

Submitting 341

Chapter 341

Bill immediately had someone take Robbin to the hospital.

The aftermath here was naturally handled by others.

Genevieve, who wasn't in life-threatening danger, was overlooked by everyone.

She was lucky just to have survived.

What more could she ask for?

She glanced at Carrie's lifeless body on the ground..

Here, it seemed, lives weren't valued much, and that life and death were taken lightly.

She felt a chill spread through her body, coldness enveloping her.

Leaning against the wall in the corridor, she slowly slid down, her legs giving out.

Just as she was about to collapse, a force from behind caught her.

She smelled a familiar fragrance enveloping her, warm and comforting despite its usual indifference.

At this moment, she didn't find it as repulsive as before but rather comforting.

At least here, she wasn't alone here.

In a foreign land, she had an acquaintance, Anthony, her ex-husband.

Her lips were pale as she managed to speak, "How did you come back so soon?"

Anthony frowned, his expression stern, and he glanced at her. "If I hadn't come back, were you really going to get engaged to that pretty boy?"

Even now, that was his focus?

Genevieve wanted to laugh but couldn't.

His strong hand remained on her waist, radiating continuous warmth.

Gradually, Genevieve regained her composure and strength, steadying herself against the wall.

"No need for an engagement now. They're all dead."

Anthony sighed in relief.

Genevieve felt a void within her. With Carrie dead, what would happen to Jeffrey's whereabouts?

She bit her lip, deciding to run back to the banquet hall.

Anthony, frowning, followed her. "What about Bill?"

Genevieve grabbed someone familiar and asked. "Where is Bill?"

"Oh, he's dealing with those who wanted to revolt."

The person, recognizing her as Lucas's fiancée, didn't hide anything from her.

Genevieve paused, realizing it wasn't her place to step in right now. Every incident in the Simpson family was more critical and urgent than her issues.

But now, she felt somewhat lost.

Anthony slowly approached from behind, grabbing her wrist. "Let's go back. It's too chaotic here."

Genevieve lightly pulled away. "You go ahead. I still have things to do."

"Are you waiting for Lucas?" Anthony's tone deepened, turning grave.

Genevieve frowned slightly. "It's none of your business, I-"

Hearing this, Anthony, red-eyed with anger, grabbed her hand and started walking out.

They just happened to run into Lucas, who had rushed back.

"Mr. Hoffman?" Lucas was also slightly surprised.

Anthony's gaze was cool and distant.

But Lucas didn't focus on him, turning his attention to Genevieve instead. "I was planning to have someone take you home. Sorry, I can't be with you tonight. You must have been frightened. There are still matters to deal with.

"I remember your issue, always keeping it in mind. Rest assured, once Morris' men are under control, I will look into the matter you're interested in."

Hearing Lucas's words, Genevieve finally relaxed a bit.

She smiled and nodded.

Lucas hurried off.

Anthony looked at him strangely, then lightly touched her hand. "Let me take you home?"

Genevieve glanced at him and, without a word, headed straight outside.

Her mind was in turmoil.

But she faintly realized that using her as bait to provoke Carrie was part of Robbin's plan.

And Robbin taking a bullet for Bill almost erased all her previous mistakes.

From this incident, Robbin actually benefitted the most.

She managed to involve herself, Carrie, and even Bill, only to emerge perfectly unscathed.

What a seamless show.

Anthony escorted her back to the manor and followed her inside.

It was only in the living room that Genevieve realized he was still there.

"Why haven't you left?" she asked.

Anthony, with a deep look, asked, "Can't I stay the night?"

"You should ask yourself that," Genevieve retorted, her tone regaining clarity and coolness.

On her own turf, she had nothing to worry about, and this gave her an opportunity to tease Anthony.

After a few seconds of silence, Anthony looked at her seriously and said, "I asked myself, and I think it's okay."

Genevieve was taken aback, took a deep breath, and bluntly said, "Get out before I lose Anthony simply responded with a nod.

Despite her words being somewhat harsh, Anthony wasn't upset.

After all, Genevieve used to not even get angry at him.

my temper.

Now that she had learned to express her anger, it meant he was gradually making his way into her heart.

The future looked promising!

He made a mental note to cheer himself on, turned around, and left under the bemused gaze of the servants.

After tidying up, Genevieve noticed Selene hadn't returned and sent her a message.

Selene quickly replied, [I won't be back tonight due to overtime work. Don't wait for me.]

Genevieve was speechless.

When had Selene ever worked overtime?

This excuse was rather far-fetched.

When Genevieve tried calling, Selene had already turned off her phone.

Genevieve was speechless.

At the hospital, the entire floor was heavily guarded, a feat only Bill's influence could achieve without raising eyebrows.

Lucas came with Bill to see Robbin, who had just come out of surgery and was under observation.

Lucas glanced around, and almost all the people at the banquet had left. The fact that the incident at the banquet was resolved quietly was a pleasant surprise.

However, several high-ranking officials of the Simpson Group were vocally expressing their indignation around Bill.

"That bitch, you gave her money and power. You didn't treat her badly at all, but she colluded with Morris. What a pair of ingrates!"

"If someone hadn't sent us a message telling us to be on guard tonight, who would have thought that all the people who betrayed us were our own!"

"That's right. Carrie has made a lot of trouble outside in the name of Mr. Simpson. If it weren't for the respect others have for us, she would have died long ago."

Lucas approached, and amidst the ongoing rants, he looked at Bill, who was stoic and unfazed, and asked, "Father, Now that Carrie is confirmed dead, how should we handle the matter? Should we hand it over to the police or?"

Bill, with a frosty expression, said, "You handle it. Are all Morris' people taken care of?"

"Yes, but about Robbin." Lucas hesitated to continue.

Bill sighed, "We really owe Robbin this time. That child has never held a grudge. I've barely her upbringing, yet she still risked her life to save me. I feel deeply indebted to her.

been involved in

"Once she recovers, let her take over the resources that were Carrie's. We should nurture her well. After all, she is your sister."

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Lucas, understanding Bill's intent, got the message.

Bill, affected by this incident, felt guilt and affection towards Robbin.

He nodded without saying much more.

"Also, Ms. Lawrence was frightened today. Prepare a gift to soothe her a bit. We can discuss the rest later," Bill said gravely, realizing his concern for Genevieve had surpassed his attention to Robbin.

So, Robbin taking a bullet for him brought a sense of unbearable shame to him as a father.

Lucas nodded. "Father, please go back. The house needs calming too. I'll handle things here."

Bill agreed and stood up, addressing the others, "Let's go back. Lucas has handled things well. Let's give him a chance to gain some experience."

They left the hospital in a grand procession.

The brightly lit Simpson Manor was eerily silent.

The servants, clueless about the events, watched as a group entered and turned Carrie's room upside down.

Her belongings and clothes were thrown on the floor and then taken away for disposal, leaving only the items in the safe.

Bill and the rest entered the scene.

A trembling servant reported, "We've cleaned up most of it, Mr. Simpson, but we can't open the safe."

Someone next to Bill glanced over and sneered. "That's easy, Alex is our man for this, let him handle it!"

Following that, a call was made.

Alex, responsible for the manor's security and having skipped Bill's birthday banquet without knowing the day's events, rushed in half-dressed.

"Mr. Simpson, Wyatt." He was astonished at the mess. "What happened here?"

"Just tell us if you can open the safe," urged Wyatt.

Alex frowned. "Is there a lock I can't pick? Twenty years back, I almost got wanted for my lock-picking skills."

"Enough bragging. If you can't open the safe, just say so. Neither Mr. Simpson nor I will laugh at you. Maybe we should call a professional," Wyatt suggested to Bill, raising an eyebrow.

Bill rolled his eyes at him, easily seeing through Wyatt's goading tactic.

Alex was indeed not the brightest bulb..

Predictably, Alex took the bait, eagerly stepping forward with a master key. "Let's see then. I'll show you ! haven't lost my touch. Truth be told, despite retiring my lock-picking days, my skills haven't dulled one bit."

As he spoke, he crouched down, ear close to the safe, listening for clicks.

"Just an ordinary safe. What could be inside, using such a cheap old thing?"

With a few twists of his key, a "click" sound signaled the safe was open.

Alex looked triumphantly at them. "How about that?"

Just as Wyatt was about to check the contents, Alex turned the lock a few times, relocking it..

Wyatt stared at him in bewilderment.

Even Bill was surprised. "Alex, what are you doing?"

Alex smiled. "I just proved I could open it, but actually opening it without permission? No can do that. Mr.

Simpson, you taught me to live a clean life, didn't you?"

Bill and Wyatt exchanged looks, bewildered by Alex's actions.

Wyatt, white-faced with anger, kicked at Alex.

"This is Mr. Simpson's safe. He forgot the password and asked you to open it, you fool!"

Alex grinned in embarrassment. "Oh, it's Mr. Simpson's? I'll open it right now!"

With nimble fingers, he quickly opened it again..

Wyatt started to take out the items inside, some jewelry, a few confidential documents, and chat records of alliances with others, probably used for blackmailing.

However, a photo fell out from among the documents.

Wyatt picked it up, squinting as he looked at it.

"Huh, she looks familiar?"

He then handed it to Bill.

Upon seeing the photo, Bill's expression subtly changed.

Wyatt scratched his head. "Isn't this the fiancée of Lucas we saw at the banquet?"

Not the sharpest, but he hadn't forgotten the girl he had just seen.

Bill stared at the woman on the photo, a sharp pang hitting his heart.

The fading memory once again became clear.

It had been twenty years without seeing that woman, causing his memories to be eroded by time.

Seeing Genevieve, he was reminded of the person in his memories.

But he knew Genevieve wasn't her.

It was only upon seeing this photo that his heart finally settled.

This photo was her.

Carrie had lied about not having My photos left.

of bitter emotion welled up inside him.

He was usually reserved and controlled, but now he couldn't maintain his composure.

"Kate," he murmured, caressing the photo as bouts of pang hit his heart.

Wyatt also realized something. "Is that Mrs. Simpson?"

Alex, confused, was about to say something when Wyatt pulled him outside.

Once outside, Wyatt pondered. "Alex, how come Mrs. Simpson looks so much like Lucas's fiancée?"

Alex replied, "There are many people who look alike, maybe it's a coincidence?"

Wyatt felt something was amiss and leaned in, whispering, "Do me a favor. Try to get a hair from Ms. Lawrence for a DNA test with Mr. Simpson, to see if she's his daughter."

Alex's eyes widened. "Impossible, the dates don't match. Lucas said Ms.

Lawrence is a year and a half older than Mr. Simpson's daughter."

"Can't she tell lies? We can only prove the truth through action!" Wyatt glared at him. "Get going!"

The next day, after breakfast, Genevieve planned to head to the office.

As she stepped out, she saw a car parked at the door.

Approaching, she saw Selene getting out.

There was another person inside the car who seemed to be Irven.

Genevieve stood shocked.

Selene turned around, her face briefly panicking before she composed herself and cleared m red Ker throat, awkwardly explaining. "I ran into him on my way back from overtime work.

awkwardly He offered to drive me home!"

Irven got out of the driver's seat, holding her clothes, and scratched his head. "I got your clothes dirty last night. I'll make it up to you next time."

Hearing that, Selene stiffened.

The three exchanged awkward glances.

Irven looked at Genevieve and greeted, "Ms. Lawrence, I heard Ms. Simpson is hospitalized. I was hospitalized. I was planning to visit her with Lucas today. Would you like to join us?"

Genevieve smiled. "Sure, I was thinking of visiting her too."

Selene, feeling awkward, coughed again. "You guys go ahead, I'm heading upstairs."

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Genevieve tugged at the corner of her lips. "Worked all night, huh? Rest well!"

Selene glared at her before ducking her head and rushing inside.

Genevieve chuckled lightly.

She was naturally happy to see Selene with someone she liked.

As for her boyfriend, Irven, Genevieve pursed her lips, thinking he was just passable.

After finishing up her tasks and notifying Lucas, she headed to the hospital.

She admired Robbin's meticulous planning but was not content being used as a stepping stone for someone else's gain.

After all her efforts, she not only wasted time but also hadn't found Jeffrey.

It was like looking for a needle in a haystack without knowing where the haystack was.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

The coffee prepared by Mike in the driver's seat did little to improve her mood. Mike looked back. "Ms. Lawrence, it seems like a car has been following you!" Genevieve glanced back and saw an ordinary car, nothing conspicuous.

However, after all the incidents she encountered here, her alertness spiked. "Shake them off!"

"Okay."

Mike seized the moment to showcase his driving skills.

The car immediately accelerated, drifting around corners.

Genevieve, not wearing her seatbelt in the back, nearly flew out.

She desperately clung to the front seat, her voice trembling as she tapped Mike's shoulder. "Slow down. If you continue drinking like this, I might die before the car even catches up to us."

Mike nodded somewhat confusedly.

He deliberately slowed down afterwards, and by the time Genevieve looked again, the pursuing car had disappeared.

Had they lost them?

Arriving at the hospital, Genevieve looked around.

Mike got out of the car to open the door for her. "We've lost them, don't worry!"

Genevieve nodded, thinking she needed to train herself physically after returning home. Being at the others just didn't feel good.

Lucas was waiting for her on the steps.

As soon as she got out of the car, he greeted her with a smile. "Did you sleep well last night?"

Genevieve nodded. "I was fine, but Professor Simpson looked quite pale. Didn't sleep all night?"

mercy of

"I did sleep, but with so much happening, not for long. I'll rest later!" Lucas shrugged nonchalantly, with fatigue in his eyes.

"By the way, I haven't had the chance to ask you, how did you end up in that private room last night?"

As they talked, they reached the upstairs.

Bill had also just arrived because Robbin had woken up.

The two bullets hit Robbin's shoulder blade, missing any vital parts. Once the anesthesia wore off, the pain woke her up.

Robbin was in her hospital room, crying with red eyes.

Bill showed rare patience and care, asking the doctor about her recovery.

"Robbin, even though you called her 'mom,' she wasn't your mother. You know how she treated you.

"Now that she's gone, don't be too sad. She brought this upon herself.

"You'll stay with us from now on. The business that was in Carrie's hands will be passed to you. If there's anything you don't understand, ask your brother, okay?"

Robbin, with tearful eyes, bit her lip and looked at Bill.

"Dad, I didn't save you for these benefits. Any child would save their father in that situation. Don't think I did it for the perks!"

"I know, you're a good kid."

As they were talking, Lucas arrived with Genevieve at the door. "Father, Ms. Lawrence specifically came to visit Robbin."

Genevieve smiled as she entered, greeting Bill before turning her attention to Robbin. "Ms. Simpson, I'm so glad you're alright."

"Thank you, Ms. Lawrence."

Bill couldn't help but think of that photo upon seeing Genevieve's face again.

The resemblance was uncanny.

He hastily averted his gaze, his enthusiasm not as warm as before, and nodded. "Ms. Lawrence, you must be startled. Yesterday's incident was quite the spectacle."

"Mr. Simpson, it's nothing. No one wished for that incident at the birthday banquet. You handled the aftermaths. well," Genevieve said with a polite smile.

Robbin added, "We were all scared at the scene. If anything had happened to Ms. Lawrence, our Simpson family would be to blame."

Bill nodded in agreement.

Genevieve slightly lowered her gaze, smiling at Robbin, and said, "I was just telling Lucas earlier that it was Ms. Simpson who asked me to go to the private room, saying Mrs. Simpson was looking for me. But when I arrived, I

happened to catch Mrs. Simpson and a man in an entanglement."

She continued. "Had I not stumbled upon their affair, Mrs. Simpson wouldn't have threatened to kill me."

"Ms. Simpson, it seemed like Mrs. Simpson was not aware of her summoning me, right?" Genevieve blinked innocently, looking confusedly at Robbin.

Robbin's eyes flickered with panic.

She gripped the blanket tighter, her lips pressed together:

"Are you suspecting me of deceiving you? Indeed, it was my mother who asked me to pass the message. As for why, I'd like to know too.

"If I had intended to harm you, why would I have my father and brother rush to save you immediately?"

Bill fell into thought, then nodded and said to Genevieve, "Indeed, it was Robbin, who sensed something was wrong and instructed us to rescue you immediately.

"Ms. Lawrence, might have misunderstood Robbin."

Genevieve paused, smiling. "I didn't suspect Ms. Simpson's intentions to harm me.

"I was just curious about the coincidence, so I asked. If Ms. m Simpson doesn't want to or can't answer, then let it be. Perhaps I'm overthinking."

Robbin didn't expect Genevieve to press on this point, the only aspect she couldn't smoothly address.

If she hadn't set the trap for Genevieve, how could Bill and Lucas have taken personal action?

Robbin looked pitifully at Bill, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Dad, if only there were evidence, I too would want to know why mom asked me to call Ms. Lawrence over.

"I only knew not to offend Ms. Lawrence because mom had instructed me so, saying you two had a good relationship and mentioned some collaboration."

Genevieve's expression darkened.

Robbin knew quite a lot.

Bill's stance clearly leaned towards Robbin. He frowned at Genevieve,

"Ms. Lawrence, what collaboration did you have with Carrie?"

Lucas intervened. "Father, I'm aware of this matter. Carrie knew the whereabouts of Ms. Ms. Lawrence's brother and blackmailed her into getting engaged to me. She planned to act after the engagement, but she deceived everyone and made her move at your birthday banquet."

Bill's expression turned grim. "Being blackmailed into engagement? So, you weren't sincerely planning to get engaged, but put on a show for her?" Lucas remained silent, glanced at Genevieve, and said, "It was my idea, Father, please don't be angry.

"Ms. Lawrence's brother hasn't been found, and she's anxious."

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Bill's chest was filled with anger.

Not only did they deceive Carrie, but also Bill!

How could he not be angry?

"Get out," he scolded in a cold voice.

Lucas looked at Bill, nodded quietly, took Genevieve by the hand and went out.

Genevieve didn't know what to say. Lucas suddenly opened up about the matter, which was a little surprising, but it was only a matter of time.

"Professor Simpson, I'm sorry to trouble you," Genevieve said.

"Don't say that. My father was just angry for a moment. He won't be really angry. The things Carrie left behind are too troublesome, and he is already a little irritable."

Lucas smiled faintly and suddenly thought of something. He asked, "Did Robbin call you there last night?"

Genevieve nodded. "I wanted to come with you, but you weren't there, so I had to go by myself."

Lucas thought for a few seconds and then said, "At that time, I may have received a notice about Morris'

rebellion."

Genevieve frowned. "Coincidence?"

Lucas pursed his lips and said, "By the way, I have to thank Mr. Hoffman."

"What does it have to do with him?" Genevieve was surprised.

"Carrie asked for his cooperation in private, and Mr. Hoffman secretly contacted my father. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have gotten the news so timely," Lucas replied.

Genevieve stood there in shock.

She didn't expect that Anthony was involved in this.

He really could get involved in anything!

Genevieve smiled and nodded. "Thank him."

Lucas looked at her, thought for a while, and finally told her the news he had found last night.

"The news Morris told us yesterday is not completely unknown about your brother, but he doesn't know much."

"What does he know?" Genevieve asked.

They got into the elevator one after another.

Lucas pursed his lips and said, "After the death of Mad Dog, it is impossible for the high seas to be leaderless, but in a short period of time, the order of the high seas has been restored and established at an astonishing speed.

"Morris said that when Carrie contacted Mad Dog in private, the ring was secretly given to her by someone around Mad Dog and asked her to give it to you.

"But she didn't contact you until Mad Dog died.

"So far, Genevieve, you don't think anything is wrong?"

A thought flashed through Genevieve's mind.

But she couldn't catch it.

It seemed that she was about to touch the truth, but there was a foggy film in front of her, so she could not see it clearly.

Genevieve's face turned pale.

Lucas continued to say, "I've investigated the forces of Carrie. There is no news about your brother. Genevieve, you may be in the wrong direction."

Genevieve's heart sank as if she had fallen into a cold pool in an instant, and her lips turned pale.

She looked up, suppressed the tear in her eyes, and pursed her lips. She said, "I've been here for so long. Isn't it

in vain?"

Lucas frowned slightly and reached out his hand to touch her hair, but he froze in the air.

He sighed softly, "How can it be in vain? He gave you the ring just to tell you that he is safe. Genevieve, he is probably doing something very important."

Genevieve was puzzled.

If he was free, how could he not come back?

In an instant, an idea burrowed into her mind.

Genevieve froze slightly and said blankly, "Has he infiltrated the enemy?"

Lucas smiled. And the elevator arrived.

He stood on the side, waiting for her to come out.

Genevieve was sometimes sensible and sometimes rational. She was both timid and courageous.

She was sometimes cute and slow-witted, but also unwilling to be used by others for her frankness.

Her growth was really colorful.

"Don't investigate this matter any further. Genevieve, your brother is not an ordinary man," Lucas said.

Genevieve was pleased by his words, and she smiled with pride. "Of course, my brother is awesome. He's not weak!"

She took a deep breath.

She believed in Lucas' judgment.

If that were the case, she would only bring difficulties to Jeffrey if she continued her investigation.

She knew the answer, which made her happy and uneasy, but more excited.

What a brave Jeffrey!

She smiled and wiped the tears from her eyes, then walked out of the elevator.

"Thank you, Professor Simpson. That's great news," Genevieve said.

"Then are you going back to your country?" Lucas asked cautiously.

Genevieve smiled. "It's not that sudden. Let me deal with the things at hand."

Lucas also smiled. "That's good."

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They came to the door chatting and laughing.

Mike was waiting there, with a flawless figure and facial features, which naturally attracted the attention of many. ladies.

Lucas glanced at him and stiffly opened the door for Genevieve.

"Be careful on the way. See you later," he said.

Genevieve waved her hand and got in the car.

Before the car started, someone outside suddenly knocked on the door and looked inside with a kind smile.

Genevieve lowered the window.

The man was dressed in plain clothes, but he didn't look like a beggar.

He said, "Hello, my lady. Your hair is black and bright. Would you like a free haircut? You can design your hairstyle for free."

Genevieve was confused. "Thank you. No."

The man refused to give up. "I'll pay you 300 dollars for a haircut."

Genevieve frowned and thought, 'How come I get paid for a haircut without paying for it?'

'Perhaps the stylist comes out to start a business!'

'All walks of life are in trouble!'

She took a bundle of money from the compartment, more than 300 dollars, and gave it to him.

She said, "Change your job!"

The man froze in place with a stack of money, messy in the cold wind.

He took out his phone and called Wyatt.

"She is really a kind-hearted girl with a sense of social responsibility. She can't be the daughter of Bill, right?"

Wyatt was so angry that he said, "Do you still know who you are?"

When she arrived at the company, Genevieve cheered up and worked hard.

People who worked as undercover agents were very poor. Jeffrey m couldn't help those who were bad, so he would be a pauper when he came back.

Genevieve was responsible for taking care of him.

So, she had gonna have to work hard.

Then Jasper knocked on the door and came in.

He said, "Mr. Hoffman is here."

"Tell him to leave!" Genevieve replied.

"But Mr. Hoffman has arrived at the door," Jasper said awkwardly.

"Tell him I'm not here." Genevieve didn't even look up.

But the door was pushed open. Anthony stood there with a gloomy face and looked at her angrily.

"Are you going to deal with me like this?"

Genevieve pursed her lips and bowed her head.

She said, "Mr. Hoffman, you have more time than you need? Don't you have any interest in making money now?"

Anthony walked over slowly with his hands behind his back. And there was something hidden in his hands.

"Of course I'm interested, but I prefer to live off a woman," he replied.

Genevieve twitched the corner of her mouth and looked up at him helplessly. "

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Anthony was not angry. He walked to Genevieve and suddenly held out his hand.

Startled, Genevieve stood up suddenly and took a step back.

The thing on the table turned around and barked aggrievedly. Then it sat there, waiting for Genevieve to take the initiative to hold it!

Genevieve looked at it in shock. "Goldie!"

Goldie barked again and looked at her with tears in its eyes.

It had been a long time since they saw each other, and it had many complaints about Genevieve.

When Genevieve held it in her arms and kneaded it, Goldie gradually became happy. Goldie stuck out the tongue and wagged the tail, lying on top of her body and refused to come down.

Anthony's face darkened as he watched the dog put its paw on her chest.

"Come on, put it down, or it will pee on you!" He said.

Genevieve squinted at him. "Goldie is a polite boy. He won't defecate indiscriminately!"

Hearing the praise, Goldie wagged his tail even more fiercely.

Anthony took a deep breath and stood there regretting having brought the dog.

With so many formalities, it was troublesome. After he brought the dog here, his status became even lower.

After making out enough, Genevieve put it on her lap and looked at Anthony.

"Why do you bring it all of a sudden? My parents agreed to take it away?"

Anthony looked away guiltily and sat on the sofa.

"Well..."

Seeing that something was wrong, Genevieve twitched her mouth and said, "You robbed it?"

Anthony stressed, "I stole it!"

"I Genevieve stood up suddenly, eyes widened. "Are you crazy?"

Anthony sat there, not knowing where to put his hands.

He said, "I think you're homesick and can be happier when seeing your dog. I can't even get in your house. It was me who untied the rope and stole it while your father was fishing."

Genevieve gasped a deep breath.

She could even predict that Samantha would whip Darrell after he disappeared with his dog!

She glared at Anthony and immediately took her phone to videotape home.

Anthony grabbed her hand and said awkwardly, "Can you please don't tell them it is me?"

His image couldn't be reduced. After all, he had to leave a good impression on them.

A dog thief, it was so unseemly to say!

Genevieve shook off his hand. "Did Goldie come here by itself?"

It was ridiculous to say it out.

Goldie lay on Genevieve's lap, sticking out its tongue and rolling its eyes at Anthony.

Anthony's jaw tightened.

He said, "Then don't say it is Goldie. Anyway, all dogs look the same!"

Goldie was speechless.

CHOME Genevieve also looked at him speechlessly.

She thought, "Is there something wrong with his eyes?"

Genevieve's video call was on.

Anthony was a little panicked. He immediately hid away and didn't want to be found.

Although it was a little deceiving, it was better than facing her parents as a "dog thief".

"Gen, sweetie, your father lost your dog!"

Samantha choked with tears in her eyes.

Darrell sat there with his head down and a gloomy face.

Obviously, he had been scolded for a long time and didn't have the confidence to talk back.

Genevieve immediately lifted Goldie up.

"Goldie is here!"

Samantha was stunned.

She asked surprisingly, "Goldie? why is it there?"

Darrell also looked over and said, "Isn't this Goldie? What's going on?"

Genevieve smiled shyly, glanced at the figure not far away, and took a deep breath.

"I missed it too much, so I asked someone to bring it here. I didn't tell you in advance because I was afraid that you wouldn't agree. Mom and Dad, will you blame me?"

Samantha took a deep breath and changed her expression. She looked at the camera with a perfect smile. "Of course not. My dear daughter, when will you come back? I promise to save your life!"

Genevieve was so frightened that she hung up the video.

It was chilly.

She knew that Samantha would never let her go.

Anthony came in from the outside and smiled with relief.

"I knew it. You still care about me," he said.

Genevieve was speechless. "I don't want to cause a conflict between the two families."

She gently stroked Goldie's soft fur, and her heart softened.

"By the way, I also prepared a gift for you." Anthony excitedly took something out of his pocket.

However, Riley knocked on the door and came in with a document.

She said, "There is a document that needs to be signed."

She looked at Anthony and nodded slightly.

Anthony had no impression of her, especially in front of Genevieve. It was impossible for him to act familiar with her.

He kept the envelope still, waiting for Riley to leave.

However, Genevieve signed the document and asked Riley to sit down. She had something to discuss with her later.

She looked at Anthony and said, "Say it quickly. I have something important to do!"

Anthony paused and then said, "This is an important matter, Gen. How do you want to thank me?"

Genevieve frowned and was about to scold him for looking for trouble. Then she watched him hand over the envelope.

Genevieve swallowed it, took the envelope over, and casually opened it.

She looked at the letters written on the back of the cigarette case full of oil stains and almost cried.

[Safe.]

Genevieve's heart was in a mess.

If Lucas's previous information made her relieved but still doubtful, then Anthony's piece of paper made her E unable to hold on any longer.

Her heart fell safely to the ground.

Her tears also burst out.

She couldn't hold it back at all.

It was weeping with joy and excitement.

Riley frowned slightly, and her face turned pale. "Ms. Lawrence..."

She went over to see how she was doing, and naturally saw the word on the piece of paper in Genevieve's hand.

Riley's eyes froze in an instant, and her whole body was slightly shocked.

This note could only be recognized by those who were familiar with it.

She was no stranger.

Genevieve turned away and calmed down.

She wiped her tears, but they welled up unconsciously.

Anthony walked behind her.

At this time, regardless of the presence of outsiders, his heart also hurt.

He gently held her in his arms, patted her on the shoulder, and patiently comforted her.

He said, "Gen, it doesn't matter. As you can see, everything will be fine."

Genevieve seemed to have found a way out. After so many days of worrying and fear, she finally didn't need to comfort herself.

She subconsciously hugged him and began to cry without reservation. Her voice was depressing and fragile.

She had known Anthony for a long time. For the first time, she felt that he could be relied on.

It was self-evident what the word meant.

Genevieve knew that there must be a lot of obstacles.

As soon as she felt grateful to Anthony, she heard him say to Riley, "Why don't you go out?"

It meant that he thought Riley was inappropriate to stay here at this time!

Chapter 346

Riley's face stiffened. After a while, she shifted her gaze blankly.

She put down the card subconsciously and was about to leave.

Genevieve gave Anthony a fierce pinch on the soft flesh of his waist.

He was unprepared, and the sudden pain struck him. He gasped in pain.

Genevieve let go of him, took a deep breath and said to Riley in a hoarse voice, "Ms. Horton, don't go out. It is related to the development of the company. You should also listen."

Riley pursed her lips and felt complicated, but she was more grateful.

Anthony was a little hurt. He thought, 'At this time, shouldn't I comfort Genevieve?

'What's Riley doing here?

'Being a light and blind her eyes?!

He didn't understand. Not at all!

He thought, 'Genevieve's attitude has changed. Why should a third party be present?'

He couldn't figure it out!

Genevieve looks up at him. "Anthony, how did you get this?"

Anthony pursed his lips and said in a deep voice, "It's a secret. I can't tell you."

Genevieve thought that maybe it was because of his sensitive identity, so he couldn't say anything casually.

Then she asked, "Is he okay?"

Anthony said, "It's a secret. I can't tell you."

Genevieve's face stiffened. "Then when will he come back?"

"It's a secret. I can't tell you," Anthony replied.

Genevieve took a deep breath. "Then what can you say?"

Anthony looked at her and said, "You owe me one, Gen."

Genevieve twitched the corners of her mouth. As expected, he was still a businessman and couldn't forget his own interests!

But considering Lucas' words and Anthony's attitude of not saying anything, Jeffrey was in no danger. He was on a great task!

She smiled and said, "Of course, I've kept it in mind."

She thought, 'The good ones and the bad ones!

Anthony smiled and looked at her gently. "Since you know it's okay, shall we go back to our country?"

Riley was anxious and looked at them. "Go back to your country? Aren't you looking for him?"

Anthony glanced at her casually and said, "You're just a part-time worker. You take care of everything!"

She was just a third wheel!

Genevieve's eyes widened. "Show some respect!"

"Okay," Anthony said awkwardly.

Genevieve took a deep breath and said to Riley, "My brother is fine. It may be inconvenient for him to come back now, but it must not be dangerous. We don't have to do anything. Sometimes he will get involved if we do too much."

Goldie jumped down to play, and Genevieve looked at Riley with a smile.

Riley was stunned and nodded. Without saying anything, she stood up and went out.

She even forgot to take the document.

She looked calm, but in fact, she was already out of her mind.

Anthony frowned and watched her go out without closing the door.

He wanted to complain in his heart.

But watching Genevieve protect her, he held back.

He thought, 'Fortunately, I don't have this kind of person. Otherwise, I would have dealt with her honestly.'

"Genevieve is too kind."

"Why are you so unwary of her? What if she gets the news and betrays you?"

Anthony frowned and said.

Genevieve pursed her lips and looked at him. "She is my brother's favorite person, and she is his future wife. You'd better be polite."

Anthony froze and immediately sat up straight.

He felt nervous.

He thought, 'His loved person? His future wife?'

'I didn't say that too much just now?'

Anthony pursed his lips and felt heartbroken.

He thought again, 'I just offended Genevieve's parents, and now her brother's future wife?'

'This relationship is not very good!'

Genevieve didn't know he was thinking so much.

Looking at that piece of paper, she felt confident.

"Anthony, he will be safe, right?" she asked.

Anthony pursed his lips and looked uneasy. "There will be someone to keep him safe. Don't worry."

This card also started from his suspicion.

Then he gradually found someone to build a bridge and got accurate information from some big shot in the army.

As he thought, Jeffrey wouldn't die easily.

It took him half a month to get this card.

He wouldn't tell Genevieve about the twists and turns. He just wanted her to know what was going on.

Genevieve smiled and looked at him sincerely. "Thank you, really."

Anthony paused and suddenly realized something. "But how do you know he's not in danger?"

"Someone told me," Genevieve replied.

Anthony was inexplicably unhappy. He thought, "Someone tells her the good news before me.

'Wouldn't it be a big surprise?"

"Could it be Lucas?" he asked.

He thought about it and felt that other people wouldn't have this ability and idea.

Genevieve smiled, neither admitting nor denying it.

Anthony's face darkened.

He was so angry.

Sure enough, it was Lucas, the jerk!

Genevieve wanted to tell her family the good news, but she was afraid of revealing any secrets. It would be better to say it in person.

So, she planned to go back to the country later.

Looking at the smile on her face, Anthony was also happy.

All these days of hard work were worth it.

He checked the time and said, "Let's celebrate. Why don't you go to dinner?"

Genevieve agreed.

"I'll treat you."

Then she asked Jasper to make a reservation and let him take care of Goldie.

Then she left with Anthony.

Anthony smiled and followed her.

Looking at the handsome boy standing in front of her car downstairs with a bright smile and opening it for her, Anthony was a little nervous.

Genevieve got in the car, and Anthony also got in hers.

Then Anthony watched the handsome boy get in the passenger seat.

even The handsome boy was young and handsome, with outstanding facial features. He could even be seen on the Catwalk in fashion circles, which made Anthony worried.

Anthony paused and said calmly in the car, "Why did you change your driver?"

"Well, in order to avoid what happened last time, I found a temporary driver," Genevieve replied.

Anthony clenched his palms and coughed. "Don't you still owe me a favor?"

Genevieve frowned and looked at him. "I won't repudiate it. You don't have to remind me every minute, do you?"

Anthony pursed his lips with embarrassment. "I don't mean that. I just want to say, can you give me your driver?"

Genevieve gave him a strange look.

't you have She asked curiously, have a driver yourself? And you are used to using your own people. Why do you want my driver?"

'He looks so pretty that I can't rest assured when he is by your side.'

Anthony thought in his heart and said, "My driver is on vacation and I haven't found anyone else yet. your man one of my own? I really Isn't believe in you!"

Genevieve found his words sour.

But it was not too much to ask.

Genevieve couldn't afford to pay a lot of money for the news he gave her, let alone borrowing the driver.

She thought about it for a while and asked Mike what he was thinking in Friyxian.

Mike smiled at Anthony and agreed directly. 'Anyway, it's all about making money. Working for whom has no He thought, difference for me.'

Chapter 347

Mike agreed, so it would be easy.

Genevieve nodded. "He agreed, but you have to be generous. He will work and study hard!"

"Don't worry. Is there a boss who is more generous than me?" Anthony replied.

Genevieve looked away speechlessly.

Anthony smiled confidently. "We have settled this matter, and I will never negotiate any other terms with you!"

Genevieve smiled and said nothing.

Jasper understood what Genevieve was thinking.

The reservation he made was not a romantic restaurant.

It was a barbecue.

The barbecue shop also had a massage.

Genevieve was pleased.

But Anthony looked at the smoky barbecue shop, and his face was a little unpleasant.

What was the romantic atmosphere of a barbecue restaurant with a pot of chili?

Everyone was so hot that they stuck their tongues out and talked about love, which made him even unwilling to think about it.

Genevieve glanced around. It was full.

The owner greeted her with enthusiasm. "Ms. Lawrence, here is your seat."

He pointed to the window, and Genevieve smiled. "Thank you."

She came here with Selene several times a few days ago, so the owner could recognize her.

Genevieve sat over there happily and waved to Anthony. "Come and have a seat."

Anthony was obviously unwilling. "How about eating something else? Isn't it too hot here?"

Genevieve stopped smiling and retorted unceremoniously, "Cut the crap. If you don't eat, forget it!"

Anthony sat down awkwardly.

Soon four people came.

Two people served the soup, and two people massaged for them.

A boy and a girl consciously came to the back of Genevieve and Anthony.

Genevieve took a few tips out of her bag and handed them to the handsome boy behind.

The handsome boy threw her a kiss happily.

Anthony's face darkened.

The girl behind him walked up to him and looked at him expectantly.

She thought, 'This man's clothes are extremely expensive, and he must be more generous than the woman opposite him!'

She coughed, put her hand on his shoulder, and gently pinched it.

As a result, Anthony jumped up in fear and was away from her.

The girl was also frightened. "Huh?"

Anthony looked at Genevieve with a strange expression. "I will change with you. I'm not used to letting women press it!"

The young boy behind Genevieve was stunned for a moment, and he looked down at Genevieve.

Genevieve folded her arms and looked at Anthony with a soft smile. "Before the divorce, you didn't have this consciousness. After the divorce, do you develop this habit?"

"You don't mean to show me that, do you?"

"I treat you as my buddy, and I find a good-looking one to massage you. I don't mind it. What do you mind?"

Genevieve was amused.

Ordinary people didn't get this kind of treatment!

Anthony was amused by her words. "Buddy? My buddies and I don't need this kind of project! You underestimate me. I don't need to deliberately act. I love myself!"

Genevieve was shocked for a moment. Seeing that he seemed to be really angry, she waved her hand and asked the young boy behind her to leave.

The girl also left. Before she left, she rolled her eyes and said, "We're serious craftsmen. What are you thinking about? I won't do it if you ask me to!"

She snorted coldly and turned away.

Anthony was furious.

Genevieve couldn't help laughing. "Mr. Hoffman, where do you think this is? The massage here is inherited from the Clusian hundreds of years ago. It has applied for a patent and you can't even get a place in the queue!"

A wave of tension gripped Anthony's chest.

He was just so mad.

He thought that Genevieve was treating him like some kind of shameless man, or testing him!

He didn't expect it to mean something different.

He felt a little embarrassed.

"Then I misunderstood. I didn't expect you to be kind!" he said.

He misunderstood such a positive thing as experiencing inherited technology as something disgraceful.

Anthony suddenly fell from the moral high ground.

It was still a little painful.

"Then let's eat!"

Genevieve was in a good mood and stopped making fun of him.

Her order came soon.

She was eager to have a try and picked up the fork to greet, "You're welcome.

Just eat!"

Anthony said, "Why are there all internal organs? I don't eat them!"

Genevieve cooked a tripe and put it in his bowl with some warning. "You used to eat a lot of foie gras. Why didn't you say you wouldn't eat internal organs at that time?"

In her opinion, men were hypocritical!

If he didn't eat, she wouldn't come.

When they got married before, Anthony didn't say a word in front of all the dishes she cooked.

At that time, he said arrogantly that his favorite food was foie gras!

Wasn't foie gras an internal organ?

By extension, Anthony liked to eat offal. There was nothing wrong with it!

The more Genevieve thought about it, the more she felt that the problem lay with Anthony.

He was just picking on her!

Anthony pursed his lips and felt a little aggrieved.

He glanced at her and said, "Isn't there anything else?"

Genevieve paused and said, "The offal set I ordered specially should be nothing else. Let them serve two plates of tender mutton!"

Then she greeted the owner.

Anthony looked weird. "I don't like mutton."

Genevieve looks at him with a serious face. "Don't you like these, or don't you like eating with me?"

"You do it on purpose, right?"

"When we first got married, your friend gave you two legs of roast lamb. You didn't eat less at all!"

Anthony's face turned red.

He had relatively high requirements for these meats.

The lamb legs were all transported by air, and the sheep were specially wagsrc raised.

The mutton in ordinary restaurants couldn't be of such high quality at all unless it was booked in advance and En. shipped by air.

But in this barbecue shop, even though the environment was quite good, the tables were not close to each other and the semi-open space was separated by a screen, which gave people a sense of distance and privacy, he could still smell the mutton on other tables.

He was a little reluctant.

Anthony didn't know how to explain it. The more he explained, the angrier Genevieve became.

He could only say dryly, "I eat vegetables!"

Genevieve swallowed the anger and asked someone to send him a vegetable platter.

Looking at the wormhole on a vegetable leaf, Anthony sighed in his heart.

Genevieve felt that this was natural and pollution-free, only pure green pesticides could be so natural!

She smiled. "Are you satisfied now?" Anthony wanted to say something but hesitated.

Assessing the possibility that Genevieve might smash a plate here, he gave up his opinions.

He thought, 'I'd better change her habits later.'

Genevieve was cooking other things on the side. She was not pretentious at all.

She was very excited to eat with the secret sauce.

Anthony picked several whole vegetable leaves and cooked them.

It tasted good, actually.

He also ate a little more unconsciously.

Chapter 348

Genevieve thought, 'As for wormholes, forget it. The heat can kill everything!'

Genevieve was having food in a good mood, and there was a nutritionist there to keep an eye on her. Samantha also asked about it regularly.

She usually didn't get a chance to eat like this.

She thought, "How many times could I indulge myself like this? Anyway, I don't care.

Anthony ate the dishes elegantly and smiled at her.

He said, "If you like, I will open several barbecue shops in our country later.

However, vegetables and other foods must be strict in quality.

This kind of vegetable with wormholes will disgust diners."

Genevieve raised her head and looked through the plate in front of him and said, "Then you ate a lot. You didn't leave anything!"

Anthony was speechless.

Half an hour passed, and the two came out after drinking and eating.

Genevieve checked out the meal. Anthony was a little bit late to get the money.

The main reason was that he felt so smelly. By the time he went to wash his hands in the bathroom, Genevieve had already paid the bill and was waiting for him at the door.

It was the first time that Anthony had let a woman pay for dinner.

He would be laughed at for days if it got out.

But fortunately, Genevieve was not an outsider. The husband and wife were linked with each other.

Anthony went out at ease.

They both felt a little stuffed.

Anthony thought, 'The rotten vegetable leaves are quite delicious. Are the vegetable leaves gnawed by worms particularly delicious?'

The man in front of Anthony had already driven the car over there.

Mike, a handsome boy, went to the driver's seat happily.

Anthony breathed a sigh of relief. Genevieve kept her promise.

He opened the back door and looked at Genevieve. "Get in the car. I'll drive you home"

Genevieve shook her head and smiled. "No, I've invited Selene to go shopping. You can leave now. My car is here."

She waved to a car not far away.

Although Anthony didn't want to part with her, he shouldn't spoil the fun at this time.

He was just about to get in the car and saw a man who looked exactly like Mike coming out of that car.

Anthony's face changed, his eyes widened, and his heart skipped a beat.

He watched the guy jump out of the car happily, open the door for Genevieve and wink at her.

Anthony was frightened.

He thought, 'Wait, what's going on here?'

He stepped on the car with one foot and looked back at the driver, then at his own driver who had just been tricked by Genevieve.

He thought, 'Exactly the same. Copy and paste?' He stood there in confusion.

He walked over in puzzlement, looking at this one and then that one.

Selene couldn't help getting out of the car and looked at Anthony. "Mr. Hoffman, what are you looking at? Are you fascinated by my driver?"

Anthony's face darkened, and he asked, "What's this?"

"Twins, what's so strange about that? I heard you asked for Mike, and we still have Johnny!" Selene replied.

Selene waved to the handsome boy in Genevieve's car.

Johnny responded excitedly with a bright smile, which made him annoyed.

Anthony understood instantly.

He thought, "It turned out that they were twins!

'I had one of them!

"Genevieve had another one!

'No wonder she agreed without hesitation. She was so generous and had an alternative one!"

Anthony felt that his meal made him even more sick.

'On the way here, I vowed to Genevieve that there would be no other conditions.

"If I counted this Johnny now, would Genevieve deal with me?' He was thinking.

Genevieve looked at him and said, "Do you want to go? We are going to go, and we have arranged a time with others."

Anthony nodded with an unhappy face and was not in the mood. "Let's go. You guys go first!"

Genevieve frowned. "Your car is blocking us."

Anthony gave him a plaintive look and got in the car.

Genevieve went back to her car. "I don't know why."

Selene knew what Anthony was thinking and smiled happily. "Mr. Hoffman has been sad for a while!"

"What's he upset about?" Genevieve asked.

Selene smiled. "He doesn't have many conditions!"

Genevieve frowned and thought, 'Indeed, there were few unexpected ones.

'According to Anthony's personality, it was unbelievable that he didn't take the opportunity to ask for such a big favor."

Genevieve felt that he should be formally thanked later.

'Lawrence Group had a project, and we can consider cooperating with him.'

They arrived at the mall.

It was a luxury brand that Genevieve used to like whose bags were custom-made and priceless.

In the past, it was Jeffrey and Samantha who went abroad to bring them back for her. This time, she felt relieved and wanted to go out on her own.

But nobody would have thought that as soon as she entered the door, she saw an unexpected person, Irven.

Selene's expression instantly changed from shock to coldness, and finally, she ignored him.

Because Irven was followed by a beauty, who looked beautiful and put ideas into other's head.

Genevieve didn't feel anything wrong, but after a round of shopping, the two did not even say a word, which was weird.

Genevieve wondered if the heater had been forgotten to turn on.

She looked at Selene suspiciously.

Selene sat not far away with a cold face expression..

The staff next to her introduced her with a pad.

And Irven always looked back at Selene. There was obvious anxiety on his face expression.

Genevieve blinked, and she couldn't urge him to leave.

She thought, 'It was good to stay out of trouble.'

However, the woman next to Irven saw that he was not paying attention to herself, so she looked gloomy with anger and walked over to block his sight. "Do you think I look good in this?" she asked.

Irven nodded and said quickly, "Good, get in and have a try."

Women did like a generous man.

She took the clothes and went to the fitting room.

As expected, Irven couldn't wait to stand up and ran over. He smiled at Genevieve and sat opposite Selene.

"Why didn't you tell me about it? If I had known that, I would have game with you It was meaningless to go shopping with my cousin..."

That was a pun.

Selene was well-informed and didn't buy it.

"Cousin? How could we hold up Mr.

Lester's time with your cousin?" But the honorary title management master should be given to Mr. Lester!" Selene looked at him sarcastically and didn't show much anger.

the oftime.com It was not an intimate relationship. She had no right to be jealous.

Irven touched his nose and said with a smile, "I'm dedicated to my relationship. Don't you know whether I am a good man?"

Hearing this, Selene almost got angry and said, "I don't know anything. Don't try to blame me!"

Irven's female companion came out of the fitting room. She tried on a sexy topless dress, which wrapped her up tightly.

This woman was a plump one, not thin but sexy and cute.

She stood there, made a pose, and blinked at Irven.

"Honey, am I beautiful?" she asked.

Chapter 349

But the woman's intuition made Lisa stare at Selene for a moment.

where are the little bitch from? Look at your bony appearance. You haven't graduated yet, right? Are you malnourished?" she asked.

She raised her chin slightly and showed off her superior figure in an arrogant manner.

Selene envied this kind of person who had no body anxiety. She was plump and attractive.

Selene thought, 'Irven's taste was actually good.

But when she heard this woman's provocation, she burst into laughter.

She couldn't even get angry.

"Yeah, I haven't graduated yet. Sorry..." she replied.

Selene was happy that Lisa praised her as a young student.

She thought, 'It has been a long time since I heard such a compliment.'

She directly omitted this woman's hostility.

Lisa frowned. Selene didn't take the bait, so she didn't know what to do. She looked at Irven and said coquettishly, "Honey, she bullied me!"

Irven smiled and said, "Do you think I'm blind?"

By the way, the staff came over with some clothes.

Lisa's eyes lit up and she said to the staff immediately, "It's so beautiful. I want this!"

The staff stood there and reminded her with a smile, "Sorry, they are custom-made clothes for the two ladies."

Lisa shook Irven's arm and said, "No, no, I want it!"

Irven was helpless, he really regretted making this stupid decision.

Selene smiled and stood up, imitating Lisa's sweet voice and said, "Sorry, you wear this size. This one is

only suitable for malnourished people like me!"

She smiled and went to the fitting room with her clothes.

Lisa's facial expression turned a lot with anger.

Irven frowned and glanced at Genevieve apologetically.

He said, "Ms. Lawrence, I'll take her away first. See you next time."

Genevieve nodded and said, "Bye."

Lisa was unwilling to leave, but Irven didn't want to stay.

When he passed the cashier in front of him, he said directly, "It's on my account."

As soon as the two of them went out, and the shop closed immediately.

Lisa frowned and looked back in shock.

She asked, "This one is never allowed to be booked by others. Who are they?"

Irven looked at her with a faint smile and said, "Anyway, it's not as simple as you think."

When Lisa wanted to say something, Irven took out a card from his wallet and handed it over.

He said, "Don't contact me again."

Lisa blinked in surprise and hesitated to take the card.

She thought, 'Obviously, I would have a rich husband. How pitiful it would be to give up like this?'

She stood there, blinked her eyes and said, "Are you not satisfied with me, Mr. Lester?"

"Yes, I'm not satisfied," Irven said frankly.

He was never had patience with women.

Lisa's face turned pale.

Irven smiled and said, "Don't you want it? Fine."

He was about to take the card back when Lisa took it and said with a smile,

"Thank you."

Lisa got a card and a new dress, and went away contentedly.

Irven returned and knocked on the door.

The staff came out and looked at him with a smile.

"What else can I do for you, Mr. Lester?" the staff asked.

He replied, "I'll go in and look for someone."

But he opened the door. The staff said with a smile, "Sorry, Mr. Lester We are only serving these two ladies for the rest of today. They have made it clear that they don't want others to be present. Please forgive me."

The staff put down the curtain with a smile.

Irven was frozen for a moment.

But he really wanted to explain that he had nothing to do with that woman!

He stood for a few seconds, turned around and left.

Genevieve watched Selene trying on clothes while admiring her bag.

There was a designer in Yowhayton who retired from the head of famous luxury brands to start his own custom-made brand.

Genevieve preferred these custom-made styles, comfortable, simple, and suitable, for occasions where there was no need to carry a valuable handbag.

Of course, it was a lot more expensive than the valuable ones.

But the label on the bag was not too conspicuous, which made her less noticeable and more comfortable.

However, this brand had a good reputation and there were few channels to buy it.

Because this designer didn't welcome outsiders.

The bags circulated in the market, some of which were even

second-hand ones had sky-high prices: She could imagine how popular this product was.

But now, Genevieve couldn't help admiring the dozens of handbags in front of her.

She couldn't pick anything she didn't like.

Each style was very cordial just like her own family.

Selene tried on her clothes and sighed, "Am I too bony?"

Genevieve was stunned and said, "You can't get fat even if you eat too much.

What? Did Irven's girlfriend irritate you?"

Selene curled her lips and said, "No one can bother me. I just think each woman has her beauty, but each man has his wickedness."

Genevieve glanced at her and asked, "You and Irven..."

Selene raised her eyebrows and said,

"We have nothing to do with each other. We just want to explore the relationship between each other's bodies. But obviously, I won't use him anymore. I will not find a time

manager!"

Genevieve thought, 'How unhygienic!'

In Genevieve's heart, only the top men deserved her excellent bestie. Irven was ordinary and had no merits.

Genevieve was delighted and bought all the bags.

When paying for the money, she did not hesitate and took a card from her wallet casually.

The staff had become more enthusiastic.

When Darrell received the consumption information, he thought he had read it wrong.

He put on his reading glasses and counted the number of zeros, and then he made a tut, "Did Gen buy a bag

Chapter 350

Mom next to her ran over eagerly,

"Really?"

Both men were not distressed but happy to find that Genevieve was spending too much money.

"Sweetheart must be very happy to buy a bag!"

"Yes, yes. There must be something happy about it!"

They know their sweetheart, Andrea.

Genevieve is away from home, but has never gone out to spend money.

Dad didn't say it, but he was worried!

to ea Now Genevieve spends money, happy from ear to ear.

"Let's ask someone to cook some delicious dishes to celebrate the happiness of Gen."

Mom clapped her hands, stood up and ran to the kitchen.

In the mall.

Genevieve had the bags sent home.

Then she hangs out with Selene..

Not far away, a neatly dressed Louis came up and greeted her with a smile.

"Ladies, do you want a haircut, free hairstyles and small prizes?"

Selene waved her hand and said, "No, thank you!"

Louis looked at Genevieve and said, "This young lady, we are international famous stylists. We can't be asked for anything!"

Genevieve glanced at the man and felt that he looked familiar.

Wasn't he the one who stopped her car at the gate of the hospital before?

Why are we here again?

Genevieve pursed her lips and asked, "Where is your store?"

Louis was excited and pointed at the stall that had just been set up in the corner of the mall,

"There..."

They were all from Clusia, and it was not easy to make a living abroad.

Genevieve lowered his eyes and pondered for a few seconds, trying to express warmth in euphemistic words.

"It's good to stick to your dream, but survival is the top priority. How about changing your job first?"

Then she took out a pile of money from her bag and handed it to him.

She said, "Change your job!"

Louis was stunned and didn't know what to say.

Selene pulled Genevieve and left. She was not in the mood to wander around, saying as she walked,

"How can you give him so much money without revealing his wealth? What if he plots to beat you up?"

Genevieve pursed his lips and said, "He is a Clusian. He must have a hard life. It will be fine to help him."

Selene glared at her in disgust.

After they left.

Louis called Wyatt again.

"Darrell, I think Ms. Lawrence is so beautiful and kind. She gave me money again..."

Wyatt was furious and said,

"You can't do such a simple thing? "What's the use of you? You just eat and drink all day long?"

For the next few days, Genevieve asked the lawyer to ask Robbin's lawyer from time to time.

Genevieve gradually handed over the Aroma Delights business to Riley.

Riley perceived her intention to return home.

She couldn't help but find a chance to stop her.

"Mr. Lester, do you really want to return home? Don't you want to find him?"

Genevieve paused and said with a smile,

"Ms. Horton, I believe in Tony. He is never the one waiting for others to save him.

He's a superhero!"

Austin pursed her lips and smiled at Riley.

"Yeah, he can do anything."

But the concern in her eyes was not false.

Genevieve takes a deep breath, removes the ring from his finger and places it on the table:

"Ms. Horton, I'll give you the ring. When Darrell comes back, you can return it to her."

Riley was a little surprised and blinked.

"Will he come back directly?"

"If he can't leave the people and work here and wants to come back, he can see this ring as soon as possible."

Genevieve smiles and pretends not to know:

"Ms. Horton, I know more news than you do, but there are some things I can't tell you. Don't talk about it by hearsay and keep the company safe."

Riley's eyes twinkled slightly and he nodded.

She had always been a cool and quick character, a strong woman who came up step by step.

She paid a lot and gave up a lot to get this position.

She can't give up easily.

So she could only suppress all her emotions.

"By the way, Anthony asked someone to send me a few bottles of perfume a few days ago. I don't have any contact with him in private. What does he mean?"

Genevieve was even more surprised.

Didn't he think Riley was insensible before?

What's with the gift?

Genevieve pondered for a long time before he said,

"We study perfume. Is he humiliating us?"

Riley pursed her lips and looked serious,

"I suspect that this is a demonstration. Does he also intend to enter the fashion industry and steal our business?"

Genevieve nodded agreeably.

"Then you should be prepared in advance. Once you find a sign, don't be polite and let him know who is the boss in this industry!"

Riley nodded solemnly.

Genevieve smiled and talked to her about work.

Actually, I've been in contact with him for a long time.

Riley's abilities are unquestionable.

I don't know what kind of person he is..

Genevieve trusted her partly because of Jeffrey.

A week later, preparations for the transition had begun.

I heard Robbin got out of the hospital.

Genevieve didn't want to have anything to do with her anymore. When he heard about it, he pretended not to.

But Irven came to him:

"Ms. Lawrence, do you want to come with me to the Simpson family's residence to see a patient?"

Genevieve frowned:

"Why should I visit her? I don't know Ms. Simpson very well!"

"We all know each other. Let's go to the hospital after we get discharged!"

Irven seemed desperate to have Genevieve go with him.

Genevieve shook his head. "I'm not going."

Irven had no choice but to say,

"My family has a bad relationship with the Simpson family's residence. But as his ex-fiance, my status is embarrassing, so I want you to go with me.

And some people won't misunderstand it!"

Genevieve was confused, but finally understood the last sentence.

"Who wouldn't misunderstand? "Mr. Lee, did you break up with that girlfriend?"

Irven's expression changed and he hurriedly explained,

"It's not a girlfriend. She is just my cousin from afar, and I haven't contacted her for a long time!"

Genevieve smiled and listened to him, not believing a word in his heart!

Irven stamped his foot and said,

"Ms. Lawrence, come with me. To be honest, Mr. Simpson is still angry with Lucas because of your fake engagement, and the whole Robbin Simpson residence has become a pimple in Sweetheart!"

Genevieve was stunned. Hearing this, he felt a little guilty.

It was because of her!

She was softhearted and agreed to Irven's request.

"Okay, but isn't it a little abrupt to go to the Simpson family's residence?"

Irven smiled:

"Mr. Simpson is going to hold a recovery dinner for Robbin, and he also wants to officially determine Robbin's status in the residence of the Simpson family.

It will be held in the hotel of Simpson's residence, and I will take you there with me."

Genevieve nodded silently.

"Okay!"

She also wanted to take this opportunity to explain for Lucas.

She got the information she wanted, but she couldn't leave all the bad consequences to Lucas.

Irven left happily.

Genevieve has people preparing gifts, which are gorgeous and practical, and the best gift that can be presented.

A thousand-year-old ginseng!

Genevieve had it boxed up for the day...