

Submitting 291

Chapter 291

Genevieve clenched her jaw and gave the awkward hug the boot.

Anthony felt bad.

She hated him so much!

He gritted his teeth, and his eyes darkened with a gloomy, pitch-black hue.

He grasped her hand firmly, and he smiled paranoidly, "Remember this, for when you're old, my deeds for you will be the only things you recall."

Those injuries would be gradually replaced.

Genevieve was so mad that she ended up laughing instead, "When I get old, I won't remember you!"

Anthony smiled and said, "You will."

Daniel saw that the atmosphere between them had finally eased. Then he asked, "Ms. Lawrence, where do you live now?"

Genevieve said the name of the penthouse.

Daniel asked the driver to take them there.

With little thought, Genevieve could afford a dwelling here.

Anthony secretly remembered the name.

He was planning to buy one nearby to take care of her.

The car quickly pulled up to the gate of the penthouse.

Genevieve hadn't gotten off yet.

Anthony saw a not-so-low-key extended Lincoln parked at the door.

Lucas was leaning against it.

Anthony's eyes instantly became indifferent.

He lowered the window, and the two men's eyes met.

Lucas nodded slightly and said, "Mr. Hoffman."

"What are you doing here?"

Anthony was so disgusted with this man.

Lucas saw Genevieve sitting on the other side through him and smiled, "I'm here to pick up Ms. Lawrence."

Lucas's tone was calm, but his words hit Anthony like a ton of bricks.

He slammed the window and said flatly, "Let's go."

Genevieve was poised to open the door and step out of the car when it restarted.

She was momentarily stunned, exclaiming, "What are you doing? I haven't even gotten off yet!"

Anthony had been steaming mad all night long! "Pick you up? Are you two living together?" asked him.

Genevieve quickly blinked, looking a bit sketchy, but she shook it off and said, "Yeah, I'm crashing at Professor Simpson's house."

Anthony stared at her furiously. 'I'm so pissed off! She's single now and free to live with whoever she chooses. It's not my place to meddle.' But at this thought, Anthony felt he could go crazy! He wished he had an AK in his hand, which made Lucas unhappy!

"Anthony!" Genevieve was getting a little antsy.

Anthony briefly shut his eyes and reopened them, a trace of helplessness lingering, "I'm starved. Shall we grab a midnight snack?"

He changed the subject and stalled for time.

How could he send her to another man's house?

"No way!" he thought.

Genevieve was on the verge of saying no, but when she saw his tired face, she bit her tongue.

Each matter should be considered separately, and her resentment toward a specific issue was extremely definite and unambiguous.

But she knew Anthony had come for her, so she couldn't refuse him.

If Anthony could find Jeffrey, she would make good use of it!

Genevieve kept a poker face and said, "After eating just now, I'm not feeling the munchies. What's your snack craving?"

"What about you?" Anthony's voice slowed down.

Genevieve paused, "You're paying, or I'm paying?"

Anthony frowned and said, "My treat?"

"I want to go to that Michelin Haute Cuisine Restaurant opened by the royal chef for the royal family in Yowhayton."

She had been here so long that she was not particular about food and drink.

Genevieve didn't want to waste time on any other food if Anthony treated her and she accompanied him.

She'd go for something delicious.

The chef, Jaiden, at that restaurant, was the royal chef of Yowhayton, and reservations were booked up at least a year in advance.

Anthony glanced at her with a complicated expression.

It wasn't very respectful to ask for the chef at the last minute.

He had meant to say something different, but impulsively, he said, "How about your treat?"

Genevieve immediately said, "Then I'm not hungry."

Anthony appeared slightly helpless, realizing he had become the butt of the joke.

She didn't even want to buy a meal for him!

Anthony looked at Daniel and said, "Arrange it."

Daniel felt he had a big headache but still bit the bullet and made the call.

Fortunately, Jaiden hadn't slept yet. He knew Anthony before and was willing to do the meal for him.

Otherwise, Anthony would punish Daniel if he couldn't eat the meal.

Genevieve was deliberately making things difficult on purpose.

She didn't expect that Anthony could do what he said.

Now, it was too late to regret it, so Genevieve had to go for the meal with Anthony.

The restaurant was closed, but it was open again for them.

They sat by the roadside, taking in the fresh air.

The damp ground still reflected a shallow and delicate pattern of light.

In a light brown cashmere coat, Genevieve exuded elegance and coolness as she sipped coffee and watched wild cats feast on breadcrumbs by the roadside. Anthony sat opposite her, looking at her facial features with deep attachment.

Many people passed by. Some were couples embracing each other and walking sweetly, while others were groups of men and women dressed in a rock and roll style, heading towards a nightclub.

Anthony sipped coffee and chatted casually, "How long have you known that man?"

Genevieve was interrupted and frowned slightly, "Which man, are you mean your brother?"

"Bill Simpson? Bill always introduced me as his brother, which made me crazy!"

Anthony thought.

Anthony didn't know what to say and corrected her immediately.

"He is not my brother. He is my elder, Mr. Simpson!"

When Bill introduced Anthony as his brother, Anthony would add a "Mr. Simpson,"

being afraid that others would misunderstand that they were peers.

The main reason was that Bill didn't want Genevieve to think he was old!

Genevieve answered casually, "Just a few days ago, we met by chance."

Anthony was slightly relieved.

She wasn't acquainted with any members of the Simpson family, especially Lucas.

Anthony murmured, "Already living in his house after just knowing him a few days? Do you realize treacherous people can be? You're too gullible. You might even help him count the money if he sold you."

Genevieve's good mood was ruined.

Anthony thought, 'Does he have a habit of lecturing people?'

"We're not close enough for a lecturing. If you want to do so, find someone else, please." She retorted directly.

Her indignant look made Anthony's face darken with anger.

"Are you crashing on Lucas? Fall in love with him?" He spoke in a casual, dismissive manner.

Genevieve was silently seething and mentally bashing Anthony a thousand times over. She thought, 'Is Vriessy his mind filled with messy romantic relationships? I have said countless times that Lucas and I are just ordinary friends, but he continues speculating! Fine, then let him give me up completely.'

"Yes, I have a crush on him!" She smiled and enumerated Lucas's virtues, "Professor Simpson is erudite and highly skilled, holding a post-doctoral degree. He's handsome and affluent, exuding elegance, gentleness, and soft-spoken demeanor. Most importantly, he's irresistibly charming and handsome, exactly the type I admire."

"That's enough."

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Anthony interrupted her with a scowl, saying, "Don't you have a thing for gigolos? Louis pretended to be one to get close to you, and you know how he ended up treating you. And that fitness streamer... why are you so attracted to this type?"

Anthony was so angry that he asked her what he thought, When she married him, she was delighted with his appearance.

Anthony exuded a calm yet stern demeanor, with sharp and sleek facial features that radiated toughness and confidence. His natural presence commanded an impressive aura, making him stand out.

He remembered how infatuated Genevieve had been with his face before the divorce!

Once they had finished, she would steal kisses on his cheek every evening and whisper, "You're so handsome. How did I get such a good-looking husband? You're truly a tough guy..."

At that time, he only thought she was a little anthomaniac and annoyed. He tried his best to ignore her.

But now that he thought about it, it was all her true thoughts.

Why did she change her taste?

Did she like the delicate men?

Erudite?

Wasn't it enough for men to make money?

What was the use of talent?

Could one's talent alone sustain one's livelihood?

Could one's talent pay for diamonds and bling?

He couldn't fake it like those slick, prim-and-proper dudes.

Hearing this, Genevieve was so angry.

But she didn't want to be at a disadvantage.

She feigned calmness and raised her eyebrows, saying, "What's the matter with gigolos? They're actually listening to me! You're tough, but you're tough on everyone else as well. When I was younger, I didn't appreciate gigolos, but now I cherish them. I have so many regrets!"

Fuming. Anthony scoffed, "You seriously need to get your eyes checked!" And then he added with sarcasm, "You're good at toying with men's hearts!"

After a few words, they began to feel unhappy.

They were sitting on either side, not saying a word.

It was a romantic street, night, and scene.

But they looked awkward.

Soon, Daniel exited the room and broke their embarrassment, "Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Hoffman, it's time for dinner."

Genevieve stood up and went in without looking back.

Anthony followed her with a gloomy face.

Daniel showed up with a huge bouquet of pink roses, looking like they flew in straight from heaven-delicate, gorgeous, and smelling just right.

Genevieve was stunned when she saw them.

Daniel smiled warmly and presented the roses to Genevieve, saying, "Here's a surprise specially arranged by Mr. Hoffman just for you. From picking to delivery, it took less than an hour-because you deserve only the finest."

Genevieve's face softened, her lips curling into a grin. She thought, "What girl doesn't love receiving flowers? They're always a delightful surprise. Even though Anthony has a bad mouth, he has some redeeming qualities."

Genevieve even regretted being a little bit too mean just now.

But Anthony walked over from the bathroom before she could reflect on herself.

He frowned at the bouquet in Genevieve's arms, "Did the restaurant send flowers?"

After he said so, Genevieve and Daniel were stiff.

Genevieve's face darkened. She wanted to throw the bouquet directly at Anthony and tell him what "quality"

was.

And Daniel didn't expect Anthony to say such words.

Although he was emotionally intelligent, he didn't know how to fix it.

Daniel smiled and tried to smooth things over, "Mr. Hoffman, how could you forget? Did you tell me to prepare them, especially for Ms. Lawrence?"

Anthony paused, suddenly recalling such a matter.

But it was Daniel's suggestion and he agreed.

Before he could admit it, Genevieve threw the flowers into a nearby seat.

With a faint smile, she said, "Let's eat quickly and be done with it!"

She hadn't been in a good mood tonight.

Probably because she saw Anthony!

To extend her lifespan by another ten years or more, she needed to distance herself from Anthony and maintain a cheerful disposition.

Anthony glanced at the bouquet of flowers.

His face darkened slightly.

twas He thought she didn't like the flowers, so she threw them away when she heard it was from him.

He felt a little depressed.

There was still a slight tingling pain.

He hated Lucas even more.

Jaiden from the Yowhayton was confident in his cooking skills.

However, it was he who was called out of bed in the middle of the night and flew on a private jet to serve two people.

But he's happy to be seen.

So he finished cooking and happily came out to talk with them.

"Are you satisfied with your midnight supper today? Given the late hour, they weren't overly greasy, a beautiful woman was present after all."

Anthony nodded and said, "Great."

Although he had no appetite at the moment to taste these expensive dishes.

Jaiden, unhappy with his comments, shrugged and looked at Genevieve.

Genevieve wiped her mouth with a napkin and exclaimed sweetly, "This is truly amazing! The flavors are m perfectly balanced, and the fruit and NO vegetable dish is the most delightful blend of sour and sweet I've ever tasted. Thank you so much for preparing such a delicious meal. I apologize for Anthony's late-night imposition

on you."

Jaiden was so touched by what she said that he enthusiastically walked over and took her hand kissing the back of her hand. "Beautiful lady, it's my greatest honor to serve you tonight!"

Anthony's face darkened. He frowned and breathed deeply, 'Isn't this the meal she wanted? How come I'm the one taking the fall?'

Daniel pretended not to hear it. He thought, 'You deserve it!'

Daniel handed over the check when Jaiden left and arranged for someone to escort him away.

The meal ended at two o'clock in the evening.

Genevieve was so sleepy that she could barely keep her eyes from closing.

But Anthony was still eating leisurely as if he had been hungry for a long time.

Finally, in the car, Genevieve leaned back and fell asleep.

Anthony smiled with satisfaction.

He had his own property here, naturally bringing Genevieve to the villa he had prepared.

The security and environment here were top-level. Besides, he arranged for many people to protect him, so he didn't worry about safety.

As he carried the slumbering Genevieve to his room, he knelt, removed her heels gently, and covered her with a quilt, cautious not to disturb her sleep.

Everyone in the villa unconsciously softened their footsteps and movements.

Seeing this, Daniel felt a little sad.

He told himself, 'Has Anthony ever cherished any woman like what he does to Genevieve?

'They were a perfect match. How did they end up like this?'

Anthony knelt beside the bed, gazing into her delicate eyes. The affection and attachment in his gaze finally spilled out, unshackled from any euphemism or restraint.

He instinctively brushed his hand across her cheek, gently feeling her skin's warmth.

He crept up to her and couldn't resist the urge to plant a kiss on her.

Suddenly, she whispered, "Scram..."

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Anthony froze.

He took a closer look.

Genevieve didn't wake up, just a whisper, "Piss off! Damn it, Anthony..."

Anthony's eyes darkened instantly.

She was still cursing him in her sleep!

On second thought, cursing was a form of love. She still held him dear in her heart.

Anthony's face softened a little, and despite his lingering displeasure, he leaned in for a kiss.

He only dared to give her a fleeting kiss, afraid she might scold him if she woke up.

He was satisfied.

Anthony quietly closed the door and went out.

Daniel was waiting outside with the papers and other materials he needed to deal with.

With a mix of emotions, he urged, "Mr. Hoffman, if you truly desire to reconcile with Ms. Lawrence, then give it your all. Do not be too cursory in your efforts."

Anthony frowned slightly and retorted with dissatisfaction, "Am I not giving her enough attention? I'm eager to reveal my sincerity to her! It's those around her who are causing rifts between us, preventing her from fully forgiving me!"

'What's with the people around her?' Daniel pondered, unable to contain his thoughts, "Well, you should humble yourself. The key to wooing a girl is to 'beg'! Didn't you notice how pale Ms. Lawrence looked at night? Why did you still argue with her?"

Anthony's face darkened, "I'm being reasonable, not quarreling."

'Forget it. I have nothing more to say!' He thought.

Daniel handed over the prepared documents and explained, "Here's all the information regarding Lucas. Both Lucas and Robbin are not Bill's biological children. Lucas is an orphan raised by Bill since childhood, as he was the son of an old friend. As for Robbin, Carrie brought her into the Simpson family from a welfare home when she was five. Although Bill initially didn't want her, Carrie insisted on keeping her.""

Anthony perused the document and furrowed his brow, puzzled. "Neither of them is from the Simpson family. Why? Is it not possible for Bill to have children?"

Daniel paused and said, "The relationship between Bill and Carrie is bizarre. They don't seem to have a good relationship, but Bill still trusts her and will directly leave some important matters to her. However, the Simpson family is now vaguely divided into two groups. One group supports Lucas, and the other group supports Carrie. The two groups are almost incompatible."

Anthony squinted, and a fierce gleam popped in his eyes.

He thought, 'Such a family background is really strange.'

After watching Daniel finish speaking, he felt the urge to say something but hesitated.

Anthony frowned and urged, "Just say it."

Daniel pursed his lips thoughtfully and said, "I've picked up some rumors through the grapevine, but they may not be entirely accurate. It seems Bill once lost a child and hasn't found her yet. He searched for her for years but encountered people who exploited his desperation to create trouble, so he ultimately gave up the search."

Anthony raised his eyes and said, "Where did you hear that?"

"There's a gentleman named Wayne Snyder, the CEO of the Snyder Group, who maintains a cordial relationship with Bill. This time, during dinner, I sent him a welcome gift for you. And as he was slightly tipsy, he let the secret slip."

After saying that, Daniel looked at Anthony and kept silent.

"I got it, and you can go out," Anthony said faintly.

The night was not peaceful.

He went back to take a shower and let the smell on his body disappear completely before he felt clean.

Anthony woke up, freshened up, and headed downstairs.

Without glancing at Genevieve, he pondered, 'Would she have left in a huff?'

Anthony was in a strange mood.

"Where is Ms. Lawrence?"

The servant paused and pointed to Genevieve's room, indicating that she was still resting in it.

Anthony's face softened slightly as he glanced at the time and realized it wasn't even nine o'clock. He surmised, 'She must have been exhausted last night. It's alright.'

Anthony went downstairs briskly.

Daniel came in from the outside when he sat down and said, "Mr. Hoffman, the Simpson family has sent people over, including Robbin. They brought quite a few gifts."

"Ask her to scram!"

Anthony felt physical disgust and nausea when he heard Robbin's name.

Daniel paused and nodded.

This arrogant Ms. Simpson had run into a brick wall.

He thought, 'How crazy she is, she had messed with Anthony!'

Daniel went out to the door.

Looking at Robbin, who was stopped outside, he said indifferently, "Ms. Simpson, please go back. Mr. Hoffman is not available to see you."

Robbin's face turned pale.

Taking into account Carrie's words, she would not oppose Bill.

If she couldn't secure Anthony's forgiveness, she would leave the Simpson family!

She pursed her lips and appeared both flattering and aggrieved, saying, "I sincerely apologize, Whatever demands Mr. Hoffman makes, I'm willing to comply. Please, Mr. Simmons, help me. If Mr. Hoffman just sees me, he'll surely forgive me."

Daniel had seen all kinds of people as Anthony's secretary.

He felt that, as Bill's daughter, regardless of whether she was his biological child, she ought to possess a certain degree of dignity and pride. Such humiliation and some unimportant tricks were truly degraded.

"Ms. Simpson, there's no need to go through the trouble. What you've done has angered Mr. Hoffman greatly, and he doesn't even want to see you!"

Robbin's eyes darkened slightly, revealing a hint of anger.

Daniel was just an assistant. Why should he talk to her like that?

She took a deep breath and forced a smile, "Doesn't Mr. Hoffman like women?"

She pondered, 'Last night, despite my efforts, he remained unaroused. Perhaps he's not attracted to women? If Genevieve, who married such a wealthy and powerful man, was willing to divorce him, and he..."

Daniel raised his eyes with a distant Hoffman look, "Mr. He like m self-righteous women."

That was enough to be rude.

Robbin's face also darkened.

She stared at Daniel and said, "Who the hell are you? How dare you talk to me like that?"

Daniel looked at her calmly.

Robbin was just about to say something.

He saw a woman running out of the room, and then Anthony ran after her.

The two people were pulling and tugging at the door.

Genevieve wanted to leave while Anthony tried to stop her, and the situation was quite intense.

Robbin's expression changed slightly, "Why is Genevieve here?"

"Even an ex should have a sense of proportion. Besides, Genevieve is close to Luoas. Why does she spend the night here?' She thought.

Daniel smiled, "Of course, Ms. Lawrence can be here."

What Daniel implied was, "How could you compare to Ms. Lawrence?"

Daniel successfully counterattacked!

Unexpectedly, Robbin passed Daniel and waved directly to Genevieve, "Genevieve," she shouted.

It was hard for Genevieve not to hear.

Anthony's face darkened when he saw Robbin. He even glared at Daniel indifferently.

Daniel was wronged, but he didn't expect Robbin to be so shameless. Genevieve woke up to find herself sleeping in a strange place.

She suddenly recalled what had happened last night and felt that something was wrong.

She ran out and looked at it.

Even if Anthony did not take her back to the penthouse, he could find hotel or contact h

her assistant.

But when she went downstairs, she saw Anthony.

This made her feel extremely bad!

Chapter 294

Anthony froze. He took a closer look. Genevieve didn't wake up, just a whisper, "Piss off! Damn it, Anthony..." Anthony's eyes darkened instantly. She was still cursing him in her sleep! On second thought, cursing was a form of love. She still held him dear in her heart. Anthony's face softened a little, and despite his lingering displeasure, he leaned in for a kiss. He only dared to give her a fleeting kiss, afraid she might scold him if she woke up. He was satisfied. Anthony quietly closed the door and went out. Daniel was waiting outside with the papers and other materials he needed to deal with. With a mix of emotions, he urged, "Mr. Hoffman, if you truly desire to reconcile with Ms. Lawrence, then give it your all. Do not be too cursory in your efforts." Anthony frowned slightly and retorted with dissatisfaction, "Am I not giving her enough attention? I'm eager to reveal my sincerity to her! It's those around her who are causing rifts between us, preventing her from fully forgiving me!" "What's with the people around her?" Daniel pondered, unable to contain his thoughts, "Well, you should humble yourself. The key to wooing a girl is to 'beg'! Didn't you notice how pale Ms. Lawrence looked at night? Why did you still argue with her?" Anthony's face darkened, "I'm being reasonable, not quarreling." Daniel was speechless. Li "Forget it. I have nothing more to say!" He thought. Daniel handed over the prepared documents and explained, "Here's all the information regarding Lucas. Both Lucas and Robbin are not Bill's biological children. Lucas is an orphan raised by Bill since childhood, as he was the son of an old friend. As for Robbin, Carrie brought her into the Simpson family from a welfare home when she was five. Although Bill initially didn't want her, Carrie insisted on keeping her.*" Anthony perused the document and furrowed his brow, puzzled. "Neither of them is from the Simpson family. Why? Is it not possible for Bill to have children?" Daniel paused and said, "The relationship between Bill and Carrie is bizarre. They don't seem to have a good relationship, but Bill still trusts her and will directly leave some important matters to her. However, the Simpson family is now vaguely divided into two groups. One

group supports Lucas, and the other group supports Carrie. The two groups are almost incompatible.” Anthony squinted, and a fierce gleam popped in his eyes. He thought, ‘Such a family background is really strange.’ After watching Daniel finish speaking, he felt the urge to say something but hesitated. Anthony frowned and urged, “Just say it.” Daniel pursed his lips thoughtfully and said, “I’ve picked up some rumors through the grapevine, but they may not be entirely accurate. It seems Bill once lost a child and hasn’t found her yet. He searched for her for years but encountered people who exploited his desperation to create trouble, so he ultimately gave up the search.” Anthony raised his eyes and said, “Where did you hear that?” “There’s a gentleman named Wayne Snyder, the CEO of the Snyder Group, who maintains a cordial relationship with Bill. This time, during dinner, I sent him a welcome gift for you. And as he was slightly tipsy, he let the secret slip.” After saying that, Daniel looked at Anthony and kept silent. “I got it, and you can go out,” Anthony said faintly. The night was not peaceful. He went back to take a shower and let the smell on his body disappear completely before he felt clean. 52 Anthony woke up, freshened up, and headed downstairs. Without glancing at Genevieve, he pondered, ‘Would she have left in a huff?’ Anthony was in a strange mood. “Where is Ms. Lawrence?” The servant paused and pointed to Genevieve’s room, indicating that she was still resting in it. Anthony’s face softened slightly as he glanced at the time and realized it wasn’t even nine o’clock. He surmised, ‘She must have been exhausted last night. It’s alright.’ Anthony went downstairs briskly. Daniel came in from the outside when he sat down and said, “Mr. Hoffman, the Simpson family has sent people over, including Robbin. They brought quite a few gifts.” “Ask her to scram!” Anthony felt physical disgust and nausea when he heard Robbin’s name. Daniel paused and nodded. This arrogant Ms. Simpson had run into a brick wall. He thought, ‘How crazy she is, she had messed with Anthony!’ Daniel went out to the door. Looking at Robbin, who was stopped outside, he said indifferently, “Ms. Simpson, please go back. Mr. Hoffman is not available to see you.” Robbin’s face turned pale. Taking into account Carrie’s words, she would not oppose Bill. If she couldn’t secure Anthony’s forgiveness, she would leave the Simpson family! She pursed her lips and appeared both flattering and aggrieved, saying, “I sincerely apologize, Whatever demands Mr. Hoffman makes, I’m willing to comply. Please, Mr. Simmons, help me. If Mr. Hoffman just sees me, he’ll surely forgive me.” Daniel had seen all kinds of people as Anthony’s secretary. He felt that, as Bill’s daughter, regardless of whether she was his biological child, she ought to possess a certain degree of dignity and pride. Such humiliation and some unimportant tricks were truly degraded. “Ms. Simpson, there’s no need to go through the trouble. What you’ve done has angered Mr. Hoffman greatly, and he doesn’t even want to see you!” Robbin’s eyes darkened slightly, revealing a hint of anger. Daniel was just an assistant. Why should he talk to her like that? She took a deep breath and forced a smile, “Doesn’t Mr. Hoffman like women?” She pondered, ‘Last night, despite my efforts, he remained unaroused. Perhaps he’s not attracted to women? If Genevieve, who married such a wealthy and powerful man, was willing to divorce him, and he...” Daniel raised his eyes with a distant look, “Mr. Hoffman doesn’t like self-righteous women.” That was enough to be rude. Robbin’s face also darkened. She stared at Daniel and said, “Who the hell are you? How dare you talk to me like that?” Daniel looked at her calmly. Robbin was just about to say something. 4/6 He saw a woman running out of the room, and then Anthony ran after her. The two people were pulling and tugging at the door. Genevieve wanted to leave while Anthony tried to stop her, and the situation was quite intense. Robbin’s expression changed slightly, “Why is Genevieve here?” “Even an ex should have a sense of proportion. Besides, Genevieve is close to Lucas. Why does she spend the night here?” She thought. Daniel smiled, “Of course, Ms. Lawrence can be here.” What Daniel implied was, “How could you compare to Ms. Lawrence?” Daniel successfully counterattacked! Unexpectedly, Robbin passed Daniel and waved

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Before Anthony left, he said this.

Genevieve froze for a moment and then understood.

Since Jeffrey was missing and Mad Dog lost his chips, he was naturally eager to find him back.

Otherwise, how could the deal be carried out in a few days?

Genevieve took a deep breath and turned into the hotel.

Jasper was one of many in the hotel.

Lucas was also there.

Jasper walked over and looked at her with a sigh of relief, "Ms. Lawrence, you're back. Mr. Simpson stayed here all night and said he wanted to see you, but he didn't let us call you."

Genevieve paused briefly and smiled politely at Lucas, saying, "Professor Simpson, I'm sorry for forgetting to tell you I won't return. I hope it hasn't caused you any undue concern."

Despite his weariness, Lucas maintained a serene and gentle demeanor, "It's alright. I'm glad to see you're safe. Truthfully, my concerns were unwarranted. With Mr. Hoffman accompanying you, there's no way you'd be in danger."

He seemed to laugh at himself and then returned to his usual look.

Genevieve was a little embarrassed and said, "Professor Simpson, it's inconvenient to bother you constantly. I will move out from today.

When Anthony came, he would go mad at any time.

If she were still living in Lucas's penthouse, who knows what crazy things Anthony would do!

It was better to save trouble. She thought she should move out as soon as possible.

She couldn't have lived here forever.

Lucas stared at her silently for a few seconds, emotions swirling in his eyes.

He said nothing.

Genevieve smiled, "I'll live near the company."

Lucas smiled faintly, "OK, feel free to contact me whenever you need assistance."

The deal time with Mad Dog was just around the corner.

Lucas put all his energy into the layout.

Lucas tampered with the weapons Mad Dog had requested.

Lucas wouldn't allow his weapons to hurt himself.

Genevieve was a little nervous.

Lucas didn't let her go to the scene, only saying it was dangerous.

Genevieve nervously waited in the office for Lucas to return from a meeting.

Irven pushed the door open and came in.

She looked unhappy.

"Genevieve, I heard that Anthony is your ex-husband. You have such a rich and powerful ex-husband, and you let Lucas work for you?"

Genevieve froze, stood there, and frowned, "Professor Simpson is helping me, but not working for me!"

She thought, 'Obviously, the Simpson family also wants to deal with Mad Dog. Assisting me would be a straightforward matter for them.'

She was grateful to Lucas.

But he knew that if this were Lucas's impulse, Bill would not allow it to happen.

After discovering the truth, Irven was only angry for his best friend, "Isn't that working for you? Do you know who

Mad Dog is? How many peacekeepers end up in trouble every year? He could have easily avoided it but took the risk for you. And here you are, sitting idly and spewing ungrateful remarks?"

Genevieve felt gloomy and uncomfortable.

She knew it was dangerous, but should they give up because it was unsafe?

She didn't cause the danger, so why did he blame her?

Genevieve pursed her lips and didn't want to argue with Irven here.

She glanced at Irven with distant eyes and was about to walk out.

Irven abruptly said, "Moreover, if you don't accompany Lucas this time, Mad Dog will undoubtedly sense something amiss and become desperate. It'll lead to Lucas's untimely demise, leaving him without a proper burial."

Genevieve paused and felt terrible slightly.

It felt like a ton of bricks hitting her in the chest, leaving her in agony.

She balled up her fists and stormed out.

After watching her leave, Irven entered Lucas's lounge to find the safe.

Genevieve entered the elevator with red eyes.

The elevator went up.

She arrived at the door.

Before exiting, she caught sight of dozens of mercenaries clad in military green, busily transporting items with a stern demeanor, signaling the imminent outbreak of conflict.

Lucas was talking to his men.

Standing in the middle of such a crowd, he looked somewhat out of place.

He should be clad in elegant, handsome attire, standing proudly on the podium, and sharing laughter with his

students.

She took him down, didn't she?

Genevieve looked at him absent-mindedly.

In the next instant, she glimpsed Lucas's deep, gentle eyes.

He walked over with a smile and said, "Why did you come out? I'll arrange for someone to escort you back later. I'll let you know when the result comes tomorrow."

Genevieve pursed her lips and smiled back with determination, "I'll go with you, Professor Simpson. I will protect myself. Give me a gun."

Lucas looked at her briefly and smiled, "You can't shoot anyone."

She was holding an AK, but she missed every shot.

Her shooting skills were terrible!

Genevieve furrowed her brow and spoke urgently, "I just can't use that one well.

But with other guns, I'm like a natural!"

Lucas smiled and said, "I know. But don't go there. It's not funny."

Thinking of Irven's words, Genevieve felt uncomfortable, so she said, "Professor Simpson..."

Lucas interrupted her firmly with his gesture, "It's settled. Where is Irven?"

Genevieve said, "In your office."

Lucas was quiet for a second and frowned slightly.

Then he smiled and strode in.

When Irven handed the thing to Robbin, his expression darkened slightly and he asked with a hint of irritation, "Why on earth do you need these?"

Robbin took the USB flash drive and stuffed it into her pocket.

She looked indifferent and frivolous, "Don't worry about it. Of course, I can help you."

"If your brother knows it..."

"Just don't let him know, okay? Besides, Genevieve was always in his office, and even if he knew it had been lost, he would suspect her only."

Robbin was a complicated person.

Sometimes, she was so pitiful that it seemed like everyone in the world owed her something.

But at times, she could be so indifferent that she'd brush aside all the kindness and emotions surrounding her.

Irven gave her a piercing look and ground his teeth, saying, "Remember your promise."

Robbin's face tightened briefly, but she held her tongue and Lyng simply m chuckled, saying, "Are you serious about breaking off our engagement? Fine, I'll assist you."

Robbin was indifferent to Irven, and no one thought that there would be any sparks between them.

Even for contact, Carrie was always behind them, urging them to cultivate their feelings.

That was what they thought of each other.

Robbin turned around and left.

Suddenly, she saw Lucas standing not far away. Robbin's face suddenly changed, and she was a little flustered.

When Irven saw it, he also panicked for a moment but soon calmed down and walked over, "Have you got everything ready?"

Lucas turned his eyes around them and then looked at Robbin, "Don't be impulsive when making decisions, or you will always regret it." After saying that, Robbin's face turned pale.

She was a bit tense and clenched her fists so tightly that it hurt her palms.

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Lucas turned around and went to the office.

Irven breathed a sigh of relief.

Irven did this one thing wrong to Lucas, but hoped he would understand.

The deal was in the middle of the night.

Dark time, dark sea.

The transaction was carried out at a port dock.

The dock was an abandoned and unsecured property, left unattended.

Those at sea often choose to pause there, in a state of tranquility and obscurity.

No one knew that Genevieve was in the back car.

Another person was in the car as well. It was Carrie.

She was still wearing the expensive silk dress of a noblewoman.

She was so serene. It seemed that she came here to watch a show instead of starting a fight.

Attended in full dress.

O Looking at the silent dock outside the window, she said in a low voice, "Are you afraid? Many people will die. And Lucas may be one of them. But it is his choice."

Genevieve struggled to contain her emotions and keep her heart steady, muttering, "He wouldn't die."

"His father asked me to lead a group to pursue and intercept him. If he's in trouble, I'm supposed to save him. What do you think? Should I go?" Carrie asked Genevieve with a playful grin.

Genevieve's face changed slightly.

She knew that they didn't have a good relationship.

If Carrie wanted to take this opportunity to kill Lucas, it would be the best chance.

Then why did she send Genevieve here again and let her know?

"What do you mean, Mrs. Simpson?" she clenched her fingers nervously, and her palm tingled slightly.

"I propose a deal with you," Carrie smiled, "Actually, terminating him here isn't ideal, as some of my men are loyal to Bill. They won't heed my orders. Ms. Lawrence, you're here for your brother, and I know where he is. But in return, I need you to do something for me."

"What's the matter?" Genevieve got nervous for a moment. She couldn't help but ask herself, 'How does she know where Jeffrey is? Is it true or not?'

"Marry Lucas. I'll arrange an accident and make him vanish. Everything he owns will naturally pass to you and, subsequently, to me. I need to seize everything from Lucas. Your role is crucial in this."

Genevieve's face changed a few times. She didn't expect it to be like this.

She was shocked to accept the news.

The plan was insidious, vicious and meticulous.

"Why did you choose me?"

She never thought about marrying Lucas.

Carrie smiled and looked at her with darkness in their eyes, "Because Bill likes you, he will agree to Lucas marry you."

Carrie vaguely felt strange.

Because Bill never intervened in Lucas's private affairs and was picky about his marriage.

So many families from the same social circle were eager to arrange a marriage between their daughters and Lucas, but Bill was extremely discerning and never gave his consent.

Genevieve was an exception.

Why, she wanted to know the reason.

But she didn't have time to delve into the reasons.

Because she found a weakness in Lucas the moment Genevieve appeared at Simpson's residence.

It happened instantly.

Heroes were always defeated by beauty, and women could make earth-shaking changes.

She had to use Genevieve to clear her way!

Genevieve paused and took a deep breath to case the pallor of her face, "Where is my brother?"

Carrie smiled with certainty, not like lying, "I'll tell you after you get married."

"Professor Simpson won't agree."

"As long as you suggest, he will," Carrie said firmly.

Genevieve frowns, not losing her mind, "Where is my brother? How can I believe what you said is true?"

Carrie smiled, took something from the carry-on bag, and handed it over.

"Do you know this one?" asked Carrie.

A small silver tail ring unexpectedly jolted Genevieve. Her eyes stung, and tears welled up in them! That ring was the one Jeffrey cherished, worn on his right little finger for countless years. It held immense significance to him, and Genevieve had never witnessed him removing it.

Genevieve teased him with a smile, "Is it from the girl you like?"

At that time, Jeffrey just lowered his head and smiled with tenderness.

He stroked the ring, neither admitting nor denying it.

He said, "Little kid shouldn't ask such a question".

Deep in Jeffrey's heart, he treasured a woman, yet unexpectedly unknown reasons.

The Lawrence family had been waiting for Jeffrey to bring the girl over, but there was no news of her.

Despite Jeffrey's lackluster love life this year, Genevieve understood the profound affection he held for that girl.

He never left the tail ring.

Genevieve took it and rubbed it carefully.

It seemed that she could still feel Jeffrey's temperature.

She felt relieved that he was still alive, providing her with a sliver of comfort in this trying time.

Carrie smiled, "Deal?"

"Deal!"

Genevieve clutched the ring and took a deep breath.

Now that she had seen hope, she couldn't give up easily.

If Jeffrey was free now, Carrie wouldn't have gotten the ring.

Unless he was trapped in somewhere Carrie knew.

She agreed, and Jeffrey would be safe and sound.

Thinking of Professor Simpson, she felt guilty.

The atmosphere inside the car was dim and chilly.

But suddenly, they heard a rash of gunfire.

Genevieve's eyes were scarlet as she asked, "Since we're getting married, shouldn't you ensure Professor Simpson's safety now?"

"Absolutely," Carrie smiled.

Lucas couldn't die now.

Otherwise, if these people had told Bill, Bill would not have let her go.

There was a fierce fight over there.

Genevieve listened from a distance and felt terrified..

No wonder Lucas didn't let her come with him. In such a situation, bullets were unpredictable. Perhaps even he couldn't guarantee her safety.

Mad Dog uncovered the trap set by Lucas.

Mad Dog fought back fiercely. After years of ruling the roost on the high seas, he's become numb to human lives.

Mad Dog was shooting wildly, eyes red with rage, caring not a whit about consequences.

Genevieve's heart trembled, her face turned pale and her hands were covered in a cold sweat.

About twenty minutes later.

Carrie rolled down the car window and said to the people outside, "Go and bring Lucas back safely."

"Yes, Madam," answered Carrie's men.

Then, there was another intense sound.

They didn't know how long it took. The car restarted and left.

Silence resumed at the harbor.

Genevieve sniffed the faint scent of blood wafting through a crack in the window.

For the first time, she shockingly faced death.

Carrie took her back to the hotel.

It was like she had never been there.

Then Carrie returned to the Simpson's residence.

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"Bill, I'm back," said Carrie.

Bill nodded, and as he expected, the people there had already told him what was happening.

"Thank you," said Bill.

Laughing, Carrie came up behind Bill and rubbed his shoulder.

Bill dodged and said indifferently, "You've been tired all day. Go back and have a rest!"

A trace of disappointment flashed across Carrie's face.

She walked over and sat opposite, smiling softly, "After this, Mad Dog probably already knows Louis is dead and might not dare to confront us again. Lucas is already very excellent. Why don't you start giving power to him?"

Bill frowned slightly and looked at her, "You've never been optimistic about him. Why did you suddenly say so?"

"I used to think he was half-hearted, a professor and a researcher. Now that he is mature, I naturally believe your judgment," said Carrie.

Bill nodded, "However, the timing isn't quite right yet. The strength of the Simpson family lies in maintaining equilibrium. Granting him power would only make him a target for others."

Carrie also sighed, "If he could get married now, it would be the perfect reason for him to take over."

Bill murmured without speaking.

He didn't seem to want to discuss it with her.

He had drawn a circle of his people, and she was not in it.

Carrie gave him a deep look.

Suddenly, she rose, walked over, and wrapped her arm around Bill. "We've been together for so many years. I changed my name and took your surname. Yet you seem to care more about your adopted son than me. Do you know how that makes me feel?"

Bill frowned, trying to pull her down from his body.

But Carrie refused to let go. After so many years of gentle endurance, it seemed she just wanted to indulge this time.

"Bill, my sister is gone. Why didn't you even look at me when I was right by your side?" Carrie choked with grievances. All her persistence and forbearance suddenly burst out at this moment. She couldn't hide her affection for him..

"Get away!" Bill was suddenly furious and threw her away from himself.

He looked indifferently at the woman who fell to the ground before him without pity.

She unexpectedly mentioned the person Bill had kept hidden in his heart, and her actions instantly inflamed his anger.

"I keep you here because I want to save your life. If you don't behave yourself, get out of here!" growled Bill.

Carrie's eyes immediately welled up with tears. Despite her embarrassment, she stood up and spoke with emotion, "Let me go. For all these years, I've given you everything, fought for you, and even risked my life for you. But now, you're asking me to leave? You and my sister knew each other for just a year, and she's gone. I, however, have been with you for over ten years. Do you have any feelings for me at all?"

Bill's demeanor was regal and aloof, his voice devoid of warmth. "No, if it weren't for your sister, I wouldn't have spared you a glance, even if you lay dead outside. Don't flatter yourself. Countless others fight for me. You're here because you desire more, and I've already given you plenty. Drop the rest of your expectations!"

When Bill's demeanor turned ruthless, he did not utter a single word of kindness.

He went through countless hardships and even struggled on the brink of death before ultimately succeeding in paving the way for the Simpson family.

He treated Carrie as if she were one of his subordinates.

He trusted her, yet he was cautious of her as well.

There was no such thing as love for his subordinate.

Carrie had surpassed many people, from an unknown person to now.

Otherwise, she couldn't keep her power and status.

She got what she deserved, and Bill duly rewarded her.

Although she lived in the house, Bill never recognized her position as his wife.

Some individuals misunderstand their relationship, yet he prefers not to clarify it.

As long as Carrie knew of her position, he didn't consider what she would do with it.

But at this moment, it seemed like she couldn't put herself in the proper place.

to Bill's face darkened, and his mere presence filled the air with a tense chill. "If you feel this is unfair, you're free leave whenever you want. Otherwise, I'll arrange a marriage for you to keep your mind from wandering off into foolish fantasies!"

Carrie's expression altered, her emotions suddenly tightening. She let out a frantic cry, "How could you treat me like this? What's so special about her? She never cared for you. You forced her into your life. How can you still pine for her now that she's gone? How deeply did you believe she loved you that you'd rather adopt someone else's child than have one with another woman? It's not even clear if the child she bore was yours..."

As soon as Carrie spoke out, Bill slapped her.

Slap!

It was easy to imagine how much strength a man would use when angry. Carrie felt her scalp tingling and dizzy for a moment. Her cheeks were hot and slightly swollen, and she could even taste the blood.

She hadn't had time to be sad yet.

Bill approached, pulled her hair heavily, and tilted her head back. His eyes were sharp and dark, staring at her, filled with warnings, "I'm warning you. If you dare to utter another word about her, I will let you go to the snake pit and feed the snakes. I never said that I wouldn't deal with women!"

In his eyes, female subordinates were no different from men.

Even female subordinates should be more astute.

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Carrie had reached this position because she was no pushover to be bullied by anyone.

Bill knew exactly what she was like in the Simpson family.

When Carrie looked at him, his extreme indifference made her heart sink.

Her body trembled violently..

She instantly realized that Bill was really angry.

The man she couldn't stop thinking about treated human lives like dirt and had prominent power.

He was in charge of the Simpson family, and no one dared to mess with the Simpson family.

And Carrie had made a mistake. She overestimated her worth and underestimated Bill's ruthlessness.

He had never done anything to her, but it didn't mean that he would give in or take pity on her.

She thought that everything was under her control, but Bill had never been the kind of person willing to play by

her rules.

He wouldn't allow anyone to touch his bottom line.

His indifferent eyes made people feel terrified.

The next second, he let go of her flatly and said disdainfully. "Get but of here. You are not allowed to go En upstairs without my permission!"

This was Bill.

He allowed Carrie to move in, but she could only stay in the livingroom and her bedroom on the first floor.

She didn't even have the qualification to enter other places.

Carrie's face turned ashen out of embarrassment.

Her chest heaved violently, not knowing whether it was fear or anger.

She looked at him angrily and left the study in a hurry.

She was proud when she came, but embarrassed when she left.

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Seeing this, the servants downstairs all pretended not to see it.

But when she went downstairs, she suddenly missed the stairs and twisted her ankle. Then she fell to the ground.

Her tears overflowed from the pain.

Carrie had been proud for half of her life. She thought that no one was more successful than her as a woman.

From a humble bar singer to the esteemed and affluent Mrs. Simpson, her remarkable ascent to success is truly unparalleled.

But the fall made her realize that all successes were in her imagination.

She was no different from the embarrassed singer more than ten years ago.

She resided in the Simpson's residence, a luxurious and magnificent abode akin to a palace, yet her position was merely that of a housekeeper.

Her hair fell off.

A dude in leather shoes was slowly coming closer.

He half squatted down and held out his hand.

Carrie suddenly raised her head and saw the man in front of her, who smiled greasy and obscenely but pretended to be a gentleman.

"Morris?" called her.

The person standing before Carrie ranked third in the Simpson family's financial group.

The first was Bill, and the second was someone who worked for Bill.

The only person in the Simpson family who supported Carrie was Morris.

He was thin and frail, clad in an ill-fitting suit.

O Aware that Carrie was fond of Bill, who stood tall and majestic yet possessed a certain elegance and gentleness In his gestures.

These two distinct auras merged into Bill, forming his unique personal temperament through countless ordeals.

And no one could copy that.

Carrie disliked how Morris looked at her but needed his support.

How else could she get a foothold here?

Morris smiled and helped Carrie up from the ground. He looked at her with uncomfortable eyes, "Carrie, what's wrong with you? How could the ground be slippery? Are they incompetent?" His voice made the servants not far away tremble.

Carrie straightened up and kept a distance from him, "I'll teach them a lesson. Are you looking for Bill? Hurry up!"

Then she turned around and was about to leave.

She didn't want others to see her in a mess.

Morris suddenly chuckled, "Carrie, I heard that there were many casualties among the people who went to work with Lucas that night?"

Carrie paused and said, "Death and injury are common. The other party has more deaths and injuries. We didn't ose this time."

Morris smiled knowingly and said, "Yes, but I've heard that the casualties were exclusively from Lucas's men. And all of your people were safe and unharmed."

He said in a light voice.

Carrie shocked.

The turned ashen, unable to move.

Everything was under control.

But how could others easily see through her control?

Morris's voice was ethereal. "Have a good rest, I have something to talk about with Bill"

As soon as he finished his words, Carrie immediately turned around, "Morris, can you not tell Bill about this?"

She couldn't hide her face and threw a fake, grudging smile, "Can we talk about it in private?"

Morris smiled, "Okay, in private."

Genevieve hadn't slept yet, sitting in her study with a messy mind.

After the video call with Darrell and Samantha just now, she felt exhausted and panicked.

She was mentally prepared to come here.

No matter what danger, she would face it bravely.

But now she felt like she was in a dead end.

The future road was dark and blurred.

But there was a little light ahead, attracting her.

It looked like a goal or reward that offered hope but was challenging.

She couldn't stop continuing.

Because she changed her residence, Selene also moved in.

She was eating in the living room when she heard a car pulling in at the door.

The butler ran in and said, "Ms. Quinn, it's Professor Simpson."

Selene hurriedly put down the things in her hand, "Ask him to wait for a minute.

I'll go and find Genevieve."

She hurried upstairs to knock on the door and quietly poked her head in, "Your prince charming is here. Do you want to go out and have a look?"

Genevieve looked at her blankly and said, "Get to the point."

"It's Professor Simpson. I'm afraid he has something important to do when he comes here so late, right? Lucas is much better than Anthony. You have to seize the chance!" said Selene.

Genevieve paused and smiled, "Okay."

She remembered Carrie's words that only by marrying him could she find Jeffrey.

'To marry him.' she thought.

She pursed her lips, took a deep breath, and walked down.

Selene only felt Genevieve's performance tonight was a little weird, but she couldn't tell which part was so.

How could she say yes so quickly after being teased like this?

Was she really in love with Lucas?

She walked a few steps, then suddenly stopped and couldn't follow her to be the third wheel.

Lucas stood in the living room. His slender figure was thin and handsome. His jawline was steep, and his eyes were dark.

When she went downstairs, Lucas smiled slightly, "I knew you couldn't sleep. As soon as it was over, I came to tell you that I feared you wouldn't sleep all night."

His eyes and eyebrows seem to emit a subtle and enchanting aroma.

Genevieve's guilt was spreading from that gentle intimacy.

She smiled and walked over, pretending not to know it, "Are you not hurt? Are you okay?"

"Don't worry. Everything goes well. Several men were injured and have been sent to the hospital, but Mad Dog died."

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He added in a final silent voice, "I'm sorry I didn't ask about Jeffrey's whereabouts."

Genevieve hesitated before saying,

"Even if Mad Dog was still alive, he might not tell you where Jeffrey was. Professor here Simpson, don't blame yourself. Mad Dog is gone now. Think of it as retribution for my brother. When he returns, he'll surely express his gratitude to you abundantly."

Seeing that she was emotionally stable, she didn't feel disappointed.

Lucas sighed in relief and said, "I'll help you find it. Don't worry. He can run away, so he will try to contact you."

Genevieve nodded with a smile.

She now suspected that Jeffrey was in the hands of Carrie.

Lucas pursed his lips and glanced at her quietly, "I'm going to school tomorrow. Do you want to come with me?"

Genevieve's eyes flashed, "Of course. Am I your assistant?"

Lucas smiled and said, "Then I'll pick you up tomorrow. Let's go together."

"Okay," answered Genevieve.

Mad Dog's death meant a significant loss.

They wouldn't appear again recently, and there would be no threat.

But he didn't find Jeffrey, and she did not want to give up going home.

What's more, she had to concentrate on dealing with Carrie.

She would never allow herself to be used as a tool in someone else's hands.

Wanting to wield her as a sharp blade? She would like to see if Carrie was even worthy.

Genevieve laughs as if nothing had happened. "Profe

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"No, I'm just here to tell you. I have to go back and say hello to my father. Have a good rest," Lucas smiled faintly and then left.

Genevieve escorted him away and returned.

Selene looked at her on the stairs and smiled meaningfully, "He is afraid you won't be able to sleep..."

She heard everything. And from those simple sentences, she noticed something different.

How could she not feel happy for Genevieve?

Genevieve smiled, "Professor Simpson has helped me a lot. I have to think about how to thank him!"

"You can marry him!"

"Superficial!" Genevieve went straight back to her room.

Selene said nothing.

She chuckled and decided to stop teasing Genevieve.

Genevieve finished freshening up and was about to go out with Selene.

She heard someone talking at the door.

Jasper walked over with a weird look, "Ms. Lawrence, Susan wants to see you."

Jeffrey's assistant, Susan, told the Lawrence family that something had happened to Jeffrey.

After a pause, Genevieve saw Susan standing tiredly, "Ms. Lawrence, I heard something happened last night. Did you find Mr. Lawrence?"

Genevieve understood she was worried about Jeffrey but couldn't tell her too much, "Not yet. If I have news about my brother, I will tell you."

She smiled and comforted her while walking out, "Susan, why don't you go back home and adjust yourself? It won't take a few days."

"No, Mr. Lawrence is in danger. How can I go back? I hope it's me who got into trouble!"

With a pale face, Susan said, "Ms. Lawrence, where are you going? Let me follow you so I can get Mr. Lawrence's information as soon as possible."

That was an overstatement.

Why she had to be the first?

Even if it was out of concern, she shouldn't have known it first!

Genevieve paused.

Jasper immediately said, "Susan, Ms. Lawrence asked you to rest for your good. Ms. Lawrence has me and others around her. It's no use following her. Don't forget that we are all the same."

His tone had some strong connotations.

Susan's expression changed slightly, and she stood there embarrassedly, "I didn't mean that. I was just worried about..."

Genevieve stopped by the car and looked back at her with a smile, "I know you're worried about my brother. Don't blame yourself too much. You'd better go back home. I will inform you in the domestics if there is any news."

Jasper had opened the door for her.

Genevieve stooped in and closed the door, Susan froze outside and watched the car leave.

Selene chuckled, "Susan makes no secret of her affection for Jeffrey. How can Jeffrey not be aware of it?"

Selene admitted that she had also been fascinated by Jeffrey for a while.

However, since Jeffrey always treated her like a sister, just like Genevieve, and occasionally mentioned how they

both played in the sand naked at family gatherings, Selene couldn't help but feel embarrassed.

Then, her enthusiasm for Jeffrey was wholly extinguished.

After hearing this, Genevieve explained, "My brother was not aware. He kept the only female assistant, Susan, because he sympathizes with her as a single mother."

Selene was shocked.

It was a secret, but Jeffrey knew everything about the people around him.

Therefore, he knew Susan's situation and trusted that she wouldn't harm him, hence hiring her as his assistant.

If he had known it, he would have fired her long ago.

After digesting it, Selene couldn't help asking, "What happened to Jeffrey?"

She always felt something was wrong.

Genevieve felt she couldn't hide it, so she told Selene everything.

"You must keep this matter a secret, okay?" said Genevieve.

Selene nodded in a daze and looked severe.

Without saying much, Genevieve looked at Jasper and said, "Book a flight for Susan and ask her to come back home."

"Yes, Madam," answered Jasper.

Selene followed Genevieve to school.

Lucas was going to pick her up, but Genevieve politely declined and said she would go to school by herself.

Selene talked business smoothly for several days, so she wanted to stay with Genevieve for a few more days and insisted on following her.

Genevieve was dressed casually in a beige dress adorned with an emerald, yet her attire exuded a sense of ease and relaxation.

Selene dressed in a sexy style, happily tagging along beside Genevieve.

Looking at Lucas, who was surrounded by people walking on the road, she shook her head and said, "Professor Simpson, he is a good guy."

"What?" Genevieve did not understand what it meant, for she had seen this scene more than once.

There was no doubt that professors like Lucas were popular in schools.

After all, everyone liked handsome guys. Who cared about old men?

Selene lifted her gaze and smiled, saying, "He's still single, which means he's an infatuated man or a gay."

Genevieve glances at her, "He's not gay!"

"Then you must cherish him!" Suddenly, Selene exclaimed and waved over there. Grabbing Genevieve's wrist, she hurried towards Lucas, saying, "Professor Simpson, we're late! We didn't mean to waste your time, did we?"

"Of course not, Ms. Quinn. Nice to see you again." Lucas smiled, gentle and polite.

He turned to the other students and said, "My friends are here. See you in the classroom later."

Although everyone was regretful, they still waved their hands happily and left.

Selene took Lucas's arm and winked at Genevieve with a mischievous smile, saying, "Professor Simpson; since Genevieve is already your assistant, then let me be your secretary, And, we want you to treat us to dinner this

evening!"

Lucas smiled and said, "Ms. Quinn, I appreciate your offer to be my secretary, but I believe it might be a waste of your talents. However, I'm honored to treat you."

His voice was musical.

Suddenly, a man came over and took Selene's arm. He said as he walked,

"Then, it would be okay to have me join you, would it?"

Irven winked at Selene with a smile.

He held Selene's arm naturally.

But from a distance, it looked like two men were holding a woman hostage.

Furthermore, Irven was so quick that Selene struggled to keep pace with him. Unable to catch up, she reluctantly released Lucas's arm and shook off Irven in exasperation.

"Mr. Lester, why are you here?" She wanted to test Lucas but didn't expect Irven to come out halfway.

Irven said, "To join for a meal, of course."

He glanced uncomfortably at Genevieve beside him.

Genevieve was pissed off when he talked about her. Irven regretted that he talked too much.

"Ms. Lawrence, I..." said Irven.

Before he could finish, Genevieve walked quickly to the front.

She didn't want to talk to him.

Genevieve regarded Lucas's friend as a friend.

But who knew he should say that to her? Genevieve had a feeling of being hurt.

Irven looked at Lucas for help.

Lucas smiled and said nothing.

Ms. Lawrence could have a temper as well, okay?

Selene couldn't resist rolling her eyes at him. She felt no romantic attraction towards Irven and had a rather unfavorable impression of him.

Lucas took them to the office.

He gave Genevieve a bottle of milk and poured coffee for the others.

Genevieve could drink anything, so she didn't care about it. Selene couldn't help but frown, "Professor Simpson is too biased!"

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Lucas paused, "Ms. Quinn, what would you like to drink?" Do you want milk, too?"

Selene just said it casually and was unwilling to drink milk!

She grinned, "I just like to drink coffee."

Irven, beside her, couldn't help laughing, "Ms. Quinn is dissatisfied with your special treatment of Ms. Lawrence. Ms. Quinn, do you like Professor Simpson?"

Selene didn't swallow the coffee. She almost choked herself and coughed violently.

"Ahem, what are you talking about!" shouted Selene.

How could she like Lucas?

She liked tough guys wherever she went!

However, Selene reconsidered and smiled at Lucas, saying, "It's pretty normal to admire Professor Simpson. After all, if I'm not attracted to him, does that mean I'll be attracted to you?"

Lucas smiled, "Ms. Quinn likes joking, but if you like someone here, I can introduce him to you."

Selene said, "What if I like you?"

Lucas frowned slightly, glanced at Genevieve, and then lowered his head, his expression somewhat odd, without uttering a word.

His silence made Selene ask, "Professor Simpson? Why don't you say anything?"

"I was wondering how I could refuse you so that you wouldn't feel sad and would not belittle me in front of Ms. Lawrence," Selene laughed as soon as Lucas said that, "No, I'm just joking. Don't worry, Professor Simpson, I'm not interested in you!" She winked at Genevieve, her best friend, to show that she was pleased with him.

Genevieve smiles helplessly, "Professor Simpson, don't pay attention to her. Selene likes joking."

H Lucas smiled and checked the time. "I have a class to attend, so please take your time. Once my class is over, I'll

treat you to dinner. Irven, you are here to accompany them?"

Irven nodded, "OK. I will take care of it!"

Lucas nodded and left with the book.

Irven sat there and was about to say something.

Unexpectedly, Genevieve stood up.

"Selene, come with me to see my professor."

"Okay," she replied.

Selene didn't want to be with Irven either.

Irven knew that Genevieve was uncomfortable, and he offended her.

He immediately said, "Ms. Lawrence, Professor Richard is not in school today. Ms. Lawrence, I know you're blaming me for what I said last time. Can you at least give me a chance to explain?"

Selene's eyes widened immediately, exclaiming, "You're in trouble now! Did you offend Genevieve?"

Irven pursed his lips. He didn't want to face Selene because she looked more complicated than Genevieve!

Irven coughed, walked to the door, and closed it. Then he turned back and said, "There was a valid reason. I said that to drive you away."

Genevieve was stunned.

Suddenly, she remembered that Irven's words were all on the point.

Genevieve was so angry that she ran away.

She left Irven himself in Lucas's room.

Her face suddenly changed, and she looked at him warily.

Irven shrugged and said, "Lucas's sister, Robbin, asked me to get something. I have to do it."

Selene didn't understand the logic, but she listened carefully.

Genevieve frowned, her sympathy for Robbin nearly vanishing as she considered what the latter had done.

"What does she want to do?"

She asked me to steal the drawings from Lucas's safe in the Simpsons'

Residence.

Genevieve gave a slight shock.

It suddenly occurred to her that Robbin had apologized to Anthony that morning.

She stole it there!

And the whole thing formed a closed loop, and she happened to be there!

It was a mysterious thread that guided people unseen!

Genevieve pursed her lips strangely.

She felt guilty even without saying anything, so she unconsciously picked up the milk bottle and drank it.

Selene was waiting for Genevieve to continue asking. She still wanted to hear the gossip!

But Genevieve didn't ask!

She couldn't help but wonder, "If you did whatever Robbin asked, would you even sacrifice your life if she demanded it?"

Irven was slightly stunned, "Look at you. Can I die? I have to live until ninety-nine."

"I don't think so!" Selene pouted!

Irven didn't argue with her, "Lucas knows about this, so he wants to see how far Robbin can go!"

It turned out that Lucas's plan was to turn the tables and test his younger sister.

Genevieve was slightly relieved.

She felt less uneasy.

Irven said, "Ms. Lawrence, don't argue with me. I will treat you to dinner later as an apology."

Knowing this, Genevieve naturally had no reason to go on being angry, "Since it's a misunderstanding, there is nothing to say. But Mr. Lester, isn't Robbin your fiancée?"

Irven smiled and patted his thigh, "Not anymore. I got this for her. She promised to break off the engagement, and I'm free!"

Genevieve was slightly surprised, 'Cancel the engagement?'

Irven rubbed his hands and said, "My father has a little power in the Simpson Group. When Mrs. Lawrence asked me to marry Robbin, she was unwilling to marry me. She has had three or four fiancés before, all engaged for profit. It's good for her to cancel the engagement."

Genevieve frowned slightly. She always had mixed feelings when she thought of Robbin.

Irven continued, "After this incident, Lucas didn't let her stay in the Arsenal anymore and asked her to learn how to do business. She has disappointed Lucas."

Irven sighed and then changed the topic, "It's too boring. How about I take you for a ride?"

Genevieve and Selene looked at each other and agreed.

But neither of them expected it.

It meant not sitting in the car but riding a bike to enjoy the scenery.

It was riding on a bike and going uphill.

Selene pedaled her bike hard against the wind behind, "Damn, the wind is making my headache. Is Irven deliberately messing with us?"

Genevieve clenched her teeth and gave it her all. Despite the scenic campus every photo she took exuded a

youthful vibrancy.

But she was exhausted, too.

She said, "No, he's a fool."

Would he take a girl to ride a bike if he weren't silly?

Three individuals with three bicycles, Irven was far ahead.

Occasionally, he looked back and said something encouraging them, "Hurry up! You can't even ride it at this point. Your meals are for nothing!"

After a while, he said, "Why are you two weaker than each other?"

Or something like "The scenery is so beautiful..."

Selene was so angry that she couldn't help but look at Genevieve, "This idiot, I want to kill him!"

Genevieve nods quietly, "I want to, too!"

The three of them took a lot of energy.

Irven laughed at them in high spirits and couldn't see the two women angry with him.

Irven found a restaurant with an elegant environment and sent the address to Lucas.

"Order whatever you want," said Irven.

Selene was secretly determined to make him pay dearly, "Then I'll order."

Genevieve raised her eyebrows. Knowing Selene's personality, she was afraid that Irven would pay much.

She smiled and ordered some of her favorite dishes.

While waiting for the dishes, Lucas came over.