

Submitting 41

Chapter 41

Anthony was in disbelief at first.

Samson's identity made him look foolish.

Anthony's kindness and patience weren't for Rosalie. They were for Austin's sake.

Now that the truth was out, he couldn't believe it when they said Rosalie was going to jump off the building.

And to his surprise, she was actually on the rooftop!

Aiden sent him a video.

Rosalie stood on the rooftop, looking shaky and pitiful. She seemed on the verge of falling from the tall building at any moment as if even a breeze could make it happen.

Regardless of Aiden's efforts, she refused to come down.

She stood there, screaming and crying uncontrollably. "I've got to see Anthony. If he doesn't show up, I might just jump. I love him so much. I had to leave the country before, and he knows about it! I came back just for him, not for any money! Anthony, they're accusing me wrongly. I love you deeply. Please believe me!"

Anthony remained unfazed after watching the video.

After a brief pause, he replayed the video.

As the video neared its end, the camera shifted to capture a familiar figure that swiftly passed by.

Genevieve stood at the balcony entrance, seemingly unaffected by the scene. She casually enjoyed the spectacle, crossing her arms in a leisurely manner.

Rosalie played the role of the actor, while Genevieve assumed the role of the audience.

Soon, Alden called.

Anthony took a moment to think, then promptly hung up the call.

His focus was always on the result.

Rosalie had already cost him a great deal.

The next day, as Anthony arrived at the hospital, he found Rosalie lying there, weeping in sorrow.

Of course, she hadn't carried out her threat to jump off the building.

To her surprise, Anthony had not shown up at all the day before.

Rosalie felt a deep sense of crisis. She was overwhelmed with panic.

"I'm in a hurry. If you don't have anything to say, I'll leave. I'll be sending Samson abroad, Anthony said indifferently.

U Rosalie paused. She gazed at the unfamiliar and distant Anthony while she spoke in a trembling voice. "I was innocent. I admit that I had a boyfriend during my time in the dance troupe. He claimed to be single when we started dating. However, when I discovered he already had a child, I broke up with him immediately. Afterward, I met Austin, and eventually, I became pregnant, and the child is Austin's."

Anthony kept his expression unchanged. "However, the DNA test results tell a different story," he said coldly.

He wasn't one to delve into others' private affairs, and Rosalie's personal life was of no concern to him.

He merely acknowledged the undeniable facts.

Tears streamed down Rosalie's face as she spoke with agitation. "There must be a mistake. If the test results are accurate, perhaps....maybe Samson isn't my biological child. My real child might have been taken away!"

A fleeting hint of emotion crossed Anthony's stern gaze.

Emotions surged through Rosalie, propelling her off the bed and onto the floor in a stumbling rush. Ignoring everything else. in the room, she made her way to Anthony and clutched his clothes. Her voice trembled with desperation as she cried out, "I swear, the baby I brought into this world is Austin's. The hospital has the birth certificate and blood samples to prove it. If there's been any mix-up, there must be signs. Anthony, for the sake of Austin, I beg you, please help me..."

A shadow fell over Anthony's face, his features hardening into a stern expression. His gaze bore into Rosalie with an unforgiving intensity as he lowered his head to scrutinize her. His words, delivered with a lack of emotion, cut through the air. "I'll conduct a thorough investigation, Rosalie. I hope what you're telling me is the truth."

With those words hanging in the air, he pushed her away and made a swift exit. Rosalie's cries echoed pitifully from behind as if releasing the pent-up, hysterical pain within her.

Margaret stood just beyond the doorway. When she witnessed Anthony and a woman engaging in a physical altercation, anger coursed through her, causing a noticeable tremble

"Take a good look. Doesn't this woman strike you as familiar?" Margaret asked.

She stood at a distance with her husband, Frank Hoffman. They were beyond earshot of the conversation taking place inside. Nonetheless, by merely watching Rosalie's actions, Margaret felt an unsettling intuition that something was amiss. Frank narrowed his eyes and commented with disdain, "Isn't that the kid's first love?"

A realization hit Margaret, and she grew infuriated. "It's her! How dare she show her face again!" she growled.

They hadn't met Rosalie in person before.

However, three years ago, Quincey would curse almost every day while clutching Rosalie's photograph.

The tumultuous scene unfolded before them compelled Margaret to storm over. She disregarded the snusta -

"And who are you? What's it to you? Mind your own business!" Rosalie retorted with a defiant sneer.

Frank, who was outside, sensed something amiss and promptly rushed in. He grabbed Margaret's hand and fixed his intense gaze on Rosalie.

"Three years ago, you deliberately caused a car accident and tried to create the illusion of being a hero. Do you think no one knows about that?" he questioned.

A pallor swept over Rosalie's face, her eyes widening in shock as she gazed at Frank.

Panic flickered in her eyes.

"W-Who are you people?" Rosalie stammered.

Frank snorted. "Three years back, you were barred from the Hoffman family, and guess what? Three years on, nothing's changed. Keep dreaming!"

Margaret couldn't help but let her voice rise. "Exactly. He's married. marrie m

now. Show some decency. Keep your distance, or might just unveil your secrets to him. Do you really think he'd still trust you?"

Rosalie rose to her feet. There was a defiant glint in her eyes.

"He divorced for me. Sooner or later, I'll be his!" Rosalie exclaimed.

At the mere mention of "divorce," Margaret's face paled. She pointed at Rosalie and spoke in a trembling voice. "What did you just say? You....

If Margaret's health hadn't been robust, the surge of anger might have overcome her.

Frank grabbed Margaret's hand, and without uttering a single word, they left. The door slammed shut behind them.

In a panic, Rosalie fumbled for her phone and dialed a long-neglected number.

After a few rings, someone answered.

"How could anyone know the truth about the car accident three years ago? Mr. Hoffman showed up and threatened me!" Rosalie bellowed.

The voice on the other end, a woman's, emitted a hoarse and sharp laugh.

"The driver is still in a vegetative state and unlikely to ever wake up. How could anyone know? My dear daughter, I happen to be a bit tight on funds these days..."

Fear seized Rosalie's thoughts, and she clutched at her hair in a frenzy.

Are you still my mom? Help me get rid of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman. After that, we can talk about the money..." Rosalie said.

She rushed outside, only to find that the two had already disappeared. However, a glimmer of hope sparked in her mind as she recalled the surveillance cameras might have captured images of them.

Meanwhile, still trembling from the recent confrontation, Margaret hastily left the hospital and dialed Anthony's number. "Have you divorced Gen?" she asked.

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Anthony's face shifted into a somber expression and his tone grew more solemn. "Grandma, who told you that?"

When Anthony owned up to it, Margaret couldn't contain her anger.

"That homewrecker. I swear, as long as I'm alive, she won't set foot in our family!" she bellowed.

With that, she ended the call abruptly.

Frank had grown accustomed to such family troubles over the years. He wasn't as upset.

"Take a breath. We lost Linda as a daughter-in-law back then, and I've learned to take things lightly. It's a relief that they divorced. At least, he won't hold back such a kind girl," Frank said.

Margaret was furious to the core.

"I favored Gen a bit more just because she reminded me of Linda. I never expected Tony to be so spineless!" she said.

Anthony's forehead creased in a frown as he placed his phone on the table. He then directed Daniel to look into overseas hospitals.

After Daniel left, Anthony reached for his phone again, but uncertainty held him back. He walked over to a drawer, pulled out a different phone, and dialed a number.

The call was abruptly ended on the other side.

The person on the other end no longer answered calls from unfamiliar numbers.

A wave of tension gripped Anthony's chest.

He stood up, grabbed his clothes, and made his way out. Casting a brief glance at Daniel, Anthony remarked, "I'm heading to Eagle Entertainment to visit a patient."

His words sounded peculiar to Daniel.

Daniel's lips twitched as he refrained from vocalizing the thoughts that flitted through his mind.

It was indeed unusual for someone to go to work when feeling under the weather.

Anthony drove to the Eagle Entertainment building.

A sudden realization struck him, and he detoured to buy a bouquet of the roses she favored.

If Louis could present them, Anthony could do the same, and even better!

He could offer larger, more exquisite, and more luxurious blooms!

However, upon reaching the building, Anthony learned that Genevieve hadn't shown up that day.

His expression darkened, and he asked, "So, she didn't come in just because she sprained her ankle?"

He couldn't believe that he didn't get to see her!

The receptionist, still relatively new, wore a friendly smile but couldn't shake the feeling that the man was a bit odd.

Anthony frowned and asked, "Where does she live?"

+6

With a smile, the receptionist responded, "I'm sorry, sir, but we can't disclose that information. We have numerous gentlemen like yourself eager to see Ms.

Lawrence, and she's quite occupied. Additionally, her residence is kept confidential. If you wish to meet her, you can join the queue for an appointment, but unfortunately, all slots for this year are fully booked."

As she finished speaking, Anthony's expression immediately clouded over.

The realization hit him like a sudden storm. Countless men were vying for a chance to be with her.

No wonder she showed no inclination toward remarriage!

Anger surged in Anthony's chest, and he struggled to contain the swirling tide of emotions within him.

His jaw tightened. He shot the receptionist a serious gaze and set the bunch of roses on the table.

"For Genevieve," he uttered.

Having spoken those words, he turned and left.

The receptionist was initially surprised by the intensity of his gaze. Yet, she soon composed herself and stood her ground calmly.

Just as she was about to stow the flowers and resume her tasks, she caught sight of a card nestled within the bouquet.

After picking it up, she found a boldly written name: [Anthony Hoffman]!

The receptionist was briefly stunned.

Despite not having met him, she instantly recognized the name and realized he was the CEO of the Hoffman Group!

Without a moment's delay, she quickly went upstairs with the bouquet.

Jasper snapped a photo of the flowers and the card, then forwarded it to Genevieve.

Genevieve: [Throw it away]

After getting into the car, Anthony dialed Daniel's number.

"Find out where Genevieve is staying now," he instructed.

After a brief pause, Daniel responded, "Sure."

Before long, Genevieve's address appeared on Anthony's phone.

It turned out to be a lavish residence in the heart of the city, which promised optimal privacy and a serene environment.

Anthony drove to the location, but upon arriving, he found no one.

The butler of the residential area greeted him with a smile and said, "Ms.

Lawrence hasn't been back for several days."

Anthony returned to Hoffman Group. He was wearing a stern expression born out of frustration at not being able to catch a glimpse of her.

'Well, Genevieve, you're a real magician, huh? I mean, who knew you were the Houdini of hide-and-seek?' he mused.

Meanwhile, Daniel looked into Rosalie's overseas hospital records and everything went smoothly.

He quickly got the results.

Austin had blood type O, Rosalie had blood type A, but Samson had blood type B.

This meant Samson couldn't be Austin's child.

Daniel obtained the blood sample of Rosalie's child, and it was taken immediately after the baby was born. "According to the hospital records, Ms. Stewart's child has blood type O. However, Samson has blood type B, and it doesn't align with the sample. There's a strong possibility that the baby was accidentally switched, or someone did it intentionally," Daniel explained. Anthony's face grew tense. His eyes clouded with a seriousness that matched the intensity in his clenched fist.

Rosalie had spoken the truth.

"Investigate further," Anthony commanded in a low, husky voice.

Daniel nodded. He was taken aback by the realization that this matter could still take another unexpected turn!

He pressed his lips together and hesitated before speaking. "Also, I heard that when Rosalie initially went abroad, she battled major depression. She was swindled out of all her money and wound up working in a dance troupe, and eventually..."

Anthony's brow furrowed slightly at the mention of "major depression."

He had no prior knowledge of this at all.

At the same time, Genevieve lounged on the couch at the Lawrence residence while casually checking her emails.

Despite her relaxed demeanor, she looked absolutely stunning with her hair falling loosely behind her ears.

Dennis gingerly brought a serving of pudding to Genevieve. She smiled warmly and said, "Thank you."

While savoring her dessert, a call from Selene interrupted the moment..

*Gen, that woman jumped off a building, and now she's in the hospital. Aiden is frantically running around, seeking help from every corner just to bring down the trending topics online. Is he out of his mind?" Selene exclaimed.

Genevieve smirked. "She didn't meet her end by jumping, did she?"

"Of course. If she had died, Alden would be shedding tears at her memorial service. He didn't even show as much concern about his brother's situation. I wonder what he's up to," Selene remarked.

Selene felt both baffled and almost regretful that the two hadn't become a couple.

Genevieve grinned and said, "Mr. Campbell has always been paying extra attention to Rosalie. I'm as puzzled as you are."

She honestly couldn't fathom the reason behind it and found the whole situation rather strange.

At first, she thought Aiden might be doing it to be considerate toward Anthony, but later, she realized that wasn't the case.

Eventually, they wrapped up their chat and hung up.

Dennis came up and informed, "Ms. Lawrence, Louis has arrived."

Genevieve was slightly taken aback. She nodded and said, "Please bring him in."

Louis was aware of Genevieve's sprained ankle, which probably explained his visit.

Before long, Louis showed up bearing a plethora of gifts, with a particularly noteworthy item being a bouquet of roses of roses that dwarfed the one from the previous night. It was stunningly beautiful and twice the size.

"Ms. Lawrence, are you feeling better?" Louis asked.

Genevieve smiled. She appeared quite comfortable in her slippers, and she didn't seem too affected.

"Much better. The doctor said it's not serious, and I should be back to normal in a couple of days," she said.

Louis smiled warmly and handed the bouquet toward her. "That's good. I hope you recover soon."

"Thank you." Genevieve accepted the flowers.

Louis nonchalantly commented, "Mr.

Hoffman appears pretty concerned he's even more about you, but he's m

worried about Ms. Stewart. Word is, he got her the best ward in the hospital. Looks like the storm has blown over."

A hint of surprise flitted across Genevieve's eyes, but it vanished almost instantly.

She responded with a carefree smile as if the whole incident didn't bother her at all.

"That's his business. Perhaps, in their eyes, these are just trials of love," she commented.

Her words were tinged with a hint of bitterness.

Yet, Genevieve had grown skilled at managing her emotions.

Louis' smile widened. "That's wonderful. I hope they live happily ever after."

It appeared that Louis held high hopes for the couple's future together.

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Genevieve gave a slight smile, thinking that Louis had really gone overboard with his enthusiasm.

She waited there until Darrell came home, then invited him to dinner. He gladly accepted, and they left only after finishing their meal.

Darrell even looked at her with satisfaction.

He e was relieved because she seemingly finally let go of her past and was starting to see the world with open eyes.

"Louis is a decent guy. You're just not well-acquainted enough. Take your time," Darrell said.

Genevieve's lips went stiff from all the forced smiling. "Dad, we've only just met and we're just friends..."

Even though Louis said he liked her a few times, she wasn't quite ready to believe it as true.

Darrell smiled and didn't say much. He went straight upstairs to report this to his wife.

Genevieve's foot injury gradually improved after a few days of resting at home. Selene would call her from time to time to share some gossip.

Early in the morning, Genevieve received a call from Selene. Still groggy, she answered it. "Ms. Quinn, you're up so early?"

Selene chuckled, a hint of excitement in her voice. "Let me tell you. Lately, Anthony has been searching for you like crazy. He even came looking for me; he's practically turned the whole Acocester upside down!"

-Genevieve fell silent for a few seconds, then snapped to attention, her gaze gradually turning clear and chilly. "Looking for me?"

"Yeah, maybe after being made a laughingstock for being cuckolded, he thinks you're more obedient and wants you Selene scoffed. "But I won't tell him. He actually thinks everyone's chasing after a two-timing scumbag like him!"

back!"

Genevieve tugged at the corner of her lips as her eyelashes drooped slightly. "Don't bother with him. He'll only ruin our mood."

Selene hung up after chatting a short while longer with Genevieve.

The doctor came to check Genevieve's foot, and only after confirming it was fully healed did Darrell allow her to go out.

The weather was clear and bright.

The moment she stepped out, even her mood lifted.

Before reaching the office, she received a call from Margaret.

Margaret's voice sounded a bit off, like she was upset.

After a few pleasantries, she finally got to the point. "Gen, why didn't you tell me such big news? I was so sad when I found out you guys were divorced,"

Genevieve fell silent for a moment, feeling a pang of bitterness in her heart.

Margaret had always been incredibly kind to her.

"I'm sorry, Grandma Margaret..." Genevieve murmured softly.

"How could it be your fault? I know it's all Tony's fault. That woman of his doesn't hold a candle to you, not even close. Tony is truly blind. I've been feeling upset these days. I failed you for not being able to protect you..." Margaret said sorrowfully.

Genevieve's heart clenched, and she quickly said, "Please don't be upset, Grandma Margaret. I still think of you as my own grandma even after the divorce."

Margaret took a deep breath. "Forget it. Let's not talk about that anymore. I heard you're working at Eagle Entertainment. I'm at the café opposite your office. Let's meet up."

Genevieve also believed it would be best to discuss things in person, so she agreed and picked up speed.

Five minutes later, Genevieve arrived and parked downstairs.

Just as she was about to get out of the car, she saw the elderly couple across the street. Margaret waved at her joyfully.

Genevieve smiled and waved back. She was just about to walk over when she noticed Margaret eagerly pulling Frank toward her direction.

Right at that moment, a beat-up red car parked at the roadside suddenly roared to life. Giving no time for anyone to react, it sped directly toward Margaret and Frank.

Genevieve's face paled. "Wait! Don't come over..."

She screamed at the top of her lungs, but it was already too late.

push Mer Frank reacted fast, instinctively trying to away, but it was too late.

Due to the tremendous impact, he tumbled onto the car when it rammed into him and then instantly fell off.

cal feet away.

Margaret, on the other hand, was hit and thrown several feet away, unconscious.

The car revved and then, without stopping, sped away.

The person in the driver's seat flashed past Genevieve's eyes.

It was too fast, and Genevieve couldn't see the person's entire face clearly. However, the black curly hair and a prominent dark mole on the side of their face were particularly noticeable.

Genevieve's face was drained of all color. She wasted no time and rushed over in panic. "Grandpa Frank, Grandma Margaret..."

Genevieve took out her phone, trembling, and dialed emergency service before calling the police. Her voice was calm and clear as she described what had happened.

Despite so, she could feel the sweat in her palms, that sense of dread spreading through every corner of her body, rendering her unable to control the sudden surge of grief.

Genevieve then tried calling Anthony, but no one answered.

She leveraged the Lawrence family's connections to secure the best doctor and followed them all the way as they were pushed to the emergency room.

Shaking like a leaf, she dialed Anthony's number again. It was finally answered this time, but it wasn't Anthony on the other end.

Rosalie's voice was coy, her tone melodious. "Ms. Lawrence, why are you still shamelessly clinging onto Anthony? You're divorced. Don't you know how to keep your distance? Are you trying to play hard to get?"

Genevieve's heart sank, her tone turning cold. "Where's Anthony?"

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Rosalie chuckled lightly, deliberately maintaining an ambiguous tone, her voice dripping with-

a and doesn't have time to take your call. If you have any taking a show with hirtation. He's decency, stop being a nuisance and disturbing our quality time together!"

Rosalie promptly hung up the phone after that.

Genevieve glanced out the window for a few seconds, then chuckled lightly.

She didn't need to imagine what happened between them. Anthony would probably overlook it even if Rosalie had betrayed him.

It seemed they were truly in love.

She regained her composure and dialed Anthony's assistant, Daniel, detailing the accident and urging him to inform the Hoffman family to come to the hospital.

Daniel wasted no time and acted swiftly.

Meanwhile, in the VIP room at the hospital, Anthony emerged from the bathroom to find Rosalie holding his phone.

His brow furrowed. "What are you doing?"

If Samson hadn't accidentally peed on him, Anthony wouldn't have been cleaning himself. Anthony was a bit of a germophobia.

Rosalie panicked, attempting to delete the call logs with Genevieve, but she was already a step too late.

Anthony snatched the phone away, scanning through it briefly. His expression immediately turned cold. "She called me, and you answered?"

Rosalie stood there in a panic, her eyes reddened, appearing extremely aggrieved. "I was worried something urgent was up,

so I said you were in the shower, and she hung up right away. Anthony, is she still pestering you? She's still aiming for Mrs. Hoffman's position. The divorce is just a ploy. Don't fall for it!"

There was a trace of impatience in Anthony's eyes as his tone grew colder.

"You'd better not touch my phone in the future."

Rosalie looked at him with teary eyes, appearing pitiful. Her tone was weak and flustered. "I'm sort it was my fault was just too anxious because I suffer from depression and I can't find my child. How about I go explain to Ms. Lawrence..."

Anthony's gaze darkened, and the coldness in his aura diminished when he heard about her illness. "No need. You'll only make things worse."

As he spoke, his phone rang again.

He hurried to check and found it was from Daniel.

Anthony answered, and Daniel spoke rapidly, sounding urgent. "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Lawrence said that ve your grandparents were in a car accident.

Anthony was startled, his demeanor instantly turning icy. "What did you say?"

Without a second thought, he turned and hurried out, wondering, 'Could Genevieve have contacted me because of this?'

Upon hearing their conversation, Rosalie eagerly followed him outside. "I haven't met Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret yet. Let me come with you. I'm worried as well..."

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They were in the same hospital.

Anthony wasn't in the mood to care about Rosalie.

He went to the emergency room nervously.

Genevieve's thick eyelashes drooped slightly. Her face was pale, but she still stood there listening carefully to the doctor's treatment plan.

Anthony strode over with a domineering look and a cold aura. "How's it going?"

Genevieve glanced at him, and she also saw Rosalie behind him. She said nothing.

The doctor detailed everything to Genevieve. "The patients are in a critical condition, especially Mr. Hoffman. He is old and fragile, with multiple fractures and internal organ bleeding. His injuries are more serious. Mrs. Hoffman is in a slightly better condition, but she has been hit on the head and is currently in a coma due to surgery."

Anthony's face darkened and his pupils shrank slightly. He pursed his thin lips and called the director of the hospital directly. "Get the best doctor to operate..."

The doctor in front of him interrupted and said, "Mr. Hoffman, the surgeons operating are all the best in the country. Ms. Lawrence has arranged everything."

Anthony looked up at Genevieve with mixed emotions stirring in his chest.

However, Genevieve didn't say a word.

Behind him, Rosalie couldn't help stepping forward and said with a hint of complaint in her voice, "It turns out to be such an important matter. Why didn't you say it directly, Ms. Lawrence? That way, we wouldn't have delayed it for so long...."

Genevieve's drooping eyes were frosty.

She looked up, an incredulous look flashing in her eyes. "You scolded me and hung up the phone, Ms. Stewart. Did you give me time to talk?"

'Does Rosalie think I won't fight back? Or does she think I'll be too lazy to explain myself? Genevieve mused.

"You are talking nonsense..." Rosalie's face turned pale. When she was about to explain, Anthony looked at her impatiently.

"That's enough," Anthony said in a heavy voice.

Unbeknownst to himself, he was already biased toward one of them.

He believed Genevieve's words.

Anthony looked at Genevieve and pressed his lips slightly. "What happened back then?"

Genevieve said calmly, "Grandma Margaret knew about our divorce and wanted to talk to me. As soon as I got out of the car, I saw a car crash into her vehicle."

Suddenly, she felt her heart constrict in pain.

The panic was indescribable, and she could only watch helplessly as the incident occurred.

Anthony's face froze. His eyes darkened, and his heart ached.

When the doctor went in, the police also rushed over. "Ms. Lawrence, did you see the perpetrator?"

"Yes," Genevieve replied.

The police asked, "Do you recognize the perpetrator?"

"I don't recognize the person," Genevieve said.

Genevieve paused and suddenly recalled something. "It was a woman in her forties, with dark curly hair and a black mole on the left side of her face under her chin."

The policeman nodded and recorded her description.

When Rosalie heard this, her face suddenly turned pale.

Her eyes were full of shock. She suddenly felt her feet go limp and fell on Anthony's body beside her.

She clutched Anthony's waist with both hands, trembling.

Anthony frowned and was about to move her away, but when he saw her shivering all over, he paused for a second. "What's wrong?"

Rosalie's mind went blank, her heart thumping, and her hands and feet turning cold. She gradually came to her senses when she heard Anthony's words.

She burst into tears, and the shock in her eyes turned to grief. "I'm just so scared and worried. I hope Mr. Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman will be fine."

Anthony frowned, guessing that she was experiencing an episode of depression and helped her limp body to a seat near them.

Rosalie held Anthony's waist tightly with her arms, like a vine, weak and boneless, but she was unwilling to let go. "Anthony, I'm not feeling well. My head hurts..."

She sounded as if she was wronged.

Anthony frowned and looked at Genevieve subconsciously.

with coldness as if she was merely a bystander watching a good show, without any anger or jealousy

His heart sank slightly, and he simply pushed Rosalie away impatiently. "If you don't feel well, go back. No one wants you to stay here."

Tears streamed down Rosalie's cheeks as she lowered her head and bit her lips.

The police officer was speechless when he saw this.

He asked Genevieve a few more questions, and Genevieve answered them truthfully.

Genevieve couldn't help but ask, "Aren't there surveillance cameras on that street?"

"We found the car. The license plate should have been scrapped a long time ago," the police officer said. "The surveillance camera at the entrance was broken. When we watched the surveillance camera at the intersection, the perpetrator wore a hat and mask, and we could not see her appearance clearly."

Anthony's face was cold and menacing.

He squinted his eyes and said, "Someone did it on purpose."

His jaws were tight, and his face was dangerously dark.

Genevieve reckoned the same.

However, she couldn't figure out why the perpetrator wanted to kill an old couple.

Soon, Daniel came over, took a look at Genevieve and Rosalie, pursed his lips and said, "Mr. Hoffman, the Chairman and his wife are here."

Anthony pursed his lips and looked at Rosalie. Rosalie sprang to her feet, pale and trembling as she said, "I-I'm going back to the ward. I will visit Mr. Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman later."

She didn't want to run into Quincey right now.

Quincey still hated her to the core because of that party.

Anthony said nothing and watched her hurry away.

Genevieve stood motionless, unmoved by the arrival of Quincey and Presley.

Anthony's eyes flickered, knowing how unpleasant Quincey's words could be. He was about to warn Genevieve off, but Presley and Quincey had already arrived.

"Anthony, how's it going?" Presley's face darkened.

Anthony pursed his lips and said in a cold voice, "They're still under rescue."

As soon as he finished speaking. Quincey shot a look at Genevieve, her voice turning unconsciously shrill as she demanded, "Why are you here? Are you here to shed crocodile tears? You are not welcome here. Get out of here."

Genevieve glanced at Quincey indifferently and responded with restraint. "This is a hospital. It's none of my business whether you like me here or not."

Quincey's eyelids twitched. family. Let me tell you-"

you bitch! Don't think I don't know that you want to please the old lady and join the Hoffma Before she could finish, Anthony couldn't help but interrupt her, "Mom, this is a hospital. Don't make noise!"

There was a touch of coldness in his tone.

Presley also frowned and warned, "Shut up and keep your voice down!"

Quincey's chest heaved up and down, glaring at Genevieve.

Genevieve looked away and stood opposite the family. They had nothing to do with each other now.

Two hours later, doctors and patients in the emergency room finally came out.

Margaret was covered with tubes, and her face was pale and lifeless. Genevieve couldn't get the image of Margaret waving and smiling at her out of her head.

Her eyes reddened, and tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She felt a heavy weight bearing down on her chest. After all, this was Margaret, one of Genevieve's favorite people.

anthony's eyes narrowed and his emotions restrained. Looking at Genevieve wiping her tears, he had mixed feelings.

She must be feeling so sad because she still thinks of herself as my wife, Anthony thought.

le involuntarily reached out and landed his big hand on Genevieve's shoulder, half-embracing her...

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The next moment, feeling a strange warmth, Genevieve sat up straight and wiped away her tears, dodging that large hand.

A sense of distance and estrangement materialized between them.

Anthony's face fell.

The doctor pushed the patient into the ICU. Frank's surgery was not over yet.

However, according to the doctor, the surgery was very successful, and now they just needed to monitor their condition post-surgery.

Genevieve breathed a small sigh of relief.

She finally relaxed for a bit.

If something really happened to Margaret and Frank, she would not forgive herself.

Before leaving, she made a trip to the bathroom.

She overheard Quincey talking on the phone, complaining disdainfully in a low whisper. "That old hag is finally on the brink of death. She's still in the ICU. I hope she won't make it to tomorrow. I haven't

forgotten how she despised me when I first joined the family. Even now, she keeps saying I'm not as good as Linda in any way why didn't the car accident kill her? I might as well unplug her life support."

Genevieve's gaze darkened, and she felt a chill in her heart.

She had witnessed how malicious Quincey could be, but the latter had hidden it so well that Genevieve had never realized she harbored such deep hatred for Margaret.

Genevieve stood outside, and the person inside came out immediately after finishing the call.

The moment Quincey saw Genevieve, her expression instantly turned cold, and she stared at her warily. "What did you overhear?" she asked.

Genevieve stared at her for a few seconds and smiled calmly. "I wasn't eavesdropping, but I heard everything I needed to,"

she said.

She waved her phone in front of her, revealing that she was recording everything.

Quincey's expression changed abruptly.

Genevieve shrugged, flashing her a cold smile.

"Mrs. Hoffman, let me warn you only once. No matter how much you hate Grandma Margaret, if you dare to pull any tricks I'll make sure the whole world knows how malicious you are!" she warned.

She deliberately lingered instead of leaving just to make Quincey afraid.

Anyway, she had nothing to lose. She could not let Margaret face any danger.

Quincey's gaze instantly sharpened, and she gritted her teeth, glaring at Genevieve. "You dare to threaten me?" she asked.

"I dare. Do you want to try me?" Genevieve replied.

Genevieve approached her, smiling as she spoke with a cold tone. "Mr. Hoffman is a filial son. If he finds out what you said, Mrs. Hoffman, I'm afraid you'll be kicked out on the spot."

Quincey shuddered, her lips slightly paling in fear.

Genevieve smiled, turned around, and walked away when she saw that she had achieved her goal.

Infuriated and reluctant to back down, Quincey stared firmly at Genevieve's retreating figure. "I won't lay a finger on her, and I won't come to the hospital again, but, Genevieve, don't even think about coming back to the Hoffman family again!" she shouted.

She was dissatisfied with every fiber of Genevieve's being. Not only did Genevieve have a lowly status, but she also defied her and even dared to threaten her.

Quincey thought Genevieve would be afraid of her threat, but the latter merely chuckled without even looking back.

"I'm not interested anyway!" Genevieve replied, her voice cold and decisive.

Genevieve waited until Frank's surgery had finished before leaving the hospital.

Anthony was busy investigating the culprit and the condition of the elderly couple and was too busy to pay attention to Genevieve.

After the surgery, the doctors discussed the following treatment plan before preparing to leave.

They were all top specialists in the country and were temporarily summoned to this hospital.

Anthony instructed Daniel, "Take good care of the specialists; attend to their every need."

One of the experts politely smiled and said, "Oh, you don't have to, Mr. Hoffman. Ms. Lawrence's instructions are our command."

Anthony nodded after a moment of contemplation.

He was somewhat puzzled, wondering how Genevieve could gather so many specialists in such a short period of time.

'She's just a director at Eagle Entertainment. How could she have such extensive connections and capabilities?' he wondered.

Inside the hospital room, Rosalie anxiously dialed a number several times before someone answered.

"My dear, I've taken care of your matter for you. It happened right across from Eagle Entertainment. I finally found the

opportunity to get rid of those two old people after pursuing them for a few days. Don't forget to send me my money!" A voice traveled from the other end of the line.

Rosalie almost passed out when she heard that. The faintest glimmer of hope she had vanished, and she clenched her jaw in anger. "They are Anthony's grandparents, the founders of Hoffman Group! You're done for..."

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect the seemingly ordinary old lady who dressed like a caregiver was actually Anthony's grandmother.

'I must've been crazy!' she thought.

There was a moment of silence on the other end, followed by a sharp voice.

"We're both in trouble. You only gave me a photo without telling me who they are. If you don't give me money, I'll turn myself in, and you won't be able to escape either!" she said.

Rosalie panicked and quickly spoke. "No, don't go! Mom, you have to help me!"

"What are you afraid of? Those two old people knew your secret. It's perfect if they're dead. No one will know about what happened three years ago. Give me the money, and I'll leave immediately. No one will suspect you!" her mother replied.

Rosalie's heart pounded hard in her chest. She felt as if a hand was pulling her into the abyss, where there was no point of return.

She swallowed hard and said, "Okay, you hurry and go!"

Rosalie couldn't afford to lose everything she had gained.

On the third day, Genevieve found out at the company that Margaret was unconscious, and Frank was likely to enter a vegetative state.

She could not contain her sadness and visited the hospital several times, running into Anthony every single time.

Due to Margaret and Frank's situation, Genevieve did not mock or ridicule Anthony as usual, but she was not friendly either.

Anthony walked her out of the hospital a few times when she visited, and Rosalie happened to see them.

This time, as soon as Genevieve arrived at the hospital, Rosalie appeared.

She stood in front of her, appearing weak and vulnerable, looking at Genevieve innocently. "Ms. Lawrence, can we talk?"

she asked.

"I don't think there's anything for us to talk about," said Genevieve impatiently, not even sparing Rosalie a glance.

Rosalie lowered her gaze pitifully and said, "It's about Grandma Margaret."

She could see that Genevieve cared about the old lady. That was the only way to make Genevieve agree to talk. Sure enough, Genevieve glanced at her and asked, "Talk about what?"

It's not convenient here

She gestured to a nearby resting area. Since they were on the VIP floor, the facilities were well-equipped, resembling those of a luxury hotel.-

Genevieve lowered her gaze and followed her.

Rosalie sat across from her, lowering her gaze and smiling with a hint of shyness. "I know it was you who exposed my secret at the banquet last time, but y don't blame you. buyer a Samson is indeed not his child, but he said he would treat any child I gave birth to as his own. As long as I'm the mother of the child, he will love them. We even planned to have a few children of our own," she said.

"Are you done? I don't have time to listen to your nonsense!" Genevieve interrupted her indifferently.

A pang of pain struck her heart as she thought of her unborn child.

It was like tearing open a scabbed wound.

She felt the pain spreading throughout her body but had to hold back the emotions.

Rosalie was indifferent to Genevieve's cold attitude, immersed in her own world of happiness, Her eyes gaze deepening. "Genevieve, I really hate you. You're pretty good at acting, pretending like you don't care about the Hoffman family and

still Anthony. But you can't forget all about that unborn child, can you? If you really don't care about all that, why would you care about that child?"

Chapter 46

Rosalie smiled brightly as she took out a check from her bag and shoved it to Genevieve.

Then, with a disdainful and arrogant expression, she looked down at Genevieve. "I know you're desperate for cash. Take these 200 thousand dollars and get out of here. I hope you leave quietly and never show up in front of me again. You are merely a lowly employee. Even if you worked your entire life, you would most likely not earn 200 thousand dollars."

Hearing that, Genevieve pursed her lips, looking at Rosalie with indifference. Unable to suppress her emotions any longer, she looked at Rosalie and retorted, "Did Anthony give you this money? You are just making yourself look bad by offering only 200 thousand dollars. You have not seen anything yet."

With that, she glanced at the check, stood up condescendingly, leisurely tore the check to pieces, and fiercely threw the fragments on Rosalie's face. Her tone was icy. "Rosalie, you better get lost now. I'm afraid I might not be able to stop myself from killing you!"

Genevieve? Rosalie panicked and stood up angrily. Her expression was utterly grim. "So you chose to do it the hard way, You are nothing but a homewrecker. So what if you were once pregnant with his child? The child didn't survive, right? Its fate was decided long ago. Even if you were able to give birth to it, it wouldn't survive for..."

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Before Rosalie could finish her sentence, Genevieve grabbed her collar and slapped her across the face several times.

Genevieve's gaze became as cold as ice as she felt a sharp pain in her chest.

Her voice was restrained and chilling, and her smile was cold as she spit intimidating words into Rosalie's ear. "Does it feel good to be able to express yourself so freely? Rosalie, you really never learned your lesson. I warned you to stay away from me, but you insisted on provoking me."

Meanwhile, Rosalie was dazed and befuddled by Genevieve's slaps.

There was a burning sensation on her cheeks as if her face were about to burn, and she could taste blood in her mouth. Not only that, but her ears were buzzing, and she felt dizzy. It was at that point that she regretted meeting Genevieve that day, realizing she was dealing with a crazy woman.

She struggled with all her might, but her strength was nothing in front of Genevieve.

The next moment, Genevieve grabbed her arm and dragged her toward the balcony.

The balcony door was open. When the cold wind brushed across Rosalie's face, she could feel a stinging pain.

Terrified, Rosalie screamed for help with desperate cries. "Genevieve, you are insane! Someone, please help!"

Unfazed, Genevieve gripped Rosalie's neck, effortlessly hanging the upper half of the latter's body over the railing.

Rosalie tried her hardest to break free, but it was futile.

Looking at the frightened Rosalie, Genevieve felt great satisfaction.

"Rosalie is actually afraid of death, despite how little she values human life!" Genevieve exclaimed inwardly.

Rosalie struggled, her body almost half suspended in the air, clutching the railing with all her might and screaming. In the next moment, Genevieve abruptly let go of Rosalie, stepping back and dusting her hands off.

She would not end Rosalie's life like that.

After all, it was not worth it to go to prison for killing Rosalie.

Rosalie collapsed to the ground, clutching her chest, tears streaming down her face. Her face was ghostly pale.

"Are you trying to kill me?" Trembling with fear, she raised her gaze to look at Genevieve, pointing a shaky finger at her. "Are you trying to Genevieve smiled calmly, her gaze icy. "You're only realizing it now? We have known each other for so long, and you still don't know that I want you dead?"

Rosalie pursed her lips, pale as death. Suddenly, her eyes flickered, and she got up from the ground. "Fine, since you want me dead so badly, I'll end my life in front of you right now!"

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she pretended that she was about to jump off the balcony.

In the next second, a man rushed over, grabbing her arm and forcefully pulling her back. "Rosalie, don't be so rash. You still have Tony and Samson."

Rosalie wept bitterly, collapsing into Aiden's embrace.

Aiden looked at Rosalie's injuries with concern and glared at Genevieve. "You cruel woman! Rosalie is such a sweet person, and you bully her like this? Do you have no shame?"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow, sneering. "I'm cruel? Mr. Campbell, have you dealt with your own problems before interfering with others? I almost thought Rosalie was your lover."

Aiden's face flushed with rage in an instant. He gritted his teeth as he stared at her. "You're a vile woman. I have witnessed you causing harm to her. I will call the cops!"

As he spoke, he took out his phone.

However, Genevieve only looked at him indifferently without saying anything.

Suddenly, heavy footsteps approached from behind.

Anthony's voice was cold. "Aiden, what are you doing here?"

Aiden paused for a moment. He then immediately walked over, glaring at Genevieve. "Tony, I saw this woman bullying Rosalie. Rosalie almost jumped off the building because of her!"

Lier fare wise covered in horrifying palm prints, and she appeared to be in great distress.

When Anthony noticed that, he frowned and looked at Genevieve, who remained calm and composed, showing no signs of panic.

Rosalie covered her chest in agony, tears streaming down her face. "It's my fault. Please don't blame her. I have major depression. It's my own desire to end my own life."

She bit her lower lip, trying to suppress her hysterical cries.

Aiden couldn't help but interject, trying to console her. "Don't worry, Rosalie. Tony will stand up for you. This woman bullied you, yet you're trying to absolve her of guilt. You're such a kind woman. I'll call the police right-

"Enough!" Anthony interrupted him, his expression carrying a cold, stern demeanor as he looked at Aiden, rebuking, "Stop meddling in other people's affairs. All you did was add fuel to the fire. What does this have to do with you?"

Aiden froze as he stared at Anthony in shock.

He could see that Anthony was dead serious.

He felt that something seemed strange about Anthony standing in front of him.

Even Genevieve cast an unexpected glance at Anthony.

Rosalie stiffened for a moment, covering her face in distress, and ran off in tears.

Gritting his teeth, Aiden followed her.

There were only Genevieve and Anthony left.

Anthony stepped forward. As he looked at her slender figure, a myriad of emotions flashed across his eyes. Next, he said, in a low and stiff voice,

"Genevieve, I know you hate her, but I owe her. If you want to hate someone, hate me."

Deep down, Anthony felt guilty toward Rosalie. If it hadn't been for om Quincey forcing her abroad, she wouldn't have been deceived, suffered major depression, and been bullied by a married man.

Additionally, since Austin's biological child hadn't been found, he couldn't ignore Rosalie.

Genevieve's gaze turned icy the instant she heard his words.

'I was a fool to think that Anthony had changed just now. He continues to be completely devoted to Rosalie.

She smirked and said coldly, "Rest assured, I won't forgive either of With that, she turned around and left.

After Genevieve left, Aiden eventually calmed Rosalie down and came out. There he saw Anthony, sitting on a chair on the

He exuded a profound sense of desolation.

Pieces of something he had pieced together lay on the table.

Aiden walked over and sat across from him. "Tony, you're divorced. Why do you still condone her?"

Chapter 47

Anthony glanced at Aiden coldly, his tone devoid of warmth. "Genevieve lost her child because of Rosalie. It's normal for her to hate Rosalie."

Those words left Aiden completely dumbfounded.

He sat stiffly, taken aback by the unexpected truth. "How could this be..."

Rosalie had never mentioned it to him.

Anthony averted his gaze. After a short pause, his tone grew colder. "As I said, just mind your own business."

He stood up, adjusting his suit buttons, his face expressionless. "Also, be polite to Genevieve in the future, or do not blame me for turning against you," he added.

Anthony's tone was distant. In fact, he had kept his distance from Aiden since the incident at the bar when Aiden had been impolite to Genevieve.

Aiden sat there in shock, watching Anthony leave.

Aiden was concerned because he had never seen Anthony treat him with such solemnity.

As the sun began to set in the evening, Selene pulled Genevieve out for drinks at a lively and boisterous bar.

In a relatively quiet booth, Genevieve felt much more relaxed after a few drinks, as if she had cast aside all her worries.

She wore an enchanting long gown that exposed her fair and delicate shoulders and accentuated her slender waist, capturing everyone's attention.

Shortly after, Selene went to the dance floor, leaving Genevieve to drink alone.

With a dazed look in her eyes, Genevieve swirled the liquid in her glass absentmindedly.

She was deliberately indulging herself in order to forget about her fatigue and stress.

Suddenly, someone sat beside her. Genevieve turned slowly, blinking her slightly dazed eyes, glistening with a hint of confusion. "It's you, Mr. Fallon."

Louis had a stern and handsome face, unrivaled in the entire bar. He smiled, observing her with interest. "Call me Louis, Gen."

"All right, Louis," she replied, Alcohol clouded Genevieve's judgment, and she spoke before thinking it through.

When Louis heard that, he raised an eyebrow, extending his hand to pull her up. "Would you like to join me for a dance?"

Before Genevieve could react, she found herself pulled into the center of the dance floor.

A new song started playing, and it was ideal for tango.

Gently, Louis held her slender waist with one hand. The next thing she knew, she instinctively followed the music's rhythm.

For once, she wanted to do herself a favor and forget about her unhappiness.

Louis followed her rhythm, surprised.

Genevieve's delicate figure was accentuated by her long neck. Despite being a little tipsy, she moved like an elegant elf. Her expression was lively, and her movement was light and graceful.

She twirled lightly as the melody changed, her skirt fluttering and shimmering with their movements as if they were both enveloped in radiance.

The man was handsome and refined, while the woman was gorgeous and delicate. Soon, they drew the attention of everyone around them, creating a stunning sight.

For a moment, onlookers paused, admiring their graceful dance.

In Genevieve's heart, she felt like she was back to her carefree self from three years ago.

She was unconcerned at the time because she had not yet lost anything.

Soon, the song ended.

Genevieve stopped moving, feeling dizzy from the alcohol. Her legs gave way, and she fell into Louis' arms.

Louis caught her, smiling helplessly, and guided her back to the booth.

At that moment, Genevieve was in a daze, exhausted, and thirsty.

took a de Louis took a deep look at her, gently brushing away the strands of hair near her ear and softly asking, "Gen, are you sad?"

She drowned her sorrows in alcohol, not even aware enough to refuse his invitation.

In actuality, he could sense her deep sadness.

Suddenly, he felt a twinge of heartache for Genevieve.

Genevieve wanted to push Louis away, not wanting to be so close to him, but she couldn't summon the strength in her hands, just muttering discontentedly.

Amidst the noisy surroundings, Louis couldn't hear what she said. He leaned closer, trying to hear her by her ear. "What did you say?"

The next instant, as though wanting to vent out her anger, Genevieve bit his ear. Louis froze slightly, and as soon as he felt the pain, Genevieve let go of him.

2/4

Her dazed eyes flickered slightly, and she muttered angrily, "Damn it, Anthony! I'll bite you to death!"

Louis paused, a hint of complexity flickering in his eyes. 'Did she mistake me for someone else?' he wondered.

He pursed his lips and said, "Gen, please let me take care of you."

As he looked at her exquisite and delicate profile, he instinctively wanted to lean in closer.

The very next moment, a forceful pull came from behind.

Louis was pulled from behind, receiving a punch on his right cheek.

He looked up to see Anthony, who exuded a menacing aura. Then, Louis let out a light chuckle.

Anthony's gaze was as cold as ice, and his entire body exuded a chilling aura. Even though his eyes were filled with rage, he calmly adjusted his sleeves.

"Mr. Fallon, I've warned you to stay away from her, haven't I?" Anthony sounded intimidating.

After saying that, he looked down at the inebriated Genevieve, feeling a sudden tightness in his chest.

The thought of someone coveting what was his did not sit well with him.

Brendan had sent him a video earlier of Louis and Genevieve dancing, and he was taken aback by the way their movements flowed together, her slim waist, and the romantic vibe. It immediately staked a flame inside him.

Why is he the one dancing with her and not me? Anthony mused.

Anthony's gaze was cold, and his face was expressionless, but his every move seemed to exude an intimidating presence.

Louis wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth before rising to meet Anthony's gaze. Neither of them was willing to back down.

"Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Lawrence is free to be with whomever she wants after the divorce, right? Why do you have to meddle in this? Your affairs with Ms. Stewart are already such a huge mess. Are you doing this because you want Genevieve to help salvage your reputation?" Louis took a step forward, and the warmth in his gentle eyes gave way to a cold, stern demeanor.

Next, he gave Anthony a smirk, his expression darkening.

After hearing Louis' words, Genevieve gradually came to her senses. She rubbed her temples, frowning as she observed the scene unfolding before her.

Anthony snapped, retorting. "It's none of your concern, Louis."

Anthony wouldn't bother explaining to someone insignificant. However, to Genevieve, it appeared as if he silently agreed with Louis' words.

She leaned against the couch and slowly stood up, still a little dizzy. When she looked around, she noticed Selene enjoying the scene from a distance.

Pursing her lips, Genevieve gestured for Selene to come closer. Seeing that, Selene walked over leisurely.

As Louis noticed Genevieve coming back to her senses, his stern gaze instantly softened. "You drank too much just now. Are you still feeling dizzy?"

Genevieve held the corner of the table and shook her head.

Il take you Suddenly, Anthony reached for her wrist, his tone cold as he said, "I'll take you home."

Louis' gaze darkened. Just as he was about to say something, Genevieve abruptly pulled away from Anthony's grasp, as if eager to cut ties with Anthony.

Her gaze turned indifferent as she looked at Selene. "Let's go."

Selene nodded with a smile, holding Genevieve's arm after she went to retrieve her bag.

She cast a mocking glance at Anthony. Unable to hold back, she piped up, "We don't need Mr. Hoffman. You should help."

"Go back and take care of that pretentious bitch of yours. I'm worried she will threaten to jump off buildings or cut her wrists again. It's extremely annoying."

Chapter 48

Anthony's eyes darkened, a sharp glint flashing across as he pursed his lips.

He looked at Genevieve, noticing she was emotionless, indifferent, and distant.

Selene left with her.

Anthony was relieved to see Louis not pestering her by chasing after her.

He stared at Louis with cold eyes and spoke in a frightening voice. "Mr. Fallon, stop coveting other people's wives, or you'll pay for the consequences."

Louis chuckled and refuted fearlessly, "Ex-wife."

The two men's aura were equally matched. It was difficult to determine who would win.

Anthony narrowed his eyes threateningly and slowly smirked. "The ex-wife is also mine. It's only because you look slightly similar to me that she spared you another look. Heh, you're just a substitute." He raised an eyebrow and did not hide the contempt in his eyes.

Louis immediately squinted.

A sudden chill crept into the air.

He came here for business, and the other party was still waiting in the private room upstairs. When someone came downstairs to invite him back, Louis turned around and left without hesitation.

Anthony loosened his collar and sat where Genevieve had been sitting, his face dark with no sign of satisfaction from the victory.

Brendan, who was hiding in the corner, finally dared to come out and said, "You're so brave for starting a fight, Tony!"

He gave a subtle thumbs-up.

Even he did not expect the video he secretly took to make Anthony have such a big reaction.

Brendan almost thought he was about to eat the person alive just now.

Anthony took a sip from the wineglass. He tasted bitterness as the acrid liquid flowed down his throat.

Every time he thought of the scene just now, he felt inexplicably furious.

He felt a helplessness he could do nothing about toward Genevieve.

He wanted to make it up to her, but she would not give him a chance.

She could dance with Louis and be intimate with him.

Yet, she resented Anthony's touch at the slightest bit.

She was not like this before.

She used to touch him gingerly, rejoicing in his caresses and responding eagerly.

However, Anthony could no longer see such a Genevieve.

After a few drinks, Anthony's eyes turned slightly scarlet.

He spoke. "She ignored me."

"Isn't that normal?"

Brendan said with a smile, "Isn't that normal?"

Anthony's eyes were deep and dark, like the bottomless sea. His voice was hoarse as he spoke with difficulty. "I regret it."

'I should've handled Rosalie and Samson in a better way.

'I shouldn't have destroyed her pride and feelings so directly, making her utterly disappointed in me,' he pondered.

Brendan paused, looked at him sideways, and spoke hesitantly. "It's no use regretting, Tony. If I were Genevieve, I wouldn't forgive you either."

'Anthony is a jerk!

Luckily, I'm not a woman, nor do I like him, Brendan thought.

Anthony was silent for a moment, the corner of his eyes red.

Brendan sensed something was off and turned to look at him.

Then, he saw Anthony exuding a chilling aura while wiping a glistening droplet from the corner of his eye.

Brendan's jaw dropped in shock. He asked, "Tony, are you crying?"

He hurriedly took out his phone to record this memorable moment.

Anthony actually cried because of Genevieve.

"I'm not!" Anthony retorted directly.

The corners of Brendan's mouth twitched.

He exclaimed, "You're screwed. You're in love with her!"

Anthony froze slightly as he frowned deeply.

He did not believe he would fall in love with someone else.

Ten minutes later, en replied: [hm going to block yu** ***

Brendan froze. He replied: [I was wrong. Gen!]

He cowardly took Genevieve's side.

Anthony Immediately felt hopeless.

Anthony was still immersed in his own world and could not help but mumble to himself, "Who does Louis think he is? Isn't he just a substitute? I've been her husband for three years, and she loved me deeply. It's natural for her to hate me, but her love for me is real. I should take the Initiative. Once her heart softens, she'll forgive me"

Brendan could not help interrupting, "Stop dreaming, Tony. It's not that simple."

Anthony stood up confidently and glanced at Brendan condescendingly, shouting, "You know nothing!"

With that, he walked out in wide strides.

Brendan paused momentarily and shook his head.

He may not understand Anthony, but even Brendon knew to get rid of Rosalie the homewrecker before anything else. Unfortunately, Anthony missed the point.

A few days later, Genevieve went to Xifport to attend an international forum and Immediately looked into a project. Genevieve led the people to the hotel but unexpectedly ran into Anthony leading his men, too.

They were on the same floor but in different suites.

She pretended she saw nothing and returned to her room to organize her things.

Anthony's eyes darkened as he hesitated to speak.

Soon, the doorbell rang.

Lydia, the female assistant following Genevieve, went to the door to open it and was shocked as she looked at the entrance.

"It's roses, Ms. Lawrence," she said.

However, the person who sent the flowers was gone.

There was also a card attached.

After Lydia handed it to Genevieve, the latter glanced at it, read the threatening words on the card, and stuffed it back into the bouquet.

"Throw the flowers out" Genevieve ordered.

Lydia froze momentarily, nodded, and put it in the bin near the entrance.

Five minutes later, they left the room.

Coincidentally, Anthony and Daniel were waiting for the elevator.

There were only two suites and elevators on the same floor.

Lydia could not help but look at the elevator in their direction. Daniel cleared his throat and provided an explanation, "Uh, the elevator on that side is out of order."

Anthony glanced at Genevieve and stared at the roses discarded in the corner, which caused him to feel heaviness in his heart.

"You don't like roses?" he asked in a deep voice.

Genevieve looked at him. After a few seconds, she parted her lips and spoke straightforwardly. "I don't like roses from you."

He had never given her flowers before their divorce.

Even the gifts were chosen by Daniel.

After the divorce, she received two rose bouquets instead

She found it rather laughable.

Anthony's face darkened. He was furious but had to suppress his anger.

Soon, the elevator arrived.

Anthony waited for Genevieve to enter, while no one else moved.

Genevieve did not want to ride the elevator with him, but he seemed insistent that everyone would not leave until she did.

Without a choice, she went into the elevator.

Anthony also followed inside.

Daniel was about to enter when Anthony blocked him and Lydia.

He said, "You can take the next one. The elevator can't fit everyone."

Lydia's eyes widened, utterly confused, as she looked at the empty elevator with room for more than 20 people.

Daniel was speechless.

The meeting lasted until night.

The sky was already pitch black.

The venue was not far from the hotel, and Genevieve intended to walk back.

Behind her followed Lydia and Jasper. Lydia was a fresh graduate and was Jasper's sister. With a cheerful personality, she was there chattering on and on.

Genevieve responded from time to time, showing no sign of impatience but rather with interest.

The three of them had not gone far when Jasper heard noises from behind.

He walked to the front and whispered to Genevieve, "Mr. Hoffman is following us."

The corners of Genevieve's mouth twitched.

"Is there something wrong with him?"

'He's literally everywhere, dampening my mood! she grumbled inwardly.

There was a barbecue stall at the front. It was bustling, as many people were there drinking and having fun. Genevieve glanced around, and her gaze paused at a place.

side the crowd was a woman with long, curly hair, flirting with a group of men skillfully Genevieve's body stiffened as she felt her blood turn cold.

The black mole on the lower half at the side of the woman's face reminded her of the moment when the accident happened.

Genevieve immediately felt goosebumps on her skin.

Chapter 49

Seeing her standing there, Lydia pulled her arm. "Ms. Lawrence."

Genevieve's lips quivered as she tried to say something.

She watched as the woman turned around to glance behind. When their eyes met, the woman with a mole recognized Genevieve.

The expression of the woman with a mole changed dramatically. She instantly stood up, kicked down the chairs and table in front of her, and ran toward the opposite dark place.

Genevieve immediately gave chase, her voice laced with uncontrollable nervousness as she shouted, "It's her. She was the driver!"

Anthony, standing behind Genevieve, heard her shout loud and clear.

His facial expression changed, and he gave chase instantly.

Several people gave chase as well.

Lydia was soon left behind. Taking in the turns of events, she began to call for help.

Jasper followed Genevieve closely, fearing he might lose sight of her.

Anthony quickly caught up with her, looking fierce.

He overtook them very quickly.

The woman with a mole ran into a dark alley without streetlights and disappeared in an instant.

Genevieve and the others were about to run inside when Anthony grabbed her wrist.

He said coldly, "Don't go in. It's too dangerous."

Genevieve broke free, her face pale as if she hadn't heard him. She merely wore a nervous and solemn expression. "It's her.

I won't make a mistake."

That crazy scene was too profound for her to forget.

Anthony's eyes darkened, his brows furrowed, and he gave chase at once without uttering another word.

There was no light in the alley. It was so dark that one couldn't see a thing.

Lydia and Jasper caught up. Feeling ill at ease, Genevieve also ran into the alley.

She didn't know if there was a dead end in the alley, but she couldn't let people get away before her eyes.

The cold wind blew on her face, and she could vaguely see two blurred figures in front of her.

Anthony caught up keenly and fiercely. Then, he kicked the woman.

The woman with a mole let out a cry of pain and leaned against the wall as if she had no strength to fight back.

However, the next second, as Anthony approached, she suddenly threw a wooden stick placed next to the wall at him.

Anthony thought, 'She was faking it!'

Anthony quickly dodged and took a few steps back. A somber expression spread across his countenance as he sensed the situation turning perilous.

The woman with a mole took the opportunity to run back in Genevieve's direction.

It was too dark, so Genevieve couldn't see what the woman with a mole was carrying in the latter's hand.

However, when she got closer to the woman with a mole in the dark alley, a cold and sharp glint suddenly flashed in front of her.

Genevieve slammed the woman with a mole to the side, but the great impact also sent her crashing to the ground.

The next second, Genevieve felt a chill in her arm after the collision.

"Genevieve!" Anthony's face changed dramatically. The look in his eyes darkened as he ran over. Exuding a cold aura, he picked Genevieve up. His breathing hitched as he saw her arm, which was covered in blood.

However, Genevieve was looking nervously at the up and catch her!"

Oman with a mole, who was already getting up from the ground. "Hurry The woman with a mole was very cunning. Standing in the dark, her facial features couldn't be distinguished, but she gave off a highly dangerous vibe. She brandished the knife she had kept hidden on her. The sharp blade was stained with blood.

running in anothe She didn't hesitate. As soon as Anthony ran to Genevieve, the woman with a mole endured the pain and got up, quickly

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"Anthony grabbed a brick on the ground and threw it at the arm of the woman with a mole.

With a cry of pain, the woman with a mole accidentally released the blood- stained dagger in her hand, and it fell to the floor.

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WO Jasper and the others caught up. The woman with a mole didn't have time to turn around to pick the dagger up, so she could only run away without looking back!

Anthony glanced in that direction. He clenched his fists until his knuckles were white as he did his best to suppress his churning fury.

Genevieve struggled to get up but was forcefully stopped by Anthony.

"Hold still." Anthony's voice was deep, and he held her carefully in his arms as if she were a treasure.

Ashen-faced, Genevieve bit her lower lip. She felt aggrieved. "Go chase her!

She's running away!"

She thought, 'How can I just stand by and watch the woman with a mole run away before my eyes? We're so close to catching her!'

The look in Anthony's eyes was gloomy as he suppressed his churning emotions. "Don't worry. She can't run away. You are injured. I will take you to the hospital first."

The churning emotions in his chest seemed ready to burst, especially after he had witnessed Genevieve getting injured for him.

The indescribable emotions tightly wrapped around his heart, tightening inch by inch, resulting in every heartbeat causing him great agony.

Genevieve's leg was fine, and it was useless for her to struggle. She felt as if Anthony was deliberately opposing her by refusing to let her go.

Lydia, behind them, picked up the knife on the floor with a piece of paper she carried with her before giving chase.

Shortly after, they arrived at the hospital. Genevieve felt a sensation of pain in her arm.

The wound was deep, but fortunately, it did not hurt her nerves.

Genevieve's face was pale, and her forehead was covered in sweat from pain as the doctor applied the stitches.

Anthony watched with a gloomy look in his eyes. Looking at her demeanor as she endured the pain, he suddenly grabbed her hand and held it tightly in his palm. "Don't be afraid. I will make that woman pay the price."

Anthony thought, 'She has always been strong and sensible. I've never had to worry about her. However, now that she's inadvertently revealing her fragile side, my heart couldn't help but ache for her. She said she hated me and wanted to distance herself from me, but she was most desperate to take action when the real danger came. If it weren't because she deeply loves me, why would she get herself injured because of me?'

Genevieve took a deep breath. Enduring the pain in her arm, she withdrew her hand from his. Every passing second felt utterly agonizing.

When she looked at him, the look in her eyes was laced with indifference. "Mr.

Hoffman, don't worry about me. I was injured to pursue the murderer. Grandma Margaret took good care of me. I wouldn't stand by and do nothing." Anthony froze for a moment and then pursed his lips.

He thought, 'She's denying getting hurt because of me. Perhaps she still blames

me!'

That was a piece of evidence with the woman with a mole's fingerprint.

Anthony took an apple and looked at Genevieve gently. "Let me cut some fruits for you?"

As soon as he finished his sentence, a noise interrupted him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Someone knocked on the door.

Lydia went to open the door. She was surprised. "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Genevieve." Rosalie's voice sounded.

Rosalie was persistent and refused to leave Genevieve alone.

She walked straight in and said, "Ms. Lawrence, I heard about your injury and purposely came to visit your me Anthony you're also here? That's great. Samson has been making a ruckus. He's been crying until his voice is hoarse. Do you want to go and take a look at him?"

As she spoke gently, Rosalie's eyes remained focused on Anthony alone.

Anthony's face darkened, and his tone was somewhat cold when he spoke. "Who asked you to come here? Get out!"

Rosalie instantly felt aggrieved and at a loss, thinking she hadn't done anything wrong. "Anthony, Samson has lived with us for such a long time after all. I can't bear something bad happening to him. He is so young. It seems he senses we don't love him anymore, so he's been crying continuously."

Chapter 50

Anthony's face darkened. The look in his eyes was pensive and gloomy. His hand, holding the apple, froze.

His eyebrows were furrowed, revealing a hint of reluctance.

Genevieve stared at the two people before her and chuckled. "Can you two do me a favor and discuss this matter outside? The sight of you two is dampening my enthusiasm."

Anthony gave her a significant look, pursed his thin lips, and stood up.

He reached out to tuck Genevieve in and tried to brush her hair, but she turned her face sideways to dodge him.

She was slightly repulsed by his approach.

The corner of his mouth stiffened, and he stood up as if nothing had happened. His voice was calm as he spoke. "Wait a minute. I'll be right back."

Although Samson was not Austin's son, Anthony couldn't abandon Samson. After all, the latter's existence might have value in finding the real Samson.

Looking at the bloodstained dagger in a transparent bag on the table, Rosalie's eyes flashed and finally revealed a trace of nervousness.

Her mother's hysterical voice reverberated in her mind. "Destroy the dagger. That's evidence. If I get caught, you can't escape!"

Rosalie thought, 'I can't get caught!'

As soon as Anthony left, Genevieve got out of bed. She merely planned to take a break and didn't plan to stay in the hospital.

Lydia went over to support her, carefully avoiding her arms.

Rosalie remained rooted in her spot instead of leaving. She looked at Genevieve expressionlessly. "I heard you encountered danger, Ms. Lawrence. It's such a pity you only suffered a superficial wound."

As soon as she finished speaking, Lydia looked at her and said impolitely, "Do you even know how to engage in a conversation with others? If you don't, just keep your mouth shut and pretend you're a

mute. You were just pretending like an innocent woman moments ago, so why are you keeping up that pretentious demeanor now?"

Lydia, a newly graduated intern who hadn't gained sufficient worldly experience, spoke straightforwardly, yet Genevieve was relieved after listening to the former's speech.

Genevieve arched her eyebrows and sneered but didn't get angry.

Genevieve knew very well that Rosalie desperately wished she was dead. Eyes filled with a cold look, Genevieve gazed at Rosalie with a half-smile and said, "Rosalie, I hope you can keep up your current demeanor for the rest of your life!"

Genevieve thought, 'You better not beg me for mercy in the future because I will not be softhearted.'

After saying that, Genevieve left the room with Lydia.

At that time, Genevieve's phone happened to ring. The call was from Jeffrey, who learned from Jasper that she had been injured and was so worried that he had to call and ask about her condition.

Genevieve took her phone to the balcony and answered it.

Not long after, Rosalie also left.

Anthony came back quickly.

Jasper had completed the discharge procedures, and Genevieve was also done talking on the phone..

The three of them were heading out when they bumped into Anthony.

Anthony said, "Are you leaving now? I'll take you home."

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He had hoped to persuade her to stay longer, but the coolness of her manner made him take the initiative to yield.

The hotel conditions were much better than at the hospital, and it would also be more convenient for him to visit her.

Genevieve glanced at him indifferently. "That won't be necessary. I have enough people helping me. I wouldn't dare to trouble you, Mr. Hoffman. I have called the police. The police will be here soon. I suggest you pay more attention to the car accident!"

As she spoke, she was already walking toward the elevator.

Anthony frowned slightly and went into the ward to take the dagger away for examination.

However, when he exited the ward, his facial expression was pale and grim. The dagger in his hand had been wiped clean.

Trying his best to suppress his emotions, Anthony croaked, "Who touched the dagger? The fingerprints on it are ruined..."

The three people outside the elevator were stunned.

How could something that had been in the room the whole time have been wiped clean?

Genevieve's face was particularly gloomy. She thought, 'That means the evidence is gone and there is no hope of catching the culprit!'

Lydia suddenly remembered. "That's right! That woman was in the room for a while before she left: She must have done it!"

"Rosalie?" Anthony was slightly shocked, not entirely convinced.

Genevieve stood rooted to her spot, returning to her senses. She thought,

'Judging by his reaction, he seems to be suspecting my subordinates.

She said indifferently, "If it were the three of us, we wouldn't have chased after the culprit, wouldn't we?"

Anthony glanced at her with a complicated look in his eyes.

The veins in his arms bulged, and then he turned and went to Rosalie's ward.

Rosalie was drinking water with lingering fear in her chest when she heard the door to her ward being abruptly and forcefully yanked open.

She was startled.

"Anthony?" A hint of nervousness laced her delighted facial expression.

Anthony threw the dagger on the table and said coldly, "Did you do it?"

"What? What have I done?" Rosalie quickly calmed down and stood there with an innocent look.

Anthony's face was taut and contorted with rage. His voice was frosty as he spoke. "You used alcohol to wipe away the fingerprints on the dagger. There was a surveillance camera in that room. Are you denying your doing?" Rosalie's expression changed visibly. Finally, the corner of her lips twitched as she said as calmly as possible, "I admit it. I did it. The nurse told me that it would be cleaner to sterilize with alcohol. This knife is so dirty, and I just want to help Ms.

Lawrence clean it."

Anthony's face instantly darkened. His voice was cold as he spoke. "Who told you to do it, and who asked you to meddle? Do you have something to do with that culprit?"

He stepped closer in Rosalie's direction, his eyes gleaming with sternness. He gave off an imposing aura.

Rosalie was so frightened that her face turned pale. She stood rooted to Dale. She stood rooted her spot in a daze and shed tears. "What culprit? I was merely helping Ms. Lawrence out of kindness."

Samson, who was inside the room and having just been coaxed to stop crying, started making a ruckus again. Rosalie immediately ran into the room, held Samson, and began to cry. Anthony's expression was grim. His suspicion toward Rosalie didn't lessen. He frowned and said coldly, "You'd better not have anything to do with it, or you should know the consequences!"

The dagger was the only evidence, and it had been intentionally washed clean with alcohol.

Yet, Rosalie was the one who did it, so how could he not doubt her?

Genevieve cried hysterically, seemingly trying to cover up something with her wails.

Anthony left in an aggressive manner.

Next to the elevator, Genevieve and her party didn't leave. When Genevieve saw Anthony exiting the ward, she asked, "Have you clarified this matter?"

Anthony pursed his thin lips and wore a cold expression. "It was Rosalie who did it."

Genevieve instantly narrowed her eyes.

CONFERR Anthony took a deep breath and said, "She might... not have done it on purpose."

Genevieve gave him a significant look and sneered, "Might? Anthony, you're still partial to her at this time. It was your relatives who had the accident. How broad-minded of you!"

Genevieve thought, 'His first reaction when he discovered that the evidence had been destroyed was to suspect me and my subordinates. However, after learning it was Rosalie, he made up excuses for her. Is this the difference between being loved and not loved by him?'

She reached out her hand and pressed the down elevator button.

As the elevator was VIP exclusive, they didn't need to wait.

Then, the trio entered the elevator. Subsequently, Genevieve didn't spare Anthony another glance.

Looking at the contemptuous and disappointed look in her eyes, Anthony felt his heart sank. Suddenly, he said in a solemn voice, "I will investigate this matter thoroughly. If Rosalie is really related to the culprit, I will not let her go."

The elevator door closed slowly.

Genevieve did not look up.

She thought, 'How can I still believe his words?'