

Submitting 28

Chapter 28

Genevieve remembered how Anthony had just taken a beating for her, and a strange sensation flickered through her heart but was quickly suppressed by her.

With a serious nod and a no-nonsense attitude, she affirmed, "That's only fair. I'll cover the medical and supplement expenses."

Anthony heaved a sigh of relief, his eyebrows subtly lifting.

'See, she really cares about me, and who knows how touched she might be!' Anthony thought.

Just as he was about to further ease the tense relationship between them, a woman descended from the upstairs private room. She rushed to Anthony, visibly worried and shaken.

"Anthony, I heard you got hurt. Where are you injured?" Rosalie, appearing weak and delicate, almost pressed herself up against the man as tears of concern welled in her eyes.

The surrounding temperature instantly dropped.

Anthony frowned, about to push Rosalie away when he heard Genevieve chuckle beside him. "Guess you won't need me to tag along to the hospital. Once you're done getting treated, just hit me up for reimbursement," Genevieve remarked.

With that, she turned and briskly exited the doorway.

Anthony pursed his lips, pushing Rosalie aside with a cold expression. "Why are you here? Don't you need to be with Samson?"

Rosalie tensed, feeling uneasy. She sniffled and explained, "Aiden and I were grabbing dinner with the TV director in a private room..."

Anthony narrowed his eyes, his tone tinged with a hint of indifference. "So, it looks like you're dead set on sticking around?"

Originally, he had arranged for her to go abroad with Samson.

Unexpectedly, Rosalie sought help from Aiden without him knowing.

Rosalie carefully pressed her lips together, reaching out to brush away the tears at the corner of her eyes, presenting a piteous demeanor. "Samson is still young. I'll only think of Austin if I go abroad now, and I'm afraid I won't be able to control myself..."

Anthony frowned upon hearing that name.

His features were cold and stern as he gave her a deep, silent look, then walked out without saying a word.

Rosalie hurriedly followed. "Anthony, you're injured. Let me go with you to the hospital," she suggested.

"No need. Once you're done, go back and be with Samson!" Anthony's tone was slightly chilly, causing Rosalie to pause in her tracks.

She could feel that, after the divorce, Anthony had become excessively cold toward her.

Undeterred, she followed him.

Anthony glanced around the entrance and only then realized that the person he was looking for had already left.

A myriad of indescribable emotions stirred within him, and a tinge of disappointment seemed to be part of it.

'But maybe Genevieve got jealous because she saw that Rosalie was here too!' Anthony thought, his mood brightening a bit.

He hopped into the car, completely ignoring Rosalie who had caught up.

By the time she emerged from the building, the car had already departed.

Rosalie's face went pale with anger as she gritted her teeth.

Aiden, wrapping up his phone call, walked over, furrowing his brows. "What a downer," he said. "Why is Tony suddenly siding with Genevieve this time?"

Rosalie, suppressing her inner frustration, smiled meekly. "Maybe it's because she just got divorced, you know?" she remarked. "He's taking pity on her, perhaps? Genevieve has always been quite adept at handling men.

Otherwise, how could she have climbed the ranks so quickly?"

Aiden's gaze chilled after he heard that.

If Matthias' case were ordinary, it would be manageable. After all, it was just a run-of-the-mill brawl.

Matthias' mother and Aiden's mother were biological sisters; the former married Benjamin's younger brother, Brandon.

Speaking of which, the two families were exceptionally close.

However, with his father's untimely passing, they showered him with affection, giving him everything he desired and more.

Yet, this time, Selene used her connections, insisting on getting to the bottom of it while Genevieve, too, refused to back down. Hence, this matter had gotten tricky to handle.

The following day, when Genevieve went to the police station to give her statement, she noticed Aiden and Anthony at the entrance.

Alden wore a disdainful expression, with a clear chill in his eyes.

After all, the legal team from the Campbell family was no pushover.

Matthias had spent one night in there but would soon be released on bail, so he appeared visibly relieved.

If it weren't for Anthony's presence, he might have made a sarcastic remark.

Once they entered, his gaze locked onto Anthony. Anthony had been staring at Genevieve's back, a hint of inquiry and contemplation in his eyes.

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He cleared his throat and couldn't help but speak up. "Tony, your ex-wife is a real piece of work. She was compliant before the divorce, and then turned against you afterward. She's not even in the same league as Rosalie. Why should she be the one to marry you? We all feel for you, but now that you're divorced, why bother with it anymore?"

Anthony's gaze darkened, and the warmth in his eyes gradually faded, replaced by a cold intensity.

His face carried a touch of gloom.

His gaze, dark and icy, swept over Aiden. He pressed his thin lips together, his voice cold and deep as he said, "Stop being presumptuous. I don't need anyone else poking around my business."

Aiden was momentarily taken aback, sensing Anthony's indifferent attitude. Assuming he didn't appreciate others meddling in his private life, Aiden chose not to press the matter further.

Approximately 40 minutes later, Genevieve and Selene emerged.

They were accompanied by a police, and he approached Aiden with a solemn expression. "Mr. Campbell, it looks like we won't be able to secure bail for Matthias," the police reported.

"What?" Aiden exclaimed, his face instantly turning grim.

The police paused and said,

"According to the victim's statement, Matthias once spiked her drink. We Matthias need to run tests. Until then, can't leave. If it was just a fight, things are negotiable. But Genevieve made it sound more serious, and the surveillance clearly shows Matthias putting something in her drink and forcing her to drink

it."

Aiden's face fell, his grim expression giving way to something more malicious.

He fixed his hostile gaze on Genevieve. "So you're dead-set on being merciless huh? Genevieve, didn't you think about the consequences of your actions?"

Genevieve shrugged nonchalantly. "One doesn't need to worry about rumors if one is upright," she remarked. "What are you so afraid of, anyway?"

The police were standing right there, so Aiden naturally wouldn't say a word.

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He merely shot her a cold glance and then turned on his heels to leave.

Genevieve's lips curled into a nonchalant smile before she politely bid the police goodbye before walking away.

Footsteps rang out behind her as Anthony followed her.

She turned back, her expression impassive.

Anthony's expression was aloof, his facial features sharply defined, while complicated emotions surged within his eyes.

She was initially thinking of ignoring him, but she couldn't simply brush him off at the thought of him taking a hit for her yesterday.

Genevieve looked at him calmly and then said, "Mr. Hoffman, what can I do for you?"

Anthony glanced at Genevieve's detached demeanor, a peculiar sensation swirling in his heart.

He furrowed his brows and said coldly, "I saved you, and you didn't even say thank you."

"Thank you," said Genevieve, her voice subdued, carrying a touch of weary annoyance.

Her gratitude wasn't overwhelming.

She feared that these small favors from him might cause her to forget the root of her pain.

Anthony, his face tense, suddenly found himself too angry to speak.

He took a step forward, fixing his gaze on her face so as not to miss any subtle expression. "Don't you think you should accompany me to the hospital?"

Anthony thought, 'How could she not worry about my injuries? She must be too embarrassed to offer going to the hospital with