

Submitting 81

Chapter 81

As Genevieve hung up, Anthony stood up and his face turned somber.

"Go and get Samson's caretaker," Anthony snarled.

"Yes, sir," Daniel responded immediately.

Soon after, a housekeeper was led to him, her face wrinkled with worry.

"Mr. Hoffman... The housekeeper started.

Anthony interrupted, "Is Samson with you all the time?"

Anthony's voice was cold enough to freeze ice.

The housekeeper was flustered. Her voice trembled as she replied, "Yes..."

Anthony took in her reaction and narrowed his eyes. His gaze took on a chilling light.

"Honestly, how dare you lie when Mr. Hoffman is questioning you?" Daniel exclaimed.

The housekeeper trembled slightly. She hesitated for a few seconds, She couldn't help but confess, "I didn't mean to. It was Ms. Stewart who told me not to tell you."

"Recently, Ms. Stewart frequently asks me to bring Samson to her the housekeeper explained. "She locks him in a room so on Malcolm instead, Samson is too little and cries often. When he cries, Ms. Stewart..."

m so that we can focus The servant hesitated, slightly frightened.

"She...?" Daniel prompted.

"Ms.

Stewart will scold him, occasionally beat him, and even starve him. There's nothing we can do....

The housekeeper lowered her head, trembling with fear, and whispered, "Maybe it's because Malcolm can't speak, but when Ms. Stewart is angry, she'll il take it out on Samson because she can't bear to take it out on her own son..."

child!

Who would have thought this bright young woman could be so harsh on a child!

There was dead silence in the office.

Anthony's expression was twisted with distaste, his face harsh and foreboding. The air around him became several degrees colder.

Suddenly, he grabbed an ornament on the table, well worth six figures, and hurled it to the ground. The veins of his arms strained against the skin, and his whole body was tense.

The housekeeper didn't dare to make another sound Anthony's voice was dark and frigid, causing chills to skitter down their backs.

"Go and take Samson away. You don't have to inform anyone, Anthony ordered.

He knew that Samson would be ruined if he continued staying with Rosalie.

Daniel nodded, "I'll arrange it."

Anthony looked at the housekeeper.

Anthony asked again, "What happened in the hospital this afternoon?"

The housekeeper didn't dare to beat around the bush and told him everything in full detail Rosalie was arrogant and tyrannical, never thinking of anyone else. She scolded people every time she opened her mouth, and she struck others whenever she raised her hand. She would not even consider sparing an innocent child Before Anthony, Rosalie would be as gentle as a babbling brook, considerate and submissive.

But in actuality, she was a completely different person!

Suppressing the violent emotions threatening to burst from his chest, Anthony took a deep breath.

"Get out" Anthony ordered in the end.

He seemed to realize that everything that had happened in the wake of Rosalie's return to the country was not right.

He had lost his wife and child because of this woman.

If it weren't for Austin.

There was a lump in his throat as the blood rushed to his head, and he tasted the tang of iron on his tongue It was solely for Austin Anthony picked up his phone and called Brendan

"Are you free? Come out and have a drink with me" he exclaimed Then Anthony hung up. On the other side, Brendan stared at the screen of his own phone, confusion plain on his face.

"Why are you drinking in the middle of the day?" Brendan asked Still he invited a large group of people to keep Anthony company The private room was very lively Someone had also invited a few girls befitting of their statuses. These men were either young models who had just entered the industry of actors new to the scene The girls were eager to ride their coattails, so they were working hard at entertaining them.

The one beside Anthony was the prettiest, even vaguely looking like Genevieve Anthony couldn't tell if this was on purpose But he didn't even look at her. He sat in the shadowy booth, solemn and weighty, and he kept drinking When Anthony had heard Genevieve's voice in the afternoon, it was akin to a hook dragging out his deepest desires He couldn't hold himself back any longer, overwhelmed by his surging emotion All she had said was that Rosalie abused Samson Genevieve could take pity on Samson, but why not pity Anthony?

He missed her. He wanted her back by his side.

Anthony was sure he would be good to her.

But why wouldn't Genevieve believe It?

He gulped down a whiskey, but it might as well have been tasteless to him.

The people next to him tried stopping him.

"Tony, what's wrong?" One of them cajoled. "Are you trying to drown your sorrows?"

Another one tittered, "Slow down. What's the point of drinking by yourself? Genie, hurry up and pour some wine for Mr. Hoffman!"

He was talking to the female model beside Anthony.

Her figure was curvaceous and eye-catching, but she had been unable to find a chance and make her move.

When she heard this, she immediately knelt and poured Anthony a glass of wine.

Her eyes were bright and dewy as if she were trying to convey something while handing the glass to him.

Anthony squinted and seemed a little startled when he saw her face.

Had he just seen Genevieve?

'Genie?

Was it her?' Anthony y wondered.

He was slightly drunk, and his expression was fierce as he reached out and grasped the woman's wrist.

In a gravelly voice, Anthony asked, "Is that you, Gen?"

The woman raised her face excitedly.

Evie simpered, "Mr. Hoffman, it's me. Would you to try some of this?"

However, as soon as the last word fell from her lips, Anthony jerked back and pushed her away almost violently.

She shrieked in alarm as she fell to the ground, the wine in the glass spilling on her body.

Anthony leaned back in disgust and pressed his fist against his forehead. His eyebrows furrowed, and his voice was low and dull as he spoke, "It's not her. She wouldn't have spoken to me so gently. Get out!"

Everyone was slightly shocked.

Brendan heard the commotion and hurried from his seat.

He e waved the woman away from the private room.

She was slightly unhappy but didn't dare to kick up a fuss.

Brendan dropped into the seat beside Anthony

"Tony, you didn't come here to get drunk on purpose, did you?" Brendan joked.

Anthony sat there indifferently, continuing to pour himself a drink.

Brendan reached down to grasp his wine glass, saying, "You've had too much.

Stop drinking."

Anthony waved his hand away.

One of the other men couldn't stand it anymore and asked, "Mr. Hoffman, are you emotionally hurt?"

"He's never been like this even when he undertook the most complicated projects," the man said. "Who hurt you? Your mistress, Ms. Stewart?"

Brendan glared at him as he growled, "Of course not, It's Gen! Genevieve!"

"Genevieve? Didn't Mr. Hoffman dislike his ex-wife?" The man pondered. "He went overseas right after getting married and only flew back a few times a year. Most of the time, he even stayed in hotels! If the news of the divorce hadn't been so riotous, who would have known she had ever

been Mrs. Hoffman?"

Another man chimed in, "That's right. Mr. Hoffman didn't even mention her before. What happened?"

Brendan had no choice but to take out his phone, find Genevieve's number and call her.

It took a long time before someone answered the phone.

For Anthony to hear her clearly, Brendan quickly turned on the loudspeaker.

Brendan cried fervently, "Genevieve, Tony drank too much and couldn't hold himself back. The truth is that he kept calling your

ur name and apologizing to you! He said that he liked and loved you very much! Can you come and pick him up? It's not convenient for me to take care of

himi The crowd looked on in utter shock. Even the music screeched to a stop without anyone taking notice.

At some point, Anthony's eyes had opened, becoming somewhat lucid and taking on a nervous glint His breathing also tensed up.

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On the other end of the line, Genevieve laughed coldly as she listened.

"Call him an ambulance and order him a brain scan to see if there's any damage up there," Genevieve sneered.

Then, she hung up hung up without another word.

No one had expected this result.

They were all stunned.

How could Genevieve, a divorcee, be so arrogant?

Anthony's face fell, and the light in his eyes disappeared.

As he sat there, everyone could feel how hopeless and depressed he felt.

Brendan wanted to help him but didn't know where to start.

He couldn't help but remember when he had asked Anthony how it was going, he had said everything was proceeding well.

Was this what "everything was going well meant?

Did Anthony even understand what was going on?

Brendan wanted to pull his hair out.

Anthony staggered to his feet and walked out.

To him, there was no use continuing to drink. She wouldn't come at all.

This cruel woman didn't care about him at all!

Brendan thought for a while, then decided to chase after him.

They got into a car.

Anthony remained silent as if Genevieve had dealt him a fatal blow, The driver asked where they would go.

Brendan thought for a while before giving him an address.

Anthony seemed to have a dark shadow enveloping him, loneliness and sadness wrapping him tightly.

Seeing him like this, Brendan couldn't help but chide, "Tony, maybe Genevieve didn't mean it. It was probably because I didn't word it well just now, right? I'll watch my words next time!"

Anthony glanced at Brendan darkly Would Anthony even drink so much next time?

Brendan sighed and rubbed his forehead.

"Why would a woman soften that easily? You have to persevere! Brendan exclaimed.

Anthony frowned irritably.

Perseverance?

Could he drink every day without gastric bleeding?

"You can persistently use all kinds of ways to mave e her or ma Brendan listed.

or make her happy, such as creating chance encounters or giving her surprises.

Brendan chattered on about his experience, with Anthony listening carefully all the while.

Suddenly, it occurred to Anthony that he had never gifted Genevieve these experiences. He owed her dearly.

Unconsciously, the rims of Anthony's eyes turned red. Fortunately, it was dark in the car, and visibility was limited.

But Brendan glanced at him and saw the tears brimming in his eyes. He stopped speaking instantly. He leaned over in shock and took a good look at his friend.

"Tony, are you crying?" Brendan gaped. Just as he was about to wipe his tears away, Anthony roughly shoved him away.

"Stay away from me." Anthony griped. His voice was chilly, as if he were trying to hide something. Brendan's lips curled upwards as if he had already seen through it. He laughed.

"I won't tell anyone. It's too embarrassing."

Wouldn't Genevieve make fun of Anthony if she found out?

Anthony stayed silent. The temperature in the car somehow dropped several degrees. Brendan shut up immediately. Once the driver arrived at the gate of the residential area, Brendan rolled down the window to show the security guard his face. He recognized him and let the car pass through.

"Tony, I just bought a house, so you can stay here for a night," Brendan said. "I'm worried that you'll feel worse once you go back to your marital home." Anthony was so drunk that he had no idea what he had said. Brendan and the driver worked in tandem to get Anthony out of the car. Once his feet touched the ground, he no longer needed help. After all, he had been a member of high society from childhood. He would be decent even when drunk.

Brendan breathed a sigh of relief and said to the driver, "You can head home now. He'll stay with me for the night."

Then, Brendan took Anthony upstairs.

The driver nodded and prepared the car to leave.

Just then, he caught sight of a familiar white Porsche coming in from outside the gate.

After that an exquisitely beautiful woman got out of the car.

It was Genevieve.

Genevieve walked upstairs while talking on the phone, laughing, "Bring me some midnight snacks, Jeff..."

The driver squinted and thought for a while before he sent Rosalie a message.

Soon, a sum of money had been deposited in his account, and a text thanking him flashed on his screen.

The driver drove away quickly Brendan's housekeeper was busy making a hangover remedy, all while Anthony sat there with a stony expression.

The name "Rosalie" kept flashing on his phone.

He was unmoved and pretended not to see it.

Soon after that, Brendan walked out after washing his face. He caught sight of Anthony's phone and chuckled.

"Well, the big problem hasn't been solved yet, Brendan teased. "Can I help you with it. Tony?"

Anthony sat there indifferently, his knotted eyebrows the very picture of refusal.

Brendan tapped on the accept call button.

"Anthony, what should I do? Mal is burning up. I'm so scared! Can you come over..."

Rosalie's gentle voice was projected from the phone speakers, and Brendan frowned.

Her voice was way too pretentious!

Brendan coughed heavily and said, "He's not a doctor. If Mal has a fever, then bring him to the hospital. What are you waiting for?"

Rosalie paused before she asked coldly, "Who are you? Where's Anthony?"

"He asked me to pass on the message: If you're sick, go to the hospital to be treated. He's not a doctor, so why look for him? Are you his mother or not? If you have the time to beg for pity, you have the time to call 9111 Brendan jeered.

Brendan's words made Rosalie a little embarrassed.

"What does it have to do with you? Give the phone back to Anthony. Mal is his child! Of course, he has to take care of him!" Rosalie cried.

Brendan sneered, "You wouldn't have fooled Genevieve with that would you?"

Rosalie instantly went silent.

Brendan made a clicking sound with his mouth. "I got it right on the e money!"

Brendan glanced at the expressionless Anthony and turned back to talk to Rosalie aggressively.

"He doesn't like you. Know your place! Brendan snarled Then, Brendan hung up without giving Rosalie to chew him out and turned off the phone.

Anthony paused momentarily and harrumphed coldly. "I'll send her away"

Brendan blinked. 'Could sending her away solve the problem?' He pondered.

He was skeptical.

e still smiled and said, "The guest room is ready. Go and get some rest!"

But he FOL

Anthony had no interest in sleeping in an unfamiliar place. He was now particularly attached to the feeling of sleeping in his marital bed.

calf to regain his sobriety for a while before he got ready to leave.

He allowed himself to regain Brendan couldn't stop him either, so he asked the security guard to find Anthony a ride home.

Anthony got into the elevator.

After it had made its descent, the doors opened.

And Anthony saw Genevieve walking out of another elevator, carrying her late-

night snacks.

Genevieve was also startled to see him.

Anthony immediately stalked out of the elevator and grabbed hold of Genevieve's arm.

Anthony's eyes were stormy and indecipherable as he asked. "So you live here?"

He had never been able to find out where she lived, not even once!

Genevieve shook off his grasp and said, "It's none of your business.

Are you drunk?"

She wrenched open the door with a plan to slip in, but Anthony managed to push his way in alongside her.

Just like a scoundrel.

put down the supper Jeffrey had sent her and folded her arms.

Genevieve p Genevieve tilted her head at him and asked, "Anthony, do you want me to ask the security guard to get you to leave?"

or argument.

Her tone was cold, and there was no room for Genevieve hated the fact that he kept reappearing in her life after the divorce.

It would always remind her again and again that everything she had gone through before this was all related to him.

So, whether it was Brendan calling her or Anthony showing up in person, Genevieve felt as if her entire life were being bothered.

stood there, a wry smile playing on the corner of his lips. His eyes were enigmatic as he took in the sight of her.

After a long while, Anthony said, "I don't have any ulterior motives.

drank too much, and now my stomach is uncomfortable. Do you have anything to eat? I'll leave after that."

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turdy figure looked fragile. It seemed as if Anthony stood there with one hand on his stomach, his face a little pale. For some reason, his tall, sturdy figure looked he was enduring his discomfort.

Genevieve frowned and did not quite believe him.

She thought, "But he really looks terrible. Not only does he smell of alcohol, but his face is also pale. Besides, there is a hint of pitifulness in his. emerald-like eyes."

Meanwhile, Anthony had already walked over to the couch and sat down. He did not pace or look around.

All he did was raise his head slightly. He looked at Genevieve as if he were a homeless animal.

Genevieve could not help but recall that Anthony had saved her from Finnley.

She thought, 'Kicking him out like this doesn't seem right. Since we're divorced, things should be open and straightforward. There's no need to avoid them. Our social circle is so small that we'll run into each other often in the future. I have to face that day eventually.

Genevieve took a deep breath, then took the chowder out of the insulated lunch box.

The chowder Jeffrey had brought was the signature dish of a private kitchen. It was fragrant and rich.

It whetted Anthony's appetite. Perhaps due to not feeling well, he downed the entire chowder in one go.

Then, he covered his stomach and did not move. Deep down, he knew it would not be easy to get a chance to sit down for a meal with Genevieve.

So he wanted to extend their time together.

Anthony said, "Thank you. It's delicious. Sorry, but I didn't leave any for you, Have you eaten?"

The starving Genevieve twitched the corners of her mouth slightly and reluctantly replied, "Yes..."

She thought, 'Now I feel regretful for being merciful. I hope this scumbag before me will get the hell out of here immediately.'

Anthony paused and got up to go to the kitchen. "I'll make you something to eat if you're hungry," he said.

He thought, it will take a long time to prepare a meal. This way, I can stay a little longer with her."

Genevieve pursed her lips, her tone cold and indifferent as she said, "No need for that. I'm not hungry. You may go now."

Anthony's body froze slightly. He suddenly stumbled and fell onto the couch, not moving.

Genevieve was stunned for a moment and came over, saying, "You're not going to pretend to faint, are you? It's actually a boring move!"

Anthony's face turned deathly pale as he held his stomach, His forehead was covered with large beads of sweat.

Genevieve thought, 'Maybe he's not taking it.'

Genevieve paused, then picked up the phone and said, "It's me. I give you one minute to get downstairs and take him away"

Brendan, who was lying on the bed, quickly got up He glanced at his phone and wondered, 'Is that really Genevieve's voice? Take him away? Who is that guy?

Brendan went downstairs in confusion.

He saw

w that the door downstairs was open and that Genevieve was standing at the door, waiting impatiently. "Genevieve, do you live here?" he asked.

He thought, "Why don't I know anything about this?"

Genevieve nodded weakly and opened the door, saying, "Take Anthony Anthony away"

The house belonged to Jeffrey. On the first day she had moved in, Jeffrey had found out all the information about the neighborhood for her.

So Genevieve had long known Brendan lived there too.

Brendan was even more shocked when he heard what Genevieve had said, He wondered, 'Didn't Anthony leave?"

However, Brendan immediately made up his mind and decided to help his buddy, Anthony.

So he kept waving his hand and saying, "No, no, no. I can't carry him. Let him stay here for the night!"

Genevieve chuckled and threatened. "Mr. Satur, I met your mother a few days ago, and she wanted to know where you live now. Do you think i should tell her..."

Brendan was taken aback It was as the fourth time he had to relocate. His mother's concern had reached a level where she disregarded his need for privacy and personal space.

Brendan took a deep breath and came in with an awkward smile, saying, "I can carry him, I'll do my best."

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He had no choice but to secretly apologize to Anthony.

He said inwardly. "You must forgive me this time, Anthony!"

Brendan went over and tried to support Anthony's arm. But it felt unusually heavy, almost as if a deliberate force was pushing it down.

He groaned in pain.

Genevieve was still standing at the door, waiting for them to leave the room.

Brendan gritted his teeth and decided to carry Anthony from the front. Although he was not as strong as Anthony, he managed to drag his friend out of Genevieve's house, Anthony leaned heavily to the side, and Brendan could only release his hand.

But in the next second, Genevieve closed the door and locked them out.

Anthony slowly opened his green eyes and looked at Brendan for a few seconds, enough for Brendan to feel his raging anger and intention to strangle him to death.

Brendan guiltily explained, "Genevieve threatened me..."

He thought, 'Genevieve indeed has a lot up her sleeve! I'm impressed by her again!'

Anthony slowly straightened his clothes and snorted. Then he turned and got into the elevator without saying anything.

Brendan could not help but run after Anthony as he said, "Tony, the car is waiting outside..."

Brendan was aware that he had seriously offended Anthony by ruining the latter's plan.

The next morning, Daniel waited at the gate of Brendan's residential area with the documents in hand.

When Brendan saw Daniel in the car, he waved his hand happily. "Mr. Simmons, what are you doing here? Did Tony rest well last night?" he asked. It was to see if Anthony had cooled down.

Daniel smiled and handed over a check and a key, saying, "It's Mr. Hoffman who asked me to give these to you."

Brendan was puzzled and wondered, 'is he trying to buy me off?'

Brendan then said, "Tony is too kind..."

He found that it was a 4 million dollar check and that the key appeared to be the exclusive key to a high-end mansion area.

Daniel added, "Mr. Hoffman said you should move out immediately today after taking the money, and he wants to move into your place."

Brendan was speechless and thought to himself, 'Well, you can't expect things to just fall into your lap. Genevieve left for the office early in the morning.

She was irritated upon thinking that she had not slept well due to the incident the night before.

of th She called her home and informed them by saying, "I will be returning home for this period of time."

The weather was somewhat hot in the afternoon.

Genevieve and Louis returned from the set and decided to grab some coffee together.

Louis had had booked a semi-private room in advance, where delicate little screens were set up to hide the area perfectly.

Louis was in a calm and relaxed state. He gently looked at Genevieve and said,

"Gen. female lead"

Genevieve smiled and said, "Actually, acting is very tiring."

if you became an actress, there wouldn't be any need for a

Louis nodded, thinking of something. Then he took out a business card and handed it over as he said, "This is the medical research laboratory of my foreign friends. Their latest device is specially developed for brain wave stimulation of the elderly, capable of awakening a person in a vegetative state after years of coma. I was thinking of Mr. Frank Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman, but it's rather inappropriate for me to mention this in front of Mr. Anthony Hoffman, considering my relationship with him. If you think it's appropriate, you can suggest to Mr. Anthony Hoffman to go and find out."

Genevieve was touched, and her eyes sparkled with joy. She said, "That's great. Grandpa Frank and Grandma Ve Margaret are always like that. To be honest, I'm worried about them too. If there is a special treatment for the elderly, that would be wonderful!"

She had learned that the two individuals were quite aged, and the longer they remained in a coma, the worse the situation would become. There was a high probability that they would eventually pass away.

But now Genevieve could finally see the light of hope.

Louis continued, "But remember not to mention me, or Mr. Anthony Hoffman will think I have bad intentions. It's just a matter of convenience for me. After all, it's my friend who wants to make money off a cash cow like Mr. Hoffman."

Genevieve laughed at his metaphor.

She thought that was quite true.

As they were talking, the wind chime at the door rang.

When Genevieve looked up, she saw Rosalie and Cecilia come in one after another.

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Genevieve had a slightly stunned expression on her face.

It was the second time she had seen them appear together.

Last time at the hospital, Rosalie went on a tirade, and Cecilia was there, even though she acted like she was a passerby.

However, they knew each other.

An idea ran through Genevieve's mind, but for a moment, it did not catch on.

Cecilia was Aiden's woman, and Rosalie had always been on good terms with Aiden.

It should be normal for Cecilia and Rosalie to know each other.

However, Cecilia's identity was undisclosed. Why would Aiden introduce her to his friends rashly?

Genevieve had the nagging feeling that something was wrong.

Louis noticed her staring blankly into space and waved his hand in her face,

"Gen, what's wrong?" he asked.

Genevieve withdrew her gaze and smiled as she replied, "Nothing. I just saw an acquaintance."

Louis asked, "Would you like to say hello?"

"No, it's fine. We're not close," she said.

Genevieve smiled. They talked about something else, and Louis got up to take a phone call.

Genevieve went to the bathroom. When she came back, she could pass by the table where Rosalie and Cecilia were and listen to their conversation.

Rosalie said angrily, "2 million dollars? What an exorbitant price. Are you or your father worth 2 million dollars?"

Although Cecilia looked young and immature, she reacted calmly, She lowered her head and took a sip of coffee before she said with a cold smile, "The secret I know is worth 2 million dollars.

"My father got into a car accident and fell into a vegetative state because he was doing the dirty work for you. You spent 100 thousand dollars to shut my family up but also condescendingly said you pitied us. My mother exhausted herself trying to earn money to pay the medical fees and send me to school and eventually died the year before. If it weren't for you, my family wouldn't have been destroyed!"

Rosalie's face darkened with anger. She stared at Cecilia and sneered. "Your father took my money to do the things I paid him for. And yet he screwed it up. Giving your family 100 thousand dollars is already good enough. Don't push your luck. Your dad's in a vegetative state, which is already lucky enough. If he wakes up, he'll go to jail! Do you dare to tell anyone about what I did? You've been with Alden for years. Does he know you're the daughter of the man who had hit him?"

Cecilia's expression changed slightly, and her eyes darkened a little.

Rosalie twirled the ends of her hair with her fingertips smugly. She squinted at Austin and said with a smile, "He'd hate you if he knew! How dare you threaten me? Cecilia, you still have to be practical. Even if you want to take a shortcut, you should try digging it from men. Always threatening me is not a good habit.

She stood up and smiled at the little girl she completely looked down on.

"I remember that after the car accident, your father wasn't treated on time which caused him to fall into a vegetative state. Do you know why happened?" Rosalie looked at her calmly and said word by word, "It was Aiden's order. He said the doctors didn't have to go to a lengths to save him, so your father was left at the door of the emergency room all night."

She couldn't help laughing, appreciating the sudden change in Cecilia's expression. She shook her head and then swaggered out of there Cecilia's Innocent facial features were completely y stiff n scared and didn't know what to do.

and gloomy. Her whole body was tense as if she had suffered a great shock.

Genevieve stood in the corridor, watching Rosalie leave and Cecilia sitting there motionless.

She was also shocked.

'Car accident? Vegetative state? Alden? she thought.

16:13

She felt that she couldn't digest all that information she had just learned for a moment. It was like she had learned this great secret by accident and didn't know what to do.

Louis texted her and asked: [Do you need help?]

She hurriedly replied: [No need. I be right back.]

She sorted out her thoughts and saw Cecilia standing up to leave as soon as she walked out.

The moment they looked at each other, Cecilia's expression changed She knew Genevieve had heard everything.

Genevieve walked over as if nothing had happened, but Cecilia grabbed her arm. She looked a little nervous and uncertain albeit her calm expression as she asked, "Ms. Lawrence, what did you hear?"

Just as Genevieve was about to speak, she saw Louls come out He was slightly stunned for a moment when he saw the two of them and then looked at Genevieve gently. "I was worried, thinking about whether you were in trouble. Fortunately, you're fine."

Genevieve was elegant and said naturally with a smile, "I met someone I knew on the way, so we chatted for a while, which kept me from returning."

Louis looked down at his watch and said calmly. It's almost time. Shall I take you home?"

Genevieve nodded.

Cecilia wanted to say something else, but Genevieve didn't give her the chance and left immediately with Louis.

She was not interested in the secret between Cecilia and Rosalie, so she wouldn't have anything to do with them.

Cecilia became Alden's kept woman at a young age and even gave birth to a child. This obviously meant she wasn't a person with good character. It would be better to stay away. Fortunately, Louis didn't ask much on the way back. They naturally joked and talked about the project and soon arrived at Eagle Entertainment's building. Louis opened the door for her. Genevieve got out of the car and waved as he drove away.

But as soon as she entered the company, she saw Lauraine standing there at the reception desk and looking at her sadly.

Genevieve smiled and walked over.

"Lauraine, when did you come here? Do you need something from me?" she asked.

Lauraine was very unhappy and said bluntly, "Gen, why are you going out alone with Louis? Don't n't you know you should avoid arousing suspicion? Why did he open the door for you?"

You will be misunderstood if you two are frequently seen together like this.

Don't you feel guilty toward my brother?"

Genevieve stopped smiling and looked at her quietly. Her attitude changed, and it felt like she was drawing a line between them. I've told you many times that I already divorced him long ago. I don't need to feel guilty toward him no matter who I'm with!"

Her initial impression of Lauraine was that she was enthusiastic and innocent.

But now, it seemed that she was overly innocent to the point of being rather ignorant.

But she didn't have to coax the daughter of the Hoffman family. It would be good if they became friends, but it wasn't a big deal if they couldn't.

Lauraine's face turned pale. She looked as if she was in pain after being betrayed. "Gen, how can you say that? My brother hasn't forgotten you, his old love, yet here you are spending time with the man I've set my sights on. You've really disappointed me!"

The receptionist couldn't help but pipe up to defend Genevieve, "Mr.

Fallon has been wooing Ms. Lawrence since he returned home. They have known each other for a long time, but Ms. Lawrence never accepted his feelings. Why are you speaking like she had interfered in your relationship?"

Lauraine's expression froze slightly. She bit her lower lip and was about to cry out of grievance. She looked at Genevieve with tearful eyes, waiting for her to say something nice to coax her.

But Genevieve just glanced at her and looked at the receptionist gently. "I

"Yes, Ms. Lawrence," the receptionist replied. "Seeing that a meeting to attend. See Ms. Hoffman off."

she was about to leave, Lauraine got anxious and hurriedly ran after her.

"Gen, can you promise me not to see Louis again? I feel that there is something wrong with the way he looks at you. There's no way he will like you for real. Please stay away from him..." she begged.

Chapter 85

The receptionist's expression transformed into one of shock, struggling to contain her eye roll but evidently at a loss for words.

Genevieve, with an air of composure, raised her eyebrows, glanced cursorily at Lauraine, and exhaled a soft sigh. "Lauraine, If your heart yearns for him, follow it. There's no one here to hinder you."

Genevieve's Implication was clear - Lauraine's efforts to stir trouble were futile here, especially since it wasn't Genevieve who was chasing after Louls.

There were bodyguards outside the elevator, so Lauraine couldn't get Frustrated, Lauraine stamped her feet in dismay, helplessly watching Genevieve disappear into the elevator.

Feeling distraught, Lauraine dialed Anthony, her voice breaking into sobs. "Tony, is there something between Louls and Gen? What should I do now? Can you ensure Gen stays away from him?"

Anthony, always doting on his frail sister, was taken aback when he discovered her fondness for Louls.

He mused. "But perhaps, if Louis were with Lauraine, Genevieve might back off?"

Anthony then consoled Lauraine with caution, "They're just ordinary friends, Confronting Genevieve won't help. Louis is the one showing interest In her. The issue lies with him."

Lauraine declared, 'I'll confront him then!'

Before Anthony could respond, Lauraine abruptly ended the call.

Meanwhile, Genevieve handed Jasper Louis' business card, instructing him to personally deliver it to Hoffman Group.

While she couldn't dictate the Hoffman family's choices, she felt obligated to advise what was best for Frank and Margaret.

Anthony realized that Genevieve would remain neutral in their decision making.

As Jasper departed, Genevieve's thoughts drifted to the conversation she heard in the coffee shop.

Puzzled, she felt overwhelmed by the complexity of the situation, unable to find a starting point.

'A car accident... Genevieve pondered, sensing something amiss but unable to pinpoint it.

The following day, Selene's call came through.

"Gen, Alden's sugar baby is desperately trying to contact me, wanting a meeting. What do you reckon her motives are? Selene questioned.

Genevieve, engaged in yoga, replied while stretching, "She's either flaunting her influence or revealing her vulnerabilities. What else could it be?"

Selene scoffed, amused. There's nothing between Aiden and L. If she's so insecure, why not meet Alden instead?"

Genevieve's expression sharpened as a thought struck her. "Best keep your distance. She's more complicated than she seems."

Selene retorted, "I'm no fool. Who does she think she is? Why would I hastily agree to meet her? I just find it rather amusing, the way these young women act these days."

Hearing Selene's Irritation, Genevieve sensed her disdain for Aiden and Cecilia.

Genevieve cautioned, "Steer clear of the Campbell family's troubles. They're barely managing to keep themselves afloat, don't entangle yourself"

It was true that the Campbell family had been having a rough time lately.

After encountering a delirious Alden in the hospital, Genevieve soon learned of their financial crisis.

She doubled Anthony's intentions of defending her back then, knowing his closer bond with Aiden than with her.

She pondered, "Could it be a deadlock of mutual interests?"

With that in mind, Genevieve freshened up and headed to her office.

Upon Genevieve's arrival, the receptionist pointed to a woman in the lounge and informed, "Ms. Lawrence, that lady over there claims to be an acquaintance of yours. She's been waiting for a while."

As Genevieve glanced over, she discovered the woman to be none other than Cecilia. Recognizing Cecilia, Genevieve's eyes narrowed, her lips pursed. Without a second thought, she declared, "No, I don't know her. I'm not meeting her."

"Understood, Ms. Lawrence, the receptionist replied.

Cecilia's timing for the visit seemed linked to the secret Genevieve overheard at the café

A few days later, Genevieve found herself visiting Margaret, fortunate to catch her awake.

The doctor permitted a brief visit but cautioned against disturbing or stimulating Margaret.

Genevieve cautiously sat by the bed, feeling a hint of anticipation. Her eyes brimming with tears, she felt a suffocating weight at the memory of the accident, where the perpetrator had fallen from a building, leaving their intentions forever unknown.

"Grandma Margaret... Genevieve whispered softly.

Margaret's eyes, clouded and distant, slowly focused on Genevieve. She reached out to touch Genevieve's hair, Such a simple gesture had exhausted all her strength.

She flashed Genevieve a smile, as if to comfort the latter, before her expression relaxed and her eyes dimmed. Margaret shut her eyes slowly, slipping back into a deep slumber.

Genevieve, feeling a wave of discomfort, hung her head low, her shoulders giving a slight, involuntary tremble. Emotions welled up inside her, bringing her to the brink of tears.

Suddenly, she felt a large hand on her shoulder, its touch light as a feather yet enveloping her in a familiar but distant calming cedar scent.

Startled, Genevieve scrambled to her feet to face Anthony, who had appeared unexpectedly.

He stood there, clad in an impeccably tailored black shirt that highlighted his elegant demeanor. Backlit perfectly, he appeared almost ethereal, as if he were encased in a halo of light that shimmered around him like a dusting of fine diamonds, bestowing upon him an aura of both dazzle and nobility.

For a brief moment, Genevieve found herself momentarily disoriented, the man before her blurring into the memory of an elusive figure from a distant encounter three years prior In Genevieve's eyes, a subtle redness lingered, the remnants of unshed tears, revealing a seldom-seen fragility and vulnerability.

Even in moments of strength or weakness, Genevieve's beauty and temperament shone remarkably.

Anthony slowly y retracted his hand, his deep and intense gaze resting upon her as he spoke in a calm, low tone. "Don't cry. I've made arrangements with Atharia's research center. We'll be sending Grandpa and Grandma there next month."

Genevieve reacted with visible surprise, seemingly taken aback by his swift acceptance of her suggestion

A fleeting shadow of bitterness crossed Anthony's brow as he continued with his characteristic characteristic" warmth, "

Their moment was interrupted by a soft knock on the door as the doctor entered, gently reminding them, "Mr. Hoffman Ms. Lawience, it's time for you to come out now"

Genevieve averted her gaze, swiftly regaining her usual composed and cold demeanor as she exited the room Anthony's deep, contemplative gaze followed her lingering for a few moments longer

Standing just outside the glass wall, Genevieve spoke in a hushed tone.

That business card came from a friend You should conduct a thorough investigation before making any decisions. This isn't a trivial matter,

Anthony, his lips pressing together, inquired in a quiet, earnest voice, "Why havent you been around these days?"

He had moved for some time now but never stumbled upon her by "chance"

Anthony harbored a suspicion that she might be intentionally avoiding him, a thought that cast a shadow of gloom over him.

He wondered. Tve already made the first move and offered her an opportunity nity Why doesn't she just take it?

Genevieve's expression hardened slightly as she retorted. "This is my freedom"

With those words, she turned and left Anthony, his brow furrowed in thought, was about to depart when the doctor called out to him.

Meanwhile, Genevieve descended the stairs and found Cecilia waiting at the door, her expression even darker than before Approaching Genevieve, Cecilia bit her lip and said, "Ms. Lawrence, I've tried various ways to reach you, but you refused to see me I had no choice but to follow you here"

Genevieve's expression was cool and detached. "I'm not well-acquainted with you, so I have nothing to discuss."

Cecilia, seeking assistance, pressed further, "I need your help. Aren't you also interested in dealing with Rosalie? If you assist me in a matter, I'll share the information with you."

Cecilia had thoroughly prepared for this negotiation, gathering insights from Aiden. She was aware of the longstanding conflict between Genevieve and Rosalie, and saw no reason why Genevieve would decline an opportunity to confront Rosalie.

Watching Genevieve closely with a hint of nervousness, Cecilia noted her

delicate features, her expressions that flowed naturally and gracefully.

Genevieve's cool, distinctive presence was captivating, effortlessly oscillating between radiance and allure.

Cecilia couldn't help but think, How could someone like her bear to lose to Rosalie?

With a sense of urgency, she made her audacious request. "Help me steal Rosalie's baby!"

Chapter 86

Genevieve thought she had heard it wrong and she was shocked.

Cecilia's eyes glinted with maliciousness, and the resentment in her eyes was not concealable.

"That woman didn't feel the regret in destroying my family. I can't let her off the hook," Genevieve said, sizing Cecilia up.

Genevieve really hated Rosalie.

But recalling what she heard last time, Genevieve paused before saying, "Will you show Aiden mercy?"

Cecilia thought, That's the mastermind who caused my father to delay his treatment and be in his vegetative state.

Cecilia's expression changed drastically, and her pale lips trembled.

Cecilia looked at Genevieve, her eyes filled with struggles as they slowly welled up.

She pulled her hair uncontrollably and cried. "I don't know. Can you stop pestering me? I knew you did, okay?" she said.

you heard everything. Don't force me like Rosalie Upon noticing Cecilia's reaction, Genevieve understood that she must have mentioned something that hurt the latter. However, she didn't intend to be too involved with her.

She nodded lightly and looked at Cecilia politely, saying. "Sorry, I can't help you,"

The woman couldn't help Cecilia steal Rosalie's child. If Cecilia directed her hate toward the child and caused Rosalie's son harm, Genevieve would not be able to bear the consequences.

She hated Rosalie, but only Rosalie She wouldn't implicate innocent people.

Just as Genevieve was about to leave, Cecilia clutched her arm and begged with suppressed madness in her eyes, "Ms. Lawrence, please help me. You are avenging yourself by doing so Genevieve said, "I won't take revenge on her this way. Cecilia, you are still young. I advise you to stay calm and rational"

Cecilia laughed as tears rolled down her eyes. She grabbed Genevieve's arm hysterically and didn't let go until she reached the stairwell.

"Ms. Lawrence, I'm in deep distress every minute of my life now. I'm lying beside my enemies and watching Rosalie live a happy, carefree life. You should understand how my hands are tied!" the woman stated.

"I understand, but I don't support your method of taking revenge. It's wrong" Genevieve responded. Then she looked at the time and said, "I have something to do. Goodbye"

Just as she was about to open the door, Cecilia suddenly said behind her, "Do you think it was a coincidence that the two men of the Hoffman family had an accident? The culprit who fell from the top floor was Rosalie's mother!"

Genevieve froze, turning her head abruptly. Her eyes were full of disbelief when she asked, "Is that true?"

If it was true, it was confirmed that Rosalie instructed her mother to run into Frank and Margaret. She mused, 'But why? I remembered the woman with a black mole hanging on the railing. Rosalie grabbed her wrist, but she still fell. Was this on purpose?

Cecilia wiped the tears off her face and sneered, "I have known her better than myself in the past three years. Her mother had gambling debts from a few years ago, hiding in all sorts of places that even the loan shark couldn't find her, so why would you guys find out about this?"

Genevieve was still shocked. Cecilia stepped forward and looked at her with reddened eyes. "That woman will do anything to get what she wants, Ms.

Lawrence. We must cooperate, she said.

"What do you want to do?" Genevieve asked.

Cecilia slowly calmed down and said, "I will use this child to reveal her true color and make her lose everything."

Noticing how hesitant Genevieve was, Cecilia continued, "I won't and dare not hurt the child as he is Anthony's son."

Genevieve pursed her lips and replied, "I'll think about it."

She pushed the door open and walked out of the hospital absent-mindedly.

The windows of the black Bentley parked by the side of the road suddenly winded down.

"Genevieve," a man spoke.

Genevieve saw the frosty and elegant Anthony in the car, musing. 'Has he been waiting here for me all this while?'

This time, Anthony didn't sit in the car and wait. He pushed open the door and got out of the car directly.

ther seat But before he could speak, Genevieve approached the vehicle and went around him to the others

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Anthony smiled joyfully, feeling a weight lift off his chest.

He thought, "See! She couldn't help but return to my side now!

Yet, Genevieve asked him coldly. "Have you met Rosalie's mother before?"

Anthony stopped smiling and stared at her with dark eyes resembling an indissoluble ink cloud. He said, "You're still bothered about her. She will go abroad in a few days and won't bother us again."

He thought that she mentioned Rosalie because the latter was still a thorn in her heart, so he was straightforward about the thoughts in his mind.

Genevieve looked at the man's grave and stern side profile. "You've been with her for so many years, so you should have met the parents, right?"

she said.

Anthony's face darkened slightly. He pondered, Rosalie still bathes her

"No," he answered. He didn't want to talk about the past, so he answered in a deep somber voice.

The man had never met Rosalie's mother as Rosalie told him that her mother stayed overseas and married a foreigner.

Rosalie being alone was also one of the many reasons he cared so much for her in the past Genevieve paused and hesitated to tell Anthony what had just happened.

But Anthony grabbed her wrist and said in a hoarse and restrained tone, "Genevieve, isn't it good that the past stays in the past? I'll get her to leave the country, and you should stop being bothered about her. Let's understand and tolerate each other, okay?"

Genevieve suddenly felt that Anthony meant she was being petty and dramatic.

She thought, 'Oh, my pettiness drove his beloved first crush away, and I've got to learn how to be tolerant?'

Genevieve was somewhat annoyed. "Anthony, are you crazy? Don't send her away if you think I will be grateful to you because you looked aggrieved after your sacrifices."

don't w Anthony's expression darkened. He directed his tired gaze at her with mixed emotions in them.

want to. I won't object to you marrying her. Don't

After a while, he finally suppressed the sorrow he felt. He stared at her and enunciated, "Well, you're right! I've decided on this matter on my own accord. Genevieve, you have to be fair, too. How much do I have to pay for my past mistakes?"

Genevieve suddenly curled her lips as an unprecedented and unbridled charmingness appeared on her face. She Voiced, "No one told you to do that. Didn't I say that we're even?"

She didn't want to be obsessed with the past. Why should she suffer alone?

There was a dead silence in the car.

The driver didn't dare to make a sound and just drove slowly.

Genevieve suddenly asked, "Your son is living with Rosalie now?"

She worried that Cecilia would show up at Rosalie's doorstep if she didn't execute Cecilia's plan.

However, Anthony misunderstood her intention.

Anthony's eyes darkened, and his nervous.

tone seemed a little unhappy andh ous. He said Genevieve, he has nothing to do with this. Don't get him. Involved!"

Genevieve frowned and peered at the man in a serious yet unfamiliar manner before her face finally turned frosty.

His first reaction was to suspect that she would harm his child.

In his heart, he probably considered Genevieve a vicious woman who would go to any lengths to take revenge!

She didn't expect that he would think so badly of her.

It was like they couldn't even get along peacefully.

She knocked on the door and said indifferently, "Stop the car."

Chapter 87

The driver didn't dare to listen to her. He just glanced at Anthony in the rearview mirror.

Anthony didn't say anything, evidently disagreeing with Genevieve's words.

The next second, Genevieve unlocked the door.

Anthony grabbed Genevieve's wrist instantly and lowered his voice, saying in a ruthless voice, "Do you wanna die?"

Genevieve shook off his grip and said in a frostier tone, "I said stop the car."

The vehicle finally came to a halt.

Genevieve pushed the door open and got out of the car. She didn't want to stay with the man and breathe in the same air as him, even if she had to walk back.

She felt suffocated.

Anthony took a deep breath and calmed himself down quickly.

He realized that his reaction must have hurt her.

He merely felt that Genevieve's many questions couldn't be in Rosalie's favor.

The man watched Genevieve turn around and leave. He pushed the door open and alighted the car.

The driver paused and seized the opportunity to inform Rosalie of what was happening immediately.

is soon But as the message was sent out, Anthony, who walked a distance away, suddenly turned around.

He opened the driver's door quickly. Before the driver could react, Anthony grabbed the latter's phone, glanced at it, and pulled him out by the collar.

At the same time, he threw the driver's phone to the ground fiercely as it fell apart instantly.

Then, Anthony kicked the driver. His eyes seemed like a cold, dark abyss that radiated a freezing temperature.

"Traitor! How much money did she give you to work for her?" he fumed, venting all his pent-up anger on the driver.

No wonder Rosalie always called whenever he was with Genevieve.

It turned out that she bribed the driver Anthony's eyes were gloomy and indifferent, and his aura was cold.

The pale-faced driver was trembling with fear and couldn't say a word.

The driver was dismissed right away.

Anthony drove slowly, trailing behind Genevieve on the road.

She wouldn't even look at him.

Anthony frowned in annoyance as his expression turned even gloomier, He didn't change direction until she took a taxi and left.

The man knew he screwed up.

Genevieve secretly asked someone to investigate Rosalie's family background, especially the photo of Rosalie's mother.

A few days gone by.

Genevieve didn't respond to Cecilia's request. The latter went to Eagle Entertainment several times to look for her but was turned away.

She must have understood Genevieve's answer, so Cecilia didn't look for her anymore after that.

Time passed quickly.

Genevieve was a participant Genevieve was a participant at a heavyweight awards ceremony in the entertainment industry.

Samantha and Darrell also went separately.

They were the guests of honor at this awards ceremony.

Samantha was an age-defying actress in the circle who closely resembled Genevieve's sister. She looked ethereal and cool and gave off the feeling that she was an angel descended from heaven when she smiled.

Although Darrell was in his fifties, he displayed a sense of righteousness, showing no signs of gaining weight.

Genevieve inherited all the virtues of her parents.

Genevieve observed her parents pretending to be unfamiliar with each other but actually looking at each other in a lovey-dovey manner. So she could not take it any longer and walked away from them.

Otherwise, Genevieve would have to suffer a minute longer, watching her parents' public display of affection.

At the ceremony, Genevieve went with Sullivan to have a small talk with the others.

After the awards Sullivan was hungry and he ran aside to have some snacks.

Genevieve stood to the

side and took a rest.

But Anthony, who she hadn't seen in days, approached her.

His eyes were dark and unfathomable.

He looked at her as if trying to suppress his emotions.

Genevieve was at a loss, holding an unsipped glass of champagne. Then, she heard the man say lowly, "Malcolm is missing. He disappeared this afternoon while in the hospital for a reexamination."

Genevieve was stunned, not saying anything, as she looked at the man quietly and frostily.

Genevieve mused, 'He immediately suspects I'm at fault the moment Malcolm went missing?'

The situation was somewhat laughable and ironic to Genevieve.

She smiled and asked, "So? Are you questioning me now?"

"Genevieve, he's just a mute child... He's not a threat to anyone," he answered. Anthony's voice was deep, and his eyes darkened as if he was deliberately suppressing his overwhelming emotions.

h Genevieve lowered her eyes, put down the glass heavily, and looked up at him, saying, "Anthony, you suspected that I would hurt him just because I asked you if he was staying with Rosalie. You think I'm behind his disappearance, too, right?" Anthony frowned. Conflicting emotions of struggle and pain were evident on his face.

"I believe you, but Rosalie said she saw you..." Anthony voiced.

Genevieve rolled her eyes speechlessly and took a deep breath.

Rosalie never missed a chance to blame her for anything. Genevieve pondered, "Maybe one day when Rosalie is about to pass away, she will make a will stating that I was the one who did that to her. What a bad luck to be associated with her!"

Before she could speak, Rosalie hurried over from the corridor. Her face was pale, and tears rolled down her eyes endlessly. She knelt in front of Genevieve, Ms. Lawrence, please return my child to me! I know I was wrong. I won't stay here and be an eyesore to you in the future. I will get lost. Please let go of my child! He's only three years old. I can't live without him. Where did you hide him?

Torture me if you want. Don't torture my child..."

Genevieve frowned and observed the scene unfolding in front of her coldly.

She couldn't break her legs free from Rosalie's grip. Almost everyone around looked their way.

Genevieve suddenly became the focus of attention in the most shameful way.

Anthony pulled Rosalie up from the ground, and the woman unwillingly let go of Genevieve.

But her cries didn't stop and it was distracting.

Sullivan was shocked, voicing. "Why are you crying? Go to the police if you lost your child. What's the use of kneeling here and crying?"

"It was Ms. Lawrence who did it. I saw it with my own eyes..." Rosalie replied.

Before Rosalie finished her sentence, Samantha came over gracefully. "Did you see Genevieve take your child with your own eyes?" she asked.

Rosalie paused, sniffing while answering. "Yes, the culprit's back looks just like hers."

Samantha pursed her lips to hide the

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We the disgust on her face. She looked at Anthony and continued, "Mr. Hoffman, you have the basic ability to judge. You should know that looking at a person's back and saying it resembles Genevieve is just one's assumption. If there is no evidence, this will be considered slandering and defamation. This is a public place, and it's also a crime to spread rumors."

Anthony frowned slightly. For some reason, fear filled his heart when he saw Samantha. He replied in a deep voice, "Yes. I apologize for her because her concern blinded her."

Samantha smiled indifferently with frostiness in her eyes. "As far as I know, Genevieve has kept her distance from you people since

the divorce. Even though that matter regarding the kid humiliated her she didn't plan on exacting revenge. It's been so long but you guys still held on to the past and suspected her whenever anything happened. Is it because you feel guilty or have an ulterior motive? I think we should call the police because it's the best solution for all of us"

Chapter 88

Some reporters who sneaked in and took pictures secretly also posted this scene online.

They did, however, blur their faces out of consideration.

The many directors and celebrities around them could not help but nod discreetly.

Although they were in awe of Anthony's power, they were disdainful of Rosalie coming over to make a scene.

They thought, 'A mistress who isn't presentable thinks she has the same status as noble people? Who couldn't tell that she was giving her all into that performance?'

Someone said, "Exactly. Call the police immediately. It's no use talking about it."

and Exactly. Call t Another remarked, "That's right. Ms. Lawrence isn't that kind of person. Isn't there someone else who always comes out to stir up trouble these days?"

Rosalie turned pale, and she clutched Anthony tightly.

Anthony frowned as he looked at Rosalie with a gloomy expression, asking coldly, "Did you truly see that it was her?"

He did not call the police because he feared Genevieve had done something foolish and could not handle the situation, But at that moment, he was the one who could not handle it!

A slight glint flashed across Rosalie's eyes, and she appeared somewhat guilty as she replied, "They were very similar. Besides, except for Ms. Lawrence, who else would hate me and my son so much?"

Anthony's expression was tense and gloomy, and anger filled his eyes. He pretty much knew that he had been deceived by Rosalie again.

Samantha sneered as she approached and held Genevieve's shoulder.

"Gen, with so many people in front of us, do you dare to go to the police station and confront them?" Samantha asked.

Genevieve raised her eyebrows, her features exquisite as she replied, "Of course. If it wasn't me, I must request Mr. Hoffman and Ms. Stewart to apologize to me in public."

Rosalie's lips paled, Glaring at the other woman, she uttered, "Very well, Genevieve. I'll surely obtain evidence against you!"

Rosalie thought, 'Genevieve must have done it due to jealousy of me and Malcolm. She can't be. Despite smiling calmly, Genevieve's heart refused to calm down.

She knew who had abducted the child.

'Cecilia ultimately did it!' she thought innocent."

After changing her clothes, Genevieve went along to the police station. Samantha complained the entire way, saying, "Anthony, that silly head. He must've used dishonest means to reach this position. Fortunately, you ran away. Otherwise, having a baby in the future

would lower our 10

Darrell, who volunteered as a driver, chimed in "That's right. That girl is no match for our Gen. He must be blind!"

Samantha snorted coldly, her face darkened by anger toward Anthony and Rosalie

"We must thank him for being blind. What a loss it would be for us otherwise. I've asked Jasper to uncover your schedule this afternoon. Fortunately, there's proof from surveillance video. That pretentious woman will not succeed," she said.

Genevieve held her mother's arm and leaned against her as she said, "It's good to have you, Mom. No one can bully me with you here, There was no way Samantha could let her daughter be manipulated by a bitch!

Having mingled in the complex world of the entertainment industry for so many years, she could discern everyone's true nature at first glance Samantha stroked her daughter's head. After a short rest, she began cursing the shameless couple incessantly once more.

in the car behind, Anthony kept sneezing.

For some reason, he felt a little uneasy.

At present, there were heated discussions online, taking away the buzz from the celebrities at the awards ceremony.

Everyone observed the happenings with great interest.

Netizen A: [Samantha is like an angel! How brave!]

Netizen B Someone like Anthony deserves to be put in his place by Samantha. But why does he look at Samantha like he is looking at his mother in law?)

Netizen C: [Genevieve and Samantha look a bit like each other. Are all angels like this?]

Netizen D. [Waiting for the pretentious Rosalie to get a taste of her own medicine. It's been ages since she had divorced, yet she still goes to the legal wife when she lost her child. Does she think Genevieve is interested in her illegitimate child?]

Netizen E: [She's just feeling guilty, thinking Genevieve should hate and be jealous of her. In the end, Genevieve doesn't care about her at all At the police station, Rosalie's expression turned sour when Jasper took out the video of Genevieve playing golf that afternoon.

"T-That's impossible," she uttered.

Anthony stood aside with gloominess in his eyes and said nothing.

It was as if he had anticipated the outcome.

They had not left the station when Aiden ran over in a hurry with his men, his expression grave and complicated.

"Tony" he uttered.

Anthony looked up nonchalantly but said nothing.

Aiden walked over to him and whispered, "I know where Mal is. Don't call the police."

Anthony's gaze suddenly turned cold and stem.

In an instant, the atmosphere became frigid.

As Samantha was watching Anthony at that moment, she heard Aiden's words.

She snorted. "Found him? Weren't you framing an innocent person with all your strength just now?"

Seeing that the speaker was Samantha, the top celebrity, Aiden made no response, not daring to offend her.

He merely gave Anthony a pleading look as if he did not want to talk in this place,

"Tony, you can do anything to me about what happened before. But this time, please," Aiden pleaded.

Anthony stared at him coldly before walking out. Everyone else did not chase after him.

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The police had rebutted Rosalie's claims, saying, "Ms. Stewart's evidence is insufficient to prove that Ms. Lawrence abducted the child, and Ms. Lawrence has an alibi to prove that she didn't do it herself."

Unwilling to accept it, Rosalie walked over and grabbed the policeman.

"She must've sent someone to do it. Now that she is a director, the men she follows are all rich and powerful. Isn't it easy to find someone to do it?" she argued.

Before they could finish, Anthony and Aiden had already returned.

Anthony's expression was gloomy, with coldness and gloom enveloping him.

"It's not her. Stop Stop this unreasonable behavior," he said.

Hearing this, Rosalie froze and promptly burst into tears.

"Anthony..." she cried.

"Aren't you leaving yet?" Anthony snapped. His voice was cold and tinged with impatience.

Before she could turn around, Genevieve, who had been silent for a long time, could not help but remark, "That's it? Is the price to pay for framing someone so low?"

Anthony paused and turned around to look at her. His lips were tightly pursed. With a hint of apology in his eyes, he bowed slightly.

"I'm sorry" he said.

He looked at Rosalie, signaling her with a glance to apologize.

Rosalie clenched her fists as she debated and wiped her tears while crying.

"I'm... sorry," she uttered, Genevieve chuckled with a cold look.

"Don't you know what it means to apologize in public? So many celebrities witnessed it at the awards ceremony earlier. If any of them get it out, I would be embarrassed. You slandered and humiliated me in public, so you should apologize to me in public," she

said.

Rosalie suddenly fell silent.

Genevieve lowered her gaze and said, "Otherwise, I can only write a small article to clarify. It's not certain what I will write..."

Anyway, public opinion had always been on my side in our scandal, she thought.

Anthony glanced at Rosalie and said in a cold voice, "Got it. She will record an apology video and post it online."

Then, looking at Genevieve and Samantha, he continued, "Sorry to bother you tonight. I'll make it up to you some other time." Having said that, he turned around and left.

Rosalie suddenly turned pale and stared at Anthony's retreating figure in shock.

She thought, 'How could he agree to such an unreasonable request on my behalf?'

"Anthony..." she cried.

She chased after him in a hurry.

al but stare at t Samantha could not help but stare at them and covered her chest angrily.

"So much for those righteous words. That shameless couple is really something else!" she remarked.

Beside her, Darrell nodded in agreement.

The policeman went over and gave a few comforting words for fear of being complained about because they were all public figures, saying.

"You've been through a lot, Ms. Lawrence. If there are other requests, you can propose them later..."

Genevieve nodded her thanks.

"There's nothing else. Thank you for your hard work," she said.

They also left the place.

However, they came across Rosalie's apology video online before arriving home.

No one knew that she cried because she was worried about her missing son or because she was feeling wronged for apologizing reluctantly.

In any case, she cried her eyes out in a hysterical manner, reluctantly.

Chapter 89

The light in the video was dim. Rosalie sat in the car crying and mumbling. "Due to my missing child, I was too anxious and misunderstood Genevieve. I'm so sorry. Please forgive my anxiousness as a mother."

The video was only a few seconds long and quickly became a trending topic.

Many comments followed the post.

Netizen A: [This homewrecker is causing so much drama every day!]

Netizen B: [She has ulterior motives...]

Netizen C: [She's using her status as a mother for moral coercion!]

Rosalie was in the car watching Rosalie was in the car watching herself being criticized intensely even after posting the video.

She could not help but look at Anthony, grumbling. "Ms. Lawrence didn't come out to say a word. Everyone is criticizing me..."

Anthony's voice was cold as he said, "Apologizing is what you should do. She has no obligation to forgive you!"

Rosalie's expression froze and instantly darkened.

In front, Aiden felt a little guilty and said nothing.

Soon, they arrived at the house Aiden had bought for Cecilia.

Cecilia sat on the ground, looking lost and in shock.

Her child was still crying in the room, and the housekeepers were caring for the child in a flustered manner.

Anthony went in with a dark expression.

The moment Rosalie saw Cecilia, her expression suddenly changed.

"Why... You, you stole my son?" Rosalie asked.

Cecilia sat there motionless, her expression blank and offering no response.

In the end, it was Aiden who said with some embarrassment, "Rosalie, don't worry. She did secretly take your child away, but..."

Rosalie was a little anxious anxious. Malcolm was her source of survival. Without him.

Without him, she would lose everything she had now.

"But what?" she asked.

Rosalie anxiously ran around the room, trying to find her son without any luck

"But your child was abducted by someone else when she was bringing him back," Aiden said.

Aiden's tone was stiff, and he glanced at Anthony uneasily.

The latter's chilly gaze was fixed on Cecilia.

Aiden knew that although Anthony did not say a word, he was already overwhelmed by anger.

He could not bear to see it, so he went over to block Anthony's line of sight, saying, "I've sent someone to look for him but received no response. Blame me for this, Tony. I'll accept it, but Cecilia..."

Anthony pushed him away and stood before Cecilia, a cloud of coldness enveloping him.

" he asked.

"Why did you abduct the child?" he asked.

Cecilia lowered her head and said nothing.

Rosalie became emotional and ran over. She grabbed Cecilia and hit her hard several times, but she was still upset.

"Bitch, it's you! H-How dare you touch my son!" she cried.

Her tone was sharp and cold. She slapped Cecilia in the face and tugged at her hair fiercely.

"Who do you think you are? Where did you hide him? Say it!" she demanded.

She slapped Cecilia in the face again without hesitation.

Cecilia's cheeks quickly became swollen.

Aiden clenched his fists tightly at the side. However, he ultimately could not bear it and walked over to lean Cecilia's face against his body before turning to face Rosalie.

He said, "Rosalie, the Campbell family will try their best to make up for it. It's no use blaming her now. She..."

Rosalie kicked her several times angrily.

"She deserves to die. Who should I blame if not her? Why don't you go to hell?"

she cursed viciously.

Alden frowned.

However, no matter how she was hit, Cecilia stood still like a puppet, not saying a word.

Rosalie was agitated. When she heard the child crying in the room, she flew into a rage.

"Very well. If you don't tell me, I will kill your son!" she shouted.

She ran into the room like a maniac and snatched the child from the housekeeper's arms.

Rosalie ran out and lifted Cecilia's child before her, looking fierce and ruthless.

"Are you going to say it?" she threatened.

Cecilia finally reacted when she heard the child's voice.

Her tears fell silently.

Alden was afraid that at Rosalie would hurt the child, so he could not help but step aside to protect him.

But then, Cecilia suddenly stopped him while laughing, not panicking at all.

"Drop him! Just let him fall to his death!" she cried.

Everyone was shocked by her words.

Aiden's expression also changed abruptly Cecilia did not worry about her child, merely sitting on the ground, smiling and crying

"I would rather never have given birth to him. Why should I give birth to a child for my enemy? the uttered Aiden's eyes narrowed, and he looked at her in shock

"Cecilia, what are you talking about?" he exclaimed Im 16.15

Rosalie also froze, a little panicked. She said, wanting to stop Cecilia from continuing her words, "Shut up, bitch. He's your biological son. Are you going to stop caring about him?"

Cecilia smiled miserably. The others found her sorrowful expression strange

"My dad died today" she said.

She paused and looked at Aiden, her gaze frigid

"I bet you don't know who my dad is. He was the driver who hit you three years ago, the one who was in a vegetative state ordered him not to be rescued. My mother exhausted herself to raise his medical fee. I became yours and even gave child, all for the sake of getting money from you," she revealed Aiden's gaze was frozen in shock, staring at her in disbelief.

He only by regarded her as a poor student and did not send anyone to investigate her family, thinking it was not worth his circle. It was no big deal to provide for a woman in their

Cecilia looked at him with tears flowing down her cheeks. She reached out and grabbed his collar, pulling him closer

She uttered. "I hate you so much, and I hate myself too! But Aiden, do you know who to hate most?"

"I to your Why would he work for Genevieve? Because he made money for my She suddenly laughed bitterly Her eyes were slightly red, and she suddenly turned to point at Rosalie's her. The one you should hate is Rosalie!" she exclaimed Aiden was still in shock and looked over Rosalie's face was deathly pale, and her hands holding the child were trembling She warned, "Don't you dare slander me, Cecilia I still have your son As if to threaten Cecilia, she stepped forward, lifted the child, and threw him over Cecilia did not move as if she did not care at It was Aiden who instinctively went over to grab the child The clueless child was sobbing his heart out He looked at the baby and then at Cecilia and Rosalie.

He felt like he was being torn apart by three forces.

Cecilia smiled frigidly and stared at Rosalie.

"So, you're capable of being afraid too, Rosalie?" she remarked.

She had to expose Rosalie's true colors.

Cecilia looked at Aiden and said word by word, "The one who instructed my dad to hit you with his car is Rosalie Aiden was shocked.

Rosalie was so anxious that she wanted to go over and rip the other woman's mouth off.

However, Aiden stood in front of her.

Cecilia looked at Anthony, who had been silent for a long time, and said indifferently "Unfortunately, the En. person in that car is not Mr.

Hoffman."

As soon as she said that, there was a dead silence.

Anthony lifted his gaze with a frigid expression. Aiden also instantly froze.

Cecilia chuckled. Staring at Anthony, she uttered slowly, "When you two broke up, she deliberately caused a car accident to save your life and make you go back to her. In the end, Aiden was the unlucky one. He got into that car for you and thanked your enemy on your behalf for three years!"

Chapter 90

The next second, Rosalie couldn't resist picking up the cup next to her and hurling it in Cecilia's direction. Her face was twisted and sinister.

Rosalie shouted, "She's talking nonsense. She's lying! She stole our child, Anthony. Don't believe her! She's a liar! Bitch, you're trying to set me up! Go to hell!"

Rosalie was in a state of panic. She was willing to keep the secret even at the cost of harming her own mother, yet it was so easily revealed by someone she had always looked down upon.

She had someone run over and kill Frank and Margaret to keep the secret. She wanted to get rid of everyone who knew about it.

'I've neglected and underestimated this bitch! she thought.

Aiden's expression gradually became colder, and his gaze at Rosalie was no longer as guilty and gentle as before.

He had always thought it was a coincidence that Rosalie had saved him, so he took good care of her and tried to pair her up with Anthony, even at the risk of offending Anthony and Genevieve.

Yet, that was the outcome.

"Are you telling the truth?" he asked, looking down at Cecilia, whose face was grim.

Cecilia lifted her gaze. Her eyes were dull. It was as if she had fallen into an abyss.

She struggled with her inner conflict and pain, tormenting herself and wanting to torment him at the same time.

"Of course, it's true. After the incident, she gave us 100 thousand dollars as hush money, and we used that money to pay for my father's hospitalization expenses," she replied.

Aiden's gaze was filled with unspeakable, complicated emotions. He looked at her with anger, disappointment, and a touch of helplessness.

He pondered, "Have I not treated her well enough all these years? Yet, she lied to me as if I were a fool!

Cecilia turned to look at Anthony, whose expression was somber. She pursed her lips and said, "And you... You're ridiculous, too. Do you know the story behind your family's car accident a while ago?"

Anthony raised his head in an instant.

Rosalie was even more agitated. Her face turned pale, and her voice trembled as she said, "Cecilia, you blackmailed me for 2 million dollars last time. And now, you're framing me because I didn't give it to you?"

She was eager to prove her innocence.

However, that attested to her sense of guilt.

Cecilia chuckled as if she had not heard Rosalie's words.

She turned her gaze to an open window.

The curtains fluttered as the cold night breeze blew in.

All of a sudden, Cecilia wanted to free herself and get out of her misery.

"Framed? Rosalie, I'll see you at the bottom," she said with a smile, then looked at Aiden with a sorrowful expression before she turned and ran toward the window.

Rosalie was not the only one who had destroyed Cecilia's family.

The victim, Aiden, had allowed her father to lapse into a vegetative state with a casually uttered prohibition on treatment.

He was both a victim and a perpetrator.

Aiden looked at her in shock before he could react could react as she jumped out of the window in front of everyone like a wisp of wind or smoke.

Bang!

gan to cry even louder.

The child he held began to cry Aiden hurried over, his complexion pale, looking as if he might collapse.

Cecilia was like a rose that had struggled but could not save itself, slowly blooming and freeing itself in the darkness under the street lamps.

Rosalie fell silent. She looked at the disappearing woman. She was shocked but relieved, then she subconsciously shifted her gaze to observe Anthony's reaction.

Anthony's expression was cold and somber. The moment he stared at her, it seemed as if he had seen through her ugly and disgusting soul.

Cecilia did not tell the whole story about the car accident, but there was no way that Anthony would not have become suspicious.

Rosalie was so nervous that her heart was about to leap out of her chest.

"Anthony... she uttered.

Aiden dealt with the remaining matters. He was depressed.

Cecilia had not told Anthony Malcolm's whereabouts. Instead, he had discovered something else.

His reaction was too calm. There was no anger, not even a shout. His expression was extremely cold. It was dangerous and frightening.

He had Rosalie locked up in a sanatorium. She was not allowed to leave without his orders.

Anthony remained indifferent, regardless of how much Rosalie wailed and protested.

Malcolm's disappearance remained unsolved.

There was no trace of Malcolm, no matter what connections Anthony used to locate him.

At Hoffman Group office, Daniel knocked on a door and entered. When Daniel saw Anthony, who had seemed exhausted and distant in recent days, he dared not relax for a second as he reported, "Mr. Hoffman, I've reviewed all the footage from the nearby surveillance cameras. The footage during that period has been tampered with. If we eliminate the possibility of a kidnapping for human trafficking, it's likely that someone was targeting us."

He continued, "For the time being, the child might be safe if they haven't reached out yet"

Until now, Anthony had not revealed Malcolm's identity.

To the public, Samson was perceived as Anthony's illegitimate child. However, Anthony wondered, "Why has Samson been left unharmed?"

Anthony rubbed his forehead with his slender fingers, and with a calm expression, he said, "Rosalie has been closely monitored. How is she doing?"

Daniel momentarily froze before answering, "She's been making a scene, claiming that she's innocent. However, when her blood is compared to the blood sample of the perpetrator who jumped off a building, they are identified as mother and daughter."

Anthony's expression instantly darkened as Daniel said those words.

A lot of things had become clear to him at once.

Not only did Rosalie arrange the car accident three years ago, but she also repeated the same trick three years later.

sa He seethed inwardly, thinking, 'How dare she harm Grandpa and Grandma! This woman is a wolf in sheep's clothing!

He suddenly thought of Genevieve and felt as if his heart was being clenched tightly. It felt unbearable and suffocating.

"But I'm afraid that alone won't be enough evidence to bring Rosalie to justice,"

Daniel added.

Anthony stood up with his phone in his hand, feeling frustrated and heavily burdened.

Daniel was stunned for a moment before asking, "Mr. Hoffman, where are you going?" "Don't follow me," he replied. His tone was indifferent.

Anthony started driving aimlessly and finally stopped at Eagle Entertainment.

Meanwhile, in the office, Jasper brought over the information he had obtained about Rosalie.

"This is an old photo that our people found after a long search," he reported.

Genevieve's expression changed when she picked it up and looked at it.

She could tell at a glance that the middle-aged woman in the photo was the perpetrator.

The teenage girl standing beside her did not look all that different from Rosalie, who was now an adult.

Genevieve mused, "If they are indeed mother and daughter, then Rosalie O'PT

was definitely involved in the car accident. Did Rosalie deliberately let go of the woman with the black mole when she fell from the hospital?

The more Genevieve thought about it, the more horrible it seemed to her.

She thought, 'If that's the case, Rosalie would do anything!'

She pursed her lips and put the photo back.

Just as she was about to ask Jasper to give it to Anthony, the assistant outside knocked on the door, saying, "Mr. Hoffman from

Hoffman Group is here to see you, Ms. Lawrence! He said it's something important!"

Genevieve was stunned, and the office fell into silence for a moment.

"Let him in," she said.

Jasper nodded and walked out of the room.

Anthony fixed his gaze on Genevieve as soon as he entered.

Genevieve sat on the couch and looked at him with a calm com expression. She spoke in a distant and polite tone, "Mr. Hoffman, is there anything I can help you with?"

Genevieve's demeanor was formal and businesslike.