

## Submitting 26

### Chapter 26

Genevieve took a bath and tidied up before going out. The sky had already darkened.

She went downstairs with her hair down, lazily stepping on her slippers and muttering, "It's time for dinner. I'm hungry!"

Darrell put away his newspaper and looked up at her, seemingly with a hint of reproach. "It's been a long time since you came back, but all you think about is eating when you come home!" he said.

Genevieve, who had always been pampered at home, walked over and sat beside Darrell. She leaned on his shoulder and retorted, "Oh, what's there to complain about when your little princess is back? Dad, why didn't you go with mom this time when she's out filming?"

The relationship between Darrell and Samantha was so sweet that even Genevieve felt slightly envious.

After handing over the affairs of the Lawrence Group to Jeffrey, Darrell only focused on spending time with Samantha. Whenever she went for filming, the former followed along. No matter how much she tried to drive him away, he would not budge.

After hearing that, Darrell chuckled, reached out, and knocked Genevieve's forehead lightly. "It's all because she's worried about you. She told me to come home to look after you, but she'll be back soon," he replied.

Genevieve smiled happily and thought, 'It feels good to be home after all!'

During dinner, she thought of something and asked, "Dad, I heard that when you were pursuing Mom back then, many others were pursuing her, too. If she had someone else's child back then, would you still be willing to marry her?"

Darrell widened his eyes in shock. When he was about to reprimand her for speaking nonsense, his heart softened instantly as he looked at her features that resembled Samantha's.

He answered, "Yes, I love her and everything related to her."

He paused, suddenly realizing something, and looked up solemnly. "But I don't want you to be like that. You don't need to sacrifice yourself for anyone. In the future, you'll inherit all of my wealth!" he said.

Genevieve's nose tingled, and she immediately lowered her head and laughed while taking a sip of soup to conceal her emotions.

She replied, "Don't worry, Dad. I won't be foolish again."

Of course, she would never sacrifice herself. However, the current Anthony should also have such unconditional and profound love for Rosalie! Otherwise, she could not think of another reason for what they did to her.

Selene invited Genevieve to go to the bar in the evening for some fun. The latter originally wanted to decline but

could not resist the former's warm invitation, so she changed clothes and went over.

Genevieve indeed had not been in touch with her old friends for a long time, so going out to relax was a good idea.

She wore a black spaghetti strap dress that outlined her voluptuous and graceful waist. Her slightly curled hair hung loose behind her ears, and her features were well-defined and beautiful. Yet, she had an aloof and elegant demeanor, giving off a subtle mix of innocence and allure vibe.

The bar was lively and bustling.

As soon as she entered, she instantly caught the attention of many people.

Genevieve glanced around and noticed Selene was not in the private room. Instead, the latter was dancing enthusiastically on the dance floor.

She shook her head helplessly, made her way to the bar, and took a seat.

She ordered, "A glass of beer, thank you."

"Why is a young lady like you drinking beer? Let me treat you! Are you alone, miss?" said the man who suddenly appeared beside her. His smile made her uncomfortable, and his gaze seemed to glow with a predatory light.

He snapped his fingers arrogantly and said, "Bring her the most expensive drink!

I'll pay."

His generous gesture made him seem like a womanizer.

Genevieve pursed her lips and rejected, "No thanks, I don't drink."

It was a rule not to accept drinks from strangers in a bar.

As she spoke, she intended to leave and find Selene.

However, the man squinted his eyes and was unwilling to let go of the opportunity. He grabbed her arm and blurted, "You may not know me, but I know you. You're Anthony's ex-wife. Why did you turn me down? You have to drink this before you can leave!"

Genevieve impatiently shook off his hand. She maintained her usual lazy yet noble look, and her attitude was extremely indifferent. "Who do you think you are? Why should I do you the favor?" she exclaimed.

As soon as she spoke, she angered the man.

He scolded, "Who do you think you are? Stop pretending to be lofty after leaving the Hoffman family! I'm telling you, you have to drink this glass of liquor whether you like it or not!"

Matthias Campbell had long heard from his cousin, Aiden, that she would do anything for money.

He pondered, 'Now that the Hoffman family doesn't want her anymore, what right does she have to act so

That burly man curled up on the ground, howling in pain.

When another man lunged at her, Matthias rushed forward and swung a liquor bottle at Genevieve's head.

However, just as he was about to throw the bottle, a harsh kick landed on him. He fell uncontrollably to the ground three feet away, with his head hitting the steps.

A cold and formidable aura came from behind. When Genevieve was about to lift the chair in front of her to counterattack the burly man behind, she felt a strong force pulling her into someone's arms.

Right after that, a dull thud was heard, and someone took a blow on her behalf.

She could sense the suppressed pain of the person behind her.

She suddenly turned around and was shocked at the sudden appearance of Anthony. For a moment, she could not come to her senses.

He was dressed in black and seemed to blend into the dark surroundings.

At that moment, his sharp facial features were shrouded in a cold aura, and his deep gaze was fixed on her. In a deep voice, he asked, "Are you okay?"

Genevieve shuddered slightly and pursed her lips.

Anthony turned around and delivered a ruthless kick towards the burly man who had attacked them from behind.

His movements were quick and agile.

The burly man let out a wail.

No one else dared to come near them.

For a moment, almost no other sound could be heard in the bar except for the booming music.