

Submitting 211

Chapter 211

Soon, the ambulance arrived, and Monica was quickly taken away on a stretcher.

Genevieve spoke to Darrell, and she saw Andrea hurriedly head for Quincey from the corner of her eyes. The two were planning to leave.

Genevieve caught up with them with wide strides, grabbed Andrea's arm, and pulled her back.

Andrea stumbled and was slapped on the face before she could stand still.

"Ah!" Andrea screamed, covering her face and trembling with grievance.

None of the staff present dared to step forward to mediate the dispute. It didn't stop there.

Genevieve didn't let go of her at all, delivering another slap.

Slap!

Andrea was terrified, and her scream echoed with gut-wrenching agony.

People might think she had been stabbed if they didn't know better.

Terrified and panicked, Andrea hid behind Quincey.

Quincey would be implicated if Genevieve were to hit her again.

Genevieve paid no heed at all. The moment she raised her hand again, Quincey shouted in shock, "Genevieve, have you gone mad?"

Genevieve's eyes were cold. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath.

Suddenly, Genevieve laughed. "Yes. This is not the right way to do it."

She thought of a better idea.

Genevieve took a deep look at Andrea, then turned and left the store.

Quincey's expression changed significantly, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

She pretended to be calm and asked the nearby staff, "What's the relationship between that old lady and her?"

The staff paused and replied truthfully, "She's Ms. Lawrence's relative. Ms. Lawrence calls her 'Grandaunt Monica.'"

It was certain they were relatives, especially with Genevieve personally accompanying her.

Andrea looked at Quincey in a panic. "Mrs. Hoffman, everything I did was for you!"

Her feud with Genevieve was far from over, and another incident had been added to the list.

It was imaginable how much Genevieve hated Andrea.

Quincey pushed Andrea away fiercely, distancing herself. "Who told you to do that? I just wanted that old hag to get out, and you actually wanted to kill her?"

It was unclear which word stung Andrea, and her expression changed drastically. The deep-seated fear in Andrea's heart momentarily overwhelmed her rationality, and she grabbed Quincey's clothes tightly, pleading, "Mrs. Hoffman, please help me! Please don't let Genevieve retaliate against me, considering that I helped Lauraine find a match."

Quincey's expression changed significantly, and she gritted her teeth. "We need to talk to Anthony about this."

Genevieve stood at the door of the ward in the hospital.

Monica had multiple fractures and needed quiet rest, and Genevieve called Darrell to inform him of the situation.

Darrell and Samantha returned in a hurry and rushed to the hospital.

The incident would be difficult to keep from Rebecca and Alice, so they were informed to come as well.

Samantha went outside to speak with the doctor about Monica's injury, Darrell was accompanying Monica inside, who was gradually awakening.

Genevieve stood at the door and dealt with Rebecca and Alice.

Alice stood quietly behind Rebecca, not saying much.

It was common for the elderly in the village to get hurt from a bump. However, the injury was more serious this time, and Monica simply needed to rest well at home.

Rebecca relentlessly began expressing filial piety.

As her elder, Rebecca reprimanded Genevieve for taking Monica out shopping.

Upon seeing Genevieve's increasingly cold expression, Rebecca then eased up slightly.

Soon, Anthony arrived with Quincey and Andrea.

Andrea was holding a fruit basket and a bouquet.

Rebecca was momentarily stunned when she looked at the unfamiliar man who had an intimidating aura.

He approached Genevieve, and his eyes were dark. "Genevieve."

Genevieve raised her head. Her expression was cold as she struggled to suppress something.

Finally, Anthony had come.

"How is Mrs. Lawrence?" Anthony's voice was deep. His expression was complex as he looked at her, completely ignoring the unfamiliar people around him.

Genevieve looked at him, pursed her lips, and replied coldly, "She's not dead. Are you guys disappointed?"

Her gaze finally landed on Quincey and Andrea.

Anthony was stunned. His eyes darkened, and his voice involuntarily turned colder. "Genevieve, don't talk nonsense. This is just an accident."

Genevieve chuckled lightly with a hint of indifference. "An accident? I saw your fiancée push her down with my

own eyes. Are you telling me this is an accident?"

Her voice was calm but somewhat shrill.

Samantha walked over from nearby indifferently, and she couldn't conceal the disgust in her eyes. "Mr. Hoffman, there's no need to talk about useless things. How about you tell us how you want to handle this?"

Anthony didn't miss the disgust in Samantha's eyes, and his face darkened.

He nodded slightly, then turned to look at Andrea.

Andrea hurriedly walked over piteously. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lawrence. It's all my fault. It was too dark at the time, and I accidentally tripped her. It wasn't intentional. This is a small token of my apology. Please accept it."

Andrea held up the fruit basket and flowers in her hands, but no one took them.

Her arms were getting sore. Andrea stood there awkwardly, casting a pleading glance at Anthony.

Samantha couldn't help but let out a faint scoff, and there was a hint of sharpness hidden in her tone as she stated, "She suffered multiple fractures because of you, and you think you can make amends with a simple apology and a basket of shabby fruits?"

Rebecca couldn't help but agree from the side. "Exactly. You look well-dressed, but you're so stingy. You're not willing to spend a dime, are you?" Samantha frowned slightly and glanced at Rebecca without saying a word.

Anthony lowered his gaze slightly and took out a bank card from his pocket, handing it over to Samantha. "This is a token of our goodwill to buy some nourishment for Mrs. Lawrence."

Samantha stood still and didn't accept it, but her eyes became colder.

Rebecca's heart stirred. She wanted to take it, but Samantha stopped her.

Samantha looked at Anthony coldly. "We don't need your money, and no one is short of this change. Mr. Hoffman, is this how you handle things?"

Silence enveloped the room.

Genevieve stood up, walked to Anthony, and calmly looked at him. "Anthony, send Andrea to prison, and this matter can be put to rest."

She seemed distant as if a thousand miles separated her from him.

They had only parted that morning, but Anthony felt that Genevieve had become a different person in the twinkling of an eye.

Despite being aware of his difficult situation, Genevieve showed no sign of backing down and lacked even a hint of sympathy.

She was pressuring him to make a choice, compelling him into a humiliating defeat.

Anthony pursed his thin lips, and his face was tense.

Quincey, upon noticing Anthony's silence, worried about the situation escalating. She couldn't help but step forward and say, "Genevieve, she merely tripped. If it were a child, perhaps they'd scrape their knee. Is it really necessary to make such a fuss? Besides, Andrea didn't do it on purpose. Nobody wants such things to happen. We're here in person to apologize sincerely."

Genevieve smiled coldly. "Both parties know whether this was intentional or not."

"The truth will come out eventually." Quincey felt uneasy under her gaze.

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Andrea couldn't help but cry softly, "It's all my fault. I've caused trouble for Anthony since I returned. Ms. Lawrence, I know you hate me. As Anthony's fiancée, you can treat me however you want. Please don't escalate this. It will affect Anthony."

Genevieve paid her no attention. Looking at Anthony, she sneered coldly.

She then casually turned and walked back to the couch, sitting down.

Anthony frowned slightly, feeling suffocated as if cotton had been stuffed into his heart.

He vaguely sensed that the matter might not be as simple as Quincey had made it seem.

Anthony abruptly turned and left in wide strides, with Andrea trailing closely behind, gritting her teeth.

Quincey hesitated briefly before beckoning to Rebecca.

Rebecca nonchalantly followed.

Quincey handed the prepared bank card in the stairwell, smiling as she said, "Here's 20,000 dollars. Use it to buy Mrs. Monica Lawrence some nutrition. We don't have the best relationship with the Lawrence family. Mrs. Samantha Lawrence won't accept the money due to her nobility, but we don't want to inconvenience you."

Quincey's words struck a chord in Rebecca's heart.

The latter promptly took the bank card. "Don't worry. We won't pursue this further."

Rebecca thought, 'She's giving 20,000 dollars over just a broken bone. Rich people are indeed generous.'

Overjoyed, Rebecca saw Quincey off. Alice pushed the door and entered when Rebecca was still reveling in the joy of the large sum of money.

Alice frowned, looking at Rebecca. "We shouldn't disgrace the Lawrence family here."

Although Samantha wasn't close to them, she had still given them quite a few gifts. Heaps of them were sent to the hotel, and she had even arranged for someone to take them out for sightseeing.

Rebecca glanced at her coldly. She scoffed disdainfully and walked past her. "Do they even see you as human?"

As Lauraine had just come out of surgery, the VIP ward was quiet.

Anthony pushed the door open and entered. Just as Andrea was about to say something, she saw his gloomy expression. He suppressed his anger, asking, "Did you do it on purpose?"

Andrea's expression changed slightly. "Of course not, Anthony. You can't just listen to Genevieve."

Anthony sneered. "I certainly won't listen to one side of the story."

He directly called Daniel, instructing, "Go and get the surveillance footage from the mall."

Andrea's face paled, and her lips trembled slightly.

Anthony narrowed his eyes. Upon sensing her guilt, he instantly became furious. "Andrea, you're still lying. Is this how the Thomson family taught you-to lay hands on an elderly?"

Andrea trembled slightly, and her eyes were full of tears.

She bit her lip nervously, shaking her head. "It wasn't me. I didn't do it on purpose. It was Mrs. Hoffman-

Before she could finish her sentence, Quincey pushed the door open and entered. "That's enough, Anthony. What's with all the yelling? Lauraine is still unconscious. Do you understand that you have to keep quiet?"

Anthony's eyes swept coldly over them. "Is Mrs. Lawrence's accident related to you, too?"

Quincey's expression changed slightly, and she gritted her teeth. "No, and even if it is, so what? I didn't push her, and she simply deserved it. Besides, we've already apologized in person. What more do you want? Is she trying to extort us because she stumbled? How high and mighty does she think she is?"

With those words, Quincey turned and stormed out.

Andrea looked at him and then Quincey's retreating figure. She followed her out. Daniel's call came, and Anthony answered it.

"Mr. Hoffman, I've obtained the surveillance footage. Are you going to call the police?"

Genevieve was waiting outside for Darrell to come out.

Samantha walked over with a solemn face. "Did you get the store to give the surveillance footage as that's the evidence?"

Genevieve smiled. "Don't worry, Mom. I wouldn't be so careless."

Samantha breathed a sigh of relief and patted her shoulder.

She turned to Rebecca and Alice, saying gently, "You both can head back first. We'll handle things here. You've already had enough trouble while in the countryside. You can leave it to us now."

Rebecca hadn't planned to stay and take care of Monica anyway.

The Lawrence family was wealthy enough to hire many caregivers.

Besides, Rebecca was satisfied with the compensation she had received.

She smiled and nodded. "Okay. We'll head back first. Just let us know if you need anything."

Samantha nodded, then had the driver drive them back to the hotel.

Genevieve and Samantha entered the ward one after the other.

Monica's ward was spacious and bright. Both her legs were in casts as she lay there, holding a banana in one hand and a glass of juice in the other.

Darrell was peeling an orange beside her.

Monica cheerfully urged Darrell to turn on the projector and find a TV series.

Darrell didn't know how to, so he gently reassured her by saying, "Wait a moment. Let Genevieve find it!"

Once Genevieve entered, Darrell reacted as if he had seen his savior. "Quick!

Find a TV show for her to watch."

Genevieve's eyes were still a little sore, and she paused for a moment at the sight. She walked over. "Grandaunt Monica, I'm sorry, I didn't take good care of you. Are your legs hurting a lot?"

Monica smiled reassuringly. "They don't hurt anymore. The doctor said I e

just need to rest for a few months, so I'll enjoy lying in bed. Oh! Did you bring back the clothes I bought from the store?

Genevieve smiled. "Okay. I'll have someone bring them to you."

"By the way, I didn't fall on my own."

Someone pushed me. Don't let her off. How disgraceful to be even bullying the elderly!" Monica stated angrily, and Genevieve nodded.

Darrell's gaze darkened. "Who did it?"

Samantha, at the side, smiled and found a TV show Monica liked. "Don't worry."

No matter who did it, our daughter will make them pay."

Genevieve returned to the company in the evening.

Jasper showed her what Daniel had sent over. "They're a world-class top-tier pearl necklace and custom-made Jimmy Choo high heels. Is this for you, Ms.

Lawrence?"

Jasper was a little surprised when he saw them, but Daniel had claimed that those were specifically requested by her. Even the heels were in Genevieve's size.

Genevieve glanced at them. Her eyes were cold as she responded, "Take them out and throw them away."

After she had finished, she pushed the door and went in.

Jasper was speechless, thinking, 'Is she asking me to throw them away?'

He couldn't be so careless, so he put them in the least favorite gift box as usual.

At night, Anthony couldn't enter the penthouse.

Genevieve had changed the locks and passwords, and his luggage was left outside.

Anthony's expression darkened, and he called Genevieve directly.

She answered readily, and she seemed to be having dinner. "What are you trying to do?" Anthony's voice was cold.

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Anthony remained silent for a brief moment.

Admittedly, he was infuriated when he saw the video.

Quincey's actions were reckless, yet Andrea, the instigator, was far more reprehensible.

Several times, the thought of involving the police crossed his mind, but each time, the memory of Andrea's tearful recount of her struggles to secure a donor for Lauraine while overseas held him back.

Owing Andrea a favor meant he was now bound to assist her.

In a voice that was barely above a whisper, rough and slightly parched, Anthony said, "Genevieve, Andrea's actions were indefensible, but that doesn't mean we should lock her away. After all, she played a part in saving Lauraine's life--"

Genevieve cut him off sharply, her voice dripping with scorn, "That's your reasoning? Let's not forget that, I too played a part in saving Lauraine. But, how quickly you forget the name of the donor, clinging instead to your gratitude toward Andrea. You cherish her for the life she saved, yet you overlook the sacrifice my family made. Be careful, Anthony, this decision might be one you'll live to regret."

With those words, she ended the call abruptly.

Anthony attempted to reach out again only to be met with silence.

After the call, Genevieve sent a message to Jasper before carelessly tossing her phone onto the sofa, unintentionally hitting Goldie on the head.

Goldie looked up, seemingly offended. Adorned in a golden faux fur outfit chosen by Genevieve that mirrored its natural coat, Goldie appeared exceptionally endearing.

The outfit was a perfect fit, restoring Goldie's confidence and dignity.

At Genevieve's clapping, Goldie bounded over, tail wagging in joy.

Meanwhile, Anthony stepped out of the penthouse, aware of Genevieve's fury but resolved to make amends to Monica in other ways.

Despite recognizing Andrea's vile nature, he knew he had to patiently wait for the right moment to address her actions.

The following day, Andrea was washed over with a sense of relief, confident that Anthony would not turn her over.

It seemed to her that Genevieve held little significance to Anthony. Carrying soup made by Abigail, she headed to the hospital in high spirits.

Simultaneously, a surveillance video began circulating on various building screens and online, igniting public discourse.

As Andrea exited her car, a call from Abigail came through. "Stay out of the public eye. Get Anthony to help you, now!"

Confused at first, Andrea noticed the change in the bystanders' demeanors, facing their scorn and detachment.

"That's her. She's so vicious. This is a crime."

"Yeah. She's absolutely crazy!"

Her expression shifted as she approached the hospital's entrance, a sense of dread creeping in.

Suddenly, she was doused with water from a half-empty bottle thrown from the crowd.

Startled, Andrea shielded her head, looking around in distress. "Who did that? Who?"

Everyone looked at her coldly. No one spoke up or defended her.

Anger etched on her face, Andrea vowed, "I'll find out who's responsible, and they'll pay dearly for this!"

With those words, she ascended the stairs, feeling the weight of everyone's gaze upon her.

Upon reaching the VIP floor, she overheard Quincey's furious rant. "Genevieve has lost it. How dare she publicize my image? It's a violation of my rights. Her fall has nothing to do with me. I merely voiced my displeasure. Andrea is the one at fault, so why drag me into this mess?"

Andrea paused, her complexion turning ashen as a sudden realization hit her.

She quickly checked her phone, greeted by a barrage of headlines casting her and Quincey in a negative light: [Mother-In-Law and Daughter-In-Law of Prominent Family Accused of Harassing Elderly Woman]

[Hoffman Group Shares Plummet in Wake of Scandal]

Trembling, Andrea opened the video.

It was grainy, seemingly recorded by an onlooker, and displayed on the largest shopping mall's screen in Acocester.

The footage showcased Quincey's disdainful outburst upon noticing Monica wearing identical attire.

"What's this nonsense? Are you guys selling to anyone now? How dare she wear the same outfit as me? Who does she think she is? Some filthy beggar deserving of respect? Ridiculous! She couldn't possibly afford it. Strip her of that dress, and kick her out!"

Quincey's contempt was unmistakable, captured for all to see.

In the footage, Andrea didn't hold back her disdain, urging action with a sneer,

"What are you waiting for? She's just an old hag. On the other hand, Mrs.

Hoffman is hardly lacking in funds."

As Andrea watched the playback, her complexion turned ghostly white, as though she had been drained of all blood.

The footage then showed her trailing behind Monica, and with a deliberate shove, she pushed Monica in the back right as she was about to descend the stairs, causing Monica to tumble to the floor.

The video ended abruptly after that moment.

Andrea had initially brushed off the incident, confident that Anthony's presence would mitigate any fallout.

Yet, the widespread sharing of the video thrust her into an immediate storm of backlash.

Andrea's lips turned ashen.

The surveillance video vividly captured her arrogant demeanor, sparking a barrage of outraged comments online.

[Unbelievable! This is the first time I've seen such haughty elitism from a wealthy family. Birds of a feather,

indeed!]

[Someone call the police! Isn't this akin to first-degree murder?]

[They should go to hell! Bullying an elderly woman is unforgivable, Thank goodness the store's surveillance cameras were rolling, or the victim would've had no recourse.]

[Since when did luxury shops become exclusive to the rich? Aren't elderly women allowed to browse too?]

[The store manager is personally serving the old lady. Who gave them the right to belittle her?]

[If they're so capable, why not purchase the brand outright? Their entitlement is sickening!]

[Between the Hoffman Group's chairman and his affair, and his wife's arrogance, what a spectacle of a family!]

Reading through the vitriol, Andrea could no longer maintain her composure. Her legs gave out, and she collapsed to the floor with a heavy thud.

The situation spiraled beyond her worst fears, far beyond her control.

At the sound of her fall, Anthony opened the door with a somber look and found Andrea on the ground. "What are you doing here?"

Shaking uncontrollably, Andrea was on the verge of pleading for help when Quincey burst in, her frustration palpable. With a sharp smack, she struck Andrea across the face.

Slap!

The slap was crisp and harsh.

"You brought this on yourself. What possessed you to lay hands on that woman? You've even dragged me into this mess! Genevieve is clearly taking this chance to strike back. Go grovel to her, make it clear I had no part in this, and convince her to remove those videos!" Quincey's voice cut through the air, a mix of anger and desperation.

Though she was initially stunned by the slap, Andrea's despair deepened upon processing Quincey's words.

ever care about someone else?"

H She thought, 'Quincey only cares about herself. When did she ever care about someone else?'

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Andrea opened her mouth. She stood up, and her lips trembled.

Looking at Anthony with tears in her eyes, she said, "Anthony, you must help me. I'm your fiancée. We should support each other!"

With that, she reached out to grab Anthony's clothes, but the latter dodged.

Anthony's gaze was extremely cold with a trace of disgust as he spoke. "Things have become out of control. Hoffman Group's stock price is plummeting. Andrea, I'm holding you accountable for this."

Then, he walked past her directly and headed out.

Flustered and exasperated, Quincey pushed Andrea angrily and screamed, "How dare you even mention this? It's all your fault for getting the Hoffman family involved!"

Andrea was stunned for a few seconds. Then, she sneered suddenly.

She pushed Quincey abruptly and looked at the latter, disheartened. "That's enough. I didn't force you to insult Mrs. Lawrence. It is Genevieve, not me, who deserves your hatred. You dare not hate her, but she dares to come after you. This matter has started with you in the first place, and I was implicated by you!"

Andrea felt much brighter instantly after she had vented all of that out in one breath.

She couldn't take the blame for Quincey without boundaries, or the latter would shove her away once she had taken all the blame.

After that, Andrea walked away immediately.

Quincey gritted her teeth in anger as she stood behind, seeing Andrea off.

Meanwhile, in Monica's ward, Genevieve stood by the window, overlooking the tall buildings not far away. The video was playing repetitively on the screen.

All the screens and websites of major shopping malls had erupted into heated discussion because of that video.

She had invested a lot of money, but it was worth it.

Monica squinted her eyes as she couldn't see clearly. Holding a banana in her hand, she was sobbing while watching the miserable experience of the heroine in the drama series.

Jasper kept texting Genevieve, reporting the latest news.

[Hoffman Group's stock has suffered a major turbulence. Many people have begun to buy and sell in large quantities.]

[Ms. Lawrence, there is internal turmoil in Hoffman sent to the hospital.]

Group. I heard that Mr. Hoffman was

[Hoffman Group's stock price has dropped below its rock bottom. Do we need to take action?]

Genevieve merely glanced through the messages and continued to look out of the window.

A few seconds later, she replied: [Stay still. Just wait and observe.]

The sound of heavy footsteps was heard at the door.

Soon after, someone knocked at the door.

Genevieve turned to have a look. It was Anthony who appeared at the door.

His figure was tall and slender. His handsome face looked slightly exhausted, and his gaze was somewhat tired and deep. When he looked at Genevieve, his gaze was filled with incomprehensible emotion.

Genevieve had taken a drastic measure that caused him to lose a lot of money, Besides the scandal Quincey was involved in, the reputation and image of Hoffman Group's daughter-in-law were damaged, along with a series of turmoil in both stock and industry. Genevieve was the mastermind of everything that had happened.

Anthony thought that he had taken the surveillance footage from the store.

Unexpectedly, he was still one step late. Genevieve had already taken the upper hand.

For the first time, he had tasted defeat against a woman.

He had always underestimated Genevieve and had always treated her as his ex- wife and a woman. Also, he had always wanted her to work for him.

Nonetheless, she had never been like Andrea, a person who was dependent on men.

She had refused to let Anthony change her assistant, Jasper.

Also, she had declined Anthony from entering her study in the penthouse.

She was on guard against him with her behavior.

Genevieve had been sober the whole time.

He was the one who had fallen for her.

Anthony felt a dull ache assailing his chest as if it was hit hard by someone. The pain lasted for a long time.

He didn't know what Genevieve had been like in the past, but right then, he felt that she was strange to him.

He stood at the door and said in a low voice, "Genevieve."

That name had been repeated in silence countless times..

Genevieve smiled and waved at him, looking somewhat harmless and beautiful.

It seemed that she was not the one who wanted him dead.

"Oh, look who it is... So handsome." As soon as Monica saw Anthony, she held back her tears and greeted him while reaching out her hand. "Come in!" she said.

Pursing his lips, Anthony disguised his expression as he walked in, bowed to Monica, and asked, "Are you feeling better?"

It was rude of him to come without visiting yesterday. Monica smiled happily, took his hand, and patted it. "I'm better. That damn woman pushed me and wanted me dead. I'm not going to grant her wish. They should be the ones who deserve punishment. Are you Genevieve's friend?

Boyfriend?" she asked.

She sized Anthony up with admiration. A tidy and handsome young man always gave her a good impression.

Anthony's gaze darkened. He got ready to answer.

Then, Genevieve chuckled as she walked over and said indifferently. "Grandaunt Monica, he is the fiancé of that damn woman!".

Monica's smile suddenly froze on her face.

She immediately shook off Anthony's hand as if she had touched some dirt. "Get out!"

Monica was not stupid. Beauty was not more important than her life.

Anthony frowned and pursed his thin lips into a straight line.

He paused and said in a deep voice, "Sorry, I'll give you a satisfactory answer."

Monica didn't even look at him and snorted coldly.

She knew that birds of a feather flocked together.

When Genevieve said that she would avenge her, Monica believed it. She only trusted Genevieve because the latter was the one who resembled her the most when she was young.

Anthony looked at Genevieve. His eyes darkened.

Genevieve knew he had something to say, so she stood up and raised her chin slightly. "Want to talk outside?"

she asked.

Anthony nodded. Then, he nodded at Monica before stepping out.

Monica continued to watch her drama series.

Sitting on the couch outside, Genevieve wore a long beige casual dress. Her hair was tied into a fluffy bun with a few strands of hair falling out. The corners of her lips were slightly raised. Her side profile looked delicate and gorgeous, exuding a relaxed aura.

Sitting opposite her, Anthony took an intense gaze at her before looking away, hiding the darkness that crossed his eyes.

Before he could speak, Genevieve couldn't help but laugh.

O Her red lips curved in a shallow arc as she spoke. "Are you here to confront me?"

You're right. I exposed the

surveillance footage and arranged for the trending topic on the internet. I've even bought traffic for a whole day.

Anthony, you can't remove them."

She waited to see him get angry.

However, Anthony just looked at her calmly and said, "I won't remove them or interfere. Those who do wrong should be punished. But, Genevieve, must it be done this way?"

She was so resolute and ruthless.

Even Hoffman Group and himself were implicated.

They were not ordinary rivals. There was a secret relationship between them, and only they knew it. However, Genevieve had no scruples.

She tilted her head. With displeasure crossing her blue eyes, she asked, "I asked you the same question when you insisted on protecting Andrea."

But did she get punished? Since she didn't, I'll do it myself. Am I wrong? Anthony, now you know that it hurts when it happens to you, right?"

She stood up with a smile. The estrangement between the two gradually became obvious.

Anthony's heart sank. His green eyes blinked slightly, He asked, "What about us?"

"It's over," she replied.

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After saying that, Genevieve returned to the hospital room.

Anthony paled. He was annoyed, and he felt like something was lodged in his chest, cutting off his words.

A few seconds later, he regained his composure and left quietly.

He wanted to get closer to Genevieve, but he was also wary of her.

Anthony wouldn't say he liked her to the point of infatuation, but his emotions were so easily swayed by her, and she put him at ease.

He certainly didn't love Genevieve, though he would hate to be dumped by her. That would be embarrassing.

It was like Genevieve had chosen to bait him today.

His pride would never allow him to demand an answer from her, and it was even less likely to let him pester her.

However, he felt inexplicably empty as soon as he left the hospital. It was like his chest had been hollowed out.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was on a call with Jasper. "Call the police? No, that's too much work. We'll proceed as planned."

She ended the call and turned around.

Monica assessed her with narrowed eyes. "That man from earlier likes you, right?"

Genevieve raised a brow and laughed. "He only likes himself."

Monica had seen enough in her lifetime to know better. "Genevieve, you'd do well to marry a kind, gullible fool. That man has far too many schemes to be anything but bad news."

Monica's advice resonated with Genevieve and enlightened her. She regarded Monica with newfound respect.

The elderly knew best, after all.

The moment Anthony got into his car, he sensed another presence.

"Who's there?" he asked sharply.

Andrea sobbed, and clumsily popped out from where she was hiding in the backseat.

She had wanted to approach Anthony the moment he woke up, so she asked for the spare keys to the car.

Fortunately, he did not switch cars.

"I'm sorry. I was chased out and had nowhere else to go. Even the patients threw my things out. Genevieve probably put them up to it. Hiding in here was my best option," Andrea said tearfully, trembling, "You're the only one who can help me now, Anthony."

She had lost to Genevieve twice since the day Genevieve dangled her from the window of a multi-story building in Atharia.

Andrea feared that if she did not get rid of Genevieve, the latter would only keep haunting her. This fear alone could kill Andrea.

s paze darkened.

Anthony did not start the car. His gaze The air in the car turned cold.

A few seconds of silence later, Anthony asked icily, "Andrea, your feud with Genevieve goes beyond this incident. Is there an old grudge between you both?"

His instincts told him that things were not as simple as they seemed.

While he thought Andrea deserved every bit of Genevieve's vengeance, Genevieve's methods were so extreme they bordered on obsessive. It was like she had a blood debt to settle with Andrea.

But as far as Anthony knew, Genevieve was not the single-minded and vengeful type.

Genevieve was patient and easygoing, so kind that she would even shelter strays from a rainy night.

'So why the enmity?' Anthony asked himself. He didn't have an answer. It was like the truth was out of his reach.

Andrea blanched at Anthony's words, her breath hitching. She panicked and began to tremble with fear.

"W-We were never close enough to have any grudges. Maybe she resents me for becoming the lady of the

Hoffman family. She was hostile toward Rosalie, too," Andrea said through her sobs, her voice shaking. "Please help me, Anthony..."

She couldn't tell him about the huge secret that was the cruise ship incident.

A grave look passed over Anthony's features.

He knew Andrea was lying, in which case, he saw no reason to help her.

He snorted nonchalantly. "And what can I do?"

Andrew grew hopeful. "Can you get rid of Genevieve?"

Anthony's gaze darkened as he tightened his grip on the steering wheel, the veins on the backs of his hands. throbbing.

Andrea pursed her lips and added cautiously, "Or maybe you could set her up to give us leverage against her? That would make her more obliging."

She had racked her brains to come up with this idea.

Knowing Anthony, he could pull off either task with ease.

The hard part was getting him to say yes.

However, Andrea sensed his displeasure when she mentioned the first plan, hence the alternative proposition.

She stared at Anthony anxiously, taking a deep breath. "This isn't a trap, Anthony. Don't you think she's taking advantage of Hoffman Group's crisis? She should pay for the company's losses! We can't just let her get away with this!"

Anthony was sullen. He suddenly realized that Genevieve was not the only one who had become a stranger to him; Andrea had her secrets as well.

Andrea had been there to take care of him after he woke up.

Even the ever-pernickety Quincey was pleased with her.

Anthony was also told that it was Andrea who had rescued him on the cruise ship. He supposed he could repay

her by marrying her like she wanted.

He didn't like Andrea, but he could tolerate her.

However, Anthony was beginning to realize just how little he knew about Andrea.

It was like there was something malicious and rotting underneath her compassionate facade.

Anthony took a deep breath and said coldly, "Get out of my car, Ms. Thomson."

Andrea froze, baffled by the abrupt shift in his mood. "Anthony..."

"Get out," he barked in disgust.

Andrea froze at Anthony's cold and uncompromising demeanor, surprised that he did not agree to help her.

She got out of the car dejectedly. After that, Anthony sped off.

He was just about to swerve out of the underground parking lot when he looked into his rearview mirror and saw a few figures clad in black creeping up behind Andrea.

One of them clamped his hand over Andrea's nose and mouth while another grabbed her legs. Together, they hauled her into a nondescript van parked to the side.

Anthony's expression darkened, but he did not stop the car. Instead, he drove out of the parking lot and stopped by the curb.

Soon, the silver van emerged from the parking lot.

Anthony called Daniel and followed the van.

Inside the silver van, one of the men noticed through the rearview mirror the black Bentley tailing them."

"Boss, Anthony's following us!" he said to the driver.

"Ms. Lawrence said he could if he wanted," the driver replied nonchalantly.

The men drove into the countryside and stopped outside of an abandoned factory.

The two men in the backseat hauled Andrea, who was knocked out, out of the car and into the factory.

Anthony frowned.

On his way here, he had wondered who might be behind this. 'Genevieve?' he considered.

om He couldn't understand why Genevieve would hire people to kidnap Andrea, especially since Andrea had no chance of a comeback after her scandal broke online.

His only conclusion was that something had happened between the two women.

Anthony got out of the car, looking grim.

"There will be no going back for Genevieve if Andrea gets hurt, he thought as he followed the men.

Chapter 216

Deathly silence greeted Anthony when he stepped into the factory.

He bristled when he sensed danger, but before he could turn around, he was ambushed from behind and struck on the head.

Anthony's vision went black.

Fractured images flurried through Anthony's mind while he was unconscious, as though trying to make up the full picture of the three years he had lost.

He saw fragments of the past and the people who had come and gone in his life.

He felt like he was being torn apart.

The ache in his heart spread through his body, and sadness overwhelmed him as his feelings for a certain woman grew convoluted.

He saw a depthless sea at night.

He saw the cold, flickering lights that were dwarfed by the fireworks overhead.

The person he was looking for had disappeared. The ring was still with him.

They told him that the person had fallen into the sea and died.

The dull roar of the ocean filled Anthony's ears. As he stood on the swaying deck and the salty sea breeze enveloped him, he went mad.

Just then, a huge wave crested and tipped the cruise ship.

Anthony wanted to be swept away by the waves and swallowed by the dark ocean.

At least then he could see her.

However, the moment the waters rose to claim him, he felt himself hauled upward.

Anthony regained consciousness and felt the dampness on his face.

He was in a quiet room, but he could hear loud bickering going on outside.

"What happened? How did he pass out in a car in the countryside?" Quincey demanded hysterically.
"Didn't he take his medicine? Where is it?"

"Mrs. Hoffman, the doctor said Mr. Hoffman shouldn't be taking unprescribed medication after suffering a head injury," said Daniel patiently.

"What? That medicine was imported! It's supposed to be good for Anthony!" Quincey yelled.

"All right, Mrs. Hoffman. I'll have Mr. Hoffman take the medicine after he comes to." Daniel comforted Quincey quietly, "You should go back. I can take care of things here, but I won't be able to come and go as I like, so be careful."

Daniel returned to the hospital room after seeing Quincey off and saw that Anthony was already awake.

"Mr. Hoffman," Daniel greeted in surprise, holding Anthony's medicine.

Anthony narrowed his eyes at the medicine Daniel was holding. "How long was I out?"

"About 48 hours, Mr. Hoffman. I tracked your coordinates and found you passed out in your car. I didn't call the police, as you requested. How are you feeling?" Daniel poured a glass of water and added, "I'll go get the doctor."

Anthony's gaze darkened. "Wait."

He closed his eyes and cleared his thoughts.

He had realized something when his memories overlapped, like why Genevieve had reappeared suddenly and grown to hate Andrea and Lauraine.

Anthony's heart tightened as a dull ache seized him. He looked pale. When he opened his eyes again, restrained emotions seemed to crest in his depthless gaze.

"Keep quiet about this. If anyone asks, just say I relapsed and passed out," Anthony ordered. "Also, did you find Andrea?"

Daniel paused, contemplating his response. "Yes, but..." He hesitated as a strange look crossed his features. "She's gone mad."

Anthony frowned and cut Daniel a look as sharp as his jawline.

Daniel took a deep breath and pulled up the footage he had gotten from the police. He explained in a raspy voice, "There were no surveillance cameras along that road, so we don't know how she got there in the first place. But, there was a functioning surveillance camera on the rooftop of this abandoned building and it managed to capture Andrea's strange behavior."

Anthony raised a brow. Strange behavior?"

He clicked into the footage.

In the footage, Andrea ran up to the rooftop, her steps clumsy and her face pale with horror.

She appeared to be alone but moved as if someone was pushing her.

She stood before a pile of ropes and crouched down nervously, then broke down in tears.

She turned around and began cursing incoherently, shouting in a hoarse voice, "You can make me pay for wanting to kill you, but don't forget Lauraine was the one who pushed you into the sea! Go after her if you dare!"

Anthony frowned.

The next second, he watched Andrea tie herself with the rope. She first bound her feet, then her wrists.

There was still plenty of rope left when she was done.

She howled desperately as she hopped to the edge of the rooftop.

There was nothing but dirt and rocks below.

The plunge was not as foreboding as it would be from a skyscraper.

Nonetheless, a fall from a standard five-story abandoned factory would still be shocking.

It was enough to cripple someone, if not kill them.

At that moment, Andrea cried and begged on her knees for mercy, bowing so low her forehead hit the ground.

But she was alone and appeared to be talking to herself.

A second later, it was as if someone had given Andrea a hard push. She screamed as she fell.

The rest of the rope was pulled taut..

Anthony never expected this.

Andrea was out of view, but her frantic screaming continued.

Anthony set the phone down grimly, his gaze cold.

Daniel explained, "She didn't hit the ground. The rope was too short and got caught in her arm. Dislocated arm aside, she went mad. She'd been left dangling for 12 hours before a hours passerby saw her and called the police. After that, her mind was a mess and she spoke only gibberish. A psychiatric evaluation determined that she was severely traumatized from being in a stressful situation for too long. She was later sent to a psychiatric hospital."

Anthony didn't care about what happened to Andrea, but the words she had screamed into thin air made his blood run cold. "You can make me pay for wanting to kill you, but don't forget Lauraine was the one who pushed you into the sea! Go after her if you dare!"

'whom was Andrea talking to?

"Was it Genevieve?" Anthony asked himself, then felt the answer coming to mind and truth slowly surfacing.

Anthony couldn't play dumb even if he wanted to. 'Andrea and Lauraine were behind Genevieve's disappearance on the cruise ship!' he concluded.

And Anthony had been the one who invited Genevieve to the cruise ship party.

In other words, he was complicit in her disappearance to some degree.

A sharp pain washed over Anthony like a merciless sea threatening to drown him, rending the air out of his lungs until he went numb.

He finally understood Genevieve's fierce and unrelenting vengeance.

It was out of her hatred for Andrea, Lauraine, and even Anthony.

That was why she hadn't even hesitated to cut each of them down.

Genevieve had watched Anthony struggle and suffer in doubt, letting him drown in confusion.

E She forced him to make the decisions that she predicted he would before she dealt him the final blow.

Genevieve dealt with Lauraine and Andrea swiftly, but she took her time hurting Anthony making little cuts here and there until he was left bleeding dry.

Anthony thought ruefully, 'Oh, Genevieve...'

Chapter 217

Anthony's green eyes were as deep as an abyss. He looked agonized and in pain.

Daniel looked at him and assumed he was not feeling well, so he immediately handed the medicine to Anthony. "Mr. Hoffman, here's the medicine."

Anthony's lips turned pale. He took the medicine and threw it to the ground.

Daniel was slightly stunned.

Anthony raised his eyes and said, "Don't you know that something is wrong with the medicine?"

Daniel was shocked, and his expression changed.

"What?" He paused and said, "Mrs. Hoffman provided this medicine."

This meant that Quincey was already aware that something was wrong. Anthony looked tense and cold.

He seemed to have changed, and his aura was stronger and colder.

Anthony had started suspecting it since some fragments of his memories would flash in his mind, but taking the medicine would cause him to be dizzy and seemingly in a drunken state.

No matter how hard he tried to recall the fragmented memories, it was useless.

Only then did he realize that it was this medicine that inhibited the recovery of his memory.

Daniel felt like he was holding a hot potato. "Mr. Hoffman, what should we do now?"

"Put the rest of the medicine away and get it examined in different countries in Epea. This shall be done secretly. No one can know about it." Anthony's voice was cold and sharp.

"Yes, sir," Daniel responded and unconsciously felt a chill.

Daniel felt some subtle changes in Anthony but was unsure what changed.

Anthony handed the phone back to him and asked coldly, "Was the video tampered with?"

Daniel shook his head. "The police have appraised it. There is no sign of interference."

However, that was precisely the weirdest part.

If no one was there, then who could Andrea be crying and talking to while kneeling?

Anthony lowered his gaze and said indifferently, "Good."

Genevieve acted more resolutely than he expected.

The police also suspected that Andrea had been kidnapped, especially since she was heavily criticized online by everyone.

But who would kidnap her?

Would it be the netizens who disliked her or that old woman who was still bedridden?

Without any evidence, the police could only suspect that Andrea planned this by herself to clear up her reputation but ended up reaping what she had sown.

Not long after Anthony woke up, he went directly to Hoffman Group to deal with things.

He spent a lot of money suppressing Quincey's involvement in the scandal of bullying Margaret. To stabilize the stocks, the Hoffman family lost a lot of money.

However, Anthony was neither angry nor panicked. He was calm and did not care about the money he lost.

Hoffman Group did not respond to the incident.

Silence was sometimes an acquiescence, and he had already paid the price.

Quincey had quietened down these days. The criticisms online were a big blow to her.

She feared that her past would be exposed, so she did not even attend noblewomen's parties.

Only when Anthony asked someone to

Gossip in the entertainment industry was endless.

The news about Quincey and Andrea went away by just putting news about a tax evader at the top.

It was a matter solved within a few days.

In the VIP ward of the hospital, Anthony saw Genevieve outside Lauraine's ward.

She stood at the door and watched Lauraine breathing weakly but tenaciously through the glass..

Genevieve looked calm, and her side profile still looked good-gentle, relaxed, and peaceful.

However, Anthony's heart skipped a beat.

He remembered what Andrea said in the video.

Anthony suddenly felt a chill and strode over to block Genevieve's view.

He looked at her and dared not reveal that he regained his memories. However, those memories were embedded deeply in him.

He lost her, bullied her, and killed her.

Anthony pursed his lips and could not say a word.

Genevieve took a step back and kept her distance from him. She raised her eyebrows and smiled faintly.
"Mr. Hoffman, do you still have a headache?"

She only said one sentence, but Anthony's expression changed immediately, and his pupils shrank fiercely. He even took a deep breath.

She asked if he still had headaches.

As he did not bleed and was found in a car, no one knew he had a head injury.

She knew because it was her men who hit him.

Genevieve did it on purpose.

Anthony's lips were slightly pale, and he felt some reluctance.

Genevieve meant it and showed no mercy.

"Genevieve, have I paid off what I owe you?" His voice was hoarse and cold, and he stared at her intently with his green eyes.

Genevieve stared at him.

A few seconds later, she smiled slightly and said indifferently, "Yeah, you paid it off."

It was not his fault that something happened on the cruise ship, but she still blamed him.

The stock of Hoffman Group was in turmoil. In just one day, its market value had plummeted by tens of billions of dollars.

As Anthony pursued Andrea recklessly, Genevieve told her men. "Beat him without holding back."

As such, both personal and professional dues were paid.

Anthony's eyes dimmed. He stepped forward and asked, "Can you spare Lauraine?"

Genevieve's eyes flickered to him.

Her smile gradually disappeared.

Anthony's eyes were gloomy, and his tone became sterner. "You have taken revenge on everyone, including my mother. I know that Lauraine had ve something to do with your accident on the cruise ship.

When she gets better, I'll make her apologize in person. But Genevieve, Lauraine is still in the ward and not out of danger. Can't you. give her a chance?"

"So you knew everything." Genevieve looked at him indifferently, then thought,

'He knew but still said these words. How ridiculous. She could not hold back her anger anymore and sneered, "You want me to spare Lauraine? Dream on!"

"Genevieve, what do you want?" Anthony's voice was deep.

Genevieve smiled and chuckled lowly.

She lifted her long hair beside her ears and looked at Anthony frankly with coldness in her eyes. Her emotions became unbridled. What do want? Pwant her to pay for it and suffer as I did. You want me to spare her? It was Andrea who ordered Johnson to assault me. She hung me from the window and tormented me, so I took my revenge on her. She deserved it!"

Genevieve continued, "And Lauraine is just as terrible. She can't get any benefit from me, so she butters up to someone else. Lauraine was the first to find me but your dear Lauraine didn't spare me even when I saved her life back then. She untied my rope and dropped me into the sea. Now, why should I spare her? I'm not dead because I was lucky enough. Someone else risked their lives to save me. Not Lauraine, so she doesn't deserve. my forgiveness!"

Chapter 218

Genevieve's voice was cold and gloomy. She looked at Anthony with coldness and resentment in her eyes.

Every word she said was like a sharp thorn piercing into his heart.

Anthony felt so suffocated that he could not even breathe.

He could not believe that Lauraine was the direct cause of Genevieve falling into the sea.

Anthony thought, 'How could she do such a thing? She untied Genevieve's rope, thinking it was to help her, but it ended up pushing her to hell. While everyone watched the fireworks on the cruise ship, only Genevieve faced death. She must've been scared.'

Anthony's expression changed. Suddenly, he could not even say a word.

Genevieve was right. She survived out of luck, and it was not a reason for her to forgive Lauraine.

Lauraine deserved to be punished.

"Sorry, I..." Anthony trailed off. He frowned, and his voice gradually lowered. He did not even know what to say.

Genevieve gave him a mocking look and said indifferently, "Is your apology worth anything? Don't apologize. I won't forgive her. Anthony, if it were you, you'd be dead already, so don't be so dumb as to tell me to let her off the hook. I dare to beat you; Lauraine is no exception."

Her hatred was unconcealable.

She had the right to take revenge, so she did not have to hide anything.

Now that he knew, he ought to know Genevieve would not be softhearted.

Genevieve gave him a cold look and turned to leave.

Suddenly, Anthony's deep voice said coldly, "So, are you also looking for a chance to take revenge on me?"

Anthony clearly remembered that during his amnesia, Genevieve's feelings for him were different from before.

They seemed to be close. There were moments of sweetness and congeniality, too.

He felt Genevieve was sincere, so he guessed she might have forgiven him. However, now, he was a little uncertain.

Genevieve chuckled. Her voice was soft but cold when she said, "I got close to you for all kinds of purposes other than sincerity. You're not that stupid to think I will pursue my ex-husband, are you? Anthony, I'm not that blind!" Her words were to mock his naivety.

She thought, 'Sincere? How is that even possible? I have always been thinking about how to retaliate. Why did Anthony look hurt? Did he fall for me so deeply? To the amnesiac Anthony, I was just a woman he had known for less than a month. How pretentious of him.'

Genevieve did not believe in Anthony's sincerity.

Anthony's chest gradually felt sore and stuffy, accompanied by a looming throbbing pain, like a huge stone pressing on his chest, heavy and bitter.

His eyes were gloomy and dull as he moved his lips to ask hoarsely, "If I hadn't lost my memory, would you have some sincerity for me?"

After all, her past feelings could not have been erased completely.

Her revenge on Anthony was for him during his amnesia.

Anthony still had some hope.

Genevieve's smile was like cool water skimming across the lake. "No, I won't," she replied...

She would not have any if it were toward Anthony, amnesia or not.

Genevieve's response made Anthony freeze instantly. A dull pain came from his chest as if someone squeezed it. He felt uncomfortable.

Genevieve had given up on him.

With that, Genevieve turned around and left.

Anthony stared at her back with a sharp and sullen gaze.

A while later, a frail and beautiful girl walked out from one of the wards next to Lauraine's.

She walked over, glanced at Anthony, and then at Genevieve, who had left decisively.

"Mr. Hoffman, do you want to pursue her?" she asked.

Anthony frowned and looked at her indifferently. "Who are you?" he asked.

The woman was briefly-stunned before smiling. "My name is Stella Leverich,"

she answered.

Anthony seemed to have heard of her name somewhere but did not remember it.

Stella felt slightly sad at his reaction but said calmly, "I donated bone marrow to Ms. Hoffman. My father is Benjamin Campbell,"

From that sentence, Anthony instantly remembered.

Several years ago, when the Campbell family's scandal was spread around, Anthony heard Aiden mention that Benjamin had an illegitimate daughter named Stella, whom he wanted to raise at home.

However, Scarlett disagreed and threatened him by using her own life, hence forcing this illegitimate daughter out of the country as if she had never existed. Stella's identity was never recognized, and no one asked about her mother.

Several years had passed, and only a few deep-rooted families knew about these scandals. Meanwhile, the public only saw a harmonious Campbell family.

It turned out that Stella was the one Andrea found to donate bone marrow.

Anthony frowned and said emotionlessly, "I won't interfere in the affairs of the Campbell family."

Stella smiled and said, "I know, but Ms. Andrea Thomson, your fiancée, once promised me a condition. I wonder if you will fulfill it?"

Anthony did not know what terms Andrea had promised.

If it were someone else, giving them money would be the easiest way. However, Stella obviously had ulterior

motives.

"What did she promise?" Anthony asked.

"I want to enter the entertainment industry, become the most popular star, and get a role in Benjamin's production," Stella said straightforwardly.

It was not a difficult thing to achieve.

Anthony barely hesitated before saying. "Okay."

It was not a big deal to promote a female celebrity.

He only had to give the order, and his employees would do it for him.

Stella smiled and was very happy.

She said, "Great! Mr. Hoffman, as thanks and for Spy own sake, here's some advice. If you want your ex-wife back, you can't depend on only yourself. You need to give her some push."

Anthony glanced at her coldly and turned to leave.

Behind him, Stella smiled.

At Hoffman Group, when Anthony returned to his office, Daniel knocked on the door and entered with a solemn face.

"Mr. Hoffman, we have made progress with the medicine," Daniel said, taking out the test reports from different nations' laboratories. He continued, "Several labs with which Hoffman Group works gave the same results as 'home' said. They said that it was good for brain recovery and that amnesia was normal. However, the others. that I consulted anonymously reported that adding a memory-impairing drug to the process of repairing brain damage caused the development of addiction."

Two similar versions turned out to have completely different meanings.

Anthony's face instantly darkened, and his aura became cold.

He pondered, 'There's no doubt now. Whose idea was it? Mom? Or was it Dad?'

However, if Quincey did it, it would not do her any good. Quincey was dependent on Anthony.

Therefore, he concluded that it was Presley.

While he was in a coma, Presley took advantage of the opportunity to bribe many people and insert his men into the company.

He was afraid that Anthony would be a loser and also feared that Anthony was better than him.

Chapter 219

Anthony was prepared, so the answer was not surprising.

He paused shortly and then looked at Daniel indifferently. "Okay. There is no need to investigate this matter again. Let's stop here. Oh, and get someone to support the woman, who donated bone marrow, to become a famous star."

Daniel was stunned, then realized that this might be the terms Stella negotiated with Anthony.

He nodded and left the office.

At the Hoffman residence, Quincey vented her anger at the servants.

After she got caught up in public opinion, fewer people visited her.

Meanwhile, Presley had not stopped hooking up with his mistress outside. He seemed to be bewitched and bought a house for the woman to stay in.

Quincey was very angry, but she could only take it out on the servants.

While she was scolding them, the butler, James Dalton, rushed in and informed her, "Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Hoffman is back."

Quincey's expression changed, and she greeted him while smiling, "You are finally back. I'm so bored alone at home."

Presley looked at Quincey's aged-past-forty's face. Although she took care of herself, there were traces of aging.

He was fascinated by her gentleness and consideration back then, and her traits were why he let her keep her position. She never asked about any other matters, which was to his liking.

"If you're bored, go abroad for vacation. Don't suffocate yourself," he said.

'Won't other women pounce on you as soon as I left? I'm not dumb. Quincey cursed internally and said, "I'm worried about Anthony. He hasn't recovered yet!"

Presley handed over the box he was carrying. "This is the medicine sent by the laboratory. Give it to him and remind him to eat the medicine on time so he can recover quickly."

Quincey smiled and accepted it. "Don't worry. I call Daniel every day to watch over Anthony. He wouldn't dare to disobey."

Presley nodded in satisfaction and went upstairs.

He instructed, "The Thomson family will come for dinner later. Tell the servants to prepare and ask Anthony to come home too."

Quincey's expression froze.

"The Thomson family is coming over.

'Presley only came back for a social occasion...

"Then again, this makes sense. He wouldn't socialize with his in-laws at a mistress' place,' Quincey thought while gritting her teeth and forcing a smile on her face. "Okay."

When Anthony reached home, the Thomson family had already arrived with many gifts.

They all knew what trouble Andrea had caused.

This would-be in-laws of Hoffman Group were scared to be turned away by the Hoffman family.

Thanks to the Hoffman family, Kyler survived bankruptcy.

Kyler chatted with Presley happily.

Abigail looked at Quincey eagerly and flattered, "Mrs. Hoffman, Andrea is a good girl, and you'd know that. She caused trouble this time but not intentionally, and she has been punished. Why don't we take her back from the hospital?"

After all, Andrea was living in a psychiatric patient's hospital.

Quincey smiled sarcastically and said, "Mrs. Thomson, Andrea's current condition is unfit for discharge. You should listen to the doctor."

Abigail looked troubled. "But Andrea is still the daughter-in-law of the Hoffman family after all. If word that she lives in the hospital got out, it won't be good for the Hoffman family's reputation."

Quincey smiled meaningfully. "Yes, having a psychiatric patient as the daughter-in-law of the Hoffman family is bad, so I think we should cancel this marriage."

Abigail's face changed instantly. "No! Mrs. Hoffman, Andrea saved Anthony's life. How can you break it off please?"

Quincey could not help but sneer, "Yes, she indeed saved him, but the Thomson family also obtained many benefits from the Hoffman family. Mrs. Thomson, when did you buy such an expensive bag?"

as you Abigail's expression changed visibly, looking exceptionally unpleasant. "That's not right, Mrs. Hoffman. You're a typical opportunist who blamed Andrea when trouble comes. I have investigated and found that the old lady is related to Genevieve. You are all afraid of her!"

Quincey suppressed her anger and said, "Anyone is better than a psychiatric patient. You can't deal with Genevieve, so you want us to do it? Nothing is free in this world. Since Andrea is incompetent, don't blame us for being ruthless."

She was straightforward enough and made it clear she would not let Anthony marry a psychiatric patient.

Besides, there were many other socialites to choose from.

The atmosphere between the women turned cold and tense.

However, Presley's side was harmonious.

As soon as Anthony entered, Abigail stood up eagerly and walked over, grabbing his arm. "Anthony, Andrea saved you. You can't be too cruel to her!"

Anthony's face darkened slightly. He might still have thought that Andrea had saved him if he had not recovered his memory.

However, Genevieve was taking revenge because Andrea was involved in the cruise ship incident.

He felt a coldness washing over his heart.

away.

Anthony pushed hand and frowned slightly.

Quincey came over. "Anthony, you're back on time. I told her about canceling the engagement. Just give her some more money as compensation."

It was natural to break off the engagement.

Before Anthony nodded, Presley interjected, "What cancellation? If we break it off while the Thomson family is like this, we will get criticized for being ungrateful."

Quincey's face turned pale with shock.

She looked incredulous. "Andrea is now a psychiatric patient. Do you want Anthony to marry a psychiatric patient?"

Presley got up, walked over to them, and patted Anthony's shoulder. "Men should take responsibility. We can't abandon a woman just because she is in trouble. Andrea is meek and sensible.

Anthony pressed his lips into a straight line and glanced at Presley. "All right."

Coldness swept over his heart, but he was more curious about Presley's purpose.

Presley nodded in satisfaction.

Quincey's face turned pale with anger. "Why should Anthony, with such excellent qualifications, marry a psychiatric patient when he could easily get any woman?" Kyler and Abigail were relieved to hear Presley's words.

Abigail immediately stepped forward. "Andrea will recover. The doctors said that she was just overstimulated. She's not a psychiatric patient!"

Quincey was dissatisfied with Andrea for a long time because she was implicated.

However, Presley objected to canceling the engagement.

Quincey gritted her teeth in anger and pushed Abigail away. "Why should my son marry a psychiatric patient? I oppose. Don't even think about it. Stop dreaming!" Quincey yelled nonstop, "I don't and will never agree!"

With Andrea around, she would never be free from that scandal.

When Presley saw this, his face darkened. He ordered Anthony directly, "Your mother is sick. Take her upstairs to rest!"

Anthony nodded and helped Quincey upstairs.

Quincey cursed and went upstairs, feeling annoyed. "Anthony, I'll find a richer young lady for you.

She told Anthony. "Anthony, I'll find a richer young lady for you. There is no need to marry a psycho. Your father must be crazy."

Anthony's eyes flickered when he saw several medicine boxes next to the couch she sat on. "Is this for me again?"

Chapter 220

Distracted, Quincey nodded. "I almost forgot about it. Your dad brought it over. Remember to bring it home with you."

"Where did Dad get it?" Anthony asked.

"He hired an overseas specialist. It's quite useful. After all, you are awake. It's clear your dad still loves you," Quincey replied.

Bitterness filled Quincey's heart. Unfortunately for her, Presley's attitude toward her wasn't as pleasant as it used to be.

Anthony nodded, falling silent momentarily. "There's no hurry to cancel the engagement."

"How can you not be in a hurry?" Quincey questioned.

"Mom, who will be the woman that Dad will agree for me to marry?" Anthony probed.

Presley would consider whether the woman's background would be in the best interest of the Hoffman Group while being on par with the Hoffman family. Most importantly, she needed to be someone who could reverse Hoffman Group's recent sharp decline in reputation.

Anthony said slowly, "Genevieve is the best candidate."

Quincey was shocked, almost jumping up from her seat. "No, absolutely not!"

She was unable to control Genevieve. Hence, she couldn't agree to this suggestion.

Anthony stopped talking and looked at her calmly. "Have a good rest."

He understood that everyone had their motives.

When Anthony went downstairs, the Thomson family had already left.

Presley sat there, waiting for him. He wanted to have a chat with his son.

So, when Anthony arrived, Presley said, "There's something you need to know. Louis is back."

Anthony froze, lifting his head abruptly.

Meanwhile, Genevieve watched TV with Monica at the hospital, occasionally drifting off. Monica noticed her distraction. With a smile, she told Genevieve to attend to her own affairs.

Genevieve felt sorry for Monica. If she hadn't gone out to answer the phone, no one would have dared to bully Monica.

Hence, she had taken care of Monica obsequiously at the hospital recently.

Monica sighed. "I'm bored out of my mind, staying in the hospital for so long. I haven't seen my sisters from the village for a long time. Tell your dad that I need to go back to the village."

Genevieve frowned. "Grandaunt Monica, why are you in such a hurry to go back? The conditions back in the village will not be as good as they are here. You should wait until you recover before deciding!"

"Nobody knows I'm living in such a good hospital. When I get better, no one will believe me. I have to now and tell them about this!" The more Monica talked, the more excited she became. She picked up the phone, wanting to call Darrell and Samantha and get them to send someone to bring her home.

go back Darrell and Samantha rushed over in a hurry. They tried to persuade Monica otherwise, to no avail.

In the end, they agreed to let Monica go home after a month. At least she had to wait until the doctor gave her the green light before she could leave.

Monica had no choice but to agree with them. But she refused to stay in the hospital anymore, so Darrell immediately took her home without objections. After all, it was no big deal for him to reschedule his matters.

When Genevieve took time to go to Lauraine's ward on the first floor again, she noticed an increase in bodyguards.

The woman wondered, 'Is she trying to deter me? I'm not stupid. Others will have leverage over me if I do anything to her here.'

Genevieve just wanted to see how Lauraine was recovering.

Work piled up at the company because Jeffrey wasn't around.

Genevieve went to the office and took care of things without stopping.

According to Eric from the project department, they could kick start the Turing Tech Innovations project already.

Jacinta had already made preparations.

Genevieve didn't tarry and assigned someone to keep an eye on the project.

In the evening, the video conference of the Turing Tech Innovations project began with all participants present. They were Jacinta, Genevieve, Anthony and the project leaders from the three companies.

The importance of this project to everyone involved was evident. The initial plans for the project were kept confidential, with only the three of them aware of the details.

The video conference lasted until 9 p.m., and the tension reached its breaking point.

Anthony was businesslike from beginning to end, and even Jacinta felt more confident.

Soon, the conference was over.

Genevieve got the driver to send her back to the penthouse on that chilly night.

She was exhausted. The butler of the community welcomed her in and pressed the elevator button for her.

Genevieve nodded in gratitude before leaning against the elevator.

The light shrouded her warmly as soon as the elevator arrived.

She lowered her head and casually entered the password.

The man hugged her from behind. There was a chill to his body.

The warm cedar fragrance enveloped her, saturating her senses. Instantly, she knew exactly who this man was.

Genevieve froze as she quickly regained her senses.

Her penthouse door opened at the same time.

She was about to turn around and push the man away when the man pushed her in domineeringly and closed

the door.

His figure stood tall over her as a tremendous sense of pressure washed over her.

Genevieve's voice was cold and distant. "Anthony, are you crazy?"

It seemed like she was going to grab the vase beside her and smash it on his head.

She looked at Anthony indifferently.

Anthony didn't move. He just hugged her waist tightly and pulled her closer.

The man finally gave in to his wish to see her after holding it in for many days. "Genevieve, why don't you continue to use me? You can do whatever you want."

The amnesiac Anthony was far more rational, dominant, and prideful than the Anthony of the past.

But now, his memory had returned.

The deep affection that was hidden in him had now controlled his life once again. He couldn't help but miss her, want to see her, and get close to her.

Seeing Genevieve through the video did nothing to help with his condition.

He came over straight after leaving the company, not having anywhere else to go.

If Anthony didn't come, Genevieve wouldn't come to him either. By then, both of them would be officially over.

Genevieve pushed him away with a frosty expression. "Why should I use you?"

Leave before I get angry."

Anthony paused and gazed at her with deep eyes. "Gen, my memories have returned."

Genevieve was shocked. She looked at him without speaking.

She suddenly recalled that the two of them parted unhappily before Lauraine's ward. Genevieve had vaguely sensed something was wrong with Anthony since then.

Anthony put his forehead on hers and said huskily, "I remembered everything, Gen. Give me another chance, okay?", Genevieve felt an indescribable pain in her chest that made her uncomfortable.

She seemed to have never noticed that in the past, Anthony would call her "Gen,"

and the amnesiac Anthony would only call her "Genevieve."

Genevieve pushed him away and smiled brightly. "Anthony, it's none of my business whether your memories returned or not. What happened in the past can't be forgotten!"

There was no relationship between them now.

"Is it because of Louis?" Anthony's voice was deep and frosty.

Genevieve fixed her gaze on him.

Anthony pursed his lips. "Louis is back. Or, to put it another way, Austin is back."

He looked pained and conflicted as if he had fallen from a great height, losing his cool.

Presley told him that Louis was Austin, shocking Anthony..