

Submitting 261

Chapter 261

Louis' business was like an iceberg on the ocean's surface. It appeared clean, vast, and seemingly pure.

However, beneath this noble purity lay the unseen blondy peaks, the colossal mountain ranges submerged beneath the sea, the black empire hidden from view. Some would naturally steer clear upon seeing the iceberg, but those who dared to explore would only meet a grisly end, their bones crushed to dust, leaving no trace behind. Jeffrey was among those who vanished without a trace, having opted to conceal the truth rather than reveal it. However, concealment had its limits and eventually, it erupted.

"Genevieve, I love you. I'm willing to spare Jeffrey's life if you would come with me." Louis' expression changed slightly. Uttering these words was ultimately a concession for him, but to Genevieve, it sounded absurd. She said, "Louis, you want us to pay the price for your selfish and dangerous emotions? Anthony has already found Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret. Your secrets will be exposed soon. Do you still think you can control everything?"

Louis' eyes instantly darkened as he asked, "Do you trust Anthony that much?"

Genevieve met his gaze squarely, her beauty transparent and fearless. "At least I dare to say he won't harm my loved ones. But what about you? You keep telling me that you love me, how devoted and infatuated you are. But deep down, you know you don't love me. You love Anthony's ex-wife, no matter who she is."

A dense fog of darkness rose in Louis' eyes, emanating a chilling aura.

Genevieve had spoken so bluntly that Louis could not have been unmoved. He pushed open the door, the sea breeze causing his shirt to billow slightly.

Genevieve, I'm willing to risk my life for you. Isn't that proof enough of my love for you? You don't trust me, yet you trust Anthony, who has hurt you. Is that fair to me?" His voice sounded icy cold.

felt as though silence enveloped them, drowning out any other sound.

Genevieve endured the sharp pain in her chest. A cold smirk played at the corner of her lips. "The facts speak for

themselves. I shouldn't have trusted you, should I? You can take my life if you want, Louis, but don't even think about trading it for my family's thres. Otherwise, I won't spare you?"

Louis' eyes twitched slightly His face was rigid, enveloped in an unshakeable chill and darkness.

The two stood in confrontation for a few seconds.

Suddenly, Louis smirked, his lips curling into a cold smile as he took a few steps forward, closing the distance between them. "You won't spare me, huh? All right, I be waiting His voice was cold and clear, devoid of any emotion.

At the harbor, a ship swayed gently as a tall, slender figure emerged, waving in their direction.

Louis narrowed his eyes, then grabbed Genevieve's wrist and headed toward the figure with determination.

This time, he exerted all his strength without a hint of mercy or hesitation.

He wanted her love, but if it was impossible, he would settle for her compliance.

Her love or her body, he decided he had to at least obtain one.

Genevieve desperately tried to free herself from his grip but to no avail. "Louis, let go. At this point, there's nothing left to say between us."

Louis walked ahead, showing no signs of releasing her hand.

The next second, his phone rang.

It was his secret spare phone.

As Louis furrowed his brows, he answered the phone, "Speak." His tone sounded hostile.

The voice on the other end reached Genevieve's ears. "Numerous peacekeeping forces are appearing at sea and we're surrounded. Damn it, you better run, too. The news likely leaked from your end."

The person hung up the phone after finishing speaking.

Louis' expression darkened, a storm brewing in his eyes.

His face contorted with disbelief and defeat. "Anthony No one else but him could pull this off He had rescued Frank and Margaret, then staged Presley's fake death to reclaim the company.

Now, he had somehow eradicated Louis' forces.

The black empire at sea, once untouchable, now lay in ruins.

Louis involuntarily tightened his grip on Genevieve's wrist.

In a moment of panic, Genevieve gasped, her chest tightening as she held back her emotions. "Louis, release me." Jeffrey. I won't say a word if you leave now. Consider it repayment for saving my Louis tilted his head slightly, his angular profile exuding bone-chilling coldness.

With a cold chuckle, he tightened his grip on her wrist and pulled her toward the ship with even more force.

Upon sensing his unwavering determination, Genevieve's heart sank. She exerted all her strength to break free.

However, Louis remained unmoved, shedding his gentle demeanor to reveal a sharp and dangerous edge.

Suddenly, they heard the approaching sirens, and Louis' face paled as several police cars raced toward them.

Upon hearing the sound, Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief, feeling as though her defenses were finally in place.

As the vehicles drew nearer, before Genevieve could even rejoice, Louis impatiently hoisted her onto the ship.

Shocked, Genevieve shouted, hoping to attract attention. "Louis, you can't escape now. Let me go!"

However, he showed no fear or hesitation as he leaped onto the deck of the ship.

The people on board treated him with respect. "Mr. Fallon, shall we set off now?" one of them asked politely.

Louis placed Genevieve aside, gripping her hand tightly, and nodded. "Let's go."

The police cars had reached the harbor, including a black Maybach from which Anthony alighted.

He sprinted down and immediately caught sight of Genevieve being held by Louis.

Genevieve' heart skipped a beat but she was unable to articulate her feelings.

However, in that instant, she had a sudden realization that those who were willing to offer their help might not have entirely malicious intentions

sta Louis cast a cold gaze at the police officers and at Anthony The engines of the ship roared to life.

A lean man beside Louis handed him a gun.

Louis received it calmly, weighing it in his hand before turning to look at Genevieve.

Genevieve's heart sank, a chill washing over her.

He scoffed lightly, "Genevieve, I won't harm you. Be obedient."

He tugged at Genevieve's wrist, pulling her closer, but she stiffened and resisted.

He stood behind her and pressed the gun against her temple.

Genevieve closed her eyes.

At that moment, she felt as if her heart was vast and desolate, surrounded by a profound silence.

All the lingering anxieties and conflicts she had previously harbored were now set aside.

The once fiery blood coursing through her veins gradually cooled.

Anthony's face contorted as he rushed forward. "Louis, it's me that you hate Come for me and release Genevieve!"

The police quickly surrounded the area. "Release the hostage!"

The harsh sea breeze cut across their faces, a biting reminder of the cold reality.

Louis chuckled. "Anthony, thanks to affect te your interference, I am left with no escape route Sinde you hold such affection for Genevieve, why not offer your life in exchange?"

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Genevieve's eyes grew slightly warm, her chest heavy with indescribable anxiety.

The pounding of her heart felt as if it would burst through her chest, shattering her bones.

Anthony stood at the forefront, tall and imposing. He exuded a commanding yet resolute aura.

His expression visibly hardened. "All right, what do you propose?"

Louis cast him a glance. "Jump into the water and drown," he said solemnly.

A shiver ran through Genevieve's body.

Upon sensing her fear, Louis chuckled softly. "Don't worry, he won't..."

Before he could finish, Anthony leaped into the water.

Gasps erupted from the crowd.

Genevieve's heart sank, her voice trembling with shock and anguish. "Anthony..."

She didn't want him to die.

Despite her hatred and their irreconcilable differences, she couldn't bear the thought of him perishing, but he had jumped without hesitation.

A surge of waves crashed against the rocks on the shore, gradually calming the sea.

No one emerged from the water.

Everyone stared in disbelief at the expanse of the ocean.

This was the sea, a place where countless souls had been claimed by its relentless waves.

Few had ever survived such an ordeal without proper tools and preparation. No one believed that Anthony could emerge unscathed.

The authorities immediately dispatched a rescue team.

Louis furrowed his brows slightly, his expression momentarily darkening.

He didn't believe Anthony would die for Genevieve and thought the latter must have a hidden scheme at play.

The police officers closed in with their firearms. "Let go of the hostage!"

Louis stepped back slowly.

His demeanor betrayed a sense of uncertainty and brooding coldness.

He kept his grip firm on the gun, its icy barrel still pressed against Genevieve's forehead.

However, the boat had already started moving, and their departure would not be swift. The authorities would soon catch up to them.

This was one of the reasons why Genevieve refrained from making any rash moves.

She knew that Louis couldn't get away.

Her steps faltered backward, her body stiff and her face grim to the extreme.

Yet, her entire being was still caught in the moment when Anthony had plunged into the water.

Her heart sank heavily, like a weight descending into the depths of the ocean.

Tears welled up in her eyes, threatening to spill out uncontrollably. She trembled, trying to regain her composure.

From behind, the thin, tanned man shouted, "Mr. Fallon, abandon ship!"

A buzzing roar echoed from the left rear of the boat.

A speedboat raced from the front to the side of the larger vessel.

The police boats had not yet arrived, giving Louis and his group a chance to escape.

Louis stepped back vigilantly and said in a cold voice, "Genevieve, come with me. I won't hurt you."

He pulled Genevieve's arm, positioning her in front of him.

Just as he was about to toss Genevieve onto the speedboat, she suddenly reached back, grabbing his arm and swiftly shifting her weight, pushing him forcefully downward.

In the next moment, his entire body involuntarily leaned downward in shock.

As Louis crashed heavily onto the speedboat, a gunshot shattered the silent sea.

Bang!

Genevieve's face turned ghostly pale with shock as she watched Louis being shot in the chest while struggling to hold onto the submarine.

A figure emerged from the depths of the boat, disheveled yet resolute.

Anthony had been waiting for this moment. With a gun in hand, his gaze was as fierce as a hawk's, intense and piercing.

The gunshot that rang out earlier had been fired by him.

In an instant, dark red blood gushed out, staining Louis' pristine white shirt.

His eyes betrayed a sense of unwillingness and helplessness as he sank into the depths of the sea, like a powerful leopard slain by a hunter in the abyss.

Only a pool of undispersed dark red blood remained on the surface, gradually spreading and dissipating as the waves washed over it.

Upon seeing the situation turn unfavorable, the thin, tanned man attempted to escape on the speedboat.

However, the police immediately opened fire, causing him to slump on the boat, his face ashen and on the verge of collapse.

Soon after, the police boats surrounded them, and they pulled Anthony aboard.

An officer kindly provided Genevieve with a warm towel and helped her onto the shore, her body still stiff and her face drained of color.

Some went down to retrieve bodies, while others hauled up the thin, tanned man from the speedboat. Soon after, an ambulance arrived.

They rushed Anthony and Genevieve to the hospital, while the thin, tanned man was pronounced dead on the spot.

Accompanied by police officers on the way to the hospital, one of them reassured Genevieve, "It's all over now, Ms. Lawrence. You don't need to worry. Louis can't harm you anymore. His subordinate was a wanted criminal. Have you seen him before?"

Genevieve shook her head, her heart filled with a complex and somber feeling.

It was like a giant rock crashing down on her heart, reminding her that life's twists and turns were always unexpected.

Louis was likely dead. There was little chance he survived being shot in the chest, even if he could swim.

It was over before she could get her hatred to the bottom of it.

"Thanks to Mr. Hoffman contacting us in time, we were able to catch up to you. Otherwise, if you had been taken away, the consequences would have been unimaginable," the police officer said. "Take a rest for now.

Once you're feeling better, we'll take your statement."

Anthony emerged from inside, having changed into clean clothes. He glanced solemnly at Genevieve, pursed his lips, and walked over. "Gen, let me take you home."

Genevieve nodded.

The moment when she saw that Anthony was still alive, she felt a fleeting moment of happiness and relief.

Perhaps it was simply because she no longer carried the burden of an innocent life lost.

Genevieve followed Anthony downstairs to the car waiting for them, driven by his driver.

Bending gracefully into the car, she was greeted by a pleasant scent, which helped her relax slightly.

Anthony handed her a hot beverage. "Gen, it's all over now," he said reassuringly.

"How did you know I went to the dock?" Genevieve asked, puzzled.

It should have been Jasper who came to pick her up.

Anthony pursed his lips and smiled.

"You hung up the phone, so I went to find you. When you sent your location to Jasper, I was already waiting for you at Lawrence Group. Of course, I knew where you were."

His deep gaze fixed on her as if she were a precious treasure, fragile and delicate, to be handled with care but not to be touched recklessly. Genevieve took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Will Louis die?"

The events of today had unfolded too abruptly. His demise seemed too effortless.

Anthony paused, a fleeting hint of casual coldness and sarcasm crossing his eyes. "Perhaps. If he perishes, we should rejoice. At least Mr. Lawrence stands a chance of returning safely."

Genevieve's expression darkened slightly, but her heart surged once again.

Louis had never entertained the thought of sparing Jeffrey. According to him, once Jeffrey became privy to their secret, they wouldn't spare him.

At that thought, Genevieve smiled. "That's right, Jeff is more important." Anthony pursed his lips. "I know you're compassionate. You feel indebted to him for saving you, don't you? You don't wish for his demise, do you?"

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Anthony's words caught Genevieve off guard, causing her to stiffen.

He sighed and reached into the car's drawer to retrieve a photo.

Genevieve's eyes widened as she looked at the person in the photo.

Someone in a diving suit was waving at the camera in the depths of the ocean. It was Louis.

To be exact, it was Austin's face.

She had no idea he was into deep diving.

Anthony said sarcastically, "He did save you, but not at the risk of his own life. He's always been an enthusiast of deep diving. This is a photo from a few years ago when he broke the international deep diving record, the only existing visual record of him doing so. He was extremely cautious and nearly destroyed all the evidence. Moreover, are you aware of the reason behind the cruise ship mishap, Gen?"

He changed the topic to something they had previously avoided discussing.

Genevieve frowned and looked at him indifferently.

Anthony smirked, a trace of coldness flashing in his eyes. "Before the cruise ship incident, he acquired Turing Tech Innovations from Johnson, pushing him to the brink of insolvency due to exorbitant interest rates. Then, he instigated Andrea to deal with you. Andrea approached Johnson, whose efforts proved futile. On the cruise ship, she spotted an opportunity for Lauraine to act..."

Every word he said was crystal clear as he watched Genevieve's complexion turn pale. She was fragile yet tenacious.

She would cry, eliciting sympathy, but she never admitted defeat, just as she did at that moment.

He expected her to be upset, but instead, she raised her head, eyes filled with skepticism, and challenged him. "Say whatever you want, but you must provide evidence to support it."

Anthony smiled and picked up an inconspicuous folder beside him. "Andrea couldn't afford the money to repay Johnson's high-interest loans. The funds were transferred from overseas to her mother's account, and then from

her mother's account to her account. I checked, and the overseas account belongs to Ms. Linda Hoffman."

Genevieve frowned, her heart pounding, as she looked at the transfer records.

She did not understand how Anthony could get into such intricate details, but she was confident he would not lie about such trivial matters.

Her heart sank as she read through it, giving off a chilly aura.

Every breath she took was filled with mixed feelings.

Louis' sincere acts had led her to believe that it was all a coincidence.

She had once felt guilty for rejecting his sincerity.

But now, all the evidence seemed to point to him.

'Is it really a coincidence that he jumped down back then? How did he manage to bring me to Atharia across the vast ocean?' she mused.

She gritted her teeth and tore apart all the evidence.

Her chest heaved with anger as she lowered the car window. "Damn it! I would never have expected it."

'How dare he set me up? Even a minor mishap would have resulted in my death!' she exclaimed inwardly.

When she realized she had been ignorantly grateful to Louis, the mastermind, she felt foolish.

Anthony chuckled, watching as Genevieve swiftly regained her composure.

She remained the same, not afraid to express her emotions.

Later, Anthony diverted her attention by discussing matters concerning the Hoffman family.

Nevertheless, Genevieve remained upset.

She could not believe she had placed her trust in a scheming man.

Anticipating Darrell's concern, Genevieve was reluctant to go back.

Darrell, on the other hand, was well aware of her situation and was waiting for her to return to Hoffman Group.

When Genevieve saw Darrell, she hesitated briefly before smiling and walking toward him. "Dad, why are you here?"

Darrell furrowed his brows and said with a solemn expression, "I heard from Jasper that you got into some trouble, so I came to find you. But then he said you were fine, so I decided to wait here for you!"

Genevieve pursed her lips, walking over to stand behind him and gently massaging his shoulders. "Jeffrey discovered Louis' illicit business dealings, and Louis' men sought to silence him. Now that Louis is dead, things are likely to become chaotic. Dad, I want to go abroad for a while."

Darrell suddenly widened his eyes, decisively refusing, "No, you know how dangerous there is. You can't just go there!"

"Dad, Jeffrey's situation can't wait any longer. If I just sit here and do nothing, Jeffrey will remain in danger. I have to go there myself. Regardless of the outcome, I am putting an end to it," she replied.

Darrell's face darkened. "No, Gen, you're our only daughter. I can't let anything happen to you. I plan to go there myself. You should stay and accompany your mother."

Genevieve paused for a moment and softened her tone, patiently explaining, "Dad, don't worry. All's well that ends well. I won't get into trouble. Besides, if you go, Mom will undoubtedly follow you, and then it will be chaos." Genevieve kept talking incessantly, but she couldn't dispel Darrell's thoughts.

she had made up her mind, and Darrell could not change it.

he next day, Hoffman Group clarified the rumors surrounding Presley's "death," stating that he was merely hospitalized due to illness.

esley also announced that he would hand over full control of the Hoffman Group to Anthony and retire from tive involvement in business affairs.

e announcement caused a stir in the industry, even though it was already widely known.

Luis' career with the Hoffman Group was brief, and everyone seemed to have forgotten about it.

Within a few days, Anthony had overturned all of the businesses he had taken over, ushering in a new era for Hoffman Group.

However, Louis remained elusive.

The authorities suspected that he might have been swept away by the sea waves, with no chance of survival.

When Anthony finally found time to look for Genevieve, she had already boarded a plane heading overseas.

Genevieve rushed to a hotel in Friyx.

Susan, Jeffrey's secretary, was frantic and had a bad complexion.

Feeling guilty and upset, she apologized to Genevieve, "Ms. Lawrence, I'm sorry.

It's all my fault for not keeping track of Mr. Lawrence's whereabouts in time."

Genevieve forced a smile, unsure of how to comfort her.

People from Lawrence Group had looked everywhere, but there was still no sign of Jeffrey as if he had vanished into thin air.

As soon as Genevieve finished unpacking and settled in, Darrell called her.

His voice was anxious. "Why are you so disobedient?"

He had already learned of Genevieve's departure.

Genevieve chuckled softly, feigning ease. "I travel abroad several times a

year, either for shopping or fashion shows. Let's just say I'm here to relax. Dad, is there anyone who can assist us here?"

Doing it alone would be hopeless, but with help, the chances would improve significantly.

Jarrell hesitated for a moment before mentioning a few names. "Genevieve, you must prioritize your safety.

our safety is the most important."

le reminded her countless times. Genevieve's heart warmed as she hummed in appreciation.

fter hanging up the phone, Genevieve was about to leave when a message from an unknown number popped p on the phone. [If you want to save Jeffrey, bring Louis over!]

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The moment Genevieve saw that message from an unfamiliar number, her heart sank.

The sender knew she was there but was unaware of Louis' demise.

Based on the message, Jeffrey was most likely still safe.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief and immediately contacted the authorities in her home country, instructing them to keep Louis' death under wraps so that she could have a chance to deal with those people.

Jasper knocked on the door and entered. "Ms. Lawrence, are you staying at the manor or the hotel?"

Genevieve hesitated for a moment. "Hotel"

Staying at the manor would draw too much attention, making it difficult to gather information.

"By the way, help me make an appointment with Wayne Snyder," she said.

Darrell informed her that he was acquainted with Wayne Snyder but was unsure whether he would be willing to help.

After all, it had been more than a decade, and things had changed.

Jasper paused. He had prepared adequately before meeting her.

Among the four prestigious families in the area, the Simpson and Snyder families were Clusian, while the other two were foreign families.

In terms of power, both sides were equally matched. Naturally, Clusian families had close relationships, while foreign families were xenophobic.

Wayne conducted a lot of business, especially in commercial properties. The Snyder family dominated almost every city's streets, making them a thorn in foreign companies' sides.

As a result, investigating Wayne was easy.

On the contrary, the Simpson family had maintained a low profile over the years. The more low-key they were,

the better they were at hiding their true power.

As a result, the majority of the information gathered was about the Snyder family.

Jasper nodded and walked out.

In the end, they couldn't secure a meeting with Wayne as his schedule was booked until next year.

"Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Snyder is not making an excuse. I've heard about him. Every hour of his day is meticulously planned. However, he will be attending the graduation ceremony at your alma mater, Leyland University, tomorrow afternoon," Jasper reported.

Genevieve was both shocked and puzzled. "With such a busy schedule, why would he go to such an event?"

Jasper pursed his lips. "I heard that he built over a dozen libraries and buildings for the university. That's why he was appointed as an honorary chancellor. He lacks education but enjoys the status of a cultural figure. He attends every university event."

Genevieve was nonplussed. After a pause, she said, "That's great. I'll pay a visit to the university as well."

After getting married three years ago, she hadn't returned to her alma mater. She was starting to miss it.

Genevieve had to meet with Wayne no matter what because she couldn't save Jeffrey on her own.

After packing her belongings, she headed to Yowhayton.

Genevieve had contacted her professor in advance, so she faced no obstacles upon arrival.

She wore a simple casual dress and walked around the campus. With a jewel- adorned, colorful cap perched on her head and her curly, long hair, she appeared radiant and youthful, attracting attention from passersby.

With a smile, Genevieve quickened her pace as she imagined her professor waiting impatiently in the office.

Just as she passed the fountain in the square, where many students were taking graduation photos, a foreign guy with a beaming smile approached her. "Can you take a photo for us?"

Genevieve paused for a moment, then smiled and replied, "Of course."

She felt happier as she took the camera from him and followed along, drawn in by the lively atmosphere.

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Don't Be Stupid, Use a Hydraulic Press Machine Dozens of students were dressed elegantly and smiling at the camera.

As Genevieve pressed the shutter button, the foreign guy suddenly waved to someone behind her. "Over here! You're the last one!"

Genevieve turned her head slightly and saw a handsome Clusian. He simply stood there, giving off a gentle aura.

Without looking at Genevieve, he walked into the midst of the group.

Two female students eagerly linked arms with him, smiling at the camera.

They looked like classmates who had attended university together.

Genevieve waved her hand. "The guy in the middle, look at the camera and smile!"

However, the Clusian remained unfazed, staring at the camera without smiling and pretending to be serious.

Puzzled, Genevieve frowned.

Compared to the other students, he seemed out of place.

With a touch of perfectionism in her heart, Genevieve set down the camera and said to the man in the center, "Come on smile! Show us your teeth!"

The people beside him were slightly stunned and didn't know how to react.

Eventually, the man finally cracked a smile.

Although it was a smile, it seemed forced.

Genevieve was pleased and took the photo.

Click!

Satisfied, Genevieve handed the camera back to the handsome guy and turned to leave.

"Wait, your phone..." A clear and gentle voice came from behind. Genevieve looked back and saw the man who had faked a smile earlier.

Genevieve frowned slightly, having heard that pickup line before.

She immediately quickened her pace. "Sorry, I can't give you my phone number!"

She wanted to get away from him.

After all, being too beautiful and charming could be quite troublesome.

The man behind her paused slightly, squinted, and raised his voice a bit. "You don't want your phone anymore?"

Genevieve halted and immediately reached for her bag.

Her phone wasn't in her bag. She remembered putting it in the pocket of her dress, but it was too small. Her phone was gone.

Her expression changed slightly, and she turned back with a gentle smile, brushing her hair back. "Thank you..."

She reached out to take the phone, her demeanor completely different from before.

However, the man calmly placed her shiny phone into his own pocket and said, "No need to thank me first. This doesn't prove that the phone is yours."

Genevieve paused and took a deep breath to avoid losing her cool.

She took out her wallet and smiled. "I understand. How much do you want? Cash or online transfer?"

The man raised an eyebrow and smiled, much more naturally than when his photo was taken previously.

They were standing next to a fountain pool.

Standing there, Genevieve could feel the cool breeze.

She took a stack of cash with a smile and handed it to him.

Genevieve knew that students at that university would not come from poor families, so she offered him a generous amount.

The man glanced at it and smiled, but didn't take it. "I'm Lucas Simpson," he said inexplicably, leaving Genevieve puzzled.

I didn't ask for his name. Maybe he is unsatisfied with the amount I offered?' she pondered.

Genevieve frowned, feeling pressed for time.

She took a step forward, smiling gently, and unbuttoned the top button of Lucas Simpson's shirt.

Under his surprised gaze, she slipped the money inside and said softly, "Don't be embarrassed. It's just a little gift from your senior. I'm in a hurry!"

Coincidentally, Genevieve's phone, which was in Lucas' pocket, rang. Genevieve smoothly reached for it without hesitation. "Hello, Professor?"

She turned to answer the call, but Lucas, holding something in his hand, maneuvered to her front.

Genevieve, feeling annoyed, pushed him.

As a result, Lucas stumbled and fell into the fountain pool, eliciting a surprised shout from those around him.

"Professor!":

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Genevieve subconsciously looked back and saw the man fall into the water.

But on the other end of the phone, her professor said apologetically, "I have to go on a business trip, Genie, I asked another professor to pick you up. His name is Lucas Simpson. You can ask him for help if you need anything."

Genevieve's smile froze.

She could no longer smile.

If this call came a minute earlier, it wouldn't be like this!

Genevieve hung up the phone and hurriedly pushed past other students to look at the drenched professor standing up from the fountain pool.

His figure was thin, smooth, and powerful without any flaws. Unfortunately, the outline revealed by his white shirt was a little tempting.

"Professor Simpson, are you okay?"

The students gathered around and were very concerned.

Lucas looked at Genevieve quietly and sighed.

Genevieve forced a smile and held out her hand.

"Professor Simpson, can I help you up?"

Genevieve thought, 'I hope it's not too late to make up for it!'

Lucas also reached out his hand.

Genevieve seized the opportunity to pull him up.

However, someone suddenly bumped into Genevieve before she could pull Lucas up. Genevieve leaned forward and subconsciously let go of her hand.

Lucas fell back again.

Although he didn't fall down, he staggered a few steps. It was so embarrassing.

The onlookers were all shocked!

Even Lucas was surprised. He looked at Genevieve with complicated eyes.

Genevieve's face turned pale, and a hint of embarrassment flashed across her face. Then she looked at Lucas with a stiff smile.

"Professor Simpson, you won't believe me if I said I didn't do this on purpose, would you?"

She didn't expect that Lucas would be the person who was arranged by her professor.

And she happened to push him into the water!

Before they got to know each other, she completely offended him.

She really didn't know what to do!

Lucas took a deep breath, walked to the side, and came out calmly with his long legs. He was wet all over and a little embarrassed, but he still apologized to others gently and politely.

Then he walked in the opposite direction calmly.

Genevieve thought for a while and then followed him humbly.

"Professor Simpson, I'm sorry. My professor told me a minute late and I didn't know you were Professor Simpson."

Lucas went into the office and ignored Genevieve. There was a lounge inside. He went in to clean up, changed his clothes, and came out again.

Genevieve made herself at home, sitting in Lucas's chair and looking out the window.

Her profile was very beautiful, with a high bridge of nose and a delicate chin. She was indescribably bright and gorgeous.

Lucas walked over and said faintly, "Tell me. What can I do for you?"

Genevieve immediately put on a smiling face and said vividly, "I want to see Wayne. Can you find a chance to introduce him to me?"

Lucas froze slightly and looked at her gently.

"It's not difficult to see him. The hard part is to attract his attention, or he won't even talk to you!"

What Lucas said was very straightforward. Many people wanted to know Wayne. It would be surprising if Wayne could remember them!

Genevieve hesitated for a few seconds and smiled.

"Don't worry. As long as I can see him, I'll take care of the rest!"

Surprised, Lucas looked at her and nodded.

He took her directly to the auditorium where the graduation ceremony was being held.

Genevieve wanted to soften their stiff relationship.

"I thought you would refuse to help me because of the misunderstanding just now. I didn't expect that you were such a broad-minded person. You are so kind!"

Lucas' expression was a little subtle. He wanted to laugh at her compliment, but he held it back..

He was not aggressive, but relaxed and leisurely. He didn't put on airs.

There were a lot of people in the auditorium, and some stood at the gate.

It was Wayne who stood the stage and turned the tassel for the graduates.

Wayne had a rough face. He was tall, wearing a custom-made suit. He was moved with tears when he turned the tassel for the graduates. He advised every student to study hard and make progress every day after leaving the campus.

Wayne was the most devoted person in this auditorium.

Lucas raised his eyes.

"This is the person you are looking for. After it is over, he will go to the banquet to give a speech. You can only get close to him at the banquet."

Genevieve nodded speechlessly. Why did she feel that Wayne was unreliable?

She thought about how to attract his attention later.

Genevieve followed Lucas to the prepared banquet hall.

There were already a lot of people here, and everyone was talking and laughing casually.

Lucas brought two cocktails and handed one to Genevieve.

"I can only take you there later, but what you want to do is your own business."

Genevieve was surprised he could help her like this.

"I see, Professor Simpson. I really appreciate your help!"

"Don't mention it. Didn't you give me pocket money?"

Lucas smiled gently, with a slight banter.

Genevieve smiled awkwardly. The money was soaked by the fountain. That was a terrible scene to think of!

After a short while, Wayne walked in, laughing and talking with the others.

When students passed by to greet him, he would say, "The more you learn, the better you get!"

It was the same sentence, over and over again.

Genevieve tutted in surprise. Lucas smiled, "He only knows this idiom, which foreigners think is awesome."

Genevieve nodded knowingly.

Lucas patted her arm and said, "Let's go!"

Genevieve immediately followed, holding his right arm. The cocktail was still in her right hand. Something occurred to her.

Genevieve drank all her wine, and Lucas took a look in shock.

She drank it before she made a toast?

Lucas wanted to say something, but he hesitated.

They had walked to Wayne.

Lucas could only turn his head away stiffly.

"Mr. Snyder..."

Before he could finish, he felt that his right hand suddenly tremble and the wine in the glass splashed at Wayne.

Wayne was still smiling kindly. Yet, there were wine stains on his body.

Both of them suddenly were stunned.

Lucas glanced at Genevieve in shock.

Before he could say anything, Genevieve immediately said, "Professor Simpson, you are so careless. Is it because you are too excited to see Professor Snyder?"

We

"You are eager to listen to Professor Snyder's instructions, and even are moved hope Professor Snyder will not be angry."

Genevieve stood there obediently, looking sincere and worried.

She looked like a good student who was modest and cautious.

Didn't she have to attract attention?

It would be more effective to splash it directly on his face, but she was afraid that it would backfire, so she restrained herself a little.

She had no choice but to embarrass Lucas.

She would make amends and apologize to him later.

Genevieve acted so polite and kept calling him Professor Snyder. Wayne was in a better mood now.

After all, this title was so decent!

It sounded better than Mr. Snyder!

He looked at Lucas and asked with a I didn't expect you to smile, "Lucas, I didn't admire me so much and want to listen to my advice."

Chapter 266

He glanced at Genevieve approvingly, then put down his glass.

"Your student is very kind and self-motivated. But my experience is a long story..."

Genevieve smiled, "Then let's make a long story short. Professor Snyder, there is actually a problem at the moment. We would be very grateful if you could give us some advice!"

Wayne glanced at Lucas and said with a smile, "Lucas, can't you solve your girlfriend's problem? Or do you admire me so much that I'm the only one who can do it?"

Lucas was speechless. He wanted to deny these two sentences.

But Genevieve secretly tugged at his sleeve and said with a smile, "Of course, you are the only one who can do it!"

"Well, I'll give you a few minutes. Let's talk in a quiet place!"

Wayne patted the stains on his body. He worked in such a famous university, so he should pay attention to his image!

Genevieve nodded eagerly, then pulled Lucas along.

Lucas followed her helplessly.

Genevieve didn't notice the subtle glances.

Lucas, who had always been indifferent, was so close to a woman?

This made some women's eyes pop out.

Wayne had donated a dozen buildings, so his office was the brightest and most spacious.

Although he rarely came to his office, he insisted on keeping it.

It was decorated in pure Epea royal style, luxurious and dazzling.

Even the dome was set with diamonds.

There were several bookshelves in the office, and foreign and domestic books could be found everywhere. It was brand new as if it had not been opened yet.

There were several oil paintings behind the bookshelves. The naked women's oil painting was an imitation of a famous painter.

It seemed like they were in a museum.

But the craft was good enough.

Genevieve took a glance at the furnishings and decorations here. What she could think of was that Wayne was filthy rich.

"Wait a minute. I'll change my clothes first.

Wayne entered the lounge casually.

Lucas sat on the sofa with an indifferent look.

"My girlfriend, have a seat!"

Lucas's words brought Genevieve back down to earth. She immediately walked over and sat down with a smile.

"I'm sorry, Professor Simpson. I was just improvising and got you involved. Don't worry, I will clarify our relationship later."

Although they had gotten along for less than a few hours, she could vaguely feel that Lucas was not the kind of person who was obsessed with power and women.

He was really helping her.

She could only say that Lucas showed too much respect for her professor!

Lucas forced a smile and crossed his slender fingers on his lap. He looked at her and asked, "If you were just improvising, why didn't you splash your own glass?" He didn't believe that she hadn't thought it through in advance.

Genevieve sincerely said, "I'm afraid I will leave a bad impression on Mr. Snyder" Lucas didn't know what to say.

How honest she was!

While talking, Wayne came out of the lounge. He changed into a silk shirt of the same style, which was.

expensive!

Genevieve immediately greeted him, "Professor Snyder, please take a seat!"

Wayne walked over with a smile and glanced at Lucas and then Genevieve.

"I just figured it out. You came to me for something, right?"

Lucas looked away at Genevieve and motioned for her to speak.

Genevieve paused. Without hesitation, she sat on the unoccupied seat next to Lucas, and said gently, "There is indeed something I want to ask Professor Snyder for help. My elder brother was taken away and finally disappeared in a sea area, and the letter from the other party endangered his life.

"I heard that Professor Snyder is chivalrous and kind-hearted, especially to people from Clusia. I really don't know what to do, so I want to ask you for advice."

Wayne's expression changed a little. He didn't expect things to be so serious and complicated.

But seeing the sincere and anxious look on Genevieve's face, he said with a smile, "You've found the right person. The foreigners are lawless. Many cases like this happen in a year!

"But I have many friends. It's not a problem to help you investigate your elder brother's whereabouts. If he is lucky, he may come back alive!"

He spoke lightly, and Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief.

Lucas kept silent all the time.

Thank you, Professor Snyder. I'll pay for everything that requires money. My elder brother is called Jeffrey

Before Genevieve could finish, Wayne's expression changed.

"Jeffrey Lawrence? What's your father's name, Darrell Lawrence?"

He said it out loud.

Genevieve nodded blankly.

They were indeed old acquaintances, but they didn't seem to be on good terms!

She suddenly felt a little nervous.

Wayne frowned, "That old man. Are you his daughter?"

Genevieve nodded nervously.

"Yes, my name is Genevieve Lawrence."

Wayne tutted and looked at Genevieve's face.

"You don't look like that old man at all. Are you genetically mutated?"

Genevieve's smile stiffened a little, and she could only say with a smile,

"I guess took after my mom. She is

beautiful."

He is really lecherous!"

Wayne always smeared his old friend when he got the chance.

Genevieve lowered her head and pursed her lips, feeling nervous.

Looking at her like this, Wayne felt

sorry for her and said generously, "Don't worry. I have yong forgotten the past rudges. I will help you save your elder brother. You can ask your father to thank me in person later!"

enevieve's eyes lit up and she looked at him with joy.

Thank you, Professor Snyder. You are really broad-minded and exemplary!"

ayne was embarrassed by the praise and asked, "Who caught your elder brother? Where is the information?"

Genevieve hurriedly found out the information on the phone and handed it over with both hands.

Wayne's face suddenly turned gloomy when he saw this.

He threw the phone back and stood up. "Sorry, I can't help you with this..."

Chapter 267

Wayne looked different from before.

He was scared and didn't want to get involved.

Genevieve stood up blankly and anxiously.

"Professor Snyder, why?"

Wayne's expression changed a little. He gritted his teeth and said with a livid face, "You don't need to know. Go back and ask your father to prepare for your elder brother's funeral!"

Then he left in a hurry.

He even slammed the door loudly.

Genevieve wondered, 'Prepare for the funeral?'

Her chest weighed heavily as if she had been hit by something, and her breathing quickened for a moment.

She looked at the door in shock. Why was Wayne suddenly so scared?

She didn't notice that her face was deadly pale..

Lucas reached out and picked up the phone that Wayne had thrown over.

He glanced at the message on it. When he saw the name "Louis", his pupils shrank slightly, and a subtle emotion disappeared in an instant.

He hands the phone to Genevieve.

"He said he couldn't help, so he really meant it. Although Wayne cares about his reputation, he never brags."

His voice was light, which made Genevieve feel a little relaxed in this unfamiliar and oppressive environment.

Genevieve's eyes were slightly red.

She sat there in despair, looking disappointed.

What else could she do if Wayne couldn't help her?

Lucas glanced at her and frowned slightly. Was he about to cry?

He felt strange in his heart.

Then he stood up.

"Forget it. Let me help you."

Genevieve was about to cry.

"You were so fragile that you fell down easily. You're worse than me. What can you do for me?"

But she thanked him for his kindness!

Lucas twitched the corner of his mouth. It was the first time that he had been disliked by someone.

Fragile?

Did he look fragile?

He was silent for a while and pursed his lip.

"Then forget it. You can cry here!"

As he spoke, he stood up and was about to go out.

Seeing this, Genevieve immediately stood up and followed. She didn't forget what she had to do.

What was the point of crying here?

Women in the new era would never give up!

Lucas took the elevator downstairs, and Genevieve stood behind him to adjust her mood.

When they arrived at the gate, she was about to thank Lucas and leave.

She looked at Wayne standing at the gate as if he was waiting for someone on purpose.

Of course, he was waiting for Lucas.

He glanced at Genevieve and pulled Lucas aside with an embarrassed expression.

"Lucas, is the Simpson family going to get involved in this matter?"

"You know how ruthless Louis is. He has a close relationship with the other two families. Once this thing is exposed, you will certainly offend him.

"If the Simpson family is wiped out, the Snyder family will end soon."

Lucas stood there, delicate and handsome.

Although he didn't have a complicated and fierce aura, his gestures were elegant and gentle, showing a sense of warmth.

The reason why Genevieve was not wary of him and could say these things to his face was that he gave her the impression of a gentle, straightforward, and kind man.

But Genevieve was instantly excited when she heard Wayne's words.

The Simpson family?

Did he mean the Simpson family, which was even more mysterious than the Snyder family?

Lucas?

He was merely a professor. Was he related to the Simpson family?

Genevieve thought again. No wonder Lucas said he could help her. He was really full of confidence!

Without Wayne, she still could get help from Lucas.

She immediately ran over to interrupt Wayne, grabbed Lucas's arm, and glared at Wayne with anger.

"Mr. Snyder, I knew you were afraid of death, but why did you stop others from doing something righteous?"

Wayne felt guilty for a moment, but he soon reacted.

Just now, she praised him as a saint. Now she said he was afraid of death?

"You little girl, which school did you graduate from? You're so rude!" Genevieve pursed her lips and said, "I graduated from this school. What about you?"

Wayne didn't know what to say and felt guilty.

"You! You..."

Lucas couldn't help laughing and interrupted their argument.

"Well, Mr. Snyder, they got a lot of your men. Can you bear it all the time?"

"Besides, even if you do nothing, the Simpson family won't disappear before the Snyder family."

At that moment, Lucas' aura became colder and nobler.

It was a force that could contend with people in strategic planning, with the mature aura of a man.

Wayne pursed his lips and looked away.

He was not in the mood to attend the banquet and planned to ride his bike to find his driver and leave.

Genevieve watched him leave, pursing her lips.

Then she looked at Lucas with a smile.

"Professor Simpson, you are really broad-minded. I'm impressed..."

Before she could finish her words, Lucas interrupted her directly.

"Save your flattery. Think about how to thank me."

Genevieve twitched the corners of her mouth. He hadn't solved the problem yet.

How could he ask for a reward?

What a sneaky businessman!

But she didn't show it on her face.

"Of course, all your demands are well deserved.

"But Professor Simpson, do you have the final say in the Simpson family?"

O She thought. If Lucas had a high status in the Simpson family, would he come to our school as a professor?

be sent here by his family?

Of course, she couldn't ask so obviously.

Then she said, "Why don't you introduce the head of the Simpson family to me and I will talk to him?"

Lucas looked at her as if he was trying to hold back his laughter.

"I can't help you with this. He won't see you. You either beg me or are on your own!"

He talked straightforwardly and went down the steps.

Genevieve immediately followed him. "I will beg you."

There was no such thing as dignity.

Lucas walked in front. "I'd like to go e

to a concert, and it would be great if it was Chris Sallis's solo."

Chris Sallis was a world-famous musician. Tickets for his concertn were hard to come by, let alone a solo performance.

Without hesitation, Genevieve agreed.

"I'll arrange it. You have great taste, and I also like concerts, especially Chris..."

Lucas smiled faintly, and there seemed to be a gentle look on his face.

"Thank you, Ms. Lawrence."

It was no trouble. It meant nothing compared to finding Jeffrey!

If she could get Jeffrey back, she would let Chris give concerts for a whole month!

Lucas went back to his office and packed up He was very approachable and greeted others on the way, without any airs.

Genevieve followed and watched him enter the door code. She swore she didn't mean to see it.

But when he saw the password, she felt a little weird and blurted outm directly "Professor Simpson, your En password is my birthday?"

Lucas paused and said softly. "Is that so? What a coincidence. It is also the birthday of one of my friends." Genevieve felt a little embarrassed when she finished speaking

Chapter 268

Genevieve figured it out.

She smiled, "That must be someone very important to you. I'm really honored to be born on the same day as the person who means a lot to Professor Simpson."

Lucas twitched the corner of his mouth and remained silent.

He pushed the door and went in.

He went to the window for a soggy purse with his important stuff in it.

Genevieve followed, only to find that the thick stack of cash she had given was still drying on the balcony. It was neatly placed there and almost dried.

Lucas slowly sorted out the things in his purse.

Seeing this, Genevieve went to collect the cash.

Lucas was from the Simpson family. No matter how poor he was, he wouldn't give a damn about this sum of money.

She really made a fool of herself!

She clutched the cash neatly and was about to put it back into her bag when she saw a clean and slender hand reaching out in front of her.

She froze slightly and looked at him blankly.

Lucas looked at her more confusedly.

"Isn't this my money?"

Genevieve immediately paused, took out her hands, and handed the money to him. She smiled, "I'm sorry that!

didn't realize it."

Could it be that she was wrong? Lucas wanted this sum of money?

Instead of putting the money into his bag, Lucas found an envelope and stuffed it in.

Even Genevieve couldn't respect the money like he did.

He walked out with the envelope and the purse.

"Let's go."

O Just as Genevieve was about to follow him, she suddenly saw a one-inch photo on the ground. Obviously, it accidentally dropped out just now.

She squatted down and picked it up.

When she saw the photo, she paused slightly.

In the photo, there was a girl about three or four years old, wearing a sky-blue couture dress. She held a bouquet of flowers in her hand and ran over excitedly to the camera.

Behind her was an endless beach.

The photo was captured at that moment.

Genevieve's heart seemed to skip a beat.

The familiarity overwhelmed her and made her feel strange.

the girl in the photo...

the photo in her hand was suddenly taken away.

Lucas stuffed the photo into his purse and put it more carefully.

Genevieve seemed to have found some secrets, and hurriedly spoke, "The girl in the photo looked a little like me when I was a child!"

Lucas looked at her with dark eyes and said nothing.

Genevieve was afraid that he might misunderstand something.

"Perhaps beautiful girls were also beautiful when they were little!"

Lucas forced a smile, then turned around and left expressionlessly.

Genevieve imagined the relationship between Lucas and the girl in the photo.

The photo was taken when the girl was little, not when she grew up.

Did Lucas fail to win the girl's heart?

Or did she die of a disease?

The more Genevieve thought about it, the more she felt it made sense.

She felt sympathy and admiration for Lucas.

Lucas was born into a rich family, but he worked as an ordinary professor here.

He was a good teacher and was willing to help others.

This image was really too far-reaching!

Genevieve followed him out.

She thought Lucas must choose to travel on foot or by bike.

But she e was wrong.

A stretched Lincoln arrived in front of her. When Lucas opened the car door for her, she had not yet come back to her senses.

"Please."

Lucas urged.

Genevieve smiled again, thanked him, and got in the car.

Some people were looking over here, but they seemed to be accustomed to it.

Lucas sat opposite her and looked at her expression. He knew what she was thinking, so he explained lightly, "I

have never deliberately concealed or publicized my identity. I only choose the lifestyle that I like."

He wouldn't deliberately choose minimalist means of transportation to hide his identity.

He was so open-minded that he didn't need to disguise anything to maintain his public persona.

He enjoyed being a professor and sitting in a Lincoln.

They were just hobbies.

Why should he sacrifice one hobby to another?

Genevieve paused and smiled softly to praise him, "Professor Simpson, you know how to enjoy life."

"Ms. Lawrence, can't you? This car is very comfortable. What do you think, Ms.

Lawrence?"

He took out a glass of wine from the side and handed it to her.

Genevieve took it and smiled. She was not interested in this extravagance.

At least she enjoyed life, but not in the car!

She didn't understand it, but she respected it!

"Of course, it's great!"

She praised him with a smile.

Lucas nodded with satisfaction.

"A friend of mine said he likes this car very much, so what I have collected are cars from this brand. If Ms. Lawrence likes it, I'll give you some for free!" Genevieve paused and said with a smile, "I appreciate your kindness, but I can't accept it. I'm used to driving by myself."

"I see."

Lucas seemed to be disappointed.

Genevieve was puzzled.

But soon they reached their destination.

The light outside suddenly dimmed as the car was moving.

She looked out.

The front and back were covered by dense tall trees, like a small forest. like a e Nothing inside could be seen.

As the road winded upward, the light from the sky was blocked.

There was a smell of suffocation and wildness.

It made people lose interest in finding out what happened.

Through the forest, there was a vast open space, but it seemed very cold and deadly still.

A black reinforced concrete building stood not far away. Its awe-inspiring appearance made people feel terrified.

This was a black building, but many folds around it had been crushed by vehicles.

It felt wild and dangerous.

The vehicle stopped in front of the black building.

Genevieve got out of the car.

Two men in camouflage stood at the gate with weapons in their hands, looking cold and fierce.

Genevieve was stunned and looked back.

Lucas also got out of the car, with a familiar smile on his face.

"Are you frightened? This is the territory of the Simpson family."

Genevieve's chest heaved.

She realized something in her heart.

Suddenly, she realized that the information Jasper could find was a little shallow.

She thought, 'Is it only because of their business skills that they can be on a par with Wayne and even remain to be the most powerful family for so many years?'

She forced a smile. She didn't want to have too much contact with these families.

But when it came to Jeffrey's life, she felt that none of this was a problem.

She calmed down and nodded with a smile.

"Professor Simpson, it seems that you really trust me!"

"Because no one can help you except me now. Of course, I trust you."

Lucas smiled lightly and then walked in with her.

She followed him in. The building was quiet from top to bottom.

But she knew that the secret inside this building was something everyone wanted to find out.

Lucas unlocked the first lock with his pupils and got into the elevator. Without pressing the button, the elevator automatically went up to a certain floor.

When they arrived, the elevator door opened. Opposite a corridor, there was a wall made of special glass.

Genevieve could vaguely see all kinds of... weapons.

Chapter 269

Genevieve felt a chill in her heart and was shocked.

But Lucas didn't go out. Instead, he approached the elevator with a ring in his hand.

With a flash of green light, the elevator slowly closed and went down quickly again.

When Genevieve felt weightless and was a little nervous, the elevator suddenly stopped.

After Lucas pressed somewhere, the elevator door opened slowly, and he looked at Genevieve with a smile. "Let's go. It's safe now."

Genevieve thought, 'It's safe now...'

Her eyelashes trembled slightly. It meant that they had been in danger from the very beginning.

If Lucas hadn't led the way, she would have died here easily.

Lucas explained softly as he walked out, "Ms. Lawrence, I know you may not be used to it, but this is the smallest arsenal in our family. If you like any weapon later, I will give it to you."

Genevieve thought, 'Arsenal. He is indeed a weapon manufacturer. My guess is right.'

She said, "Thank you, but I don't think I need this."

Genevieve thought, 'If I really return home with such a gift, I will go straight to jail. I won't take anything. I'm a law-abiding citizen.'

Lucas smiled and stopped behind a wall with one hand in his pocket.

His hand gently rested on the wall, and the last lock was unlocked. The shape of a door appeared on the wall in front of them, and the door moved back a bit, then to the side.

In front of them was a simple and spacious room. Then Lucas invited Genevieve in.

Genevieve went in and took a glance. The room was normal, but it could be seen that there were many interesting details behind the normality.

For example, the bookshelves were made of bulletproof materials.

Lucas walked in, loosened his neckline, and asked gently, "Ms. Lawrence, what would you like to drink?"

Genevieve pursed her lips and said, "Wine. Thank you."

Unlike the wine she drank in Lincoln's car, she just wanted to calm herself down.

Lucas paused, turned around, and handed over a bottle of unopened milk.

Genevieve was speechless.

Lucas smiled and said, "Alcohol is prohibited here."

Genevieve thought, 'Is he kidding?'

But she smiled and took it over. She drank half a bottle of fresh milk in one gulp before stopping.

However, she found the milk tasted good.

There was also a bottle in front of Lucas. He took a sip and put it down.

Genevieve calmed down before looking at Lucas and asking. "How can Professor Simpson help me? Do you know who it is?"

Lucas paused and looked up. There was no sign of danger or indifference between his delicate eyes.

His eyes were dark, bright, and sincere.

He said, "Yes, I know."

He clicked on the computer in front of him and turned the screen to Genevieve.

Lucas said, "This is Austin Hoffman. This is the man who kidnapped your brother, Mad Dog."

Genevieve was shocked to see the photo on the computer.

In the picture, Louis was standing with the man who had a scar on his face.

Somehow, Genevieve felt the person standing next to Louis was that person.

His features were ordinary, but his tyrannical temperament could not be concealed.

It was an aura that ordinary people didn't have, wild and dangerous.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat. "Do you know him?"

Lucas smiled and said, "I don't know him. But he is our client. We must have the information of all our clients."

Genevieve was filled with joy, and she looked at Lucas happily.

"So you can find him?"

to us."

Lucas paused and said. "We can only wait until he comes to Genevieve frowned.

Lucas pursed his lips and said after thinking, "Half a month later, their people will come to make the deal. At that time, we can get in touch with Crazy."

nd my brother will be in Genevieve felt a little uncomfortable and said, "But I'm afraid they can't wait that long, and my danger."

Lucas looked indifferent. "No, as long as there is no news from Louis for a day, they won't act rashly. If you're really worried, why don't I contact someone to see our new press conference for weapons?"

"Is there a press conference for weapons?" Genevieve was shocked.

Hearing what Genevieve said, Lucas frowned. However, he still patiently explained, "Every new product needs a press conference to let more people know about it. Weapons trading is also a regular business. It's just that we are not facing the public. We also choose our partners, mostly from the underworld and military forces. Not everyone will buy the products, so only some picked people have the right to attend the press conference. How about this? You can be my assistant for a few days and you can get to know the industry. It will be more convenient if you need to contact them later."

Genevieve was somewhat surprised because these things were confidential.

She thought, 'Outsiders don't have the chance to learn about it even if they wanted to know. How could Lucas

let me join in so easily?"

She hesitated. Lucas seemed to know what she was thinking and said, "You'll know it sooner or later. I helped. you for the sake of Wayne. He is our design consultant."

Genevieve was even more shocked. She doubted in her heart, "Wayne is also a design consultant for an arms dealer?"

Lucas smiled and raised his hand gently.

"Ask him if you don't believe me."

Of course, Genevieve didn't believe this.

She took out her phone and called Robert directly.

Wayne answered directly, "Genie, what's the matter? Ask Professor Simpson for help. I have asked him to take care of you." Genevieve paused and said, "Wayne, do you have anything to do with the Simpson family?"

Wayne was silent for a while before he said, "You know all about it? He will help you, and only he can. You can trust him."

Wayne hung up the phone.

Genevieve was somewhat shocked.

She was surprised and suspicious about Lucas.

However, who else could she trust but him?

for She pursed her lips and said, "Professor Simpson, thank you your help. know the rule of reciprocity. What can I do for you?"

Lucas smiled, looked at Genevieve, and said, "Of course, I've always wanted to open up the arms market in Clusia but it's so difficult to do this business there. It seems that someone has monopolized it. After I rescue your brother, can you help me open the market of Clusia?"

Genevieve looked at his innocent and clear appearance with eyes widened.

She didn't know what to say. She thought, 'Is he a fool? He doesn't know about the gun ban in Clusia?'

There were people hiding weapons in the underworld, but it was only guns and other easy-to-store things. Things like cannons and tanks were impossible to trade.

Besides, Genevieve didn't know anyone in the underworld.

She couldn't complete this task.

Even if she really succeeded, she would lose freedom for the rest of her life.

Chapter 270

Seeing that Genevieve kept silent, Lucas smiled gently, "It doesn't matter. You can be the counselor of Clusia District for me."

Genevieve blinked and smiled, "Sure!"

She thought, "Either way, say yes first. A consultant is better than an accomplice.

The worst thing is to give him a sum of money later, but the 'product' is unnecessary to take."

Lucas reached out his hand and said, "It's a deal. We will cooperate happily."

Genevieve reached out to shake hands. "Deal!" Lucas's fingers were long, clean, and soft.

Genevieve breathed a small sigh of relief.

She said, "Then I will be your assistant during this period. Professor Simpson, you can just tell me what to do."

p the Lucas raised his eyebrows and said, "Okay, there are a few things I want to tell you in advance. You can walk around at will in other places, but no one is allowed to enter this place at will. You're in charge of cleaning up place. And my safety will be in your charge during this period. You have to protect me."

Genevieve's eyes widened in shock. "Leave it to me?"

She thought, 'I am so weak. Won't he be dead sooner if I am the one who protects him?'

Lucas nodded and said, "You have to be the one I trust most. Only in this way can you meet those people."

Genevieve listened and felt his words were very reasonable.

She thought for a while and nodded.

She said, "Since you trust me so much, I will risk my life to protect you!"

Lucas glanced at Genevieve, and there seemed to be something else in his eyes.

But it was just a flash, and Genevieve didn't notice it.

He smiled and finally sent her a copy of his schedule.

Genevieve was shocked after seeing this, Lucas was a professor at different prestigious universities.

Genevieve asked, "Professor Simpson, do you have any special habits about being a professor?"

Lucas glanced at her and said, "My friend said that she would find a boyfriend who is a professor in the future, so I have to be a professor."

Genevieve nodded.

She thought, 'Reasonable.'

She didn't think too much.

She felt that Lucas was kind of silly.

She smiled and then called Jasper to ask him about Chris's concert.

Jasper said it was all right together.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Lucas in surprise.

"Professor Simpson, the concert has been arranged. Shall we go to see it tonight?"

Lucas raised his eyebrows and said, "Okay!"

He was gentle and polite. "Does Ms. Lawrence also like Chris's concert?"

Hearing that, Genevieve immediately rattled off everything she'd searched online about Chris at once, all in praise of him.

Lucas just smiled and said nothing..

The two of them went out in tandem.

The elevator went upstairs and the door opened automatically.

Unexpectedly, there were still two people standing there, a man and a woman.

The woman who was half Aploth was dressed in a suit with sharp eyes.

The man was tall and strong. He looked a little wild and casual. He had deep eyebrows and large eyes.

The man looked at Lucas, waved his hand, and smiled slightly, "Professor Simpson, you finally showed up!"

Lucas paused and looked at the woman next to him.

He said, "Robbin, I heard that you haven't been to school for a long time. If you don't go, I will cancel your student status!"

The woman frowned and said, "Who cares about that?"

"Others will laugh at you because you even don't go to college. Is it good?" Lucas said in a serious tone.

The woman's calm face finally showed a little anger, and she gritted her teeth.

She even touched the gun around her waist.

But Lucas stood there quietly, without the slightest fear or timidity.

Instead, he gently introduced her to Genevieve, "This is my younger sister, Robbin Simpson. This is my future brother-in-law Irven Lester."

Genevieve nods and greets with a smile, "I'm Genevieve Lawrence, Professor Simpson's new assistant."

Lucas added, "A part-time bodyguard."

Irven and Robbin looked at each other incredibly.

Genevieve felt guilty and smiled awkwardly.

Then Lucas pressed the button and said faintly, "We're going to the concert. See you next time."

Irven frowned in shock and looked at Genevieve to say something, but the elevator was closed before he could.

He said, "I've seen that girl before."

Irven spoke to Robbin next to him.

Robbin sneered, "You know everyone in the world. Right?"

Irven smiled, "I only know you, okay?"

Robbin curled her lips and turned to leave, Genevieve and Lucas went downstairs and sat back in the luxury Lincoln.

By the time they arrived at the concert, the venue had already been cleared.

There were only her and Lucas..

Genevieve had heard the music of Chris but could not understand it.

She was not very good at music and only knew a little bit to deal with some situations.

There were only her and Lucas in such a large concert hall.

So Genevieve made up her mind to show off her musical talent and discuss some profound musical connotations with Lucas.

As a result, she felt unprecedentedly tired as soon as the music began.

Gradually, she closed her eyes.

Finally, she fell asleep.

Lucas looked at Genevieve leaning on his shoulder. She was so sleepy that even the loud music couldn't wake her up.

He really didn't know what to say.

But this concert was definitely the most beautiful one in more than twenty years.

Suddenly, Lucas's phone rang. It was a message from Irven.

[Is she the one you liked when you were a child? The girl in the photo in your wallet is her?]

Lucas turned off his phone and smiled.

Two hours later, when the concert was about to end, Genevieve finally woke up.

She realized that she had fallen asleep, immediately sat up straight, and quietly turned her head to look at Lucas. Lucas didn't react at all and devoted himself to the music.

Genevieve was slightly relieved.

At the end of it, Genevieve remarked in a nonchalant voice, "Well, he m showed his normal level completely. This

concert is really worth it!"

Lucas nodded agreeably. "Ms. Lawrence has good taste!"

Genevieve smiled secretly and they went back.

Lucas sent her back to the hotel before leaving.

Genevieve relaxed and walked happily to the hotel. Jasper picked her up at the door.

He asked "Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Hoffman has called me many times. Do you want to reply to him?"

Genevieve asked, "Anthony? Forget it.

Hoffman Group should keep him busy now. If he calls again, just tell him that everything goes well here and he doesn't have to worry."

At first, Genevieve really wanted to use Anthony to find Jeffrey.

But now Anthony had to deal with the mess left by Louis. She was afraid that Anthony was too busy now.

And now that Lucas agreed to help, she could breathe a sigh of relief.

But she wasn't sure whether Lucas really wanted to help her.