

Submitting 71

Chapter 71 Nigel was not a sleazy middle-aged man. He was a young man in his early thirties.

He had founded the first private hospital-wide medical institution in the country, and the institution was almost equipped with the most advanced instruments and medications.

Subsequently, he replicated the successful cases in first-tier cities, and his private hospitals had spread all over the country. Naturally, the hospitals were not affordable for ordinary people. Their clientele was the rich.

Frank and Margaret were staying there.

Genevieve was also rescued there.

After exchanging pleasantries, Louis began to talk business with Nigel.

It turned out that Louis wanted to be the first to introduce a smart scalpel that had not yet come onto the market in Nigel's hospital.

The smart scalpel had not yet appeared abroad and had just concluded its clinical trials, so it was also a challenge for the hospitals.

Genevieve noticed Nigel's concerns, but more so his ambition

This cooperation is sure to succeed, she thought.

The people around them gradually increased, and the music became ear-shattering.

Selene could not resist the urge to go out dancing and was soon in the booth on the second floor.

Brendan and Aiden saw Genevieve and Louis sitting below at a glance. From time to time, they lowered their heads and exchanged some words, looking very intimate.

Aiden's face turned gloomy, and he snorted coldly. "This woman is really unruly" Brendan frowned slightly and said, "Our goddess is a hotshot!" Then, he stood up. Aiden frowned and looked at Brendan. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going to drink with Gen. It's more interesting than drinking with you." Brendan snorted lightly and proceeded to go downstairs arrogantly.

Aiden couldn't help but say, "Did she feed you some sort of magic potion? What's so good about this woman?"

Brendan stopped and looked back at him mockingly. "I think you meant yourself. Your kept woman is no longer a secret, and the socialites of prestigious families are avoiding you like the plague."

Brendan continued, "Aide, you're not a hopeless romantic. Why do you care so much about that girl? You even had a child with

her. Aiden froze, and his face turned ugly. "You know nothing. Get lost!"

He waved his hand irritably.

Brendan whistled and strolled away.

He went to get a bottle of good wine and approached Genevieve's booth with a smiling face.

"Cen..."

Genevieve turned her head. When she saw that it was Brendan, she subconsciously looked around vigilantly. Brendan approached her and said, "Tony is not here. Don't worry!"

Genevieve smiled and looked at him. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

Brendan glanced at Louis who was looking at him, arched his eyebrows, and said to Genevieve with a bright smile, "I'm here to sing and drink to cheer myself up. Want to have a taste of my good wine, Gen?"

He showed off the wine to her, then poured a glass and handed it over.

Genevieve pushed the glass away and shook her head.

"I'm still on medication. I can't drink," she said.

Brendan took it back regrettably and drank it up in disappointment.

Louis glanced at Brendan with darkened eyes, then approached Genevieve and said, "It's getting late. Shall I drive you home?" Genevieve looked at the time and nodded.

"Okay, then we shall go now. The driver is outside," she said.

Louis nodded, but he still buttoned his coat and stood up, ready to escort her to the door.

Brendan followed along, running around like a lapdog.

Seeing Louis open the car door for her, Brendan immediately squeezed him out of his position and looked at Genevieve smilingly. He waved his hand obediently, saying, "Good night, Gen."

Genevieve waved her hand and bent down to get in the car after Selene got in. Then, she looked at him and said, "Brendan, do you know what you look like right now?"

Brendan shook his head in confusion, his innocent eyes blinking.

“You look like a dog wagging its tail,” Genevieve said faintly.

Asmile tugged at her lips. She then looked up at Louis and waved her hand.

“Goodbye, Mr. Fallon.”

She ignored Brendan’s stiff smile and closed the door directly.

The driver quickly drove away.

Louis sneered behind him. He glanced at Brendan and shook his head, then turned away gracefully. Brendan clicked his tongue, suddenly feeling that he had lost.

‘Louis is really something. Tony is no match for him! he exclaimed inwardly.

He took out his phone and called Anthony. “Tony, how are you getting along with Gen these days? Has she forgiven you?”

Anthony said in a lazy and calm voice, unable to hide his joy. “Of course, she has already forgiven me in her heart. Remarriage is just a matter of time. Everything is going well with us.”

She must have known his sincerity after accepting the money, and she would be even more deeply moved.

However, Brendan did not feel like that was the case when he saw it.

He paused and rubbed his head in confusion, asking. “Why do I feel like she gets along better with Louis?” At this rate, Anthony might be kept in the dark even if Genevieve and Louis got married.

“Shut up! Don’t jinx it,” Anthony said coldly and hung up the phone. He refused negative news. Brendan wanted to talk about what he had seen and heard tonight.

‘Well, Tony divorces himself from reality again! he said inwardly.

He swallowed all the words he had in mind.

Just as he was about to go back, he saw Aiden run out in a hurry.

Brendan stopped him and asked, “Where are you going?”

Aiden pushed him away, looking flustered. “Cecilia was hit by a car with her child...

He hurried away as he spoke in extreme panic.

Brendan muttered behind him, “Is that really your biological child?” D

Unfortunately, no one answered his question.

Meanwhile, in Genevieve's car, Selene has had quite a few drinks. She leaned on Genevieve’s shoulder and hummed a song softly.

“I think Louis really likes you. You can consider him,” murmured Selene.

Genevieve was telling Jeffrey about tonight's schedule with her head down. Hearing she “He has a temperament very similar to Anthony. I can’t see through him.”

Selene was her best friend, so she didn’t hesitate to say anything.

Selene fell silent for a while before she spoke, "You're right. His faperis very similar tg that OF none It would 'be embarrassing if you called out the wrong name in the morning."

The driver in front of them was speechless. He really wanted to pretend that he did not hear anything.

After saying that, Selene patted the seat in front of her and covered her chest. "Mr. Lynch, stop at the nearest hospiral." Stunned, Genevieve looked at her with concern, asking. "What's wrong? Are you sick?"

Selene scratched her arm and said, "Maybe there is fennel in the wine. I'm having a little allergic reaction."

"Then go to the hospital. Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Genevieve was anxious. She knew Wat Belen' was allergic fennel and almost suffocated from it when she was a child.

The driver did not dare to respond. Instead, he accelerated the car to head to the nearest hospital. Genevieve helped Selene to the emergency room, but there were people waiting in line.

She hurried to check the situation, only to see Aiden hugging a girl she did not know.

The girl was young as if she were still in university and dressed in simple clothing.

She nestled in his arms, crying. Her arms and legs were in casts.

Aiden comforted her in a low voice, completely different from the caustic personality she had seen. before. Genevieve scowled. She had thought Aiden liked Rosalie.

It turned out that he liked someone else.

Aiden lifted his eyes and saw her. His face darkened. He let go of the girl's shoulder, then stared at Genevieve and threatened, "You'd better not tell others."

Chapter 72 Before Genevieve could say anything, Selene couldn't help but push her friend aside as she sneered at Aiden and the woman. This scandal has already made its rounds. Why are you still worried about people knowing it?" she asked.

Cecilia Wood, who was beside Aiden, instantly shrank back in fear, looking somewhat embarrassed. as she pursed her lips and lowered her head.

Without further ado, Aiden stood before her and scowled at Selene. "You'd better be more courteous, Selene!" Not wanting to back down, Selene gave a mirthless smile.

"Ha. Is she Mrs. Campbell or your fiancée? Why should I be courteous? If I remember correctly, it was only a few days ago when your family told you to go on a blind date with me! Why didn't you tell her that you won't be marrying her? Oh... You're only playing with her, huh? She won't be able into the Campbell family even if she has your child. That's because they only want to find a socialite for a marriage of convenience. A poor, destitute university student who can't help the family with anything will undoubtedly be ridiculed..."

to get

By then, Aiden's face had turned extremely grim as he glared at Selene.

"Have

you had enough, Selene? I won't marry you. Are you relieved now?" he said coldly. Upon hearing that, Selene raised her brows and smiled with satisfaction.

"Okay. I'm very satisfied."

After breathing a long sigh of relief, Selene was about to leave when she looked at the downcast Cecilia and decided to give one last reminder out of the kindness of her heart.

“I can’t believe you’ve been deceived by an old man even before entering society. Did you could transcend your social class and fulfill all your dreams? Think about it. If he could marry you, he wouldn't have gone on a blind date with socialites for no reason...”

think

you

The next second, Selene saw Aiden’s gaze darken dangerously, and it was clear he was about to explode in anger. Instead of continuing to add fuel to the fire, Selene promptly turned around and left with Genevieve.

Moments later, the doctor ushered Selene into the emergency room. Thankfully, she had arrived at the hospital in time with only/mild allergic reactions, and the rashes on her body would disappear within two hours of taking the medicine.

Genevieve accompanied her friend outside and bought herself a cup of coffee to sip on and stay awake. After waiting for the doctor to prescribe the medicine, Aiden finally walked out with Cecilia.

With the way he held the latter in his arms, there was no doubt he was protective of her.

Despite that, Cecilia winced when she saw the two women.

Having recalled the previous conversation, Aiden quickly turned cold and grim.

However, he didn’t want to continue arguing with Selene and merely stared at Genevieve.

“Ms. Lawrence, since you’re divorced and have found your next target, you should keep your distance from Anthony. Otherwise, if word got out that you’re stringing him along while hanging out with other men in the bar, it'd be hard to explain yourself. People would think you’re two- timing him,” he commented, a hint of scorn in his voice.

Enraged, Selene rolled up her sleeves for a fight, but Genevieve stopped her.

With that, Genevieve lifted her gaze nonchalantly and chuckled at Aiden. The next second, she held up her phone and scrolled to the number she had blocked previously before calling it and putting it on speakerphone.

Aiden's expression instantly grew stiff with distress. Alas, Anthony answered the call at lightning speed, which meant it was too late for him to leave.

"Genevieve, why are you calling me at this hour? Is there something important? Then again, it's so nice of you to think of me..." Anthony exclaimed, his voice a mix of drowsiness and sheer joy.

Mr.

Genevieve stared at Aiden and interrupted the man on the other end of the call, "Your buddy, Aiden Campbell, has just warned me to stay away from you. Can you tell him if I've ever strung you along, Anthony? When did I cozy up to you and give you false hope? Please be sure to make things clear to him. I don't want the people around you to misunderstand our relationship. That won't be good for either of us."

After saying that and watching the myriad of expressions on Aiden's face, Genevieve suddenly felt a smug sense of satisfaction. The man had thought she was a weakling, yet in the end, he was the one who wound up with a slap

in the face.

Feeling frustrated beyond belief, Aiden felt the corner of his mouth twitch, and his body stiffened unconsciously.

Anthony, on the other hand, was utterly silent on the phone,

Even though he hadn't said a word, one could still feel the piercing cold emanating from him.

Aiden couldn't help but clench his teeth as complicated emotions flashed across his eyes. He realized that Anthony had been silent for quite a while, so deep down, his anxiety began to mount.

After letting out a cough, he murmured, "Tony..." To make matters worse, Aiden remembered why Anthony had alienated him and the Campbell family the previous time. It was all because of Genevieve.

Despite that, he still had the gall to repeat his mistake by testing Anthony's patience. No one in their right mind ever dared to provoke the latter, so there was no doubt Aiden's actions would once again cost the Campbell family dearly.

When Anthony finally spoke up, his voice was deep, hoarse, and emotionless. "Genevieve, I'm the one who has been trying to get close to you. Don't believe what everyone else says."

Genevieve furrowed her brows. 'Is that all he can muster up after such a long silence? I'm getting goosebumps from it!' she thought.

Not knowing what else to say, she gritted her teeth and hastily hung up. When she looked at Aiden again, her eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Did you hear that, Mr. Campbell? Who's the one clinging to whom? Why don't you persuade Anthony instead and get him to stop bothering me? I'd be most grateful for that."

Aiden's face was sullen as he tried to catch his breath. However, just as he was about to say something, he suddenly received a call from Anthony.

Left without a choice, he pursed his lips and walked to the other side to answer his phone.

After a few seconds, the phone conversation that couldn't have been longer than three sentences abruptly ended. No one else knew what Anthony had said, but there was no denying that Aiden was getting increasingly solemn. As his gaze darkened, Cecilia, who had always felt small and invisible, ran toward him.

“Aiden, are you all right?”

Aiden pressed his lips together, and it was evident he was gloomy and struggling internally.

However, when he finally walked up to Genevieve again, his attitude had done a one-eighty.

“I'm sorry, Ms. Lawrence. I was rude earlier, and I'd like to apologize for that.”

Amused by Aiden's change, Genevieve and Selene exchanged glances.

Even so, neither of them uttered a word.

Since Genevieve said nothing, Aiden didn't leave, either.

Instead, he took a deep breath, clenched his fists, and mentally prepared himself before speaking again.

“I'm sorry. Can you please tell Tony to forgive me? Because of what happened earlier, the ant he previously promised. The Campbell family is innocent. I don't want to implicate them.”

Upon seeing Aiden sacrifice his dignity to apologize, Selene couldn't help but laugh..

“The Campbell family is innocent, but isn't Genevieve innocent, too? Stop making it sound like your family has suffered a great injustice. It's your fault for picking on the wrong person, stirring up trouble you can't handle, and expecting others to bear the consequences of your actions. Genevieve never once provoked you tonight, Aiden. If it weren't for this call, you'd have continued humiliating her all night. Would you have taken the initiative to apologize, then?” Selene said ruthlessly as she stared at the increasingly agonized look on Aiden's face.

eyes,

After rolling her continued with her sarcastic remark, “Quit being an eyesore and scam as r as you'dan.

y- dont you Ked your good buddy? If Genevieve intercedes on your behalf, wouldn't it only confirm what you just said about her clinging to him?"

Genevieve quickly pinched Selene's arm to get her to stop talking. With that, she shot a cold look at Aiden.

"Mr. Campbell, I have no control over your affairs with him, nor am I friendly enough with you to give you a hand. Your apology is worthless, so there's no need to humiliate yourself."

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Genevieve glanced at Cecilia, who was standing next to her. She pursed her lips as she said, "Someone is still waiting for you. You should go back."

Aiden clenched his fists tighter. His chest heaved with intensity.

He finally twitched his eyebrows and turned away.

What Selene had just said was enough to evoke strong emotional reactions from him.

Selene might say more hurtful things if he kept talking.

He felt utterly humiliated.

As Aiden got wheel instead.

into the car with Cecilia, he did not rush to start the engine. He punched the steering Cecilia was startled.

Aiden was confused as he spoke, "I thought Tony had feelings for Rosalie, but I never expected him to keep standing up for that divorced woman. If he has feelings for Genevieve, why would he go through a divorce?"

Cecilia held his hand and whispered, "Men's possessiveness is at play. Mr. Hoffman will regard her as his own and naturally protect her as long as Ms. Lawrence refrains from remarrying."

"Is that so?" Aiden replied, his eyes flickering.

Cecilia leaned against his shoulder and smiled. She asked, "Is this Ms. Quinn, your fiancée?"

Aiden immediately clarified by saying, "Of course not. We only met once, as arranged by our families."

Cecilia continued, "I'm just worried that she'll be upset when she finds out about me and Ethan. I shouldn't have had Ethan in the first place, but I just wanted to raise him on my own. I would never have a child in my life if it were not for him. I don't need official recognition. It's enough for you to come and see me often."

Aiden frowned slightly and said nothing. He just stroked her hair and started the engine.

Selene's rashes had subsided, but instead of going home, she went straight to Genevieve's condominium and stayed overnight.

The next day, the two of them woke up to breakfast that had been prepared by the housekeeper, who was waiting for them to get up.

Selene looked at the sumptuous breakfast, shaking her head and saying, "This is certainly Ms. Lawrence. It would be unusual if things weren't extravagant."

Genevieve smiled and said, "My mom arranged it. She is not comfortable with me living alone, so she hired someone to cook and clean, but they don't stay overnight. She has given me plenty of space."

Selene sighed with envy and said, "My mother just wants to hand me over directly to the man- without any disruptions. The Campbell family..."

Genevieve frowned slightly and handed her a glass of milk as she said, "Your mom knows he has another woman and a child outside. How can she agree? According to Aiden's mother, the child is not his. He just takes care of the child out of sympathy..."

Selene rolled her eyes and said, "Who would believe that?"

Genevieve lowered her gaze and shook her head, saying, "Forget it. You're not cut out for too much entanglement."

They parted ways after finishing their meal.

Genevieve headed to the company while Selene returned home.

Shortly after Genevieve arrived at the office, Jasper knocked on the door with a new major production plan in hand.

"Everything is ready, Ms. Lawrence. Mr. Gatsby's side is also settled," Jasper reported.

Genevieve nodded and glanced at the plan. "Okay. Let's proceed with this, she instructed.

Soon after, the topic that had caused an uproar in online discussions a few years ago regarding the "Departure of the Prominent Director From Eagle Entertainment and the Mutual Termination of Relations resurfaced.

The entanglement between Eagle Entertainment and Mackenzie had become an old, worn-out topic from several years ago.

However, it took a surprising turn at that time.

It all began when Eagle Entertainment released a groundbreaking photo that captured the handshake between Mackenzie and Genevieve at the opening ceremony of the film, causing an instant uproar.

Shortly after, Mackenzie himself shared the same photo and added the word "reliable" before netizens could fully react.

Then, everyone understood, and they all started leaving comments.

[So Mr. Gatsby and Eagle Entertainment have reconciled? At first, the former director kicked Mr. Gatsby out, causing him to get angry and curse everywhere. We thought they'd never make up.]

[The former director of Eagle Entertainment spread all kinds of rumors about Mr. Gatsby, controlling public opinion and the direction of capital. Mr. Gatsby could only work on low-budget

productions, but his reputation didn't suffer. Genevieve has real insight.]

[Looking forward to the new production. Only Mr. Gatsby can capture the essence.]

The online discussion of their reconciliation was relentless. The buzz and attention far exceeded expectations.

Sullivan was very pleased with the situation.

He even went out of his way to ask Genevieve, "I've tried many intermediaries before, but Mackenzie never gave a face. How did you manage it?"

Genevieve smiled and answered, "The producer of the TV station is Mackenzie's brother-in-law. I asked Mackenzie to do a small favor for me through him, and since he didn't refuse, I knew there was a chance."

"What kind of small favor?" Sullivan said, looking puzzled.

Genevieve smiled mysteriously and replied, "Uncle Sullivan, I won't tell you."

Sullivan's smile froze, and he stared at her speechlessly. Then he said, "Your mom and Aunt Hailey are coming over at noon. Go have lunch with them." Genevieve was stunned and asked, "Why me? Aren't you going, Uncle Sullivan?" "I have a golf appointment, Sullivan replied. Then he chuckled and walked away.

Genevieve was speechless.

It was still early, and Genevieve left the office carrying some project documents that did not meet the qualifications.

She handed them to Jasper on her way and then headed to the underground parking lot.

However, while waiting for the elevator, she coincidentally ran into Finnley, a long-unseen. company shareholder, and another female colleague, Morgan.

Genevieve gave them a nod and entered the elevator.

They didn't go out. Instead, Finnley, with a portly belly, glanced at Genevieve, sized her up from head to Luf toe, and then said with a smile, "Ms. Lawrence, you've been with Eagle Entertainment a long time, but I haven't seen you visit my office. Do you look down on me as a minority shareholder?"

Genevieve suppressed her discomfort, naturally putting on a perfunctory smile, saying, "How could that be? Mr. Shelton has given me too many tasks, so I'm truly swamped. I'll definitely visit when I have the chance."

Finnley, seemingly oblivious to her words, smiled and said, "Why wait for another day when you can seize the day? Let's go now. I'll introduce you to an employee. Morgan is the project team leader. In fact, you can delegate many projects to her to share your workload."

Morgan walked over with a swaying figure and extended her hand to Genevieve as she greeted, "Ms. Lawrence, nice to meet you. I'm Morgan."

H Genevieve looked at her, shook her hand, paused for a moment, and asked curiously, "Ms. Scott, why haven't I seen you at the mid-level meetings?"

Morgan hesitated for a moment. Then she bit her lip and looked at Finnley.

Finnley hurriedly explained, "She just joined the company recently, a graduate of Yaller University. With a high level of education and excellent skills, she's worth promoting!"

Genevieve nodded, understanding the slightly arrogant attitude she still carried from having just graduated from a prestigious university.

Those were all common traits of returned scholars.

However, she showed no emotion on the surface. She just smiled gently and said, "Indeed, such a talent is rare."

Finnley chimed in, "Since you also appreciate her, why not come to my office together? We can discuss taking on projects."

Genevieve paused and smiled euphemistically. She replied, "Sorry, I have lunch plans with someone! Next with time, I can join you for coffee. Ms. Candoin Scott just graduated, so she should gain experience with projects for the time being. No rush to take on responsibilities."

'Becoming a project team leader right after joining the company. She must have gone through some channels. Otherwise no matter how outstanding a university graduate may be, it's impossible to rise so quickly without someone's support, Genevieve mused, fully aware of the reality.

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However, Genevieve's words sounded like a perfunctory response to Finnley.

Morgan's gaze turned slightly displeased, and she confronted Genevieve directly by saying, "Ms. Lawrence, is this a case of job discrimination? Who says a recent graduate can't lead a project?"

Genevieve was stunned for a moment. Her eyes narrowed slightly.

However, her professionalism prevented her from losing her composure. She just looked ahead and smiled slightly, patiently waiting for the elevator to reach its destination.

Morgan's face flushed with anger at the feeling of being ignored. She said inwardly, 'She's just a director and has no right to look down on me like an ordinary employee.'

She gritted her teeth and turned to Finnley while saying, 'Mr. Zink...

Finnley's expression darkened slightly. He was not acquainted with Genevieve and only knew her as Anthony's ex-wife.

'Maybe it was Anthony who arranged this position for her out of pity,' Finnley thought.

He smiled coldly and said disdainfully, "Does Ms. Lawrence look down on me? Not even willing to have a cup of coffee with me? To tell you the truth, if it weren't for Sullivan's backing, your position. would have been Morgan's."

The elevator arrived in time.

Genevieve, wearing high heels, exited the elevator and turned to look at the two inside.

Her smile carried a profound implication, and her tone remained calm as she said, "Then I should. thank Mr. Shelton. Mr. Zink, there's no need to trouble yourself. If Ms. Scott is capable, she can take over this position anytime."

With that, she gave them both a perfunctory smile and turned away.

The internal shareholders of Eagle Entertainment all had a wide variety of complex interests.

However, only Samantha and Sullivan were the major shareholders who could shake Eagle Entertainment's decision-making.

Finnley's expression turned dark with anger, and he taunted, "Sullivan has indeed found himself a good helper!"

Morgan stepped forward, linking her arm with Finnley's, and coquettishly said, "Mr. Zink, you promised me that position. What should I do now?"

Finnley snorted maliciously, hugged her slender waist, and then pulled her out, saying, "Come on, let's see who she's having lunch with. I don't believe we can't find her weakness!"

Morgan followed excitedly.

Genevieve asked the driver to take her to a nearby shopping mall and bought gifts for Samantha and Hailey in advance. She then arranged for someone to make a reservation at the restaurant.

Before long, Samantha and Hailey arrived.

They had come from the mall and also brought gifts for Genevieve.

Hailey appeared to be as ageless as Samantha. They had always maintained a good relationship.

Hailey used to be an actress. She retired from the industry after marrying Sullivan.

She scrutinized Genevieve, nodded in satisfaction, and said, "Gen, you've been doing well lately."

Genevieve smiled and handed over the gifts as she said, "Uncle Sullivan went out to play golf, Aunt Hailey. He's slacking off, so don't let him off the hook!"

Samantha gave Genevieve a stern look and said, "Do you have to betray your Uncle Sullivan like that?"

Hailey couldn't help but cover her mouth and laugh. "I know. It's torture for him to go shopping with me. His taste isn't that great either, and I'm not even willing to take him!" she said.

Samantha and Hailey sat together. Both were satisfied with their morning shopping.

Samantha handed over her phone and said, "I bought you some clothes and jewelry. They've already been delivered to your condominium."

Genevieve glanced at it and remarked jokingly, "My mom's taste has always been impeccable!"

Samantha joyfully laughed as she replied, "Of course."

Hailey couldn't help but laugh. She said, "I always said having a daughter would be great. My son has been abroad for three years and hasn't come back, so it's practically like I don't have a son."

Samantha defended him by saying, "He's studying abroad!"

Their lively conversation echoed throughout the restaurant, but in another corner, two individuals couldn't help but chuckle.

Finnley sipped his coffee disdainfully and said, "I thought Genevieve had extraordinary skills, but it turns out she relies on currying favor with Sullivan's wife. Now, even Samantha is involved!"

Morgan couldn't resist a sarcastic remark, "Samantha! She's a global celebrity. And didn't she also come from Eagle Entertainment? Ms. Lawrence is so capable. She even managed to hook up with Samantha!"

Finnley sneered coldly and said, "She's just an actress, and she's only famous because people praise her. Otherwise, she's nothing. Why not let Samantha take the lead if you want a successful project?"

Morgan looked at him with excitement as she said, "Really? Can we get Samantha to come? That will be great!"

Finnley enjoyed the admiration of young girls. He smiled triumphantly and held Morgan's hand.

Morgan forced a smile on her face, suppressing her inner disgust.

In the afternoon, Samantha and Hailey left together, while Genevieve went back to work at the company.

However, as soon as she arrived, the office door was pushed open.

Jasper couldn't stop Morgan from entering, though he tried. He frowned in exasperation and said, "Ms. Lawrence, Morgan mentioned there was an urgent matter and insisted on coming in."

Morgan stood with a smile on her face. Her attractive demeanor exuded a hint of boldness and youthful vitality, Compared to Genevieve, however, she was still slightly inferior.

"I've known Ms. Lawrence for a long time. There's no need for introductions.

Jasper, you may leave, Morgan stated.

Genevieve looked at Jasper and slightly nodded.

Jasper had just left the office when Morgan, with a cheerful demeanor, placed a document on Genevieve's desk and said briskly, "Ms. Lawrence, please sign this for the project. Also, I need a favor from you!"

Genevieve raised an eyebrow, glanced at the document, and hesitated for a moment. "The cast for Coment

'Cloud Over Mountain' hasn't been finalized yet, and you want Samantha to play the second female lead? She has always been the one to choose her scripts," she said.

"I know, which is why I want you to get in touch with Samantha. She's part of Eagle Entertainment as Well, and she's likely to extend a certain level of courtesy to her former employer," Morgan asserted confidently.

Genevieve couldn't help but burst into laughter and looked up at Morgan. "Ms.

Scott, Samantha's status doesn't need to be tarnished with personal favors. Don't overestimate the company," she said.

Morgan restrained her smile but couldn't resist pressing further, saying, "Is Ms.

Lawrence afraid that my project will skyrocket, surpassing yours, and snatch away your position as a director?"

Genevieve's eyes carried a hint of amusement, concealing a thick layer of mockery. She replied, "Ms. Scott, you can't take my position. This is just my starting point."

Morgan couldn't grasp her meaning but sensed Genevieve wouldn't help.

She stared at her impolitely and said, "Genevieve, do you think that driving George away means no one dares to oppose you? Do you know how many people in the company look down on you? What qualifications do you have to sit in this position? As long as it contributes to the company's revenue, I believe my proposal is not a problem."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows and was too lazy to argue with her. She replied,

"Fine, go ahead and invite her yourself. I'm not obliged to help you. If you can convince her, do it. If not, give up."

Morgan gritted her teeth and said, "Fine, just wait!"

She gathered her disgust, turned on her heels, and walked out of the office with a twist in her waist as she walked away.

Genevieve shook her head as her eyes flickered. She thought,

'Samantha's one drama a year and it's always a masterpiece. Morgan really dares to daydream about a mere web drama where she'll only be the second female lead.'

A few days later, Samantha couldn't resist calling Genevieve, asking, "Why are you looking for me. and harassing my manager?"

"What?" Genevieve was bewildered.

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Genevieve remembered what Morgan had mentioned as Samantha explained the situation.

With a sigh, she told Samantha about Morgan's project.

Samantha was so angry that she couldn't help but complain, "How dare they approach me with such a lousy drama? It's ridiculous. She doesn't know how to stay grounded and wants to step on me to soar higher."

Genevieve consoled her, but Samantha hung up before she could completely calm down.

Genevieve had to recount the story to Darrell, having him console Samantha.

That afternoon, Sullivan called Genevieve personally and asked her to come to the office. It was his first serious request.

Genevieve knocked on the door and entered. She found both Finnley and Morgan in Sullivan's office.

Sullivan gestured for her to come closer. "Ms. Lawrence, do you know Mr. Zink?" he asked.

"Of course, we've met once before, Genevieve said. She smiled and walked over, taking a seat opposite Sullivan.

Morgan stood behind Finnley and chose not to sit down.

Finnley smiled. His lips curled in a slight curve as he said, "Ms. Lawrence has quite an imposing demeanor. I invited her to have coffee with me, but she refused. She has such a strong temperament, and she doesn't seem to like me!"

Sullivan chuckled and said, "She doesn't even like me, let alone you."

Finnley's expression stiffened as he looked at him. He said, "Mr. Shelton, after all these years of friendship, you still joke with me like this?"

"Well, just tell me. Why do you want me to call her here?" Sullivan said and chuckled, attempting to ease the tension Finnley maintained a serious expression and explained, "Morgan has a project and needs an actress. Ms. Lawrence happens to be acquainted with the actress. I asked her to do me a favor, but she refused. I guess it's because Morgan's influence is not enough. So I thought it should be sufficient you and me adding our influence, right?"

with Sullivan's hand, in the process of pouring coffee, paused for a moment. Then he looked at Finnley with a hint of skepticism, his smile fading as he asked, "Who is the actress you want to hire?"

"Are there any actresses in the industry that we at Eagle Entertainment cannot invite? Mr. Shelton, all you have to say is whether or not you can help with this favor," Finnley said. He tried to lighten

the mood before asking for Sullivan's approval.

Sullivan sat in silence, not saying a word as time ticked by at a leisurely pace.

Genevieve pretended not to notice, sipping her coffee leisurely without saying anything.

Morgan grew increasingly anxious and cast a meaningful look at Finnley.

Finnley cleared his throat and replied, "The actress is Samantha. She's also part of Eagle Entertainment. It's appropriate to bring her in. After all, she's part of our team, and using her services would ensure that we retain all the benefits. Besides, it's not unfair treatment considering what we're offering her in return!"

Sullivan's eyebrows twitched as he subconsciously looked at Genevieve.

Genevieve kept her head down in silence.

Sullivan pursed his lips and said, "Let's drop this matter and consider someone else."

"Why? Can't we invite a guest on behalf of our company?" Morgan asked. She couldn't help but chime in.

Sullivan cast a cold glance at her, not commenting on her abruptness. Instead, he turned to Finnley and said, "Mr. Zink, I can't afford to risk my reputation and compromise the company's prestige by inviting Samantha for such a low-budget web drama. I can't afford to lose this person."

As Sullivan spoke, he stood up and said meaningfully, "Besides, is this really a lucrative opportunity? It seems more like a waste of resources!"

Morgan's face turned pale. "There is no need to risk Mr. Shelton's reputation and the company's prestige. Ms. Lawrence has a connection with Samantha. It's just a matter of a few words," she insisted, emphasizing Genevieve's involvement.

Genevieve was forced to engage. She put down her coffee cup and looked at her with an indifferent smile.

"Oh, I won't help," she replied. Then she stood and looked at Sullivan as she excused herself, "Mr. Shelton, I have a few things to take care of. I'll take my leave."

Sullivan nodded.

Genevieve turned to Morgan, smiling as she spoke, "Ms. Scott, the next time you use my name to make an appointment with Samantha's agent, be sure to arrange it properly. I usually reach out to her directly."

Morgan's expression darkened with resentment as she glared at Genevieve.

Genevieve left the place, her smile deepening, shaking her head as she sneered inwardly, "Ignorant people!"

Morgan couldn't help but complain to Finnley when they left. She said, "Mr. Shelton doesn't take you seriously at all, and Genevieve doesn't take me seriously either. This company is clearly under their control. Where do we even stand?"

Finnley flashed a sharp glint in his gaze. He snorted and said, "Don't worry. I know how to tame such a nuisance."

Later that evening, Jasper came in with an invitation. "This is from Mr. Zink. He said it's a special banquet to apologize for what happened earlier," he said. "A banquet? This is more like a trap," Genevieve scoffed. She wasn't a fool.

Jasper hesitated before he suggested, "That little web drama project has been canceled. Mr. Shelton said this was a gesture of goodwill. We're all in the same company. Don't make things too difficult. This time, Mr. Shelton will also attend the banquet. It's good for you to make an appearance."

Genevieve frowned in thought, pondering, 'Is Finnley giving up so easily? Why do I get the feeling that something is amiss? But since Sullivan had spoken, a brief appearance wouldn't do any harm.

"All right, I'll go, make an appearance, and leave," Genevieve agreed.

Jasper nodded and went to reply to the invitation.

That evening, Genevieve arrived at the designated clubhouse's private room. She pushed open the door, glanced inside, and paused momentarily. Sullivan did not turn up.

Finnley was already waving at her, smiling warmly. "Ms. Lawrence, come quickly. Mr. Shelton is on his way. He'll be here any minute," he said.

Genevieve hesitated for a few seconds before entering.

The atmosphere inside was simple and coordinated, with a faint scent of jasmine in the air.

Morgan stood up to give her a seat and poured a cup of coffee, instantly becoming more humble.

"Ms. Lawrence, I was too immature in the previous project without considering it thoroughly. It was a loss for our company to have an international star in such a drama. I have already withdrawn it, and I hope Ms. Lawrence won't hold it against me," Morgan said.

Genevieve smiled casually as she replied, "Ms. Scott, there's no need to be so polite. It's all for the sake of the company.

"Consider this my apology, Ms. Lawrence, Morgan said, handing her a cup of coffee as she sat down and took out her phone.

Genevieve smiled, maintaining her natural vigilance. "I'm not thirsty. Let's wait for Mr. Shelton!"

Finnley laughed heartily and said,

"You don't trust us, society we might drug you? in a governed by the rule of law, how could we stoop so low?"

He then took the cup from Morgan's hand and drank it in one gulp after saying that.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. She said, "Mr. Zink, you must be kidding. I really am not thirsty. How could I have suspected you?"

She looked at her phone and saw a WhatsApp message from Sullivan: [Traffic jam, be there soon.]

She was relieved a little, but then suddenly, the scent in the room was too overwhelming and made her uncomfortable.

She wanted to stand up and ask the server to change the scent. But as soon as she rose, she felt dizzy.

She grabbed the table and looked at the two people sitting there, smiling maliciously.

Her heart sank as she suddenly realized something and mused, "The problem is not the coffee, but the overpowering scent in the room!" Genevieve clenched her teeth, turned around, and tried to leave.

However, Morgan approached and blocked her path, smiling innocently as she remarked. "Where are you going, Ms. Lawrence? Aren't you waiting for Mr. Shelton? He'll be here soon!"

Chapter 76

Genevieve pinched herself to stay awake. She felt extremely disgusted that she had fallen for such a dirty trick.

She pushed Morgan out of the way without hesitation and shouted, "Get lost! Mr. Shelton will be here soon! None of you should even think of getting away!"

-Morgan listened to Genevieve's words silently.

Suddenly, she raised her head and laughed. Her gaze revealed that she had achieved her goal through deceitful means.

"Of course, Mr. Shelton will come, but the address we have arranged to meet him is not here. It's in another place. When he arrives, we will explain that there was a mistake in the address we provided. By then, it will be too late to change anything. It's all too late!" Morgan said.

Morgan looked at Finnley, walked over, and playfully patted him on the shoulder. "You are very lucky, It's rare to see such a beautiful woman as Ms. Lawrence. You should take good care of her!" Morgan said.

Finnley could not help but grab Genevieve's hand and kiss it passionately. He could not hide his excitement by saying, "Of course, Sweetheart. You are still the one I love the most!"

He stood up eagerly and pounced on Genevieve as he spoke.

Genevieve's vision went pitch black for a moment. She felt as if the world was spinning around her. She used all her strength to barely keep herself standing.

As soon as Finnley touched her shoulder, Genevieve felt disgusted and used her strength to push him away. She shoved him onto the table, scattering the wine glass and coffee cup all over the floor.

Finnley grew impatient. His face showed a Jewd and proud smile. He unbuttoned and couldn't help but warn her by saying, "Genevieve, don't push your luck. Do you think Sullivan can protect you forever? I'm telling you, only by staying with me can I let you stay in this position for the rest of your life. In the future, you will be able to enjoy life by staying with me. I definitely won't treat you badly."

Get lost, Finnley! I'm not going to let the two of you get away with this!" Genevieve shouted.

Genevieve gritted her teeth and ran for the door.

"Hurry up and stop her!" Finnley shouted, pointing at Genevieve.

Morgan was standing in the doorway. She forcefully pushed Genevieve backward and said, "You also made your way up by relying on men. Let's not look down at each other. We will be in the same boat from now on. Mr. Zink is very kind and generous to women!"

Genevieve was pushed onto a Genevieve was pushed onto a nearby wine cabinet.

She took the opportunity to knock all the wine out of the wine cabinet, shattering the glass bottles all over the floor.

Morgan could not help but scream.

She was afraid that the server outside would soon hear the noise and rush over as Genevieve had smashed so many expensive wines.

As soon as Finnley lunged at her, she mindlessly picked up a wine bottle and smashed it over his head.

Finnley's body stiffened, and blood trickled down his head.

He abruptly pulled off his hood, revealing a completely bald head with a particularly gruesome wound.

"Bitch, you dare to hit me!" Finnley yelled.

Finnley smiled sternly. He walked over to her, grabbed her arm, and threw her against the wall near the door.

Genevieve's head abruptly hit the wall, causing a numbing pain. She slowly slid down the wall and ended up on the floor. Her vision became increasingly blurred.

Genevieve took a deep breath and seemed to look at Finnley with blurred vision as he walked aggressively toward her as if she were already in his possession.

She thought, 'Is it true that I can't get out of here? No, this can't be happening!

Genevieve clenched the broken glass in her hand, trying to awaken her consciousness with the pain.

Just then, there was a sudden noise at the door.

It was the server saying, "Excuse me, Sir or Ma'am, we heard a noise coming from inside. Please open the door."

Morgan panicked and shouted, "No need, we were just joking. We'll compensate when settling the bill!"

The server had started to get the key.

Just as it was about to open, Morgan could not help but block the door with her body so that no one could come in and see what was going on.

Especially at a time when the matter had not yet been settled.

"Get out of here and don't come in!" Morgan shouted.

As soon as Morgan finished shouting, she suddenly felt a great force coming from the door.

There was a loud bang.

Someone directly kicked the door open from outside.

Genevieve lay on the ground. She happened to be lying on a pile of broken glass. It hurt so much that she could not help but wail.

Just then, someone lifted Genevieve right off the floor.

At first, Finnley was about to succeed, but someone kicked him to the ground, and his fat body could not move for a moment.

"Who are you? Do you know who I am? This woman is mine. Put her down!" he shouted, flustered and exasperated. He did not want to accept that he could not have Genevieve after being injured.

Anthony's cold and dark expression suggested an impending and forebodingly stormy situation.

"She is yours? When did my wife become yours?" Anthony asked.

Anthony's words carried a hint of coldness, and even his tone of voice was cold.

Anthony had rushed off with Genevieve in his arms before Finnley could react.

Morgan turned around and froze for a moment when she saw the tall and cold- looking Anthony, Then, Brendan walked in. He looked at the scene in front of him and took out his cell phone to take some pictures.

Then he looked at the two unfortunates and said, "Genevieve is Anthony's wife, and you two don't know it? Do you know how your life will end if you dare to confront a powerful adversary directly?"

Finnley's expression suddenly changed after Brendan finished speaking. Then, Brendan left the room and immediately walked out.

"Lock the door," Brendan instructed.

The bodyguard at the door nodded and replied. "Yes."

"Lock it up and wait for Anthony to deal with it," Brendan instructed again.

There was a special suite on the upper floor of the clubhouse.

Anthony took Genevieve up to the suite and asked the personal physician to come over as well.

Genevieve lay in a semi-conscious state. She could only feel the cold coming and going around her from time to time.

She tried to hold on, but she had lost the strength to raise her hand.

She was breathing fast, her cheeks flushed unnaturally, and she felt hot all over.

Anthony took a cool towel and gently wiped her off, holding her hand as he tended to her wounds. "How can I be at peace when you are like this?" he said, his voice low and hoarse.

Soon after, the doctor arrived.

The doctor looked a little solemn after the examination. He said, "This is a highly concentrated hypnotic fragrance with an aphrodisiac effect. I'll give her an injection that will bring some relief, but it will take time."

Anthony's expression darkened a little, and an imperceptible pressure and chill suddenly emerged.

Anthony did not even have to think about what had happened in that room.

He thought, "That scumbag actually dared to covet Genevieve! Is he tired of his life?"

The doctor left after administering the medication.

Brendan knocked on the door, handed Genevieve's purse to Anthony, and said,

"The phone in the purse rang several times, but I didn't answer it."

"Where are they?" Anthony asked with a darkened gaze.

"They're still in the room," Brendan replied.

"Don't let them go. There is something wrong with the fragrance in that room. Let them enjoy it well and send someone to check on it tomorrow," Anthony said..

Anthony implied something with his words, and Brendan instantly understood what he meant.

"Okay. Don't worry, Tony," Brendan replied.

Anthony closed the door and closed his eyes. He suppressed the intense gloominess and coldness in his gaze before walking silently to the king-size bed.

Genevieve's breathing was rapid, the drugs had taken effect, and her dizziness gradually subsided.

However, there was a subtle and dense warmth that was emanating from her body.

Anthony approached and wiped her body with a towel.

Chapter 77

Genevieve's skin was still smooth and delicate.

Anthony was not fascinated by women. He tried to fulfill his role as a husband during his time with Genevieve in the past.

However, he could not deny that Genevieve's body was charming and lustful.

Anthony's expression was tense. He tried to control himself as he slowly cleaned her up.

But when his hand touched Genevieve's alluring neck, she suddenly rubbed her soft cheek against the back of his hand.

Anthony's body stiffened slightly.

Genevieve furrowed her eyebrows and hugged his cold arm as she slept. Her warm breath gently brushed against his arm.

He got goosebumps as if an electric shock had gone through him, causing a tingling sensation.

Anthony's expression became somber as if something soft had touched the bottom of his heart, and an inexplicable emotion surged through his mind.

He didn't withdraw his hand and lay beside her through the quilt..

He stared at Genevieve deeply.

It seemed that he had never looked at her so seriously, especially after they got divorced.

That moment seemed to fill the empty space in his heart, and a warm feeling flowed through his chest.

He yearned to get closer to her as if enchanted by a spell.

When his lips met hers, they felt soft and sweet, making him want to deepen the kiss.

He thought evilly, 'She will be mine sooner or later. So what if I take advantage of her?'

Genevieve responded to his kiss passively. Her response stirred his deepest desire.

When he kissed her ear gently and intimately, he couldn't help but ask, "Gen, shall we get married again?"

He felt that he should give her a formal status.

'No one can bully you anymore,' he said inwardly.

When Genevieve heard that, her mind was still confused, and she started to gently push the man away.

"Anthony, you're a jerk," she said, continuing to mutter even though she was weak.

Anthony's body tensed a bit. It felt as if a bucket of cold water had been poured on his head, and the warmth of the moment was half gone.

He regretted asking the question.

He took a deep breath and got out of bed to carry her.

As Genevieve struggled, Anthony lowered his voice to warn her. He said, "Don't move, or I won't restrain myself."

Perhaps the warnings did work as she didn't move, lying softly on his chest.

Anthony filled the bathtub and carefully placed Genevieve in it. Her warmth faded, and her red face gradually returned to normal.

The night had passed.

Sunlight penetrated through the curtains.

Genevieve felt tired, and her head felt so heavy.

As she slowly opened her eyes, she noticed the unfamiliar surroundings.

She had a slight headache. As her mind cleared, the memories of yesterday flooded back, particularly the cunning smile on Finnley's chubby face.

She sat up with a jolt, her face turning pale in an instant.

She was covered in a cold sweat.

When she moved, the person beside her naturally woke up.

"Are you awake?" the man said in a low, husky voice, tinged with a hint of drowsiness. He had a smooth profile with distinct angles.

The first person she saw in the early morning was Anthony. Had it been before the divorce, she might have appreciated the blissful moment.

But now her face turned pale as if she had seen a ghost, and she shrank back.

"Anthony?" she asked.

Anthony woke up and rubbed his face. His hair hung loosely on his forehead.

He stared at her and smiled.

"Isn't it better to see me than the others?" he said.

"Why are you here?" Genevieve asked.

Genevieve completely forgot about Anthony's arrival.

Anthony frowned as he said, "I have saved your life. You almost fell into someone else's trap. Don't you remember?"

How can she forget my heroic action? It will be a great loss to me" Anthony mused. He felt a little aggrieved.

Genevieve frowned. She had no idea how Anthony got here.

But she was glad that Finnley had not gotten his way.

Otherwise, she would never have let them off the hook.

"As for Anthony... she mused.

She was about to express her gratitude. When she lowered her head and looked at the pajamas she had already changed into, she immediately became annoyed.

"Who changed my clothes?" she asked.

Anthony sat up from the bed. His movement was calm and elegant as he replied,

"I did."

Genevieve had hoped it had been the server or someone else. She was disappointed when she heard the answer.

She was just going to ask him why he had crossed the line when Anthony calmly said, "We were husband and wife. I've seen every part of your body. Do you want a stranger to help you change?"

With a slight smile at the corners of his mouth, he added, "Besides, you were the one who grabbed me and kept calling me. You wanted to do something to me, but I held myself back and let a cold bath. Do I have to fulfill your desire? If that's what you think, I can live with it."

He calmly opened his arms and smiled at her sincerely.

you take Genevieve always liked to act coquettishly in the past, when they were still married, and Genevieve was still in love with him.

Anthony remembered that.

Genevieve blushed with embarrassment and jumped out of bed to distance herself from him after hearing his shameless words.

"In your dream! I'm telling you, just pretend we didn't see each other last night.

Don't mention it again," she said.

She thought, 'If it comes out that a divorced couple spent the night together, no one will believe that nothing happened between us. I'm done with him!'

Anthony's eyes dimmed. He got up as if nothing had happened, tidied his clothes, and said nonchalantly, "Believe it or not, I said I would protect you. No one can bully you, not even me."

He was a man of his word.

Genevieve froze slightly. She felt as if something sharp had pierced her heart, and a sharp pain rushed through it.

However, the stinging sensation was only for a moment and disappeared without a trace.

She didn't want to take his words too seriously.

After all, he was the one who had hurt her the most.

Now that they were divorced, she found those confessions unnecessary and silly.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

Anthony walked up to the door and opened it. His assistant, Daniel, handed the clothes to him.

"Mr. Hoffman, here are the clothes for you and Ms. Lawrence. Everything is ready downstairs. Shall we open the door?" Daniel said.

Anthony casually replied, "Yes."

Daniel understood and closed the door for them before leaving.

Anthony handed over the dress to Genevieve as he said, "Your clothes."

Genevieve didn't want to accept his gesture of kindness, but now there was no other choice.

She couldn't bother anyone because she didn't want the incident to be known by others.

Anthony just stood there, took off his pajamas, and started to change. Genevieve caught a glimpse of the scene. She couldn't help but roll her eyes, thinking, This man really doesn't see me as an outsider!"

She went into the bathroom with her clothes and heard Anthony chuckling softly behind her before he said in a behind her low and gentle voice, "Why are you so shy when we already know each other so well?"

Genevieve was speechless.

'Is there something wrong with his comprehension?' she wondered.

Chapter 78

Genevieve really didn't want to explain herself, so she hurriedly went to change her clothes.

When she came out, Anthony was all set. He stood there, he wore a slightly cold expression. However, with a soft, soothing voice, he said, "Come on, I'll take you to watch a good show!"

Genevieve asked, "What is it?"

Anthony smiled without explaining, but there was a hint of something wicked in his smile.

Anthony took her to the revolving platform on the third floor, where one could see the door of the private room opposite last night.

At this time, a crowd of people were standing at the door, holding all kinds of shooting equipment in their hands and trying to squeeze into the room.

Suddenly there was a familiar shriek of a woman coming from the room.

It was 'Morgan!

Genevieve frowned, and her face turned cold.

Soon, Morgan hurried out of the room with an ugly expression, looking disheveled and messy. Her body showed signs of being pinched by a man, which sparked the fantasy.

Lights from the reporters' cameras kept flashing.

Then Finnley rushed out of the room, with his wig gone and dried blood on his forehead. His face was flushed as he panted heavily.

Finnley's face twisted with panic as he shoved aside the reporters' cameras in front of him, his expression contorted with anger.

"Which media are you from? Do you know who I am?" Finnley roared.

"Mr. Zink, does the company know about your improper relationship with its employee?" a reporter asked.

"Mr. Zink, as a senior executive of the company, you cheated with a female employee. Did she take the initiative to seduce you or did you coerce her?" another reporter chimed in.

"Mr. Zink, do you have anything to say?" Yet another question was shot at Finnley..

Finnley was furious by the reporters' incessant questions. "She did it of her own free will. There was no coercion. There is nothing between us!" he hissed, his words jumbled up incoherently.

Finnley pushed his way through the crowd. His shirt was torn, revealing his back marked with scratches from the woman's sharp fingernails.

Everyone seized the opportunity and clicked their cameras, not letting go of the stout figure who was hurrying away.

Later, this photo of Finnley's back as he hurried away became one of the trending pictures on the Internet.

The netizens' comments were full of ridicule.

[Hahaha, nothing happened. We really believe it!] one netizen commented.

[This woman is not simple. She became the leader of the project team right after graduation. I believe she hooked up with Finnley on her free will,] another netizen remarked.

[Normal people's first reaction is to call the police. Why did she run away?] another netizen asked. [It must have been a long time since these reporters did such exciting work!] another netizen added.

Genevieve looked down calmly at the ruckus, her knuckles turning pale.

She closed her eyes as the sight stirred her emotions.

If it weren't for Anthony, Genevieve would have been set up by now.

She would have been the one who got discredited and threatened, like the woman just now.

'Finnley and Morgan, they are really ruthless!

'I was being careless, Genevieve commented inwardly.

She was filled with glee at the sight.

"What comes around goes around! They deserve it!" Genevieve thought.

Genevieve thought the ruckus was over.

However, the police soon arrived and went into the room to search around.

On the way out, Genevieve heard the person in charge of the clubhouse speak. "We suspected that someone had tampered with the essential oil, so we called the police. As the person in charge, we will not tolerate this kind of behavior. We will cooperate with all police investigations."

Looking at all this, Genevieve's eyes flickered slightly. She looked sideways at Anthony beside her and said slowly, "Thank you."/

Genevieve had to admit that Anthony was a big help.

Anthony's eyes curled into a meaningful smile. "How do you want to thank me?"

Genevieve knew Anthony wasn't going to drop the matter easily, so she hesitated for a second and looked at him seriously.

"Name your price," Genevieve said. IMMEDIATELY Anthony was stunned. "What?"

'Name a price? Is she planning to pay off a CEO who doesn't need money?"

Anthony pursed his thin lips as he thought.

Genevieve said nonchalantly, "Besides this, I can't think of a better way to express my sincere gratitude.

"20 million dollars." Anthony was probably annoyed by Genevieve's words. His eyes darkened as he blurted out those words, trying to make things difficult for her.

'She should have expended the 20 million dollars I gave her last time, right?

'Even if she didn't spend much of it, she would have been reluctant to take it all out at once!

'All she has to do is give in and come up with an excuse, then I will give her a way out.

I won't ask for the money from her, in turn, I'm willing to give her another 20 million dollars,' Anthony remarked silently.

However, Genevieve looked at him with some relief, then took out her phone and transferred the 20 million dollars to him directly.

"That's great, that makes us even!' Genevieve thought.

Anthony's face darkened when he saw the message.

Anthony tightened his grip on the phone and lowered his voice. "Did you really have to do this? Do we have to make things so clear? Don't you understand what's on my mind?"

Genevieve froze for a second, wondering why Anthony was unhappy again.

But Genevieve was happy that she had transferred the money to him..

"I do understand. Didn't I do what you asked? I didn't even negotiate!" Genevieve refuted.

Anyway, Genevieve felt less burdened when she had paid off a debt of gratitude.

She looked at the endless stream of messages on her phone. They were coming from Sullivan and Jeffrey.

She had almost forgotten to tell them she was safe.

Frowning slightly, Genevieve smiled politely at Anthony. "Goodbye."

With that, she turned and went downstairs.

Genevieve called Sullivan while walking. "Uncle Sullivan, I'm fine. Of course, it wasn't me. We were all being fooled yesterday!"

Sullivan gnashed his teeth in anger. "I stayed up all night. No one answered the phone. I went there later, and they said that there was no appointment at all. Only then did I know that we had been fooled. How dare this son of a bitch set you up? I won't spare them!"

Genevieve smiled and lowered her eyes. A faint shadow cast on her smooth skin.

She felt relieved for closely avoiding a dire predicament.

"Well, I won't spare them either.

These kinds of people are rotten com apples in the company we can't O

keep them anymore. I hope you didn't tell my parents to worry them, did you?" Genevieve said.

"No, I only told your brother. He found the person in charge of the clubhouse overnight and felt at ease when he heard that you were rescued. But he didn't tell me who saved you. Why don't we take some gifts to thank your savior?" Sullivan sighed. He hadn't slept all night..

Although Jeffrey told him that Genevieve was fine, Sullivan couldn't afford to treat the matter lightly.

The Lawrence family treasured their little princess.

If something happened to Genevieve on his territory, he would have a hard time in his old age.

Genevieve felt the corners of her mouth corners twitching. She said casually, "No need. I have already thanked the person."

"Well, call Jeffrey. He's been up all night too!" Sullivan said.

After hanging up, Genevieve called Jeffrey. "Did Anthony do anything to you?" Jeffrey asked.

Jeffrey knew it was Anthony who took Genevieve.

It was just that Jeffrey couldn't blatantly take Genevieve away from Anthony.

Otherwise, everyone would know that Genevieve had been set up, and it was not good for her reputation if the news spread.

Hence, Jeffrey just sent his men to keep an eye on Anthony.

Genevieve smiled and told him the details of the incident.

"Anthony asked for 20 million dollars, so I gave it to him," Genevieve said.

Jeffrey was relieved when he heard that. "Well, he didn't ask for an exorbitant price. Are you still there? I'm nearby. How about I go and pick you up?"

Chapter 79

Genevieve hummed a response, hung up the phone, and waited.

In less than two minutes, Jeffrey's car arrived.

Jeffrey got out of the car and personally opened the door for Genevieve. He gently touched her hair and said softly, "Come on, I'll take you back first."

Genevieve smiled and nodded, then bent down to get into the car.

Anthony watched in a distance as Genevieve got into Jeffrey's car.

The gazes and intimate interaction between Genevieve and Jeffrey were particularly jarring in Anthony's eyes.

Anthony's face darkened, and frustration simmered in his heart.

'I shouldn't have asked for the 20 million dollars!' he thought.

Soon, the context of the whole incident became clear.

It turned out that Finnley and Morgan teamed up to plot against Genevieve. However, they picked on the wrong person and faced a counterattack.

The end, of course, was gratifying.

Finnley and Morgan were criticized by netizens on the Internet, and the online backlash was overwhelming.

Eagle Entertainment also announced their decision to fire Morgan and Finnley when the opportunity arose.

Finnley and Morgan kept blaming each other for who administered the drug, creating a very ugly scene at the police station.

It was just that no one had ever guessed correctly who Finnley and Morgan were trying to set up.

Soon, another new trending topic took hold, and Mackenzie's latest production had overshadowed it all.

Anthony finally stopped bothering Genevieve, granting her some respite for a couple of days.

Finally a few peaceful days, thought Genevieve as she breathed a sigh of relief and threw herself into the new project.

The news from the hospital was that Frank was still in a coma, but Margaret woke up every other day.

Although she was not awake for long, only a short period of more than ten minutes, this was still a piece of excellent news.

Genevieve planned to visit Margaret in the afternoon.

To her surprise, she saw an unexpected person standing in front of the glass window of Margaret's ward.

She walked slowly toward the person, feeling rather puzzled.

"Louis, why are you here?" Genevieve asked.

Louis paused, his cold and deep eyes softened slightly when he saw Genevieve.

"I was here to meet with Mr. Johnston. We discussed Mrs. Hoffman's condition, and I was wondering if newly developed equipment abroad could stimulate her to recover faster," he said.

Genevieve nodded, dispelling the doubt in her mind.

'It turns out that he's here for business, she mused.

After a brief pause, Genevieve inquired, "Is it better to use foreign medical equipment? Have there been successful cases?"

Louis' eyes darkened. He lowered his head and chuckled lightly. "Do you care so much about the Hoffman family?"

Genevieve was dumbfounded before she said openly, "Grandma Margaret has always been good to me. Of course, I care about her."

Louis sighed as he gazed through the window at the old lady lying in the ward. "Yeah, she's nice to everyone."

Before Genevieve could understand what he meant, Louis continued, "Foreign equipment imposes great stress on organs, which adults are able to withstand. However, there are risks for children and elderlies."

Genevieve lowered her eyes and pursed her lips with disappointment.

Margaret was really old, and the Hoffman family wouldn't take any risks unless they had 100 percent confidence in the treatment's effectiveness.

Louis paused for a few seconds, looked at Genevieve, then said, "It's getting late.

I have to go. Gen, do you want to leave with me?"

Genevieve nodded. She hadn't planned to stay long.

Louis and Genevieve got on the elevator. Security was extremely strict on this floor, and only a few people were allowed to go up.

But on the lower floors, there was a gradual increase in the number of people.

Unbeknownst to them as to who had pressed the elevator button on a lower floor, the exclusive lift unexpectedly stopped on the third floor.

As the doors slid open, they were greeted by the sight of an adorable boy standing there.

The boy's eyes were bright, and he looked less than three years old. He was dressed in a branded jeans jumpsuit, walking into the elevator with a smile on his face.

Genevieve froze, looked around, and saw no one behind the boy.

"Kid, who are you?" she asked.

The boy looked up happily at Louis with a big smile, then opened his arms and asked for a hug.

Louis was stunned for a moment. He couldn't bear to put on a cold face, so he flashed a gentle smile and reached out to pick the boy up.

"He's probably run out. Shall we send him to the nurses station downstairs?"

Louis proposed.

Genevieve nodded. Her heart melted as she looked at the boy's soft smile.

She couldn't help but pinch the boy's little cheek. Then, she looked at Louis.

"Louis, you two look a little alike, I think."

The little boy smiled and waved at her, expressing his affection.

Genevieve did not notice the subtle stiffening of Louis' face.

But soon, Genevieve sensed something was amiss with the child.

"Don't you... know how to speak, little boy?" she asked tentatively.

Genevieve noticed that no matter how the boy opened his mouth, he couldn't make any sound, not even the slightest noise.

This is not normal,' she mused.

Louis' eyes darkened, and he hugged the child tighter, his expression stiff.

"Seems likely. Maybe he's here to see a doctor?" he guessed.

Genevieve slapped her head and thought, 'Indeed! A child who can't talk must have come to the hospital for treatment.'

She looked at the child with some sympathy in her gaze and squeezed his soft, chubby hand. "You're going to be fine, kid," she assured him with a smile.

The boy grinned and grabbed one of her fingers, his eyes beaming.

"What a little angel Genevieve couldn't help exclaiming. If Jeffrey got married and had children earlier, wouldn't I have become an aunt by now?' she thought.

Agleam flashed in Louis' eyes when he saw that Genevieve didn't mind that the child was mute.

"Do you like children?" he asked.

Genevieve suddenly remembered the little life she had lost, and her smile faltered.

Then, she smiled as if nothing had happened.

"Yes. Who wouldn't like such a lovely sweetheart?" she said.

Louis' eyes softened.

Soon, the elevator arrived on the designated floor.

All the emotions on Louis' face subsided in an instant.

As soon as they approached the nurses station, they saw a familiar woman standing there, anxiously pointing at the nurse and scolding! "The child got lost here. Why can't I come to you? Go and find him for me! My son is the heir of Hoffman Group. If something happens to him, you won't be able to afford the consequences!" Rosalie stood there and shouted hysterically, looking very anxious.

The housekeeper and bodyguard beside her also looked flustered.

The housekeeper was nervous as she held Samson's hand.

Samson was also less than three years old. His status suddenly descended from the much anticipated heir of Hoffman family to a child who was not related to the family by blood.

The clothes he was wearing were worn and didn't fit him well. His little face had lost the brilliance that used to adorn it. He even dared not look up at Rosalie and leaned against the housekeeper to hide.

Rosalie slapped the housekeeper in the face and berated. "It's all your fault for not keeping an eye on Malcolm, I told you to leave this impostor alone. He can go wherever he likes. How dare you put my son down to find him? I don't think you want this job anymore. Fine, I'll grant you your wish. Pack up and get lost!"

Not only did she hit the housekeeper, but she also pushed Samson, who was hiding behind the housekeeper, away.

Samson's eyes immediately flooded with tears. He wanted to cry but dared not. It was a pitiful sight to behold.

"We found Malcolm!" someone announced.

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The nurse pointed in the direction of Louis and Genevieve.

Everyone sighed in relief.

But when the boy in Louis' arms noticed Rosalie, his grip on Louis' neck tightened, and he turned away.

As soon as Rosalie saw her son, her focus shifted entirely. She couldn't care less about anything else.

She immediately broke into a run towards him.

As she got closer, Rosalie also caught sight of Genevieve and Louis. Her expression fell instantly.

"Ms. Lawrence, did you kidnap my son?" Rosalie demanded.

Genevieve chuckled in response. "Who says he's your son? Is 'Rosalie's 'son' written anywhere on his face?"

However, Genevieve did feel slightly unnerved.

The silent boy she had adored so dearly just before this turned out to be Rosalie's son.

It was as if fate was playing a joke on her.

Rosalie was rotten, but it seemed that she had no shortage of good luck. Even her child could turn out cute.

But Genevieve couldn't even hope to keep her own child.

It wasn't fair!

At Genevieve's impolite words, Rosalie's eyes narrowed into a sharp glare at her.

Then she smiled at Louis, her demeanor shifting slightly.

A fake smile reappeared on Rosalie's face almost instantly.

"Will you give me the child?" Rosalie cooed.

Rosalie had been mistaken. For a moment, she had been struck by the familiarity of this person.

The way Louis handled himself and the aura about him was unconventional, so she didn't dare cross him.

Malcolm refused to let go, but Rosalie yanked his hand away.

Tears welled up in the boy's eyes, but he couldn't make a sound. The others could only look on in pity as Malcolm gasped silently.

Rosalie finally lost her patience and glared at the housekeeper behind her.

"Hurry up and take Malcolm" She barked.

The housekeeper ran forward in a panic.

Malcolm was less averse to being held by the housekeepers and obediently let himself be lifted from Louis' arms.

Rosalie patted Malcolm's head with satisfaction.

Then, her expression morphed into condescension as she looked at Genevieve. She sneered, "Ms. Lawrence, I know you're jealous of me having a son, but we're even now. There's no need for you to target me anymore, right?"

Rosalie continued, "Malcolm is a member of the Hoffman family, which no one can deny. It makes no difference what you do."

Rosalie was referring to Genevieve's use of the DNA test to stir up trouble at Samson's banquet before this.

Genevieve lowered her gaze and chuckled sardonically, "Ms. Stewart, you gave birth to a member of the Hoffman family, but why aren't you considered part of the family?"

Genevieve continued, "Or is it that the Hoffman family doesn't even want to recognize this. 'member', let alone you?"

Her words were simply adding insult to Rosalie's injury!

Rosalie's face turned pale, and she gnashed her teeth in anger.

Louis glanced coldly at Rosalie before his gaze swept back to Genevieve.

"Should we go?" Louis asked.

Genevieve raised her eyebrows at Rosalie. She glanced at Samson, cowering alone, and said, "Even if Samson isn't your flesh and blood, there's no need to treat him like this, right? Do you know that child abuse is a crime?"

"I'm educating my child! What right do you have to butt in? What, do you think you're a saint?" Rosalie screeched.

Rosalie was enraged. Why should Genevieve get involved in her affairs?

Genevieve pursed her lips, her eyes cold.

She intoned, "I'm just reminding you that Samson is also only three years old."

Samson and Malcolm were about the same age, but one could tell how the two children were treated differently at a glance.

Malcolm was a plump and tender child, raised with the best of the best.

On the other hand, Samson was treated miserably.

After Genevieve finished speaking, she turned around and was about to leave, but she saw a familiar person out of the corner of her eye.

Cecilia, the girl who had been with Aiden?

Why was she here?

But Genevieve's expression betrayed nothing as she left the hospital with Louis.

It was Rosalie's problem if she wanted to go ballistic. If Anthony didn't care, neither did Genevieve.

Genevieve wouldn't be so stupid as to meddle in their business.

Louis' expression was also somewhat stormy and complicated. His eyebrows were furrowed, and his eyes were flinty.

Genevieve said goodbye to him, then drove back to the company.

Louis stood on the street for a few minutes before he made a call to somewhere in Atharia..

"Mom, did you break the news of Anthony finding Mal?"

A calm, elegant voice of a woman came from the phone. "It was me. You can't hide that child forever. Anthony's power shouldn't be underestimated, and hiding Mal forever will pique his suspicion.

After hanging up, Louis' face returned to its grim, downcast expression.

It was unclear if Rosalie had told Anthony that Genevieve had "stolen" the baby, but that afternoon, she received a call from Daniel, Anthony's assistant.

Genevieve had kept his phone number because of previous business arrangements.

She saw Daniel's name on the screen and picked up.

But what came out of the phone speakers was Anthony's voice.

"Genevieve, did you meet Rosalie at the hospital today? She didn't do anything to you, did she?" Anthony asked.

Genevieve chuckled and was about to hang up when she thought of the cowering Samson.

"Are you here to interrogate me on her behalf? Or are you here to seek justice for her because she's saying that I bullied her again?"

Anthony was silent for a few seconds, then he said softly, "You know I didn't mean that. Of course, I believe you. I was only concerned you'd be upset because you met her."

A foul mood would implicate him as well. That was what Anthony was most worried about!

When Brendan had found out about the 20 million dollar fiasco, he had looked at Anthony speechlessly for five minutes before shaking his head.

Brenda had bit out four words to him. "There's no saving you!"

Brendan then gave him some advice, instructing Anthony not to annoy Genevieve by appearing in front of her too much.

After all, absence made the heart grow fonder Anthony had endured being distant for several days, desperately trying to downplay his feelings for her.

He was practically out of control at this point, trying to catch a woman's attention it was simply astounding.

He thought it was out of a desire to make amends with her.

But the strange thing was, the more that he tried not thinking about her, the more he missed her.

He felt as if his heart were being pulled on a leash, and he had no control over it.

It was both a struggle and a contradiction Anthony couldn't help but use Daniel's phone to make a call She had blocked him, yet she had saved Daniel's phone numb In Anthony's mind, this was simply Genevieve dangling a chance for him to take!

A seedling of hope was growing within Anthony

In his absence, had Genevieve struggled with the same conflicted feelings as him? Had she missed him but felt too embarrassed to say it?

Genevieve spoke in a light, detached, and polite tone.

"Anthony, keep your dog under control, Genevieve said. "

Anthony was silent for a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was deep.

Anthony asked, "Are you angry?"

He wondered if she was jealous she had been sidelined.

Genevieve chuckled lightly.

Did Anthony not know what kind of person Rosalie was?

How could he possibly pose such a question?

Genevieve didn't bother to answer him.

Coldly, Genevieve said, "Anthony, you better teach Rosalie the law. Child abuse is a crime."

With that, she hung up the phone.

Genevieve had said it very clearly. Anthony would be an idiot if he didn't get

1. it.

She had mixed feelings about Samson.

His appearance had ruined her dreams and dragged her reputation through the mud.

But she knew that the child was innocent. What did he know?

The root of the problem was with Anthony.