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Chapter 61

The corners of Genevieve's mouth twitched briefly as she walked over. In Anthony's hand, there was a document. He handed it over and said, "This is Clusia Entertainment's contract. You've always wanted it, right? Get in the car

He came prepared.

Genevieve stood by the car door, motionless, a hint of a smile playing at the edge of her lips.

Anthony was about to exit the car to open the door for her when Genevieve deftly pushed the partially ajar car door closed again.

Everything happened in less than three seconds. Then, Anthony, with his green eyes, stared at her.

Genevieve placed one hand on the car window and leaned slightly forward. Her exquisite features instantly closed in on him. He even caught a whiff of her perfume.

The closeness between them held an air of intimacy and ambiguity. Her posture seemed like she was leaning in to kiss him.

Anthony tensed, and his Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

At that moment, he could feel the intense pounding of his heartbeat.

However, the next second, Genevieve's cold voice reached his ears. "I sabotaged your partnership and have no interest in the contract. You've got some nerve thinking you can bring a worthless contract to the table and negotiate terms with me, acting all high and mighty. Anthony, do you think everyone else is a fool?"

If it were not for Michael's lover producing crucial evidence, leading to hitches in the project, Anthony would never have willingly given up on a partnership he had already secured.

How clever of Anthony to let her take over an abandoned project with gratitude. Unfortunately, she saw through his intention.

Anthony silently stared at her for a few seconds. His lips were pressed together while his chest was heaving up and down. It was as if he was suppressing his emotions. It even seemed like he was on the verge of grinding his teeth to pieces.

"Take a look at the contract. I've already made changes to the contents!" Anthony said. His eyes seemed to glint with a trace of moisture.

Genevieve thought he was crying because he felt aggrieved.

However, he was probably infuriated.

Nevertheless, Genevieve did not bother reaching for the contract. She merely glanced at Anthony nonchalantly, then turned away. "Hurry up and leave! Don't make a scene here," she snapped, her tone laced with impatience.

After saying that, she nonchalantly flicked her hair and left elegantly

Seated in the car, Anthony did not even have a chance to step out. He clutched the contract tightly, his entire body tense.

Since the beginning. Anthony had known that it was Genevieve who had screwed up the partnership. Yet, he had cooperated and even revised the contract, offering the collaboration on a silver platter. Yet, she just could not be bothered.

Anthony was mad. After their divorce, Genevieve could easily affect his emotions. However, he found himself defenseless against it.

Anthony was so angry that he didn't say a word.

The atmosphere in the car was highly tense..

The driver, Calvin, sitting in front, glanced at his phone several times. Then, he could not help but say, "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Stewart called several times; she was looking for you. Shall we go to the hospital?"

Anthony looked up, his gaze cold and piercing.

Calvin immediately fell silent after seeing that.

Finally, the car departed, heading toward Hoffman Group.

Aiden waited in the office, seemingly expecting Anthony to return without success.

"Tony, that woman just doesn't know what's good for her! Right now, she's manipulating you. Even though she screwed up your partnership, why do you insist on approaching her so eagerly?" asked Aiden.

Anthony cast a cold glance at the talkative Aiden and did not respond to the latter's question.

Aiden paused, rubbed his nose, and added, "Well, I'm meddling in other people's affairs again. I've done everything you asked. I'll take my leave now."

After that, Anthony took out a contract from the drawer and threw it on the table. "The Campbell family always wanted the piece of land up north, right?"

He was not one He was not one to owe favors to others. Aiden's eyes lit up instantly. Matthias' scandal had dealt a blow to the Campbell family.

In addition, with Anthony's recent indifferent attitude toward the Campbell family, many believed they were losing their prominence. Some opportunistic individuals took advantage of the situation to rub salt into their wounds.

With that, the Campbell family began to face various crises.

Fortunately, Anthony suddenly asked someone to contact Aiden a few days ago. Using the latter.

name, they acquired the

Clusia Entertainment's project from Michael at a low price, commencing a thorough restructuring.

So, Aiden re-established a connection with Anthony. It was a rare opportunity.

Thus, when he saw the "reward" Anthony presented, Aiden could not help but feel emotional.

The feeling of being marginalized in this circle was genuinely uncomfortable.

"Thanks." Aiden did not bother with formalities. He had long forgotten about Genevieve and then left with the contract. Genevieve had given up on the Clusia Entertainment's project but unexpectedly secured another project through Louis. Before the project signing cocktail party, Genevieve went on a rare shopping spree with Selene.

They bought so many things that the bodyguards could no longer carry more bags. After loading their purchases into the car, they went to a brand design center.

The designer recognized Genevieve and immediately approached her. "Ms. Lawrence, your custom-made gown has been air-shipped from Friyx. Would you like to try it on?"

Genevieve raised her brows and nodded in response. "Sure." While waiting for Genevieve to come out, Selene eagerly picked out clothes, too. The sizing was exceptionally well-suited since it was a custom-made piece by foreign artisans.

Genevieve emerged in a long gown. The shifting hues of purple delicately reached above her ankles. The beaded hem shimmered with each step, resembling glistening dewdrops and highlighting her toned waist. She was truly breathtaking.

As soon as Genevieve came out, everyone's eyes were on her. One had to admit that her proportions were perfect. Moreover, her features were exquisite and charming, exuding grace.

Selene stroked her chin in admiration as she nodded repeatedly. "You're gorgeous, Gen. If you wear this to the banquet, I'm sure you'll stun every man there!"

Upon hearing those words, Genevieve could not help but glare at her. Before Selene could respond, a cold laugh came from behind her.

Right then, Quincey approached and commented mockingly. "Sure enough, some people wear certain clothes just to seduce men. | really don't know how they can be so confident!"

With her arm linked through Quincey's, Rosalie looked at Genevieve with a hint of mockery. She attempted to sow discord by chiming in, "Mrs. Hoffman, | think the gown she's wearing would suit you better. Why not take this piece?"

Quincey smirked, sitting there in a high and mighty manner. Then, she pointed at the designer, demanding. "Make her take it off. | want this gown."

The designer was momentarily stunned. After that, she awkwardly spoke up. "This is

It's specifically designed for Ms. Lawrence. Ma'am, why don't you have a look at other styles? There are many more suitable for you..."

Quincey's expression darkened, looking quite unpleasant.

Beside her, Rosalie could not help saying, "Do you think we can't afford it? The esteemed lady of Hoffman Group can certainly afford a gown! She's the one putting on an act. She's got an empty purse, yet she's here embarrassing herself."

Selene, at the end of her tether, cast a disdainful glance and sneered, “! was wondering who's talking So mu trash. It put who lacks moral integrity. What's this? Is it because snatching someone's nan doesn't satisfy you anymore? That's why you're here to take away people's clothes.”

Upon hearing Selene's words, Rosalie's face turned ashen. She gritted her teeth in an rand m aggrievedly lung to ncey's arm. ‘Bid'iisay something wrong, Mrs. Hoffman? That gown clearly suits you better. | just thought Ms. Lawrence shouldn't argue with her elders over a dress.”

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Genevieve had never spared them a glimpse throughout the interaction.

It was disgusting enough to just take a glance, so she pretended as though they didn't exist.

She lowered her head and told the designer, “Around the waist here should be tightened half an inch.”

Seeing that she was completely ignored, Quincey flew into a rage. She set her heart right away on getting the gown. “I want this gown. Tell her to take it off quickly!”

The designer who was standing hurriedly explained, “Mrs. Hoffman, this gown is custom-made exactly to Ms. Lawrence's measurements. I'm afraid it doesn't fit you very well. Furthermore, in terms of style, it suits young women better...

Genevieve's facial features and aura were bright and elegant. That was why she could fit the gown.

Quincey's figure was short and thin while her facial features were sharp and mean. Besides, due to her age, she didn't look delicate and natural like Genevieve, even if she maintained her appearance well.

If she dressed more modestly, she would appear more like a noblewoman. Genevieve's gown was not suitable for her.

However, as soon as the designer finished speaking, Quincey's gaze turned icy. She raised her voice while questioning the designer in doubt, “What did you say? Did you mean that I'm too old to wear it?”

The designer was at a loss for a moment and said nothing.

Selene couldn't help laughing. "Don't you understand what she said? Don't pretend to be ignorant. Do you know what is custom— made? Given your age, you should wear something that suits your disposition!"

Quincey stood up angrily, cursing, "Such an insolent woman!" "I'm never respectful toward elderly who don't act their age!" Selene retorted in an instant.

Rosalie looked at Genevieve and couldn't help but utter, 'Ms. Lawrence, don't just keep quiet there. Do you need Anthony to discuss such a trivial matter with you?"

Her tone was a little provocative and smug. She thought that if Anthony was mentioned, Genevieve would get embarrassed to fuss over a gown. Genevieve didn't seem to notice the implication behind her words.

She smiled nonchalantly and mocked in a cold voice, "Look at yourselves in the mirror first. Even if you want to steal someone else's things, you have to see whether you deserve it or not."

Probably because Genevieve humiliated her in public, Quincey felt embarrassed.

Quincey's face turned blue with fury. She pointed at Genevieve, saying, "Genevieve, don't be so arrogant. Back then, you were begging me with all your might to allow you to be married into the Hoffman family. You've led a comfortable life while staying in our house. How dare you treat me this way after getting a divorce?"

Selene couldn't help curling her lips and stepped forward. "Lead a comfortable life? Mrs. Hoffman, you were bossing Genevieve around like a housekeeper back then. Do the housekeepers in your house live a comfortable life?"

'Me? Lived a comfortable life there? That's ridiculous, Genevieve exclaimed inwardly.

Her life in the Hoffman family was not much better than that of a housekeeper. In Quincey's eyes, she must have been blessed to step foot in the Hoffman family.

Genevieve turned around speechlessly with a trace of sarcasm in her eyes. She looked at Quincey and stated casually, "I regret marrying Anthony. It's just a gown...."

She paused and smiled. Just when Quincey thought that she would compromise, she spat, "I'm not giving it to you."

Then, she went in directly and got changed. She instructed the designer, "After the measurement is altered, send it directly to me."

"Yes, Ms. Lawrence." The designer dared not delay her time anymore.

Genevieve and Selene left one after another.

Selene couldn't help but look back at Quincey and Rosalie, who were pale with anger. She chuckled. "Some people really think of themselves as old princesses. Mrs. Hoffman, why don't you pay a visit to the psychologist when you have the

time?"

"You..." Quincey's face turned pale with fury. She became breathless and fainted.

Rosalie panicked and called Anthony using Quincey's phone.

Anthony was informed that Quincey fainted due to a piece of gown that she didn't manage to own. He ordered in a low voice, "Give the phone to the store manager. I'll talk to him."

Hoffman Group had a big influence in the city, so everyone was respectful toward Anthony.

Rosalie phrased her sentence cautiously, saying, "Actually, it's not the manager's fault. It was Ms. Lawrence who wouldn't give up the gown. Anyhow, she was the daughter-in-law of the Hoffman family. Not only was she rude, toward Mrs. Hoffman, but she also let her friend insult Mrs. Hoffman. I got so angry upon seeing their behavior..."

Anthony fell silent and frowned. "It's her..." Rosalie hurriedly replied, "Yes, she went too far just now. Anthony, why don't you help Mrs. Hoffman get the gown back?" Rosalie eagerly gave the phone to the store manager.

The manager took over the phone cautiously. At first, he felt deeply bitter, but after hearing Anthony's orders, the worry on his face disappeared.

He smiled and nodded repeatedly. He then ended the call.

Rosalie turned to look at him.

The manager hurriedly stated, "Mr. Hoffman ordered us to send Mrs. Hoffman to the hospital. He said he's going to overlook the incident regarding the gown."

Rosalie widened her eyes in disbelief and unconsciously clenched her palms. Her heart skipped a beat. 'He's going to overlook the matter? The manager hurriedly dialed 911 and sent Quincey to the hospital.

They were already very puzzled by Rosalie's behavior of complaining to Anthony first instead of sending Quincey to the hospital at once.

It was clear that Mr. Hoffman already knew Rosalie's character.

Rosalie kept close to Quincey all the way to the hospital.

She

was afraid that she would not be the first person Quincey saw when she opened her eyes.

Quincey only became conscious early the next morning. Rosalie immediately rushed over and cried next to her. "Mrs. I

It's all my fault. I didn't protect you properly and made you faint due to Genevieve's humiliation..."

Quincey gradually recalled what had happened and scanned around the ward with a sullen face. She asked, "Where is Anthony?"

"Anthony" Before she could finish her words, Anthony entered the room with a doctor. "Mrs. Hoffman has low blood sugar. Just taking note of this will do." The doctor did a simple check on Quincey and left.

Rosalie looked at Anthony with teary eyes. She whined, "Anthony, you haven't been picking up my calls these days. Are you avoiding me?"

Anthony took a glance at her and responded indifferently, "I'm too busy." Then, he looked at Quincey. "Are you feeling better?" Quincey was satisfied with his indifferent attitude toward Rosalie. After all, she despised Rosalie too.

"No, I'm not. You still have the nerve to come and see me. That Genevieve has totally changed after your divorce) Se Nas gone against me the whole time. She wouldn't even give her gown up to me. You're not my son if you don't avenge me!" she said.

Anthony looked calm and indifferent, but there was no emotion in his voice. "It's just a gown here's fuss bout. [have instructed them to send all the latest designs they have to you first from now on."

Quincey nodded with satisfaction.

Rosalie saw that Anthony was going to just let the matter pass and m couldn't hel cepaindirg hin 'But she's\gone too far this time. If we don't do something, won't she think that Mrs. Hoffman is a pushover?"

The frostiness in Anthony's eyes was palpable as he turned his gaze toward Rosalie, his look piercing with an unmistakable coldness.

Feeling the intensity of his stare, Rosalie felt a tremor in her heart and instinctively averted her eyes.

Quincey, reminded about the previous conversation about the gown, was adamant in her demand. "I must have that dress, no matter what it takes!"

Gently patting Quincey's arm, Anthony inquired in a soft tone, "Do you want that dress so badly because you're aware that my dad is planning a trip to Atharia?"

Quincey's face registered shock. "What?" she exclaimed, so startled that she pushed Anthony off the bed. "Why didn't you inform me earlier about his trip? He could be going there to celebrate his ex-wife's birthday. How could you withhold such crucial information?"

Holding his mother, Anthony tried to soothe her concerns in a calm tone. "Dad's not going for that reason. It's a business trip, arranged by the company."

However, Quincey's thoughts had already raced ahead, haunted by the thought of the woman in Atharia, a persistent thorn in her side.

She would not tolerate them meeting alone. "This is crucial information! How can you, being my son, inform me so late?" Anthony's lips pressed together in a tight line. "I'll take you home," he offered.

Quincey's eagerness to leave was palpable; she wanted to be home as soon as possible.

She felt

Meanwhile, Rosalie, who had witnessed the exchange, stood frozen. She felt that it was unfair.

'Are they really going to let this go so easily?' she wondered.

Suddenly, Anthony stepped back, casting a brief glance at Rosalie. Her expression swiftly morphed into one of caution mixed with grievance. "Anthony, I..."

His response was indifferent and distant. “Just ensure you take good care of Samson until I investigate the child’s situation abroad.”

Anthony was visibly disturbed by the incident, particularly Rosalie’s blatant attempt to stir conflict between Quincey and Genevieve.

Rosalie blinked several times, hesitating and pursing her lips before she spoke. “Technically, Samson isn’t really your son. Perhaps we should consider a welfare home for him...”

With the child’s true identity now in the open, Rosalie’s patience and affection for him seemed to have evaporated. Anthony’s gaze on her was complex and somber, his lips a straight line of disapproval.

After a few seconds, he spoke coolly. “I’ll have my secretary arrange for someone to care for him. You don’t have to involve yourself any further.”

Once Anthony had departed, Rosalie was struck with regret, sensing his growing detachment. Her instincts warned her that she had made a grave error.

Thus, when Daniel sent someone to pick up Samson, Rosalie clung to the child, reluctant to let him go.

Eventually, Daniel had to call Anthony to resolve the situation, after which Anthony instructed him to leave the child. Throughout this, he never spoke a word to Rosalie.

Achilling sense of foreboding crept over her.

Meanwhile, a private banquet was being held. Though there weren’t many people present, the event was attended by a select group of wealthy and influential individuals.

Among the attendees were Genevieve and Louis, who together presented a striking pair.

Genevieve had recently faced a setback with the Clusia Entertainment's project, but she quickly redirected her focus to a new venture in smart healthcare.

Louis, already involved in this field, provided invaluable guidance and support. Their collaboration was proving fruitful, and Genevieve was genuinely thankful for Louis' assistance. As their professional relationship evolved, their personal rapport strengthened.

At the banquet, Genevieve took the initiative to introduce Louis to the other attendees. This naturally led to conversations: and networking opportunities for Louis.

Amidst the socializing, a businessman, with a hint of jest in his tone, commented to them, 'Ms. Lawrence, it seems like you and Mr. Fallon are more than just friends, aren't you? Mr. Fallon is indeed fortunate. After all, there are plenty of talented young men who have their sights set on Ms. Lawrence!'

Louis responded with a smile, "I do hope I'm that lucky." He did not deny it, nor did he admit it.

Genevieve, standing nearby, also offered a smile in response. Just then, she received a message' from Selene, indicating her intention to join the gathering, prompting Genevieve to share her location.

As she looked up, she noticed Anthony approaching with a less—than-pleased expression.

Anthony's presence at the banquet wasn't unexpected, considering the interconnected nature of their social circle, where even the slightest actions tended to become topics of conversation.

Holding a glass of wine, Anthony approached with a faint smile, his demeanor exuding a sense of aloofness. "What's this

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cheerful discussion about?" he inquired, casting a brief glance at Louis and Genevieve before his gaze settled on the businessman who had made the earlier comment.

Recognizing Anthony, the businessman replied with a smile, "Just how is. With so many talented individuals vying for Ms. Lawrence's attention, he'd be fortunate to have her favor."

Noticing Anthony's darkened expression and suddenly recalling a rumor, the Anthony, "When are your planning to marry Ms. Stewart? Make sure to invite me to your wedding!"

Anthony's expression darkened further, and he offered no reply to the question.

Louis, unable to resist, chuckled. "Indeed, Mr. Hoffman, such good news should not be kept secret."

Observing Genevieve's composed demeanor, Anthony felt a surge of frustration.

She had rejected the Clusia Entertainment's project he had offered, opting instead for a new venture, seemingly related to Louis.

A sense of jealousy, unrecognized by him, began to fester within.

Anthony's thoughts grew bitter as he blamed Louis. "He's just a replacement, and yet he lacks awareness, shamelessly pursuing Genevieve."

With an air of detachment, Anthony remarked, "I've always been transparent in my dealings, Mr. Fallon. Unlike you."

Louis, momentarily speechless, was saved by Genevieve's timely intervention. She set down her wine glass and whispering to Louis, "I'll be right back. I'm heading to the restroom."

Louis acknowledged her with a slight nod. Throughout their interaction, Genevieve hadn't once acknowledged Anthony's presence.

Anthony, visibly affected, swallowed hard, his green eyes di

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Genevieve's face darkened. She ran over immediately in the direction the server was pointing at

She couldn't think about anything and was just worried that Selene would be in danger.

She pushed the door open and entered the room. Then, she turned around, only to find that it was locked from outside. Genevieve's expression changed slightly, and she continued to bang on the door.

“Someone, open the door. Help!” The private room was dimly lit and narrow, like a long—unused utility room with lots of things piled up.

She gradually became nervous. An inexplicable fear spread from the bottom of her heart.

No one knew she was claustrophobic.

She took a deep breath and tried to reach the light switch on the wall but to no avail.

Soon, she sensed something was wrong. It was as if she could smell something burning.

The smell was getting stronger. She was choked by the smoke and started coughing.

She had left her phone somewhere.

There was a sense of helplessness all over her body. She could only curl up and lean against the door, breathing in the thin air from outside.

Nevertheless, this method was not so effective.

The smoke came from another room in the private room, and there seemed to be waves of heat rushing in.

There was something burning.

Genevieve was struggling. She was already covering her mouth and nose. She was coughing non-stop until she couldn't even speak.

But no matter how hard she slammed the door, there was no movement at all outside.

She didn't understand who would use Selene's name to hurt her.

This was just too cruel.

"Help..." Her voice had turned hoarse, but there was still no sound outside.

Genevieve's fear gradually spread. That anxiety seemed to attack her heart again. She clenched her fists while her whole body was shaking slightly.

It was just like the day when she could feel the baby slowly flowing out of her body, and she felt totally helpless

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't keep the child. She had been looking forward to his arrival so much.

She wanted to be invincible. She wanted the people who had done her harm to be consigned to eternal damnation. Nonetheless, she hadn't succeeded in doing it yet.

She was as fragile as grass. She was easily set up by others. She was reluctant to give up just yet. She felt that she was really useless!

Smoke slowly shrouded her shrinking body like death, plundering every inch of her breath. The darkness in front of her was overwhelming and surging.

Just when she was about to lose consciousness, she suddenly heard the sound of the smoke alarm.

It seemed that someone was fleeing in a hurry. However, no one cared about Genevieve, who was locked up in the private room, although she tried making some tiny movements.

The more she had her hopes high, the more disappointed she became.

Just when she was in great despair, she heard footsteps coming from the opposite direction outside all of a sudden. It seemed that they were hurriedly knocking on the door of every private room and shouting for her loudly, "Genevieve!"

Her consciousness was awakened, and she couldn't help coughing when she tried to speak. She banged on the door and finally managed to attract the attention of people on the outside.

Aman kicked the door open and stood there. She could indistinctly make out that his stoic silhouette was tall and upright. He looked as though he was anxious and flustered.

"It's Anthony who came to my rescue!" Genevieve exclaimed inwardly.

He dashed inside and picked Genevieve up, who was curled up in the corner. His eyes were full of panic, and his hands were trembling.

"Genevieve, don't be scared. You'll be okay..." he incoherently comforted her, as if he were also comforting himself. She was about to lose consciousness.

His chest was warm yet indifferent, like a piece of ice that could not be melted. She was afraid of frostbite but eager to get close.

He strode out, his voice a little cold and quivering. "Doctor, call a doctor..."

He was so flustered that he lost his calmness and self-control.

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He was a little surprised that fear just now swallowed him up like a whirlpool.

Especially when he saw her on the verge of dying in the smokey private room, it was as though his heart had been torn apart.

At this point, Genevieve didn't know what to feel, but a complicated emotion spread through her heart. It was so intense that she had difficulty breathing.

She loved him deeply and yet loathed him deeply too. Anthony eventually paid back the life he had owed her. She completely fell into unconsciousness.

Genevieve was slightly poisoned due to inhaling excessive carbon monoxide. After the rescue, she fell asleep for two days before waking up at the hospital.

When she opened her eyes, she realized that she was in an unfamiliar room with the smell of disinfectant and white curtains.

Jeffrey moved closer to her and brushed her hair. His voice was gentle and careful. "You're awake. Are you feeling well? I'll call the doctor."

He hurriedly called for the doctor and was informed that everything was okay after a series of sighs of relief. "I had the fright of my life! So did Dad and Mom too. They ask you about your condition every two hours. I'm already at my limit!"

The corner of Genevieve's mouth lifted. She smiled. 'It's great to be alive and see my loved ones, she admitted to herself. "Jeffrey, I'm okay already," she replied.

Jeffrey covered her with the blanket gloomily. "I can't just let this incident slide. I asked about the cause of the fire, and it was reported that someone at the store was doing a fire drill at that time and accidentally threw combustibles into the private room. But the windows don't open out, so I suspect someone deliberately set the fire. Do you remember how you entered the room?"

Genevieve frowned slightly. She looked pale and weak, which made people feel bad for her. She recalled, "It's a server. She told me Selene had been dragged into the room. I went there without thinking much, but the door was locked from the outside as soon as I stepped inside."

"A server? That's easy then. We can take a look and check one by one." Jeffrey's expression turned gloomy as he breathed deeply.

Genevieve was in such a danger this time that they could not remain indifferent.

Whoever it was, there was a price to pay.

Genevieve pursed her lips and looked out of the window. Suddenly, she heard someone knocking on the door.

Louis' voice could be heard. "Gen, I heard from the doctor that you woke up so I came."

Louis didn't look well, and the corners of his mouth seemed to be bruised. Nevertheless, his icy and noble aura still showed despite his injuries

Jeffrey nodded slightly and smiled. "Louis comes here several times a day. He brought me dinner these two days as well." Louis smiled and calmed down. "Of course. It's my fault that I didn't protect Gen properly."

His attitude was a bit burdensome.

Jeffrey hesitated for a moment before he said, "It couldn't be helped. Don't take it to heart."

Genevieve comforted him with a smile, "It's not your fault, Mr. Fallon. Don't think too much. Your face..."

"Why does it look like you've been beaten?" She continued her question silently in her heart.

Louis walked over and looked at her pale face with a gentle gaze. Then, he looked away nonchalantly and beside her just get hit- times out of nowhere. I just ran into Mr. Hoffman on the way here, and it seemed that Rosalie was bothering him. I heard that a child has been found, and they're going to go bring the child home."

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Jeffrey gave Anthony a look and snorted coldly. "They are a perfect match. If it weren't for the fact that he saved Gen this time, I would have taken revenge on him!"

After all, how could Jeffrey not be angry with Anthony for bullying Genevieve so much for the past three years? Genevieve's expression froze slightly.

The dilemmas and struggles she had before this seemed to be a joke.

Since Rosalie was there, she was never the one to be chosen.

Now that Rosalie's biological child had been found, he would treat them even better.

She suddenly felt a little relieved, as if a weight was lifted off her chest.

He repaid what he owed her, and now they had no ties to each other.

Jeffrey had a lot of work in the company as calls came in one after another.

When he went out to answer the phone, Louis, who was next to them, looked at her with an unfathomable expression. Genevieve began to feel uncomfortable under his intense gaze.

"Mr. Fallon-" she started to say.

However, Louis cut her off. "I found something, but I don't know if I should tell you or not."

"What is it?" Genevieve asked.

Louis paused for a second, took out his phone, and found two photos.

"This is a screenshot from the surveillance camera footage, which I asked someone to save that instant. Is this the server that led you to that private room?" Louis asked.

Upon seeing the person in the picture, Genevieve was stunned and nodded. The feeling of suffocation suddenly surged up, and her heart suddenly tightened. Her face turned pale. She suddenly squeezed her eyes shut and took a deep breath to suppress the discomfort.

Louis presented the second photo and said coolly, "From the surveillance footage of the shop next door, I found the window behind the private room was never opened, and nothing was thrown in. Only this woman had entered before you went in. I suspect she deliberately started the fire."

Genevieve's lips turned pale. After experiencing a near—death situation before, she felt the pain was engraved in her bones. "I don't know her. Who the hell is she?" Genevieve questioned.

Louis presented another photo, a snapshot of the airport the media took. The main subject in the photo was Regina, who, at that time, had not yet been scorned by the public.

Surprisingly, Regina's assistant, who followed Regina around, was the server! Genevieve's heart suddenly sank, and her anger was stoked.

"It's Regina's assistant!" Genevieve cried.

Louis shook his head and looked a little solemn.

He explained, "It's not her. Mrs. Hopkins has forced Regina to go abroad and lay low. Moreover, all of Regina's money has been used to compensate the sponsor. Her financial situation is not good. However, an unknown sum of money was deposited into the server's account three days ago. Regina can't afford it."

Deep down, Genevieve already had a vague idea of the answer.

The next moment, Louis mentioned that name indifferently, "Rosalie ordered it."

Sure enough, she was right.

'Rosalie is too good at pretending. She has hurt my child that time and now wants to kill me!' Genevieve thought. Slowly, she clenched her fists, and her whole body stiffened.

She thought, "Wouldn't | be a loser if | didn't retaliate?*"

Initially, Genevieve thought there were plenty of opportunities to deal with Rosalie, but the latter was eager to strike first. Genevieve knew she couldn't wait any longer.

Louis pursed his lips and looked at her darkly.

"If you want to hand the evidence over to the police, | can help you," he said.

"Well, wouldn't it be letting her off easy if | gave it to the police?" Genevieve smiled wryly, and a cold glint flashed in her eyes.

Louis coughed and said hesitantly, "I'm afraid that Mr. Hoffman will protect Rosalie when he knows about this. No one will protect you then."

Genevieve thought, 'No one will protect me? Anthony was never on my side. But | don't need it.' She looked at him calmly and said, 'Don't tell anyone about this. I'll get it done as soon as possible.' "Can | help you?" Louise offered.

"No need," Genevieve replied.

Louis pursed his lips and was about to say something when he heard another voice at the door.

Anthony pushed the door open and came in. When he saw Louis, his face darkened instantly.

"Why are you still here?" Anthony asked.

Louis sat there with his hands folded, calm and unconcerned. "Mr. Hoffman, why do you think you can come but I can't?" Anthony also had bruises on his face.

Genevieve frowned slightly and realized the two men had fought.

She pretended not to see it and moved her gaze elsewhere. She looked at Louis and said, "Mr. Fallon, you should go back and rest. Thank you for telling me."

Genevieve thought, "Louis must have put a lot of effort into finding so much information in this short time."

Louis nodded with a smile, looking regal and aloof. Then he pulled the blanket up for her and whispered, "Have a good rest. I'll see you later."

Genevieve nodded.

When Louis left, he glanced coldly at Anthony.

A smirk appeared on his face.

Initially, Anthony was furious when he saw Louis. However, when Genevieve drove Louis away after seeing him, he instantly felt better.

"Look, she's so touched I'm here. Now, she must have a lot of sweet things she wants to say to me, Anthony thought.

As Anthony walked in, his cold expression softened slightly and softened even more when he looked at Genevieve.

He spoke. "Say what you want. There are no outsiders here now, and I know you still have a grudge. But after this, you she id I am the can be trusted at this critical moment. That substitute had long gone and

hid in a place nobody knows where. Now, he even has the nerve to come out and claim credit. He's no good. You should stay away from him in the future."

As Genevieve lifted her head slightly, no one could deny she was beautiful, even without makeup. Her blue eyes were like the clear sky, but her face was expressionless when she looked at him.

She smiled and said, "I'm grateful that you saved my life-"

Anthony was relieved and interrupted her with a grin. "Well, let me finish the rest. After all, I am your love to be my Wife again with the intention of maintaining a happy marriage with me this time. So, I'm telling you, my answer is yes. I promised we could start over and forget about the past."

He thought, "I have arranged everything and gave her enough respect. How could she refuse? After all, we have been husband and wife before. I'll compensate her for the three years I owed her."

After saying that, he waited for her to nod.

Genevieve just looked at him silently without saying a word.

Anthony's expression gradually changed. He frowned and said in a solemn tone, "Genevieve, I'm giving you a way out here. If we get back together again, I will give you whatever you want."

Genevieve's lips slowly curled up, but he could see no surprise or indication of being moved on her face like he expected. Instead, she was too calm. His heart sank, and he had a bad feeling.

Looking at him coldly with clear eyes, Genevieve said flatly, "How can I pretend that what has happened didn't? Self-deception is not a good habit."

His eyes darkened slightly.

Genevieve took a deep breath, glanced out the window, and said slowly, "You owe me a life. Grid how it's paid. We don't owe each other anything. Anthony Hoffman, I forgive you for abandoning our child. You are free."

Chapter 66

Genevieve's voice was cold, but every word she uttered made him feel as if his heart was stabbed with knives. Anthony was free, but Genevieve was not.

She might be alone forever, immersed in this indescribable sorrow.

For the child he had given up so easily, Genevieve had put the blame for the loss of this life on him and Rosalie. He could say indifferently that it was all over.

However, it was different for her.

That child was the real angel that had appeared in her life.

Now, he saved her life.

They were even.

That was what Genevieve told him.

Anthony was shocked and stood still when he heard that. His figure also instantly stiffened.

His face gradually turned pale and unsightly.

There was a long silence in the ward.

Then, Anthony's rough and hoarse voice rang out.

"So, that's what you think," he said.

She still hated him, even if he saved her life.

That child was an insurmountable gulf between them.

For the first time, Anthony felt powerless. Even if he exhausted every means he had, they couldn't make up for what he had missed.

Panic and confusion flooded his mind. His fists clenched tightly, but he could never hold on to what he wanted. Genevieve had a clear judgment between gratitude and grudges. She merely expressed her feelings calmly and rationally. This offerin

She refused his offering to start over, and she refused to erase the past.

Genevieve looked out of the window and suddenly felt a warm trickle of tears falling out from the corner of her eyes. Before she could wipe it off, Anthony strode over and held her in his arms.

His chin was pressed against the top of her head. She used to be so attached to his embrace, so this felt as if she had

gone back to the past.

However, in the past, Anthony had never held her so tightly. His embrace was always perfunctory.

Genevieve's nose felt sore, and the surging sadness instantly overwhelmed her. Her heart seemed to be pulled and torn by a thin thread, which was so painful that it was hard to breathe.

She tried to push Anthony away, but he held her wrist tightly. Anthony wiped her tears and said in a deep and rough voice, "I know you won't forgive me anytime soon, and I also know that

you can't let go of the things I did. I only hope that you can take care of yourself. I will always be waiting for you to come back to

me.

Anthony then lowered his eyes, hiding the emotions in them before adding, "If you need anything, just come to me. Don't look for a substitute."

Those words sounded a little cold

Genevieve narrowed her eyes, and the gloom in her heart suddenly dissipated. She felt a little angry and ridiculous. Just as she was about to say something, Anthony's phone rang.

He didn't avoid Genevieve's sight and took out his phone. The name displayed on the screen was: [Rosalie.].

Genevieve's mood instantly turned sullen. She took the opportunity to step back calmly, distancing herself, and recovered her usual cold and indifferent attitude.

'He had the gall to say he wanted to reconcile with me to my face when he's already had his first crush on him?' she thought.

Anthony's eyebrows furrowed tightly as he glanced at Genevieve. He was hesitating for a bit when Genevieve sarcastically said, "| almost thought you were serious when you said that just now. You should have proposed to your sweetheart, and she will cooperate with your acting with tears in her eyes."

'It had been three years, and he still thinks saying a few sweet words can fool me?' Genevieve thought. Genevieve was no longer a hopeless romantic. She thought it was pointless to compete with other women for men. Only when there was no love in her heart could she face the man's plea for reconciliation with a calm mind.

Anthony glanced at her with a complicated look in his eyes, and in a heavy tone, said, "She's not my sweetheart. Everything | said just now was serious."

As if to prove his words, he answered Rosalie's call in front of Genevieve.

Before he could speak, Rosalie said in a gentle and sweet voice, “Anthony, when will you come back for dinner? Mal misses his daddy. Let’s have a reunion dinner together when Mal returns. By the way, last time you promised to marry me in front of Mal-*

Before Rosalie could finish, Genevieve sneered. She raised her gaze and looked at Anthony with a sarcastic expression on her face.

Anthony’s face turned pale, and he quickly hung up the phone with a frown.

He then tried to explain, “Mal is my elder brother’s son. He just came back from abroad and can’t speak. He doesn’t know that my older brother has passed away. | was just trying to coax him-”

Genevieve cut him off and said, “Anthony, you don’t have to explain anything to me. I’m not interested in knowing about your affairs. Please don’t pretend to be affectionate and act as if you can’t forget me from now on. You look like a total hypocrite!”

After saying that in a cold manner, Genevieve turned to look at the door. “I’m going to have a rest. Get out, Genevieve said. She didn’t even want to look at him anymore..

Anthony’s eyebrows furrowed tightly, his face tense, and his lips pursed. He wanted to say something but felt that Genevieve would not believe his words, as she was angry at the moment.

“You have a good rest. Call me if you need anything.” Anthony said.

After saying that, he paused for a bit before turning around and leaving.

Genevieve felt she might be feeling even worse if she did call him.

Genevieve sneered before calming down. The look in her eyes darkened slightly, and she picked up her phone. “Nelly, it's me,” Genevieve greeted.

After receiving the call, Selene rushed to the hospital excitedly.

“Something suddenly came up that day, so I didn’t go to the banquet. Someone actually used my name to plot against you. I’m so angry!” Selene said.

Genevieve was changing her clothes while maintaining a calm expression.

“It’s okay. It was a false alarm anyway. What’s important is that you’re fine, Genevieve replied. “Have you really made up your mind?” asked Selene.

Selene watched as Genevieve changed her clothes with a cold and firm look in her eyes. She then added, “Why don’t we let someone else do it?”

“No. I want to avenge myself personally,” Genevieve answered. Selene nodded and said, “Okay. Call me if you need anything. Time passed, and it was the evening.

Rosalie received a call from a director, who said that one cast member had come. The director asked if she would like to participate.

Rosalie couldn't even get a job now. Her company no longer

her, and her Was Not to mention the fact that she was not willing to do other jobs.

Therefore, she was extremely excited when she was offered this opportunity and readily agreed. However, she felt a little uneasy after hanging up the phone, so she called Aiden to find out about this director.

When he heard the director's name, Alden immediately said This ran aw FEM departure from the company was rather unpleasant.”

Rosalie felt relieved upon hearing that. She packed her things and went to the filming studio in the suburbs that the director had mentioned.

The studio was devoid of film crew. Rosalie looked at the empty and abandoned filming studio and called the director angrily, but her call couldn't get through.

She was about to turn around and leave when the front door was suddenly locked from the outside. Rosalie's expression changed, and she rushed over before frantically tapping on the door.

"Who's there? Do you know who I am? Anthony Hoffman is my fiancé, and I am the future lady of the Hoffman family. You dare to treat me like this?" Rosalie shouted..

There was no sound outside the door. Rosalie thought of an idea, and she immediately took out her phone. "Anthony, help me..." Rosalie said.

Moments after that, someone dropped a lighter from the only vent pipe in the studio...

Chapter 67

The studio was full of flammable materials, and the flames instantly swept through the discarded clutter and cardboard boxes. The flame swept through the space as if the whole place was coated with oil.

Rosalie screamed in terror before coughing so hard that she couldn't even finish her sentence.

She now realized who it was and slapped the door frantically. As if she could see the woman outside, Rosalie fiercely shouted, "Genevieve, I know it's you. Since you can't die yourself, you come to me to torment me, huh? You took away my man and stole my happiness. What right do you have to blame me?"

After a slight pause, Rosalie added, "You both are divorced, yet you're still pestering him. Why are you so shameless? He and I truly love each other. Why can't you just let us be happy?"

Towards the end of her statement, Rosalie went as far as shedding tears to emphasize her sadness.

Standing not far away, Genevieve watched as smoke came out of the vent pipe. She could imagine the scorching heat. Inside and concluded that it would not be worse than the fire she had experienced a few days ago.

People should return favors. Genevieve was just giving Rosalie a taste of her own medicine.

Genevieve listened as Rosalie insulted her, and begged for mercy in a hoarse voice before crying weakly.

The thrill of revenge that surged in her mind seemed to have made Genevieve forget the pain and distress she had experienced. Genevieve realized now that she only needed to be decisive so that she could completely get rid of the unwillingness and discomfort in her heart.

Everything between them would eventually be freed from the fire.

However, her child would never come back.

Genevieve stared blankly at the burning studio and listened to the distant sound of a siren before turning away in the other direction.

Her firm back looked a little bleak, but she did not regret it. Rosalie was reaping what she had sown, and she deserved it. Genevieve returned to the hospital and changed to the clothes she originally wore.

Selene touched Genevieve's pale face and smiled. Without asking her about the result of her deeds, Selene changed the topic.

"I played two games for you and spent 20,000 dollars," Selene said.

Smiling brightly, Genevieve took her phone as if nothing happened.

"You are such a jerk, Nelly!" Genevieve exclaimed playfully.

After Selene left, Genevieve lay in bed. She suddenly felt tired and worn out.

After a while, Genevieve was woken up from her nap.

Jeffrey was having a quiet argument with someone outside the ward.

She got up

and walked out to open the door. She then saw Anthony, who had a complicated expression on his face, and Jeffrey, who was looking cold and stern.

“Get lost! | have nothing to say to you!” Jeffrey said. Anthony glanced at Genevieve with a deep look in his eyes.

“Yesterday afternoon, Rosalie was tricked into a locked warehouse which was then set on fire. She suspected that it was you...” Anthony said.

Jeffrey's eyes were sharp with anger, and his voice was cold and sarcastic as he said, “Why, is what that woman said the truth? Genevieve is still hospitalized. She didn't even go out yesterday. Why is that woman falsely accusing her?”

After a slight pause, Jeffrey added, “If you ask me, I'd say you've been enchanted by that woman and have completely lost your mind!”

Anthony kept staring at Genevieve's face as if trying to see something on it.

Genevieve lifted her eyes slightly, face pale and looking fragile. She hadn't fully recovered from inhaling carbon monoxide in the fire.

“Is she dead?” asked Genevieve. Her voice was indifferent when she asked the question. Anthony's thin lips were pursed tightly, and his eyes darkened.

“No, she just fainted, Anthony answered.

Genevieve chuckled lightly and said, "It's a pity she didn't die."

She knew that those highly flammable materials were piled up in the corner of the wall. Those things would not explode nor could they burn someone to death in a short time.

She also knew that Anthony would not be slow.

Genevieve was not going to risk her life. She just wanted Rosalie to have a taste of her own medicine. Genevieve smiled and looked up at Anthony with a fragile expression, but the look in her eyes was particularly tough. "Mr. Hoffman, if you suspect me, then call the police," Genevieve suggested.

Anthony's eyes darkened and it was unknown what he was thinking as he said, "No."

He took a deep breath, adjusted his emotions, and with pursed lips, said, "I don't doubt you. Have a good rest."

As he said that, he gave Jeffrey a cold look with his eyebrows furrowed tightly.

"She's going to rest, so why don't you leave?" Anthony said.

Jeffrey sneered and replied, "It's you who should leave."

Anthony's expression immediately turned cold. He glanced at Jeffrey gloomily before turning to Genevieve. In a deep voice, he said, "Tell him to go."

Genevieve just stood there languidly with a cold look in her eyes.

"Anthony, it's you who should go." Genevieve said.

Anthony's jaw tightened in an instant, and his chest heaved up and down as he worked to hold back his emotions. He took a deep look at Genevieve and turned to leave. His footsteps seemed to be filled with anger.

Genevieve frowned slightly. Anthony clearly doubted her, so it was weird that he would leave just like that.

Jeffrey took her back into the ward and gave her a stern look.

"Did you do it yesterday afternoon?" Anthony asked.

The corners of Genevieve's lips twitched and she answered, "Yeah."

Jeffrey was silent for a moment before he spoke again. His voice was deepened this time around.

"Was it Rosalie who set the fire in the private room?" Anthony asked.

He quickly realized that Genevieve would not have been so impulsive that she would have wronged innocent people if she hadn't already gotten concrete evidence.

He had just discovered the relationship between the server and Regina, and Genevieve had already taken action. It could only be surmised that Genevieve knew who was behind it.

Genevieve did not deny it.

Jeffrey's expression instantly darkened, and his attitude became cold and fierce.

"You should have told me that. I would've dealt with her myself. There's no need to dirty your hands," Jeffrey said.

The corners of Genevieve's lips tugged as she smiled faintly before tilting her head to look up at Jeffrey. In a calm tone, she said, "Jeffrey, it's only natural for me to take revenge myself. Besides, I have no intention of dirtying my hands. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

"Gen..." Jeffrey said in reply.

Jeffrey cares about his younger sister, and even more so for her tenacity.

"Well, I have an alibi yesterday. Even if she really suspects me, there will be no evidence," Genevieve stated.

Genevieve walked over and shook Jeffrey's arm in a spoiled manner. "I want to eat lobster. Go and make me some!"

Jeffrey looked at her helplessly, reached out, and patted her head. He then asked someone to prepare the ingredients.

He called one of his subordinates and told them to clean up any might have overlooked.

He could not put Genevieve at risk.

After the lobster was ready, Jeffrey asked the private chef to deliver a few more dishes. Both Darrell and Samantha also arrived after that.

Genevieve was naturally happy to see her parents, and she even took a few extra bites of food. Both Genevieve and Jeffrey didn't tell them about Rosalie.

However, Darrell kept telling Genevieve to go home to recuperate and dare of her, saying that it would not be comfortable living in the hospital.

Samantha, on the other hand, smiled and glared at Darrell when she heard that.

“It will be inconvenient for Louis to visit her if she went home with us!” Samantha said. Genevieve and Jeffrey exchanged a glance with each other not knowing what to say. They could only thank Louis inwardly.

It was after their meal.

Jeffrey sent Darrell and Samantha back home.

Meanwhile, Genevieve went upstairs for a walk with the nurse.

The top floor of the hospital was a private garden with a quiet and elegant chairs under big outdoor umbrellas for people to rest, and ordinary people could not enter the top floor.

The weather was fine, and Genevieve told the nurse that she would sit down for a while, so the nurse went downstairs. She had not been sitting there long when something happened.

Hearing footsteps behind her, Genevieve thought it was the nurse, so she didn't turn around.

However, after a few seconds, she did not hear the nurse's voice.

Ashiver suddenly ran down her spine, and Genevieve sprang to her feet and turned around to take a look.

Suddenly, a figure flashed in front of her before that figure was pushed down by another silhouette.

Genevieve looked at the two people who appeared in front of her in shock.

Chapter 68 Genevieve was a little surprised and called out, “Lauraine?”

“Gen, I heard this woman cursing at you when I was downstairs, and then I caught her sneaking up here. Fortunately, I arrived in time. Looks like my hunch was right; she truly wanted to hurt you!” Lauraine Hoffman explained.

Lauraine was Anthony's younger sister, the daughter of the Hoffman family, and the person who received Genevieve's bone marrow donation.

Lauraine had been rehabilitating abroad all those years, and Genevieve did not anticipate her return home country. They did not have much interaction back then, so Genevieve had a vague impression of Lauraine.

Observing Rosalie was about to get up from the ground, Lauraine quickly rushed over to sit on her and gave her a fierce slap in the face.

"I'll beat you to death for bullying Gen!" Lauraine shouted.

No matter how hard Rosalie tried to break free, she could not. She was so angry that she was soon tangled in a brawl with Lauraine. Both women tugged at each other's hair, neither were willing to give in.

"Where did you come from? Do you know who I am? I'm Anthony's fiancée! Rosalie argued. Upon hearing this, Lauraine laughed in exasperation and hit Rosalie even harder.

"Bullshit! My sister-in-law is Gen. She is standing right in front of me. How dare you pretend to be my brother's fiancée? There's no way he'd marry you, Lauraine retorted.

Rosalie's arm was wrapped in gauze, which was obviously hurt by burns, so her movements were not as agile as Lauraine's. She was at a disadvantage, and her expression was filled with anger.

Her injuries were more severe than Genevieve could have imagined. Before Genevieve could react, someone by the door shouted coldly, "Both of you, enough!"

Anthony approached with a fierce stride, his gaze icy as he surveyed the two women sprawled on the ground. His attention then shifted to Genevieve, who stood by with an air of detached indifference. He inquired, "What exactly happened here?"

Genevieve offered a slight, cool smile, embodying a blend of aloofness and indifference.

As she was about to respond, Lauraine scrambled to her feet and hurled herself into Anthony's embrace, her voice tinged with distress.

"Tony,

this woman bullied me. She attacked and berated me. Look at how much of my hair she's pulled out. It's so painful... Lauraine lamented her ordeal..

Rosalie, tears brimming in her eyes, was caught off guard as Lauraine swiftly played the role of the victim, beating her to Anthony's side. Her eyes twitched ever so slightly.

Observing that Anthony did not rebuff Lauraine, Rosalie composed herself, restraining her tears and adopting a feigned smile.

"Oh, Anthony's your brother? You must be Lauraine then. I've heard about you. This is all a misunderstanding," Rosalie hastily claimed.

Lauraine looked back at her angrily and retorted, "Misunderstanding? I found you trying to harm Gen, and when I intervened, you furiously attacked me because your little scheme failed. Tony, she claims to be your fiancée. How ludicrous! When did you have two wives?"

Anthony's expression darkened as he turned his gaze to Rosalie, who quickly protested, "That's not true. Lauraine has misunderstood."

Anthony's attention then fell upon Genevieve, who seemed like a mere spectator, disengaged from the fracas, which irked him. "What's your take on this?" Anthony demanded abruptly.

Genevieve, momentarily caught off guard, replied with a faint smile, "It really depends on whom you choose to believe. If I support Lauraine's claim that she's telling the truth, would you trust my word? You've always had a tendency to believe Rosalie without question."

She mused, 'It's absurd. If he really believed me, why did he show no concern before? It's clear he picks whom to trust, favoring Rosalie over others. Now, faced with a conflict involving his own sister and Rosalie, it's bewildering that he's still wavering.

Lauraine eyed them suspiciously, then immediately grabbed Anthony's arm.

"Tony, don't you believe me? Just look at what that woman is holding. She intended to attack Gen from behind. Can you honestly associate yourself with such a malicious person?" she implored.

In her heart, Lauraine was resolute in supporting Genevieve, grateful for her bone marrow donation.

Lauraine scolded inwardly, 'Who does this Rosalie think she is?

Anthony's lips tightened, his gaze intensifying as he observed the object in Rosalie's possession. His eyes narrowed sharply. i,

Rosalie, sensing the scrutiny, quickly concealed the extra bandage, feigning innocence. "I didn't do anything. I merely wanted to confront Ms. Lawrence about her actions and why she refuses to own up to them," she said, turning resentfully toward Genevieve.

Genevieve lowered her head, a chuckle escaping her lips. Following this, she casually strolled toward Rosalie. With Anthony present, Rosalie felt emboldened and faked a few sobs.

However, in a swift movement, Genevieve grabbed the gauze from Rosalie and deftly wrapped it around her neck. Caught off guard, Rosalie stumbled backward, landing painfully on the ground, her face draining of color.

Genevieve continued to tighten the gauze around Rosalie's neck, causing her complexion to pale even further. Lauraine, witnessing the scene, was taken aback by the sudden turn of events.

Anthony's expression was a complex mix of disapproval and restraint as he watched Genevieve's actions, his forehead creased into a frown, his icy gaze fixed on her. He held back from intervening, his self-control evident in the tautness of his forearms and the prominent veins.

Genevieve maintained her grip until Rosalie was visibly struggling for breath. Finally, Rosalie collapsed to the ground, clutching her neck and gasping for air, her eyes brimming with tears.

Genevieve nonchalantly brushed off her hands, her demeanor calm yet infused with an undercurrent of cold indifference. “I confess to this

instance,” she stated ‘But other accusations, I have no idea. Rosalie, did you really think you could manipulate me at your will? You need to recognize your place and the number of enemies you've made. You're nothing but a despised adversary to many. It's unfortunate you weren't consumed by the fire.’”

With a light chuckle, she tossed the gauze onto Rosalie's face dismissively, akin to discarding trash, and then sauntered away with ease.

Anthony's gaze followed her, dark and penetrating, as he left the women behind to follow Genevieve. Rosalie, still reeling from the confrontation, attempted to pursue them but was halted by Lauraine. “Why the rush? You attacked me just now. We haven't settled that score yet!” Lauraine asserted.

Rosalie, concealing her frustration, responded with a forced smile, “I wasn't aware you were Lauraine. Back dated I battling your illness. Had it not been for Genevieve's ultimatum of marriage in exchange for a bone marrow donation, we might have been family by now.”

Lauraine, unimpressed and arms crossed, retorted dismissively, “Don't

bother with that fooled. someone

as Tony, but I see right through you. You're nothing but a scheming, pretentious vixen. We're both women; do you really think I'd fall for such nonsense?”

Rosalie's face stiffened, and she could no longer maintain her fake smile.

Lauraine then turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Anthony, having caught up with Genevieve, regarded her with an inscrutable gaze.

Genevieve, meeting his eyes coolly, asked, "Is there something else? What, have you come to interrogate me again?"

Anthony, recalling the earlier incident in the ward, silently reached for her hands. Pursing his lips, he tenderly caressed her reddened palms, his profile marked by a sharp jawline and a hint of frostiness.

Genevieve attempted to pull away, but Anthony held fast, refusing to release her.

"I know you despise her, Genevieve. But don't harm yourself in the process," he cautioned, his voice deep and gravelly, his gaze steady and seemingly perceptive, yet he offered no further words.

Caught off guard, Genevieve withdrew her hand with a cold detachment and responded, "She started it, so don't blame me for being rude."

Having said that, she began to walk away. However, a sudden thought made her pause. She turned back to Anthony and inquired, "I have proof that she bribed a server to start the fire. Are you interested?"

Anthony's expression hardened as he pondered her offer. "Yes. State your terms," he agreed with a frown.

Chapter 69 Genevieve's heart sank, but her expression remained calm.

She pondered, 'I know that he will definitely help Rosalie clean up her mess without hesitation. Why would I anticipate he may have changed? Instead, he became more tolerant of Rosalie without any limits.'

She sneered and requested, "I want 20 million dollars." Without hesitation, Anthony agreed, "Okay."

He mused, 'Rosalie can't be imprisoned now. Moreover, the money is for Genevieve. If it's her, I'm willing to provide for her. She's finally willing to accept my money, which means she began to care about me!*

Anthony was relieved internally.

He immediately took out his phone to transfer money to her, and almost at the same time, Genevieve received the transfer notification.

However, in Genevieve's view, Anthony desperately wanted to save Rosalie, even if he had to provide 20 million dollars. She mused, 'Indeed, they are truly in love.'

She looked coldly at him and said, "The exchange of benefits is very fair for us."

Anthony paused, and his gaze softened.

He said, "Now, you're not angry, are you? You've received the money and even hit her. You guys are even." He allowed Genevieve to do it before them just to get her to vent her grievance.

As for the scrap piece of the lighter with Genevieve's fingerprints that the assistant found at the studio fire that morning, he had it disposed of in advance, leaving no evidence left at the scene.

Anthony thought, 'She must have felt my caring attitude and consideration for her. It's worth paying 20 million dollars!' Without another word, Genevieve turned and walked away.

Lauraine was catching up with them, panting.

She asked, "Tony, why did Gen leave?"

Anthony pursed his lips and looked at her as he suggested, "Go and comfort Gen for me."

"Could it be that you really have an affair with that woman just now? Let me make it clear. | won't acknowledge anyone else, except Gen. If you truly did something to cheat on Gen, | advise you to take your own life for forgiveness!" Lauraine said.

Anthony's expression darkened, and he glared at her.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Go now!" Anthony rebuked.

Lauraine stuck out her tongue and hurried to chase after her.

Genevieve was about to

Genevieve was about to reach the ward when Lauraine caught up with her.

"Gen!" Lauraine called out.

Genevieve paused, looked back at her, and smiled faintly.

28 11:25

"Lauraine, | divorced your brother a long time ago. Don't call me Gen in public. It's inappropriate, Genevieve reminded.

Lauraine's eyes widened in shock. She cursed Anthony multiple times in her heart and wondered, 'Why he asked me to comfort her since they had divorced each other?'

It took her a while to process the situation before she smiled and said, "Anyhow, you're still my sister-in-law. | went abroad when you got married, but | have always regarded you as my family. Unfortunately, Tony didn't let me contact you privately."

Anthony did not allow Lauraine to contact Genevieve, probably because she donated the bone marrow with conditions, and he did not regard her as family. So, he did not want her to meet Lauraine

Genevieve lowered her eyes and smiled before inquiring. "Have you recovered?" Lauraine grinned and casually entered the ward, acting like Genevieve's close family. "The doctor said I could live a normal life now," Lauraine replied.

"Congratulations, Genevieve said.

"Thanks to you, Gen," Lauraine expressed.

Lauraine smiled and continued, "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have survived. You donated bone marrow Tony. Instead, you've suffered a loss."

Genevieve burst into laughter when she heard that. It was the first time she had heard such a unique remark. to me and married

Everyone thought that she threatened Anthony to marry her by donating bone marrow and was shameless as she took advantage of Anthony.

It was only Lauraine who said Genevieve had suffered a loss, and indeed, she did.

Talking non-stop, Lauraine sat down and started to eat fruit while Genevieve sat on the balcony, drinking coffee and listening to her nagging.

Not long after, someone came knocking at the door.

Lauraine put down the apple and happily went over to open the door.

"Gen, don't move. I'll open the door," Lauraine said.

Genevieve remained silent, having no intention to move as well.

"It's you. Louis, why are you here?" Lauraine asked.

Lauraine's voice sounded surprised, yet passionate and happy.

*Do you know my sister-in-law? Please come in," Lauraine added.

Louis nodded slightly and gently. Then, he walked in and smiled, looking at Genevieve sitting on the balcony and drinking coffee.

"I had heard of something, so I came to see you, Louis explained.

As soon as he heard that Rosalie almost died in the fire, he knew the cause and effects. Genevieve nodded and smiled as she replied, "I'm fine. I'll be discharged soon."

Louis smiled. Meanwhile, Lauraine ran over and warmly served Louis with coffee and fruits, but he refused politely with a distant demeanor.

After a while, Louis felt uncomfortable in the presence of the third party, so he bid farewell. Lauraine walked him to the door and turned back with a dejected expression.

"Gen, how did you know Louis? What's your relationship with him?" Lauraine inquired. Genevieve imperceptibly lowered her eyes, not wanting to answer those questions.

Although Lauraine did not show malice to her, she did not want to have too much close interaction with the Hoffman family.

Besides, she did not have much contact with Lauraine at all.

After a couple of seconds of silence, Genevieve said in a gentle voice, "We've cooperated before. Why? Do you know him?"

Lauraine blushed with excitement and nervousness. She nodded embarrassedly and responded, "The laboratory where he belongs to him. He's extraordinary. He almost monopolized the medical equipment

industry in Atharia, | recovered, thanks to him. Gen, can you help me? | like him, and | want to be with him.”

Genevieve cast a glance at her, somewhat surprised by her frankness.

However, after she returned to her senses, she smiled and uttered, “You have to fight nit and | are just partners. We don’t have much interaction other than business.”

Lauraine looked gloomily at Genevieve and asked in a complaining tone, “Gen, you refused to help me. Could it be that you like him too?”

Genevieve disliked Lauraine’s suspicion toward her. Moreover, they were not close, and she felt Lauraine had no sense of

boundary toward her.

She just looked coldly at Lauraine and replied gently, “I’ve made my explanation just now. Lauraine, stop telling others that I’m your sister-in-law.”

She mused, I’m not your sister-in-law anymore. Even before my divorce, few people acknowledged me as a member of the Hoffman family, and | don’t need the title now

Sensing Genevieve’s displeasure, Lauraine stopped persisting on the topic and walked over with a smile.

“But you’re my only sister-in-law in my heart. Tony also allowed me to think so, and he still loves you. Gen, have a good rest. I’ll take my leave now,” Lauraine said.

Genevieve said nothing and sent her away.

After Lauraine left, Genevieve directly sent the evidence to Anthony.

She had

taken her revenge and received 20 million dollars from Anthony, so it was useless for her to keep it.

Even though she was angry at him, she had to keep her promise.

Meanwhile, in another ward, Rosalie stared at Anthony with tears in her eyes and was about to cry, feeling aggrieved.

“What about the evidence of the lighter? Has the result come out? It must be Genevieve because when she encountered the Tire disaster, she suspected me and took revenge on me. Anthony, you must uphold justice for me!” Rosalie said.

Just as Rosalie was about to jump into his arms, Anthony dodged sideways. She froze for a moment, feeling more aggrieved.

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Anthony stared at her coldly and gloomily said, “The results prove that it wasn’t her. You are mistaken.”

“What? How could that be... Rosalie bit her lower lip in disbelief.

“Are you trying to coax me out of favoring her? She intended to burn me alive!” Rosalie said as tears flowed freely down her cheeks

Anthony uttered, his voice lower and colder, “She has evidence of you bribing the server to set fire at the banquet. If you want to make a scene, go ahead.”

His words silenced Rosalie instantly.

Her face turned increasingly pale, and her expression changed several times in a few seconds. She could hardly control the shock and fear in her eyes.

She finally grabbed Anthony’s arm tightly and with her lips trembling said, ‘I... I’ll stop, Anthony. Please help me. | just want to stand up for Mrs. Hoffman. She...’

while

Rosalie tried to justify her actions incoherently, she found that Anthony's eyes turned icy and bone-chilling, as if they were covered with a layer of frost.

She swallowed, and her heart suddenly collapsed like a cliff.

Anthony took her hand and removed it from his arm. His movements were extremely indifferent and standoffish.

He stared at her coldly and said in a warning and stern tone, "Rosalie, don't cause trouble around me. This is your last chance." After saying that, he turned away coldly.

Rosalie looked at Anthony's back in panic, feeling fearful within.

No wonder Genevieve dared to plot against her. It turned out that she had already got the evidence of her.

Her expression changed a few times, but she ultimately couldn't bear it and swallowed her pride unwillingly.

Rosalie's biological son had been found in a secret private welfare institution. The child was healthy. The only flaw was that he could not speak.

Anthony had done a DNA test. After it was proven that the child belonged to Austin, he asked someone to bring the child back.

At the same time, he had also investigated Rosalie's work in a foreign dance troupe. It was indeed unclean as had been rumored.

However, he chose not to dwell on other matters for the sake of Malcolm.

This was his final chance for Rosalie.

Genevieve was discharged from the hospital a few days later. Louis specially sent flowers to the company to congratulate her.

Selene, who happened to be looking for Genevieve, couldn't help tutting when she saw it.

Fallon is really sensible. He is good-looking and has a good family background. And most of all, he is willing to put in effort. | think you can give him a try," said Selene.

Genevieve was making coffee in the office. Her hair fell forward when she lowered her head. The visible side of her face was clean, lustrous, and calm.

"| don't want to pursue a relationship anymore. It takes too much energy. Making money is more satisfying," said Genevieve.

Selene walked over with a smile, saying, "You're right. Then give me all the good men in the world!"

Genevieve couldn't help but laugh.

"| heard that your family asked you to go on a blind date with Aiden?" asked Genevieve.

Hearing this, Selene's face darkened instantly, and she gritted her teeth in anger.

"Aiden has a girlfriend. | heard they even have a child, but the Campbell family didn't approve. They even went to my house as a matchmaker and said they would never acknowledge the mother and son duo outside."

Selene added, "Do they think I'm an easy mark? | can look for other men. Why should | settle for such a jerk? If Aiden was really capable, he should just leave the Campbell family and marry that woman straight away. | will respect him for being a real man. But now, he is just a wimp."

Genevieve brought her coffee over and comforted Selene. "Okay. You said that they didn't approve. It's no big deal. The Campbell family used to be a little arrogant because of Anthony."

Genevieve continued, "Some time ago, Anthony spurned him, and the Campbell family started to decline. Now, as soon as they recovered, they couldn't help but start looking for a marriage of convenience. They just wanted to get themselves on another path."

Selene snorted coldly and couldn't help sneering, "Given Aiden's conditions, why would anyone be interested in being well- matched in status with Aiden? He's trying to get someone who is way out of his league!"

She paused. Then, she suddenly remembered something and looked at Genevieve.

"I heard that Anthony found a son from abroad. It's probably true this time. He's been protecting the child well. The child has barely shown his face," Selene said.

Genevieve smiled faintly, appearing unconcerned. "Whether it's true or not, it has nothing to do with us. I don't want to get involved in that slime anymore anyway."

She shrugged and sipped her coffee slowly. Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was Louis calling.

"Gen, do you know Mr. Nigel Johnston?" he asked.

"Yes, I do know him," Genevieve answered.

"I need your help with an introduction. I'm now at Aisling Club. Would it be convenient for you to come over?" he asked. It was rare for Louis to speak up earnestly and so naturally that Genevieve could not refuse him. "Yes, I'll be right there," she said.

Genevieve got up with her clothes in her hand. "Let's go have a drink at the bar."

Before Selene could react, she frowned and asked, “Why does Louis want to know Mr. Nigel Johnston? Is he interested in hospitals?”

Genevieve said with her brows furrowed, “He is engaged in the medical equipment business abroad. There must be room for cooperation.”

Selene nodded, yet she still felt a little strange, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

The two had the driver take them to Aisling Club.

The sky was not completely dark yet. There were not many people inside the clubhouse, and it was somewhat quiet. Louis was sitting in a booth in the corner alone and watching a male singer singing folk songs on the stage. The dim light illuminated his face, casting half of it into darkness, making him appear imposing and unattainable.

However, he seemed to sense her gaze. When he turned his head, his eyes revealed gentleness, and he stood up immediately. Genevieve and Selene walked over. The bar owner smiled and greeted them. “Would you like to prepare a private room for you upstairs?” Selene often spent money here, so naturally she had a fixed private room.

Quinn, you're here. Do you want me to

She glanced at Genevieve, and the latter glanced over and said smilingly, “No need. We'll just sit here.”

Their booth location was excellent.

Louis greeted Selene and invited Genevieve to sit down with a smile.

“Mr. Johnston will be here in a moment, I'll feel more at ease with you around,” he said relieved.

Selene couldn't help but chuckle, "Mr. Fallon, you're the CEO of an international company. You shouldn't feel uncomfortable to talk about such a small business. You're looking for an excuse to see Genevieve, aren't you?"

Louis lowered his head and smiled. His silence indicated that he acquiesced.

Selene winked at Genevieve.

Genevieve glared at her helplessly and said smilingly, "Mr. Fallon has helped me a lot, and I'm delighted for it.

Louis looked at her gently and said, "Gen is my benefactor. I will treat her well when she goes abroad in the future," he said. However, nobody took that statement seriously.

Nigel arrived. He and Genevieve knew each other. Therefore, he greeted her more warmly when he saw her.

"Ms. Lawrence, I didn't expect you to be here," Nigel said.

Genevieve smiled and went to shake hands with him.

"Mr. Fallon told me that you were coming, and I thought I'd ever to just see you for a while. I hope you don't mind," she said.

"Of course, I don't. If I had known Ms. Lawrence would come, we have quiet Mr. Fallon, not careful enough..." said Nigel. Louis looked at Genevieve and smiled, saying, "She doesn't mind."