genevieve looked up, her face slightly pale. Her throat felt like it was coated with cotton. As she was about to speak, a chill passed through her heart.

Anthony thought she was too excited to see him and embarrassed to say hello, so he walked over.

"Where are we going to date later? Do you want to eat Clusian food or Epean food?" Anthony asked.

Genevieve paused.

Looking at Anthony's indifferent and noble appearance, her heart trembled slightly.

'The Lawrence family is quite influential. I shouldn't be so flustered. Even in foreign countries, it wouldn't be difficult for us to locate someone.

"With Anthony's help, it would surely be more efficient!" she thought.

Genevieve finally calmed down.

She even mustered a smile. "Anthony, I would like to propose a cooperation."

Anthony raised his eyebrows and looked at her.

Genevieve retrieved the recording. As Anthony finished listening to it, his expression turned cold and dark.

The office fell into a dead silence.

After a long time, Anthony frowned and looked up at her, "Where did you get this?"

"Don't worry about it, Anthony. Let's cooperate and deal with him. The Hoffman Group will still be yours," Genevieve

said calmly while looking at Anthony.

To one opposed Louis taking over the Hoffman Group from Anthony.

he didn't believe that Anthony would willingly accept it.

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Anthony indeed looked like an unemployed man these days, spending a lot of time on Genevieve.

But she knew that someone who was really jobless wouldn't be in such high spirits.

It was clear that he had been making preparations in secret and was waiting for the right time to strike.

He had tried to win her over before, but Genevieve didn't make her intention clear.

But now, she was very direct and Anthony's expression turned solemn.

"What about you?" he asked in a deep voice, looking at her coldly.

The cooperation between the two parties was based on their respective interests. Genevieve met his gaze. "Jeffrey is missing. We'll talk about it after he's found."

She was like a scumbag who clearly knew his thoughts but ignored him, giving him an unrealistic hope.

Genevieve was never an easy compromiser.

As for relationships, they were all the same. She wouldn't waste time on the same man but she would seize his weakness.

Anthony frowned and closed his eyes. He seemed to understand what she meant but he didn't expose her.

"Fine!"

The two of them agreed to cooperate and Anthony left with the recording.

Genevieve didn't ask what he was going to do with it but she knew that he and Louis could never get along well.

On the way back to the Lawrence mansion, Genevieve was thinking about how to tell Darrell and Samantha about Jeffrey.

When she got home, she felt something wasn't right.

Neither Dennis nor the servants were inside.

Genevieve went upstairs. The door of the study was ajar.

"Jeffrey will be fine..." someone in the study comforted.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat, thinking, 'They've already known?'

She knocked on the door and went in. "Mom, Dad..."

Samantha looked at her with red eyes, unable to say anything.

Darrell sighed. "Epea has leaked the news and you must have gotten wind of it. It's still unknown what happened to Jeffrey. Don't you falter!"

With tears in her eyes, Genevieve hugged Samantha. "Jeffrey will be fine. If he was kidnapped, the kidnappers would definitely contact us. Besides, I asked the Epean side to spread the word. They won't hurt Jeffrey if they know his identity."

Samantha wiped off her tears. Her voice was hoarse. "Gen, there's a location tracker on Jeffrey's phone. The last place before the signal disappeared was the deep sea. I am afraid..."

Genevieve's expression darkened. She suddenly recalled that she had disappeared into the sea too back then.

A lot of coincidences flashed through her mind. Her heart kept sinking.

She patted Samantha on the shoulder and comforted, "Mom, don't worry. Maybe he just lost his phone."

Darrell was on the phone with a solemn face.

The division of forces in Epea was complicated. It hadn't been easy for the Lawrence family to set up forces there but that didn't mean their effort had been in vain.

What Darrell was worried about now was that things would be more complicated if the party responsible for the ea was involved.

amantha calmed down and went to rest after being comforted by Darrell and Genevieve.

hen, the other two went back to the study and Genevieve directly told Darrell about working with Anthony.

frowned. "He didn't threaten you with anything, did he?"

He felt sorry for her. Even if Jeffrey was in danger, he didn't want to neglect Genevieve's safety.

O Genevieve's heart skipped a beat. She smiled. "He needs our support. After all, he can't get Hoffman Group back on his own. Frank and Margaret haven't been found yet. He seems calm on the outside, but he is already panicking..."

Darrell sighed and rubbed his temples. "Gen, Louis is not a simple person. You must be extra careful."

Genevieve nodded. She had come to understand Louis differently.

The Louis she knew might be only the tip of the iceberg.

It was a chilly night at a private high-class clubhouse.

But the street was full of lights, shrouded in glory like daylight.

The vehicles on the roadside were luxurious. The car owners just leisurely threw their keys to the valets.

A group of people exited the club.

Presley's face flushed with his new mistress, Paige, clinging onto his arm.

He was surrounded by a bunch of flatterers.

He hadn't had this much fun in a long time.

Since Anthony took over Hoffman Group, he had basically retired, living a peaceful lifestyle.

Everyone only knew how excellent Anthony was, and they forgot that Presley was the actual leader of the Hoffman family!

As soon as Anthony left, Louis took over and asked Presley to take charge. Other people finally respected him again.

Presley was more satisfied with Louis compared to Anthony.

Therefore, even if Anthony had been discharged from the hospital, he never mentioned returning the company to Anthony.

"Mr. Hoffman, you didn't drink to your heart's content today. You must drink more next time!" a man commented.

"Mr. Hoffman, please consider our company..." another man pleaded.

Presley smiled and waved at them.

Louis opened the door for him and called over his driver. He was polite and modest. "Mr. Hoffman, you and Aunt Paige have a rest first.

Presley nodded and got into the car.

He was filled with emotions when he saw his supposedly eldest son, who had never been jealous or fought for his status.

Additionally, Louis was also polite to Paige. "Aunt Paige, Mr. Hoffman is prone to insomnia. You can pour him a glass of red wine before he goes to bed so that he can sleep better."

Paige nodded smilingly. Then, they left.

It was a breezy evening.

Louis took out a cigarette and was about to light it when his phone suddenly lit up.

There was a message read: [It's a problem. Feed to the fish or treat the disease?] He glanced at the message and put away his phone nonchalantly.

He lit a cigarette and followed the crowd back to the clubhouse.

He was the last of the crowd.

The clubhouse was decorated luxuriously and meticulously so all the rooms were soundproof.

Before entering the room, he threw away his half-smoked cigarette left. Then he took out his phone to reply: [Feed the fish!]

In just a few days, Genevieve and Anthony left the set. Their shooting progress speeded up noticeably.

Yvette told her that the director had deleted all of Lauraine's scenes because he didn't want the incident to be.

exposed and caused the show to be canceled.

Genevieve reckoned that it was Anthony's order.

But she didn't expect that Anthony would completely ignore Lauraine!

Genevieve visited Selene's mother in the hospital but happened to meet Louis.

He seemed to have known that she was there and waited for her deliberately. They looked at each other in the eye momentarily.

They just stared at each other silently without smiling or making a sound.

She didn't know how she should face him. He was like a mystery to her.

Nevertheless, he approached her with a stoic and indifferent different com expression. He pretended to be calm. "Genevieve, don't you think you're too close to Anthony?"

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Genevieve couldn't feel any warmth although she was under the sun.

All she felt was coldness and chill.

Louis was smiling warmly but his hazel eyes were shrouded in coldness, casting a faint shadow.

He didn't pursue her even after returning, showing her full respect and courtesy.

But he would only give her this kind of respect with the promise that she would be his sooner or later.

Genevieve's heart sank. She frowned at him.

She wasn't sure whether Jeffrey's disappearance had anything to do with him, but she didn't want to act rashly.

"Louis, do I need to report everything to you?" She sneered because she felt disgusted.

Louis looked back at her indifferently. "I'd like to hear it if I can."

Genevieve pursed her lips and stared back at him silently. Then, she turned to leave.

Louis suddenly grabbed her by the arm, laughing. "Alright. You still have a bad temper."

He tightened his grip a bit. "Open the car door and have a look. There is a gift for you."

His voice softened, with only a bit of coaxing.

Genevieve halted in her tracks and looked back as if she saw something through the tinted glass.

Her heart skipped a beat.

There was something in the car that felt dangerous but attracted her attention.

he took a deep breath and walked over nervously.

he opened the door and her face stiffened. She was stunned to see Lauraine tied up in the back of the car.

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With a tape on her mouth, Lauraine could only whimper with bloodshot eyes.

She sat there flustered, with her feet tied behind the seat while her hands tied behind her back. She couldn't move at all.

She glared at Genevieve with an unreconciled expression. Even if her mouth was gagged, she started cursing the moment she saw Genevieve.

Fortunately, her mouth was muffled.

Genevieve remained silent. Louis, who was exuding an icy aura, stood beside her and asked coldly, "Are you happy? She tried to kill you but you've never taken any action. Was it because she's Anthony's sister?"

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat. The fear of the moment she had fallen into the sea resurfaced. Her whole body was shaking.

"No," she denied.

Lauraine still wanted to harm her at this moment. Genevieve had reasons to retaliate but she didn't know how to do it.

She didn't have sufficient evidence. The police might leave things hanging with the influence of the Hoffman family.

Lauraine's status couldn't allow her to be like Andrea who ended up being crazy.

Genevieve suddenly got lost in her own emotions but Louis chuckled. "That's good. I'll help you then."

He went around her and closed the door. Then, the driver started the car and drove away.

When another black Maybach appeared, Genevieve realized that he had come prepared.

When the door was opened, Louis didn't give her a chance to refuse. "Get in."

Genevieve unconsciously got in the car, feeling a little weird.

Louis was sitting next to her, looking relaxed and cozy.

The driver was driving quietly. When they were out of the hospital compound, Louis spoke. "I was busy a few

days ago and just saw the news online. What show did you appear in?"

Genevieve's heart trembled slightly.

She was worried that Louis would find out about her cooperation with Anthony.

It turned out to be the much-hyped variety show.

She breathed a sigh of relief. "It's just a variety show for divorced couples. The producer is my childhood friend and the show needs some hype. I'm doing a favor."

There was no emotion in Louis' eyes. He just smiled. "And Mr. Hoffman is willing to waste time doing this with you."

Genevieve frowned slightly. Only then did she remember Lauraine. "Why is she in your car?"

Louis chuckled disdainfully and mocked, "I don't know who leaked my whereabouts. She waited for me in my car but was arrested by my men. I think both of us almost died in her hands. We shouldn't let her go. You'll be happier if I give her to you. That is what she is worth, isn't it?"

He spoke lightly, with a different kind of sharpness and tranquility.

He still remembered how Genevieve had fallen into the sea.

He felt that she should return the favor but she had only dealt with Andrea, leaving Lauraine behind.

It suddenly occurred to Genevieve that Yvette was the only one who knew Louis'

whereabouts and had the chance to tell Lauraine about it.

With Yvette's hot temper, she would certainly make Lauraine's life miserable.

But what she didn't expect most was that Louis dared to tie Lauraine up openly and bring her as a gift!

She felt a little uneasy. "Where are we going?"

Louis glanced at her smilingly. "The casino."

Genevieve was surprised. Since he let her know directly, she was more at ease.

5/5

Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine This casino was not a real casino, but just a place for recreation, When they got there, Genevieve was a little surprised. This place was an inconspicuous compound in the downtown area.

She used to go there with Selene. It was a private kitchen. The dishes were quite distinctive, so she had to make an appointment.

However, this kind of private kitchen was not uncommon. There were actually more private kitchens than high-end clubhouses. Eventually, Genevieve and Selene forgot about it.

As soon as they got out of the car, someone opened the door in the courtyard.

A middle-aged man in a suit greeted them. "Mr. Fallon, Ms. Lawrence, welcome!"

Although the exterior was not very eye-catching, the interior was decorated with great effort.

Statues of ancient gods were placed on the premises and an elegant fountain was in the lobby. The place looked exquisite.

"Would you like to eat first, or..." The man's voice trailed off but Louis got the idea.

He glanced at Genevieve and stated smilingly, "Let's look at the person first."

As he spoke, he grabbed Genevieve's wrist and cheekily whispered in her ear, "You know, this was originally Anthony's place."

Genevieve looked up abruptly and saw a smirk flash across his eyes.

She suddenly understood that Louis was doing this on purpose.

It would be a disgrace to deal with Lauraine in Anthony's place!

Seeing them whisper, the middle-aged man stepped back tactfully and kept a distance.

Genevieve's expression changed slightly. Her hatred toward Lauraine suddenly disappeared.

She felt that Louis was unfamiliar and terrifying.

She was desperate to know if Jeffrey's disappearance had anything to do with him.

She wanted to ask but she swallowed back her question...

She could only wait and see for now.

There was a hidden door behind one of the statues that not many people would pay attention to.

Louis led her through it and down the stairs. There was no darkness or terror like she had imagined.

Instead, there was a bright orange glow.

It was another world behind the closed door.

There were just a few card tables, chairs, and billiards tables. The environment was clean without any peculiar smell. It wasn't noisy too. Everything shouted elegance.

Those scions who went to clubhouses to gamble would be watched closely but it was the opposite here.

They didn't come here purely for gambling but for entertainment or business interests.

Genevieve scanned around and saw a closed door.

Whimpering sounds could be heard from inside.

Lauraine was in the room.

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Louis smiled and walked over. He pushed open the door.

His hazel eyes were deep and attractive. "Promiscuity or taking drugs? How do you want her to die?"

Genevieve's heart trembled slightly. She looked at him subconsciously.

He appeared serious but gentle in the eyes as if he would take care of the rest once she made her decision.

The lounge was cozy and comfortable. Lauraine was kneeling on the ground, staring at them in shock.

She shook her head in whimpers. Tears of fear were rolling down her cheeks.

Her life and death were in Genevieve's hands now.

She never imagined this would happen. She just found a chance to get close to Louis. She didn't understand why he was doing this to her.

Louis was trying to please Genevieve using this method.

Genevieve felt a chill in her heart.

She was silent for a moment before looking at Lauraine indifferently. "I want to use another method."

Louis raised his eyebrow slightly.

Genevieve walked straight to Lauraine and squatted slowly in front of her, looking icy. "There were surveillance cameras on the cruise ship that day. Are you aware of this?"

Lauraine was silent momentarily. She was puzzled at first but clear of Genevieve's intention. Then she glared at Genevieve provocatively.

She didn't believe Genevieve.

Genevieve chuckled. "Andrea asked Johnson to bully me. Why wouldn't she leave some clips that were against me?"

Hearing that, Lauraine was astounded and she looked at Genevieve with complicated eyes..

Andrea was capable of doing that.

She instructed Johnson to bully Genevieve and provoked Lauraine to loosen the rope.

She didn't do anything on her own but she was the mastermind.

Lauraine looked at Genevieve in horror.

For the first time, she felt panicky and anxious.

Genevieve smiled, her voice cold and dangerous. "I didn't hand over those clips because I wanted to torture you slowly. But now I've changed my mind. Did you know Quincey cheated? I have photos of her sleeping with men! I wonder what will happen if this news is leaked. I'll give you a choice. Do you want me to expose the surveillance clips on the cruise ship or Quincey's photos? The choice is yours."

She wouldn't do something like murder and seeking revenge.

She wouldn't be a slave of hatred.

She had too many ways to make the other party suffer.

Genevieve smiled and removed the tape from Lauraine's mouth.

Lauraine tensed up slightly. There was madness and ferocity in her bloodshot eyes. "Genevieve, you did this on purpose. You deliberately waited for this opportunity today to let my guard down and take revenge on the Hoffman family, didn't you? Why didn't you die in the sea? You are the one who should just die!"

Her face was twisted while cursing loudly.

Louis approached them gradually with a cold face.

As soon as he was close, Lauraine's voice stopped abruptly.

Her breathing turned rapid. She shrank back in fear.

Genevieve looked at her reckless look and couldn't help but chuckle. "Since you love your family so much, I'll post the videos on the cruise ship!"

2/6

Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine She threw away the tape and stood up. When she was about to leave, Lauraine shouted sharply, "No, you can't do that!"

Genevieve gave her a side-eye without saying anything.

Lauraine took a deep breath. "Will you let me go if I make a choice?"

Genevieve replied lightly, "Yes, I will."

She vaguely knew Lauraine's choice.

It was expected of her.

"Okay, I choose to expose my mom," she declared through gritted teeth.

Lauraine was uneasy but she had no other choice..

She believed Quincey had been wronged and Presley would naturally protect her.

Nonetheless, Lauraine couldn't be exposed or her life would be over.

Genevieve nodded. She stood up and took out her phone. Then she sent some photos to Lauraine.

"Post them out now!" Genevieve instructed indifferently.

When Lauraine saw those photos, she was shocked beyond words. Her face flushed but turned pale later.

She had never seen Quincey in such circumstances.

learly seen even Quincey was snuggling in a man's embrace. Her smile could be clearly seen even when she lowered her head.

Although she wore sunglasses and a mask in the photos, her figure was exactly the same as Quincey's.

The man snaked his arms around Quincey's waist and they flirted with each other.

The few photos spoke for themselves.

Lauraine's hands trembled slightly.

She felt vaguely uneasy, thinking, 'Did Mom really have an affair?'

She gritted her teeth and couldn't help shaking.

Genevieve knew that Lauraine had a Twitter account. She didn't post frequently but had many followers since she was the daughter of the Hoffman Group. As soon as she posted those photos, everyone on the Internet would know the news.

Lauraine was nervous but she had no choice.

When she posted the photos, it seemed that her life was sucked out of her body.

She sat there weeping bitter tears.

Genevieve cast her a glance indifferently and didn't say anything more. She turned around and walked out.

Louis gestured at his men to tie Lauraine up again.

The air outside the hidden door was slightly chilled.

Genevieve took a deep breath. The vintage lamps hung slightly under the eaves, making them dimmer.

She was in a complicated state now. She felt at ease but not as excited as she had imagined she would be.

Maybe because the process was too easy.

Louis stood next to her, looking at her gentle and bright profile, his eyes flashing with joy.

So you just let her go like that? You can go back on your word you know." Louis wasn't very trustworthy. He thought that Genevieve was too kind to Lauraine..

Even if Lauraine didn't die, she should at least lose all her standing and reputation.

Genevieve smiled and looked at him.

"Others will leave her in the future for everything she did today. Her good days are coming to an end. Let her have a taste of suffering!"

was certain that Lauraine would be abandoned by the Hoffman family.

was more useful than torturing her because she wouldn't have the Hoffman family to protect her anymore.

6

Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine Louis smiled, his eyes were more longing. "Okay, I'll ask someone to send her away."

In that case, there was no point in staying.

They didn't stay for dinner and walked to the entrance.

Louis coaxed tenderly amidst the cold wind, "Genevieve, you should stand by me. I will want."

give you whatever you

Genevieve felt as though she almost burst from an electric shock. Louis, you don't do anything wrong, did you?"

Louis' eyes were deep and icy. He probed coldly, "What about you? Did you do anything bad against me?"

The two of them questioned each other, which made the other party startled.

Genevieve's heart sank as he repeated the same questions.

Louis smiled swiftly and hid his coldness. "I know you won't. No matter what you've done, I'll forgive you."

They smiled at each other, covering their conflict earlier. When they got in the car, a phone in the storage compartment lit up.

Louis frowned slightly. He picked it up casually to take a look. Then he closed the phone.

Genevieve took a glance at the screen.

Her heart sank when she saw that it was from Stella.

Stella was the spy Louis had sent to Anthony!

Chapter 256

After returning to Lawrence Group, Genevieve felt like she was walking in the middle of a vortex, seemingly looking calm but full of turbulent undercurrents.

Once she entered the office, she found Anthony inside, his side face looking cold and sharp.

"Was Louis the culprit about Lauraine's matter?" asked Anthony.

Genevieve didn't expect that to be the first thing he said but nodded, shaking her head. "It was also me."

She paused momentarily, thinking that she should be honest with Anthony now that she was cooperating with him. "Lauraine went to find Louis, and Louis wanted me to take revenge on her, so he tied her up. I just let Lauraine choose whether to protect herself or Mrs. Hoffman. The result is what you see."

Genevieve didn't put every responsibility on Louis, which was considered merciful enough.

Anthony frowned coldly. "You went out with him? You know how dangerous he is. How can you go with him.

alone?"

"If I didn't go, Lauraine wouldn't have many choices." Genevieve smiled.

With Louis' means, making Lauraine disappear without a trace would be the simplest thing.

Anthony fell silent. The public opinion online was overwhelming with the scandal about Quincey's cheating, with titles such as [Affair of Wealthy Family: Prominent Couples Having Their Own Affairs] and [Quincey Hoffman Secretly Meeting Lover, Daughter Sacrifices Family Bonds for Justice].

Anthony had already asked someone to subside the scandal immediately, but the traces of what happened would always be there.

He also knew Presley must have known about it, so he ordered someone to protect Quincey at once.

Genevieve pursed her lips. "Lauraine probably has been sent back to the Hoffman residence. You can call someone to pick her up. Remember to send her away."

Anthony looked up with a slight tremor in his eyes and thought, 'Is Genevieve letting Lauraine off this easily?'

Genevieve looked at the emerald-carved pine cone on the bookshelf, which was a gift from Jeffrey.

Her chest felt heavy and tight, her voice turning somewhat cold as she uttered, "I don't have time to deal with irrelevant people. I just want Jeff to be safe."

Anthony understood that those hatreds of hers were nothing compared to her family.

He felt slightly sad, his distress for her becoming stronger.

"Gen, I'll do my best-" Before he could finish, his phone suddenly rang.

Glancing at the number, Anthony frowned slightly but answered it.

Presley's angry voice came from the phone. "Get over here! Look at what Quincey has done. How shameless of her. Where did you hide her?"

Feeling exhausted, Anthony only answered briefly and ended the call.

Genevieve thought that it was she who caused all these troubles and wondered why Anthony wasn't bothered at all.

Anthony just smiled calmly and breathed deeply. "I know it can't stay hidden for long. It's better this way. There's no need for everyone to pretend everything's fine anymore."

With that, he took his clothes and looked at Genevieve. "I have good news for you. I've found Grandpa and Grandma's whereabouts. They're in the city where Jeffrey disappeared."

Genevieve shuddered slightly and glanced up at Anthony.

However, Anthony couldn't reveal more information and only waved his hand, walking out tiredly. He went there just to tell Genevieve the good news.

Meanwhile, everyone stayed deadly silent at the Hoffman residence.

Presley angrily smashed things, instantly crashing those valuable antiques and furnishings to pieces.

Even so, he didn't hesitate to keep smashing things at all.

"Let that bitch show up! I have given her an enjoyable life, but how dare she do this to me. The whole world now knows that I was cuckolded. Does she have shame? She'd better come out! Does she still think she can stay in the Hoffman residence? In her dreams!" Presley scolded harshly.

Paige said that the criticism from the netizens was even worse, mentioning that Presley was too old to be sexually active, so Quincey felt too lonely and searched for other men.

Having been the first time at the Hoffman residence, Paige looked around and found that the house was more than a hundred times better than her condominium in the city.

She gently persuaded, "Please don't be angry. Let's talk this through. Maybe Quincey has some misunderstanding..."

"Bullshit. She had gotten her title by seducing me. If it weren't for her skillful means, would I even divorce and marry her?" Presley flushed with anger.

They discussed their privacy without any reservation before the servants, and the servants didn't know how to deal with Paige, who suddenly appeared.

Soon, with the sound of a car heard outside, Quincey drove back herself.

Anthony asked someone to send her away, but she returned to pack some valuables because she thought she had to take some with her.

Hearing the curses inside, Quincey was somewhat scared and felt like running away. Yet, she heard Paige trying to add fuel to the fire inside as she uttered, "Quincey has been your wife for many years, so don't argue with her for this. Even if she cheated on you, she might have done it out of a moment of despair."

Quincey's expression turned pale, and she didn't expect Presley to bring another woman openly to the Hoffman residence.

The fear in her mind gradually turned into resentment and shame, and she wondered how she could get a foothold in the family from now on.

Quincey gritted her teeth and walked straight inside as if in a daze.

The butler, James, was stunned when he saw her and hurriedly stopped her.

"Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Anthony Hoffman asked you to stay in Emerald Villa for a few days..."

3/5

"Get out of my way. This is my home. Why can't I come back? If I don't, other vixens will take advantage of it!" Quincey said through gritted teeth.

When Presley and Paige's scandal was exposed last time, Quincey had to come forward and cooperate with the acting, even having to apologize to the Lawrence family.

When it came to Quincey's turn now, Presley disregarded their relationship instead and made things ugly.

Quincey rushed in directly and looked extremely gloomy upon seeing the mess inside.

"Oh, Quincey, you're back. Don't be mad anymore." Paige sat beside Presley, almost sitting on his lap.

All the servants kept their heads down silently without daring to take a breath.

When Presley saw Quincey, there was undisguised anger and disgust in his eyes. He picked up an ashtray and threw it at her. "Bitch, you still have the nerve to come back?"

Quincey stared at Presley and then at Paige, laughing in exasperation. "You let this bitch here, so why can't I come back? Presley, how dare you pot calling the kettle black. You're not a saint yourself either!"

She threw a wine bottle at Paige. "Bitch, get out of here!"

Paige screamed out of shock and shrank into Presley's embrace.

Presley turned angrier and stood up with a flushed face, pointing at Quincey.

"You-"

He was so emotional that he couldn't catch his breath, and his face suddenly turned pale before leaning straight back.

"Help! Quincey has made Mr. Hoffman faint!" Paige shouted miserably.

Chapter 257

Anthony hadn't originally planned to return to the residence so soon, and he was not a fool, knowing that all the anger would be directed at him if Quincey couldn't be found.

However, James secretly called him and said that Quincey had gone back.

Anthony sped up his car, and once he reached the house entrance, he heard Paige shouting that Quincey had made Presley faint and enter coldly.

Presley was already lying on the ground unconscious, and everyone else was in shambles.

Paige cried miserably while Quincey wrestled with her, rolling in a mess.

"Mr. Anthony Hoffman-" said James.

Anthony shouted with a gloomy face, "Call the doctor!"

The rescue facilities at the residence were well-equipped, but by the time the doctor was done with the examination, Presley already stopped breathing.

The doctor shook his head, indicating that he could do nothing about it. "Mr. Presley Hoffman has been smoking and drinking these days, so his energy is depleted. His body was damaged badly, causing his old diseases to show up. Now that he's having anxiety that results in a sudden heart attack, he can't be saved anymore."

Unexpectedly, Presley didn't make it this time.

Anthony frowned and didn't expect things to go beyond his imagination.

In the past, Presley's physical quality was taken care of by special personnel, but even they couldn't save him now.

Quincey stood still in a panic. Her scandal exposure had caused Presley's death, and if the matter were to be pursued, she could not escape the responsibility.

However, before she could speak, Paige sobbed and walked over, uttering, "Now that things have gotten to this point, there's something important I have to say."

Quincey glared at her angrily, whereas Paige pursed her lips as she uttered, "Actually, Mr. Presley Hoffman left at will."

Quincey's expression changed dramatically, and she wished she could tear Paige up, wondering, 'Would Presley leave all the assets to this bitch?'

She wouldn't be willing to give Paige even a single penny.

However, before Paige could continue, Anthony sneered and interrupted, "Do you need Louis to be present when the will is read?"

Perhaps his voice sounded too indifferent as it caused Paige to freeze slightly. Feeling her heart skipping a beat, Paige nodded.

"Why? Once Presley is dead, the Hoffman family will go to my son, of course. Why do we need Louis present?" Quincey asked, and her fear gradually faded.

She thought, 'After Presley died, nobody would pursue my scandal, and the whole Hoffman family would belong to Anthony. Who can even control me at that time?'

With that thought, Quincey gradually turned confident.

Paige smiled with disdain and replied gently, "Quincey, don't you know that Louis is Mr. Presley Hoffman's eldest son? His real name is Austin Hoffman."

The statement made Quincey's expression change drastically, and even her breathing turned rapid.

Unable to believe Paige's words, Quincey approached Anthony with scarlet eyes. "What did she say? Austin? Ina's son? Did you know this all along?"

Anthony looked up with darkened eyes silently but suddenly realized that the family love between Louis and Presley was fake, and this was the day Louis was truly waiting for.

When he asked who Quincey feared most, it would be undoubtedly Austin and Presley's first crush, Linda, who was away in Atharia.

Louis had played a good hand of tricks, and Presley would get upset whether it was Lauraine's deserved appearance or accidents happening to the members of the Hoffman family.

Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine With or without Genevieve, Louis wouldn't let the Hoffman family off the hook.

Paige gathered her courage to say, "Then let's announce it when the board meeting is held."

Her haughty action caused Quincey to gnash her teeth in hatred, and her smugness made Quincey wonder if she would have a share of the assets in the will.

Anthony glanced at Quincey indifferently and looked at James. "Call someone to send her away."

James nodded tremblingly at the order.

Too many things happened on that day, which truly caught everyone off guard.

Quincey felt uneasy about the situation and breathed deeply. "Where's Lauraine? If it weren't for that stupid brat, I wouldn't have so many troubles. Has she gone crazy or stupid?"

Gritting her teeth angrily, she turned her attention to Lauraine.

At the thought of Lauraine exposing her scandal, Quincey trembled angrily.

Anthony frowned and said coldly, "I sent her abroad. She won't come back again."

Quincey was stunned, looking somewhat surprised, but she quickly returned to her senses. "That's fine. I'll pretend I never have that daughter."

She thought if Presley hadn't died of anger, she would be the one to die today.

Quincey exclaimed inwardly about how lucky she was and uttered, "About the will..."

he wanted to continue, but Anthony had already stood up and interrupted, "Let someone send you to Emerald IIa. Don't show up in public these days, I'll handle the rest."

Quincey paused and nodded, albeit unwilling to accept it.

he didn't want to be the center of the topic anymore since she was still the lady of the Hoffman family, even after losing her husband.

There was no widespread obituary of Presley's death, but even without any mention, the news still spread out, which caused the workers in Hoffman Group to panic.

When Presley was still around, nobody had a problem with Louis' arrival since it was stated that Louis was only replacing Anthony for a few months. Still, everyone was biased toward Anthony, but after Presley died, they were somewhat perplexed about who the future owner of Hoffman Group would be.

It was normal for people to get restless, and everyone began to hesitate whether to continue supporting Louis or get Anthony back to take control of the matter.

The board meeting was scheduled for the following afternoon at Hoffman Group's conference room on the top floor. Louis was modest and gentle as usual, even acting polite to those who disliked him.

He sat gracefully in Presley's seat in a custom-made suit, and nobody dared to comment anything.

Louis' face looked somewhat like Anthony's, but Anthony often acted cold and indifferent evoking Anthony's aura of people awed and distant, thus the vast difference between both men's aura.

Everyone gradually arrived, including Paige and the lawyer, but Anthony was yet to come.

Louis waited patiently without words, listening to others' whispers with no sign of impatience.

He was sure that Anthony would come as this was his last chance.

If Anthony didn't show up, he would be left with nothing once the lawyer announced the will.

Just then, Louis' phone suddenly rang, and everyone in the room instantly turned silent.

Louis smiled and fished out the phone he didn't use frequently from his pocket. His smile froze slightly after he read the message, which stated: [Mr. Frank Hoffman and Mrs. Margaret Hoffman are missing.]

Thinking that the people who were hidden away so well were missing, Louis frowned deeply, and his face inadvertently turned cold.

He checked the time with a complicated expression in his gaze, and the next second, someone shouted, "Mr.

Hoffman is here!"

Chapter 258

Anthony, impeccably dressed in a dignified suit, exuded an aura of rigor and meticulousness as he was escorted into the room, commanding a grand presence.

The conference room was packed with attendees, including not only members of the board of directors but also numerous shareholders, all eagerly awaiting Hoffman Group's future direction.

After a glance around, Anthony took his usual seat, conspicuously unoccupied by anyone else.

The seating arrangement alone was the subject of much speculation.

Anthony's features were sharp and cold, his demeanor aloof yet commanding, radiating an aura of unattainable superiority.

As his gaze met Louis, a tumultuous tension surged between them. It was impossible to conceal.

Behind the veneer of civility, a fierce battle raged with no room for pretense.

A senior director cleared his throat before saying, "Lawyer, please announce the will immediately."

The lawyer, momentarily taken aback, glanced at Louis before standing. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the lawyer appointed by Mr. Presley Hoffman. Allow me to announce the contents of his will," he said.

A hush fell over the room, and everyone listened intently.

Anthony remained silent, seemingly indifferent and unfazed.

Louis' heart sank slightly.

He had ensured there were no loopholes in the will.

"The shares of Mr. Presley Hoffman are to be transferred entirely to Louis. Upon Louis' official takeover of the position of chairman, Austin will reclaim his status as the Hoffman family's eldest son, inheriting control of the family business," the lawyer announced.

His words echoed like thunder in the room, causing a moment of silence followed by an explosive eruption of disbelief.

The room buzzed with speculation. "Louis is Mr. Hoffman's eldest son? But wasn't he supposed to be dead?" one person asked.

"How is that possible? Anthony isn't entitled to anything?" another asked.

"That's right. Mr. Anthony Hoffman has been working for the company for a long time. He deserves something." another person chimed in.

The shocked voices filled the room, drowning out any attempts to suppress them.

At the end of the lawyer's speech, he breathed a sigh of relief and turned to the two figures before him.

Anthony remained unusually composed, seemingly detached from the unfolding drama.

However, one of Anthony's supporters could not contain his outrage, pounding the table and shouting accusations, "This will is a fake! Louis has only been here a month, and you think Mr. Hoffman is leaving him all his assets? Isn't Anthony Mr. Hoffman's son? Everyone knows Hoffman Group has come this far because of Anthony. Didn't Louis recently fill in for Anthony because of Anthony's injury? Do you understand what 'filling in' means?"

The speaker was an elderly director who had a close relationship with Presley and had watched Anthony grow

1. up.

With Louis' arrival, the Hoffman Group had begun to descend into chaos, a situation they were all unwilling to accept.

Genuine sentiments versus pretense, everyone knew where they stood.

Louis' gaze turned cold as he looked at the man, but he didn't get into a heated argument.

Paige, sitting beside him, couldn't help but stand up and say, "I was present when Mr. Presley Hoffman made the will. It couldn't be forged. Mr. Presley Hoffman knew he owed Mr. Fallon, so he wanted to make it up to him. Mr. Anthony Hoffman lacks nothing. I believe he would understand Mr. Presley Hoffman's intentions."

When the senior director heard that, his expression darkened as he pointed at her, saying, "Who do you think you are? What right do you have to speak here?"

Paige's face turned red as she looked to Louis for help.

However, Louis remained silent, and Anthony broke the tense atmosphere with a light chuckle.

The voices in the conference room gradually quieted down.

Louis' expression turned icy as he asked in a deep voice, "Mr. Hoffman, do you have anything to add?"

Anthony's voice sounded cold and indifferent as he said, "You have bribed a lawyer, arranged for a woman to seduce your father, and disrupted the company's contracts and projects. Mr. Fallon, do you want the company, or do you want to destroy it?"

At his words, everyone exchanged glances, while Paige's expression instantly turned pale.

She wondered how Anthony knew Louis had arranged for her to be at Presley's side.

Louis forced back a smile as he looked at Anthony coldly, his eyes filled with unfathomable hatred.

Anthony raised an eyebrow and asked indifferently, "Ms. Linda Hoffman is upright and noble. Does she know you have returned to claim what is yours?"

Louis' expression darkened significantly.

His eyes flashed with a hint of resentment as he glared back at Anthony. He suddenly stood up, knocking over the chair behind him.

The conference room fell silent at his action.

"Anthony, you have already lost, no matter what you say. I'm here to take back what's rightfully mine. The Hoffman family and Hoffman Group are mine," Louis said. His words dripped with an angry tone as if he couldn't bear to hide his arrogance anymore, especially after Anthony had mentioned Linda.

Linda was a noble and righteous person. She had pursued her freedom and the meaning of life with great care, quickly fell in love, and got married.

Presley, however, had never remembered him, which made his birth a source of embarrassment and shame.

Linda had not been so affectionate toward him either.

Louis had done some private investigating on Anthony, the son Presley had hoped for, and he turned out to be outstanding.

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uld have!

That should have been Louis' life.

The mother and son duo had snatched away what belonged to him.

Louis' expression was cold and hateful.

Anthony gently raised his gaze, glanced around the conference room, and said in a low voice, "The meeting is adjourned. Please leave."

His words carried immense weight, causing everyone to leave immediately.

No one dared to wait for another spectacle.

Only two of them were left in the conference room, but the atmosphere was as cold as ice.

Anthony met his gaze, his demeanor distant and icy as he said to Louis, "Your target is not the Hoffman family. You want revenge instead. So you hired a woman to abuse Dad.

dominance."

Louis suppressed the surge of emotion in his eyes, almost losing control.

All his intricate planning had been for that moment.

Therefore, it was immensely satisfying for him to watch the downfall of the family.

'So what? Anthony, you will always be just want to turn your inferior to me. Do you think I care about the Hoffman family? Its ridiculous. efforts into worthless garbage," Louis said. His eyes flashed with fierce determination and hatred.

was the first time he had lost control at the climax of his victory.

le could finally hold his head up high and breathe freely from the heights of strategic planning until now.

Te completely overcame Anthony.

Anthony's gaze was profound as he looked at Louis, saying, "You're the one who took Grandpa and Grandma, right?"

Louis was momentarily stunned, his expression subtly changing as he recalled the message he had received.

He suddenly turned and looked at Anthony.

Anthony gave a faint, mocking smile. before standing up. He said, "Louis, I've already brought them home. You've been taking care of them for a while. However, I hope my brother-in-law, Jeffrey, returns soon. Otherwise, I might expose all your dirty laundry."

His calm demeanor belied the sharpness of his words, which cut like hidden daggers and left no room for compromise.

Chapter 259

Louis' heart sank, and his expression turned cold and grim.

He narrowed his eyes slightly, trying to see if Anthony was lying.

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside. It seemed like everyone was shocked but didn't dare to speak out.

The door to the conference room was pushed open, revealing James. He politely addressed them, "Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Fallon... Mr. Presley Hoffman requests your presence in his office."

Louis' expression changed abruptly at James' words, shocked to know Presley was not dead.

He immediately glanced at Anthony, who seemed composed as if he had already known.

Louis' chest tightened, his eyes blazing with anger as he clenched his fists.

He thought, 'He's not dead? But Paige saw him die. How could that be? Is this Anthony's doing?'

His expression turned dark and stormy as he looked at Anthony, his face contorted with rage.

Anthony grinned slightly, his lips curling into a smile. "After you, Mr. Fallon, it's a shame your will is no longer needed," he said.

His easy dismissal was an indication that Presley was most likely aware of every move in the conference room.

It was clear that Anthony had deliberately orchestrated the situation, allowing Louis to become angry and speak his mind.

It wouldn't have mattered if Presley had really died.

Unfortunately, he had not..

Louis closed his eyes for a moment, realizing that he had failed miserably.

He was the one who lost.

He had been careless, pressing too hard with every move, while Anthony had skillfully avoided confrontation.

Louis, initially cautious, had loosened his guard as he observed Anthony's apparent lack of resistance.

With a cold, steely glare at Anthony, Louis calmly adjusted his clothes before striding out of the room.

"Mr. Fallon, you..." The people outside hesitated to speak.

Louis had already descended from the elevator by the time Anthony left.

He had lost. He saw no reason to continue pretending to be vulnerable to Presley.

Louis was not one to compete for favor. He could accept defeat.

Yet, he would not forget the sting of the humiliation.

James furrowed his brows slightly as he said, "Mr. Hoffman..."

Anthony scoffed, "Since Dad is still alive, Louis won't get a single penny. Do you think he would willingly accompany Dad out of filial piety?"

With a contemptuous chuckle, he swiftly exited via the elevator. He had no intention of seeing Presley as he found it unnecessary.

Anthony had no intention of holding back whether Presley was dead or alive.

Presley survived, and witnessing the scene in the conference room must have opened his eyes.

Anthony had no desire to continue the charade of apology and forgiveness.

James stood silently and could sense a chilling aura in Anthony's gaze as the elevator door closed.

As a father, Presley ended up disappointing everyone.

Meanwhile, Louis was on his way to leave Hoffman Group while Paige stood trembling at the door.

Paige approached Louis when she saw him, saying, "Mr. Fallon, was my performance just now satisfactory? You Said I would receive a share of Presley's assets as long as he died."

Louis' eyes swept over her with cold indifference as if scanning an inconspicuous speck of dust. "If he hasn't died, would you die for him?" he asked.

It was the first time he had spoken so frankly, his chilling emotions leaking out. Paige stood there in shock, watching him get into the car and leave, not daring to approach any closer.

She could only mutter, "Not dead? How could he not be dead?"

Outside Lawrence Group, Genevieve had just finished a business discussion with someone, and her mind was distracted. Luckily, the other party was an old friend and didn't inquire much, simply signing the contract and leaving.

Genevieve sat alone in the lounge downstairs, the sunlight streaming in and illuminating even the wooden tabletop.

She couldn't help but worry about what happened to Jeffrey..

She frowned slightly when Anthony called. Anthony warned, "Louis may come to see you. Don't..."

The call ended abruptly before he could finish his sentence.

Genevieve looked up slightly to see her phone now in Louis' hand.

He stood there with a distant expression, a side of him she had never seen before.

He glanced at the call, ended it, and casually put the phone on the table before her.

Genevieve's heart sank slightly, and she began to panic.

Now, she felt a faint resistance and fear for Louis.

She could not keep her composure, especially considering Jeffrey's disappearance, possibly related to Louis.

Genevieve looked at him in silence.

He was m After a few seconds of eye contact, Louis smiled. His and gentle as he asked,

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

He reached out and lightly tapped her nose before saying, "Didn't I tell you to stay away from Anthony? Why don't you listen?"

Despite his gentle demeanor, his words and tone carried a chilling undertone that sent shivers down Genevieve's spine.

She felt a quiver in her heart, a momentary panic.

Louis' expression darkened slightly at the sight of her pale face.

He held back the bitterness in his heart and smiled. "Why don't you go somewhere with me?" he asked.

Genevieve pursed her lips, her face filled with resistance, yet she maintained her composure. "Where?" she asked.

Louis' hand moved from her face to her hair, smiling as he spoke, "To meet someone you want to see."

His words had a deeper meaning.

Genevieve's heart suddenly pounded.

The person she had in mind was Jeffrey.

She wondered, 'Did Louis bring Jeffrey back?!

Her eyes sparkled slightly as Louis smiled and took her hand. "Let's go," he said.

Genevieve picked up the phone on the table. She wasn't that naive.

Just then, Anthony called again.

When Louis turned to look at her, she hesitated to answer the call. "I don't want Anthony to know where we're going. Genevieve, I risked my life to save you. Don't you trust me?" he said.

Genevieve suddenly remembered the lone figure swimming toward her in the depths of the sea.

She felt something touch her heart, and she felt sad.

There was no way she would forget about that.

Her coldness and suspicion during that time would have undoubtedly hurt his character if Presley's disappearance had not been Louis'.

Genevieve forced a smile and didn't answer the call, putting her phone back in her pocket.

Louis didn't use a driver. He drove himself.

Genevieve suddenly remembered something. "Rumors are saying Mr. Hoffman has passed away. Aren't you busy?" she questioned.

She was unaware of the exact rivalry between Louis and Anthony.

Louis' expression darkened as he twitched his lips slightly. "Not really. The one who should be busy isn't me," he replied.

Genevieve decided not to inquire further, thinking he might have had a falling out with Anthony.

The car headed straight for the docks, which seemed odd to Genevieve.

Just then, she received a message on her phone. Jasper forwarded the eavesdropped information to her phone.

She also heard Louis' phone vibrate, but he didn't respond.

She clicked on the message, pretending to be on her phone.

However, the moment she read it, she felt a chilling sensation envelop her. Everything was buzzing) [Someone Live as set their sights on the heart of that guy with the surname Lawrence.

Chapter 260

Genevieve thought, "The heart of the man with the surname Lawrence..."

Her mind went blank.

All those dreadful thoughts flooded in.

Even her fingers trembled slightly.

She thought, 'It's him!'

Genevieve gritted her teeth as intense emotions surged within her.

The other party was impatient and called Louis.

Louis frowned, impatiently taking out his phone, glancing at it, then hanging up immediately.

He saw the message.

His eyes narrowed slightly before he replied with a single word and turned off his phone.

The next second, Genevieve's phone buzzed and displayed his response.

He texted: [Yes.]

His response felt icy and cold, like the depths of the sea.

Genevieve felt a chill run through her body, shivering uncontrollably.

A deep ache ran through her bones, making her heart feel as if it had been tightly squeezed. Even breathing became difficult and painful.

Louis seemed unbothered next to her. This sent shivers down her spine.

For the first time, Genevieve felt a bone-chilling fear toward someone.

She couldn't believe he could casually put her loved ones in mortal danger before her.

Genevieve suppressed her trembling body and restrained her emotions.

She gritted her teeth. "Who exactly do you want me to meet? Where are we going?"

Louis' expression remained unchanged, as he stepped on the accelerator to speed up.

Genevieve's breath caught, but she held onto her phone and sent her location to Jasper.

However, her phone was taken away the next second.

Louis glanced over, his eyes slightly chilling. After seeing her chat with Jasper, his gaze turned instantly deep.

His complexion remained cool and pale, with a touch of gloom.

Silently, he lowered the car window and tossed the phone out.

Genevieve's expression changed instantly. "Louis!"

Louis accelerated, leaving behind her anger and the phone.

1)

"I treat you as a friend, what do you take me for? A mere pawn?" Genevieve's voice sharpened, her eyes flashing with a hint of crimson.

Her pent-up anger and impatience burst forth uncontrollably.

Louis remained silent, the only sound in the quiet car being her trembling breath.

Soon, the car came to a stop. They were parked at a deserted harbor.

Countless large and small ships lined up, quietly blending into the surging sea behind them.

Louis lowered the car window and glanced at the azure sea outside.

It was a beautiful day with a clear sky.

Inside the car, silence prevailed.

His gentle demeanor slightly retreated, revealing a hint of indifference and coldness stripped of its disguise.

Genevieve pounded on the car door countless times, but it wouldn't budge.

An infinite chasm separated them in the silence as if neither was willing to continue to pretend that all was well.

The briny sea breeze swept in, carrying with it a tang of salt.

Louis' complexion remained calm and serene, but his gaze now held a touch of scrutiny. "When did you find out?"

Genevieve's emotions stirred, but she suppressed them as best she could, striving to remain composed.

"Since you gave me the phone," she answered bluntly.

Since the truth was out, she saw no point in hiding. "Louis, did you give me a phone only to spy on me? After dealing with Anthony, am I your next target?"

She couldn't comprehend and stared at him bitterly. "I thought we wouldn't stoop to this. I trusted you, Louis. But I'm not sure about you anymore. Are you the same person I thought I knew?"

In the past, Louis was gentle and caring. He was willing to risk everything to save her.

Genevieve could feel his love and dedication, his restrained yet profound intensity.

However, she only sensed danger and unfamiliarity from him now.

He was the complete opposite of his former self.

Yet, he was still the Louis she knew.

Louis' eyes bore into her yet his voice remained lightly weighted. "Genevieve, isn't Anthony the one you choose to believe in? Did you think I didn't know you were counter-surveilling?"

Genevieve's face went deathly pale.

Her gaze was a void of darkness, bereft of color.

She stammered, unable to find words in the complexity of her emotions as she was terrified yet furious.

3/5

Louis gently tugged at the corner of his lips, his demeanor carried a hint of aloofness. "You've endured until now, so I presume you also know what Anthony has been up to. Do you think he can help you?"

He reached out his hand, lightly playing with a small trinket in the car.

Genevieve gritted her teeth and took a deep breath. "Why did you do this?"

Louis looked at her and smiled gently. "What do you mean?"

"My brother." Genevieve tried to maintain calm but could not help revealing her emotions. "The message just now was about him, right? Louis, why would you do this? How dare you?"

She could already guess that there was a clandestine underworld syndicate backing Louis.

Coupled with his investments spanning the global pharmaceutical and medical equipment industries, it wasn't difficult to surmise that his motive for engaging in such illicit dealings was for mutual assistance.

Louis chuckled softly as a glint of coldness flashed in his eyes. "He should never have discovered things that he shouldn't know. Nobody asked him to ruin our business.

Genevieve, your brother is formidable. We wanted him to join us, but he refused. We had no choice."

As he spoke, his face seemed to carry a hint of feigned helplessness and regret.

A bone-deep chill emanated from Genevieve's core.

Her eyes stung with unshed tears, which she swallowed down.

While clenching her fists, she pounded on the car window twice. "Open the door!"

She couldn't care less about the numbness and pain in her hands.

All she felt was suffocation.

Another second in here, and she felt she would suffocate to death.

Louis narrowed his eyes and pressed a switch. Upon hearing a soft click, Genevieve pushed the door open and stepped out of the car.

She stood there as she gazed at the sea. The setting sun cast a golden sheen over the distant horizon.

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Her chest heaved with anger. She turned back, her crimson eyes filled with determination. "Louis, you're truly despicable. You knew all along that I was counter-surveilling, so why didn't you just come clean? You I

could have threatened me, warned me, but you didn't. You watched me go to great lengths to find Jeffrey, only to mock me in your heart while pretending everything was fine. Do you know how terrifying you are?"

Genevieve's voice nearly cracked toward the end as she suppressed a low growl, but the rage of anger in her chest showed no sign of diminishing. "How could you be confident that I would forgive and be lenient with you even after seeing you like this? That's impossible. We're foes now!"

From the moment he hurt Jeffrey, they were destined to never be friends again.

Genevieve's gratitude and tenderness for him were gradually disappearing-

Her voice, carried by the sea breeze, penetrated his chest, but he remained unmoved.

He simply smiled, carrying a mixture of pity and complexity. "Genevieve, how could I bear to threaten you?"