

Submitting 91

Chapter 91

Anthony paused for a moment. He put on a cold and tense expression before urgently saying, "I know that Rosalie hired someone to run over Grandpa and Grandma. Not just now but three years ago as well. Since Aiden was running errands for me then, he was the one who got hit."

He continued, "She is a conniving and deceitful person. Everything she did to you was probably intentional, and I can't believe I didn't notice. I have failed you."

Anthony pressed his lips together, his inner unease growing, his dark and incomprehensible gaze fixed on Genevieve.

Genevieve met his gaze calmly, her eyes seemingly devoid of emotion.

She had become somewhat impervious to his words and reactions.

Anthony's heart sank when he saw that.

Genevieve stood up and picked up the information Jasper had obtained from the table and placed it in front of him.

"This is what I found. It should be useful to you," she said.

When Anthony saw the photo, his expression became subtle and complicated expression, and his jaw tensed for a moment.

"You found this?" he asked.

Genevieve nodded and said, "They are mother and daughter. I believe you understand how to employ this evidence, Mr. Hoffman."

Anthony had known about Rosalie's relationship with that woman for a long time, but unless Rosalie pleaded guilty, there was not enough evidence to convict her.

However, he could not help e could not help but feel a little sad and touched when he saw that Genevieve had worked so hard to obtain the evidence.

She willingly brought him the evidence, even though his actions in the past had undoubtedly hurt her.

He pondered, 'She is truly devoted to me. Isn't she giving me a chance by bringing me the photo?

Anthony became increasingly remorseful and sad. He felt as though fine threads had wrapped around his chest as it filled with pain.

He raised his head. His green eyes were deep and affectionate as he stared at Genevieve and said to her, "I understand now, Genevieve. Let's marry again! I won't betray your affections this time."

Genevieve frowned and froze for a moment in confusion as she held a cup of coffee.

She was at a loss for words.

Genevieve pursed her lips, pondering, "Why did he suddenly bring up remarriage? What did he mean by affection? Did he misunderstand something? How could Mr. Hoffman, whose intellect is superior to most, not understand what I meant? It's confusing!"

Genevieve set the cup down, somewhat puzzled, but she maintained her etiquette as she smiled at him.

"Mr. Hoffman, I just don't want Grandpa Frank and Grandma Margaret to have suffered in vain. I have no other intentions," she explained.

Has he lost his mind? Is there a problem with his comprehension? she thought.

However, Anthony assumed Genevieve was embarrassed.

"I get it! I understand now! he thought.

Anthony took an invitation from his pocket, smiling softly, his face full of tenderness.

"I know. I'll invite you to the birthday banquet in a few days. Gen, will you be my date?" he asked and left immediately after saying that. He had not noticed the look on Genevieve's face, as if she had just seen a lunatic.

When Anthony returned to Hoffman Group, he appeared to be a different person than when he had left. The smile on his face was unbelievable.

Anthony had a feeling that even though Genevieve had not agreed to attend the birthday banquet, she would.

At that moment, Quincey pushed open the door with a handbag in her hand. She entered the room in high heels, accompanied by Lauraine, who was also dressed in designer brands.

Jasper moved quickly to make room for them.

"Hello, Mrs. Hoffman and Ms. Hoffman, he greeted.

Lauraine smiled politely while Quincey ignored him.

She snorted and said, "I already know. You went to see Genevieve again, didn't you? She's clinging to you even after the divorce. How despicable!"

Anthony's face darkened as he asked "Who told you that?"

He disliked Quincey's high and mighty attitude when she criticized Genevieve,

"She didn't do anything wrong! The Hoffman family has owed her so much all this time!" he thought to himself.

Quincey replied, "When you showed up at Eagle Entertainment, my besties bumped into you while shopping." She thought of what had happened recently and scoffed as she spoke.

"It's good that the mute child is gone. You don't need to send anyone to find him. And get rid of that Rosalie quickly. Don't contact her again. She still wants to join our family despite her status. In her dreams!" Quincey scoffed..

Quincey could die from her exasperation when a child who would inherit a portion of the family fortune appeared out of nowhere.

It's a blessing that we finally lost him!' she thought.

Anthony's eyes were eyes were dark as he looked up. There was no emotion in his voice as he asked,

"Is there anything else?"

Lauraine approached with a smile as she said, "We're here to see you, Tony. Dad's birthday is in a few days. We should talk about the arrangements."

"Dad's birthday will be as usual. Arrange a banquet and give the invitation list to Daniel, Anthony said.

Quincey nodded and said casually, I've contacted some socialites from good families for you. There is one who plays the piano well. It'll be a great opportunity for you to meet her"

Anthony stood up impatiently, unable to hide the cold expression on his face. "No, I won't meet her. If there's nothing else, please

leave. I'm bung" he said When Quincey saw Anthony's stubborn face, her expression became sullen, and she said unhappily, "Your father went abroad to see that woman a few days ago. Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't arrived in time! If they show up again, will you be able to keep your position as CEO of Hoffman Group?

There was a moment of silence in the office Anthony cast them a cold and stern glance.

De retorted, "Whether I can keep this position is not up to you."

When Prenley had handled Hoffman Group, the company had not dominated the market as aggressively and quickly as it did at that time.

Anthony was the one who had gradually made Hoffman Group the leader in the industry by organizing the assets in the shortest amount of NO time and winning over the dissenters after he had taken over the position.

Anthony had invested in countless companies. Those were accomplished through his own efforts. Even without Hoffman Group, he might still have a po on Forbes List.

Presley was not a fool. A few words from Quincey would not cause him to relinquish his kingdom.

Quincey's expression changed. When she realized that her son was not on the same page as her, her chest heaved with anger as she said, "You..."

When Louraine saw that, she immediately stepped forward tom mediate the dispute by saying, "Mom, what Tony meant was as long as he's here, he won't let you get mistreated."

"Right, Tony?" she asked, smiling as she looked at Anthony.

Anthony smiled slightly, looking insouciant.

He did not speak a word His silence was a sign of agreement.

Quincey would not stay angry since Anthony had given her a way out.

She calmed her emotions and said in a less hostile tone, "I just wanted you to meet her. Of course, you should be with someone you're happy with." Quincey was delighted that Rosalie and the two children would no longer have to stay here as a nuisance.

Lauraine looked at Quincey with a smile as she said, "You've been m invited to a poker game by Mrs.

Patterson, Mom. It's time. Shouldn't you get going?"

Quincey then glanced at the time. She had almost forgotten. "You're right. I'm leaving now," she said.

She e just turned around and left, not wanting to say more because she was going to be late.

Lauraine rushed to Anthony's side as soon as Quincey left. Her expression was pitiful as she said, "Please help me, Tony!" Anthony frowned, looked at his sister, and asked, "What's wrong?"

Chapter 92

I visited Louis, but he didn't want to see me at all. I waited for hours on several occasions on the ground floor of his company, but he didn't relent. He wouldn't talk to me, no matter how many chance encounters I had with him or what I said to him. Can you help me think of a plan, Tony? I'm losing my mind!" Lauraine paced around impatiently as she spoke.

Anthony furrowed his brow slightly. "Why are you so eager?"

"If I'm not eager, I'll be even more invisible to him. It's easy for women to pursue men. Besides, he's such an outstanding and popular man. I can't let him be taken by someone else!" Lauraine replied naturally.

Anthony looked disdainful. He did not have a good impression of Louis.

"He's not worth it. Besides, doesn't he just look like me?" he grumbled.

"Tony, can you stop being so narcissistic? He doesn't look like you at all. Louis looks more gentle and gorgeous..." said Lauraine.

Anthony's face darkened as she shot her a cold look. "Get out."

Lauraine fell silent.

'Is he really my brother? she wondered, She pleaded for a while before Anthony eventually agreed to create an opportunity for her by Inviting Louis to Presley's birthday banquet.

After asking her to leave, Anthony finally had some peace and quiet.

Several days passed before Genevieve finally found out about the situation on Anthony's side.

The event in which Cecilia jumped off a building was kept under wraps due to the numerous circumstances surrounding it.

When Genevieve learned of it, she found it difficult to believe, She wondered why Cecilia had chosen such a way to leave.

A few days later, Selene excitedly went to the company to look for Genevieve.

As soon as she entered the office, Selene stood in front of Genevieve's desk and looked at her with a mysterious expression.

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"Do you know what I'm going to tell you? Selene asked.

Genevieve shook her head.

Selene didn't keep Genevieve in suspense as she eagerly revealed, "Aiden took the child back to the Campbell family. Mrs. Campbell was worried, so she had them do a DNA test. It turns out the child is not Aiden's."

Genevieve's eyes widened in astonishment. She was immensely shocked.

"What? That Cecilia..." she uttered.

"Wasn't Cecilia in love with Aiden? Or was she only putting on an act as well? Genevieve thought.

Selene couldn't help but shake her head. "Cecilia's first boyfriend is the father of that child. After she left Aiden, she made up with her

first love, then broke up with him when she got pregnant."

Selene continued, "Now everyone is making fun of Aiden for being cheated on by a mistress. The Campbell family has given the child back to his biological father."

Genevieve also thought this was quite sad.

'Cecilia had most likely gotten together with Aiden out of revenge since the beginning. Perhaps only those two are aware of their true selves, she mused.

"The Campbell family's got enough on their plate for a while. But who was it that took that kid?" asked Genevieve.

Selene raised her eyebrows and said, "Who knows? It has nothing to do with us anymore."

Genevieve was silent for a moment.

It's just a pity that Malcolm is lost... she thought.

However, she could not help but feel that he was not lost but had been taken. She thought it was impossible that the search yielded no results at all otherwise, considering how much of a fuss Anthony had made.

Her phone suddenly rang. It was a message from Louis: [Gen, something urgent came up, so I have to go back to Atharia. Do you need me to bring you anything?]

Genevieve frowned slightly. This seemed quite sudden to her.

She replied: [I don't need anything. Have a safe trip]

Louis: [Wait for me.]

After the two chatted for a while, it was time to get off work.

Genevieve had a social function that night with some acquaintances, and Selene went with her.

The other party also brought his daughter, who was about the same age as Genevieve. She had just returned from abroad. Her facial features were defined, and she looked delicate and elegant,

"Ms. Lawrence, this is my daughter, Andrea Thomson. She plays the piano, said the man.

Genevieve smiled and said politely. "I've seen Ms. Thomson's poster before. I was lucky to pass by a theater when I was abroad, but unfortunately, I didn't have time to go inside and enjoy her performance."

delicate Andrea had a delicate air about her, and she replied gently, "You're too kind, Ms. Lawrence. I have a performance in the theater in a few days. You can come and support me if you have time."

Andrea and Rosalie were similar in some ways, possibly because both had the characteristics of a dancer, They both look They both looked delicate, soft, and fragile.

fragile.

However, Andrea did not feel as mean and inimical as Rosalie.

From time to time, Andrea's gaze fell on Genevieve during the meal.

Genevieve noticed and just nodded lightly at her when she met her gaze.

When the meal was about to end, Andrea's phone rang. She glanced at it before speaking to her father, Kyler Thomson, with a smile.

Kyler waved his hand and dismissed her helplessly.

Selene laughed and teased, "Is your boyfriend coming to pick you up?"

Andrea's face flushed. She subconsciously glanced at Genevieve, smiled, slightly embarrassed, and explained, "He's not that yet."

Shyly, she apologized to everyone and left.

Although that person was not yet her boyfriend, someone had come to pick her up.

Kyler smiled and said, "He's someone her mother set her up with. I hope you don't mind, Ms. Lawrence. It's Anthony Hoffman."

Silence ensued in the room.

Selene was even more shocked and stiffly withdrew her smile as she uttered,

"Anthony?"

Genevieve quirked her brow. She finally realized why Andrea had been watching her.

"Of course, I don't mind. They're well-matched in status, a perfect match for each other!" she replied.

Since Kyler worked even more closely with Eagle Entertainment, he did not keep this from Genevieve.

Kyler finally breathed a sigh of relief when he noticed Genevieve appeared unfazed.

He then added, "Actually, I'm against it. But my wife thinks highly of Mr. Hoffman, and Andrea likes him, too. She has liked Mr. Hoffman since she was a child, so...

let fate take its course!"

After the meal, everyone left one by one.

Genevieve and Selene were the last to leave after they went to the restroom.

Selene had drunk quite a lot and was leaning on Genevieve in a drunken stupor. They were waiting for the elevator.

When the elevator arrived, a man got out. He had quite a lot to drink as well. He narrowed his eyes as he regarded them before his eyes lit up.

"Ms. Lawrence. Aren't you Ms. Lawrence of Hoffman Group?"

up?" he asked.

Genevieve was stunned and recognized that this person had liaised with him at that time.

on was Duncan Cook, a client who had collaborated with Hoffman Group.

She Genevieve nodded perfunctorily. "Nice to see you, Mr. Cook. I'm no longer at Hoffman Group."

Duncan eagerly approached and took her hand as he sized her up, unable to hide his astonishment.

"Ms. Lawrence, I've always thought it was a waste of talent for you to work there. Mr. Hoffman had always a m

neglected you. You've been on my mind since your divorce. Why don't you come to my company? I double your salary," Duncan said.

As he spoke, he made his way to touch her behind, taking advantage of the fact that he was inebriated.

Genevieve retracted her hand and dodged, her face darkening. "Mr. Cook, I'm not interested. Please behave yourself."

Duncan's face became sullen in an instant. Narrowing his eyes, he grunted.

"Don't make me do this the hard way. Do you think you are still a member of Hoffman Group?" he spat.

Selene, who was standing next to Genevieve and listening to them, looked up in a daze, thinking that something was wrong.

"Who are you? What's so great about Hoffman Group? Where did this fatty come from? If you want to act like a hooligan, open your eyes. Get lost!"

Selene hissed.

Duncan hated being called "fatty," and his expression changed om dramatically, Lifting his hand, he slapped Selene across the face.

Chapter 93

Selene instantly came to her senses. She was not the kind of person who would swallow her anger and suffer in silence. Without saying a word, she rushed forward and kicked his lower body hard.

ler movement was Seizing the moment when Duncan was in too much pain to speak, she immediately slapped him in the face. Her swift and decisive.

Selene touched her face and said provocatively, "How dare you hit me? I will make you pay!"

Duncan was so angry that he broke out in a sweat on his forehead. He reacted and looked at them fiercely. "None of you are leaving today.

He grabbed Genevieve's wrist tightly and tried to drag her into the next room.

Trailing behind Duncan, Selene punched and kicked him but the damage she was causing was insignificant to a man.

No matter how Genevieve resisted, Duncan refused to let go.

However, the next second, Duncan felt a tremendous amount of pressure behind him. Someone kicked Duncan in the back, causing the latter to bump into the door frame next to him subconsciously Seeing that Genevieve was about to be dragged down by him, the newcomer suddenly reached out to pull her back.

The next second, she fell into a familiar yet simultaneously strange embrace. The calming fragrance caught her off guard.

She thought, 'Didn't he leave early with Andrea? Why did he show up here?'

When she looked up, Anthony's grim expression entered her vision. Without any hesitation, he kicked Duncan again before the latter could see who he was.

Anthony gave off a domineering and unwavering aura, sending chills down the spines of others around him. A ferocious and cold look filled his gaze.

His demeanor was utterly different from Duncan's bluffing mien.

When compared to Anthony, Duncan was like a useless child, rendered powerless to retaliate.

Just then, the owner of the clubhouse had heard the commotion, and hurried over. "What's going on? Mr. Hoffman..."

After he took one glance downward, the clubhouse's owner's facial expression changed drastically.

Selene walked up to him angrily. "This fat bastard was trying to take advantage of us and even beat us. Get someone to drive him away. I'll call the police!"

Duncan, lying on the ground, had already been beaten into a pulp.

He twitched in agony on the floor, unable to get up.

When the clubhouse's owner heard about reporting the incident to the police, his expression immediately changed.

He glanced at Genevieve and Selene, then at the formidable-looking Anthony. Anthony didn't say anything but turned to stare intently at Genevieve.

The clubhouse's owner approached Genevieve with a gratifying smile and said, "Since Mr. Hoffman has already taught him a lesson, let's not make a big deal out of it, shall we, Ms. Lawrence?"

Genevieve looked gloomy and understood what he implied.

Nevertheless, she felt aggrieved to let that matter slide just like that.

The clubhouse's owner looked at Anthony tentatively.

Genevieve lowered her head and took out her phone as if she wanted to call for help.

However, the phone was snatched from her hand before she could make the call. Anthony looked at her pensively and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm right here. Who else do you want to ask for help?"

He thought, 'I've been waiting for her to speak up. Hasn't she noticed?' Anthony frowned and looked at the clubhouse's owner. He sneered and uttered in a cold and threatening voice, "Call the police. I don't want to see this person here again!"

The clubhouse's owner's expression changed at once. He immediately sensed Anthony's firm stance.

He didn't dare to offend Anthony.

Richard nodded immediately. "Okay, Mr. Hoffman. I'll do it right away. This person will never appear in the clubhouse again."

Anthony looked down at Genevieve. She wore an indifferent look as if she was deliberately keeping a distance from him.

His heart clenched. However, at the thought of her taking the initiative to send him the pictures, he couldn't help but feel slightly delighted. "They will handle the rest. I'll take you back first."

Genevieve paused. 'No need. Didn't you send Ms. Thomson away?'

"What? Ms. Thomson?" Anthony looked puzzled and bewildered.

Genevieve stared at him for a few seconds and realized he really didn't know.

Her confusion intensified as she thought, 'If it wasn't he who brought Andrea away, who did?'

Anthony raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you jealous?"

Genevieve looked away and cursed inwardly. She thought, 'What kind of extraordinary comprehension is that?'

Anthony reached out and took the bag from her hand. He couldn't help curling his lips and smiling. "Let's go. You're the only person I'm fetching with my car."

Genevieve paused and was about to refuse when Selene, intoxicated, couldn't help but fall asleep on her shoulder.

Genevieve sighed helplessly. She thought, 'I'm afraid it's too late to call the driver now. I can only trouble Anthony now!'

Anthony went to press the elevator button while Genevieve supported Selene to get into the elevator.

The night fell.

Fortunately, Selene passed out from drunkenness. Otherwise, she would've flipped out after having endured the slap to her face.

Anthony drove while Genevieve and Selene sat in the back.

"Where does she live?" he asked.

Genevieve paused briefly before answering. "She stays at my place."

Anthony was slightly displeased. He thought, That's so inconvenient if she's also staying there Still, he didn't say anything.

Genevieve helped Selene up the stairs. Anthony trailed behind them, showing no intention of helping He didn't even want to lay his hand on another woman.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief after exiting the room. Then, she noticed Anthony hadn't left.

He sat in the living room and poured himself a glass of water, looking leisurely as if he owned the place

"Why are you still here?" she asked.

Anthony rolled up his sleeves, exposed his muscular forearms, and leisurely poured her a glass of water. "Let's have a talk?"

you Genevieve walked over er with a frown. "What do you You may offer me a price!"

After all, she did receive the 20 million dollars, so she wasn't bothered by the insignificant amount of money.

Anthony's face darkened at once. "Can you not talk about money? Can everything be solved with money?"

+ coved to prove him w wrong The 20 million dollars was like a piece of glaring evidence that served to prove Looking at his reaction, Genevieve chuckled in silence. "What do you want to talk about then?"

Anthony stared at her. He furrowed his brows and pinched the space between his eyebrows. "Geñ, Pknow what you're thinking. Rosalie's matter won't affect us anymore. If you're willing now, we can remarry tomorrow!"

Genevieve looked at him in bewilderment. "What am I thinking?"

Anthony replied, "You took the initiative to express your goodwill.."

Genevieve looked at him in speechlessness.

Anthony's eyes were pensive and gloomy. He appeared calm, but he was actually feeling slightly nervous.

After a long time, Genevieve closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and said calmly, "It wasn't a show of goodwill when I gave you the photo. That's because Rosalie is together with you, and she harmed your family member. It's up to you to decide what to do next"

Anthony's smile gradually faltered. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to remarry and I never will harbor such an idea. Anthony, you can go out now." Genevieve spoke bluntly and without mercy. Anthony happened to be a prideful man.

His jawline was taut, and his lips were pursed. The aura he exuded gradually turned cold. He gave her a significant look and turned to leave.

However, as soon as he stepped out of the house, he regretted his actions, i.e. though she was testing me?

Genevieve cursed inwardly and went straight back to her room. Anthony had arranged for Frank and Margaret to travel, and as soon as they left, Quincey was completely reformed. She didn't have to pretend to be a false daughter.

Chapter 94

Louis returned home on a private plane.

Genevieve was hands was handling some matters nearby when when she received his call, so they went back together.

On the way, Louis took out a palm-sized gift box and gave it to her. "Gen, this is for you."

Genevieve was surprised, as the brand on the gift box was a well-known luxury brand from Friyx.

She said, "I can't accept your gift; it is too valuable."

Louis smiled gently and opened the box. "Only something valuable is worthy of you. It's just a bracelet, nothing much. We are good friends, so there is no need to be formal," he said.

Since he said that, Genevieve seemed to have no further reason to refuse at the moment.

The bracelet was a limited edition of the season and a private collection that money couldn't buy. It was dazzling and vibrant, adorned with diamonds of different colors from different parts of the world. Genevieve had liked it when she first saw it, but she had forgotten about it in a blink. Now that Louis gifted it to her, she decided to get him a similar trinket next time.

She accepted it happily and said, "Thank you."

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"I ask for a favor. I'm attending a banquet, and I need a female companion. Louis looked at her, smiling gently.

also want to Genevieve raised her eyebrow and agreed readily. "Sure."

She really liked the colorful bracelet and found herself admiring it more with each glance.

Presley's birthday banquet was grand.

Darrell and others all received invitations from the Hoffman family.

They rarely attended such events, primarily because they couldn't be bothered to do so since they weren't close enough. Samantha especially detested the hypocrisy of that family.

Genevieve wouldn't have come if she had known Louis was attending Presley's birthday banquet.

When she saw Presley and Quincey at the entrance, she realized she had been too careless.

Noticing her resistant expression, Louis said apologetically, "Gen, don't run away."

Genevieve glared at him, feeling speechless. She gritted her teeth and asked, "Mr. Fallon, why do I feel like I've fallen into a trap?"

Meanwhile, Presley's and Quincey's expressions shifted when they saw Louis and Genevieve, but show their displeasure publicly.

they didn't With a smile, Presley came over to shake hands with Louis. "Welcome, Mr. Fallon."

"Mr. Hoffman, happy birthday. Louis greeted him with a subtle nod.

Meanwhile, Quincey had a gloomy expression as she stared at Genevieve, who was holding Louis' arm.

She remarked, "Why are you here? Don't you know your status? You're lowering our class and status by attending this banquet. How E

could you be so unaware?"

Louis' expression stiffened, and he gazed at Quincey coldly, saying in a frosty voice, "Mrs. Hoffman, are you dissatisfied with my companion or me? In that case, you shouldn't have sent an invitation, so we wouldn't come to be humiliated for no reason."

Louis spoke with a cold and commanding tone, his noble and calm aura growing oppressive.

Immediately, Quincey's face fell. She stuttered, "..."

She didn't expect Louis to react so strongly, and she hadn't realized this wasn't the right occasion to be so impulsive.

Presley cast a reproaching look at Quincey, scolding, "What are you talking about? Mr. Fallon is someone the Hoffman Group has been wanting to collaborate with for a long time, and Gen is not a stranger. You better apologize!"

Making Quincey apologize to Genevieve in public was akin to putting her life at stake.

Genevieve didn't say a word. She stood there with a mocking smile while observing Quincey's embarrassment and discontent.

Amid the standoff, Lauraine ran over happily, dressed in a lively and playful pink dress. She greeted, "Louis, you're here. Oh... Gen?"

a bit disappointed, but she didn't make it obvious.

When she saw Genevieve standing next to Louis, she felt Genevieve remained silent, her dislike for Lauraine growing further.

Louis ignored Lauraine, choosing instead to remind Quincey in a clear voice,

"Mrs. Hoffman, you haven't apologized yet."

The atmosphere turned awkward in an instant.

Lauraine looked at Quincey in shock, and many people around were watching.

Not wanting to offend Louis, Presley lowered his voice and warned Quincey, "Apologize, or you can leave right now!"

Quincey's expression changed, and she gritted her teeth reluctantly.

"I'm sorry. I misspoke," she uttered and quickly walked away, afraid that she would lose control of her emotions and ruin the event.

Presley smiled at Louis and said, "Mr. Fallon, I have something to discuss with you. Please, this way."

Louis glanced at Genevieve, who nodded and said, "I'll go grab something to eat."

As soon as Louis left, Lauraine hurriedly pulled Genevieve to the side.

"Gen, why did you come with him?" Lauraine asked, looking at her sadly.

Genevieve stared at her coldly, feeling increasingly displeased by how she was crossing the line. "I don't need to explain that to you."

Hearing that, Lauraine pouted dejectedly.

Just then, several socialites dressed in luxurious and extravagant outfits approached them. "Lauraine, who are you talking to?"

Lauraine paused and turned to the person who just spoke. "Andrea?" she called out.

Andrea, who was a pianist, exuded a refined and elegant temperament that made people feel a sense of distance.

The others were socialites who were pampered by their families. When they saw Genevieve and Lauraine, ambiguous smiles appeared on their faces.

*UZN Genevieve was about to leave when she saw Quincey walking over in a new outfit. It was luxurious and covered in gold flakes, bright enough to blind the onlookers.

It seemed like she wanted to make sure she was the most dazzling woman in the room.

"Genevieve, since you're here, you should eat more," she chirped. Her attitude toward Genevieve had m changed. completatas smiled kindly and held Genevieve's hand. With a sigh, she remarked, "Look at you. You've lost weight after leaving the Hoffman family for so long. As your mother-in-law, I really can't bear to see this."

Genevieve stepped back instinctively, thinking, "She obviously has ulterior motives!

Quincey sighed again, flashing a gentle smile at the other guests. "It's unfortunate that they divorced, but I've always regarded Genevieve as my daughter. I hope you can help her find a boyfriend in the future, despite her humble background and different T

lifestyle."

Genevieve couldn't help but snort in disbelief.

A woman in a black dress gave her a side-eye and remarked, "Mrs. Hoffman is very nice to you. I once

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heard someone say that she's a difficult mother-in-law to approach, but I guess you spread that false information. She clearly treats you so well, yet you don't even appreciate it. You're taking advantage of her kindness!"

At that moment, Genevieve suddenly realized Quincey was playing the role of a good mother-in-law. However, there was no way she would let the latter have her way.

After some thought, Genevieve played along and blinked pitifully, looking like she was on the verge of crying. Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Hoffman. Also, thank you for reminding me every day that I come from a humble background and can't match up to your family. Even that woman who gave birth to an illegitimate child couldn't join your family, so naturally, my marriage won't last long since I only married into your family by sheer luck. I know you've always wanted a daughter-in-law who matches your family's status, so I've divorced as you wished. Can't you let me off now?"

As she spoke, she began to choke up.

Chapter 95

Quincey's face gradually stiffened, and she couldn't keep up the act any longer.

She fumed inwardly, "Genevieve, this bitch, how can she act more wronged and pitiful than me!"

Quincey initially intended to use Genevieve to cultivate a favorable mother-in-law image, but Genevieve had ruined it for her.

Quincey's face paled with anger as she gritted her teeth and glanced at Genevieve disdainfully. Maintaining a hypocritical smile, she then walked up to Andrea.

Quincey told Andrea, "If it were you, you would surely get along well with me. Your impressive family background and outstanding abilities would provide the perfect support, allowing Anthony to focus on his career wholeheartedly. When both of you get married in the future..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Anthony's cold and deep voice suddenly echoed from behind, tinged with restrained anger. "Who's getting married?"

Quincey paused, turning to look at him.

"Anthony, this is the lady I mentioned earlier, Ms. Thomson. She's a young and accomplished pianist with numerous awards to her name. You picked her up last time, and I trust you both had an enjoyable time together... Quincey said.

"Last time, it was the driver who picked her up. I'm busy and didn't have the time," Anthony interrupted quickly with impatience.

Quincey's expression changed immediately just as she was about to get angry.

Andrea immediately smiled and said, "Work is more important. It doesn't matter who picks me up. We have plenty of opportunity to meet."

She smiled and looked at Anthony, and there was a subtle emotion flowing in her eyes.

"Anthony, do you still remember me? I'm Andrea Thomson, we were high school classmates; Andrea said.

Anthony's eyes darkened, and his tone became cold as he answered, "I don't remember"

Upon finishing his statement, he turned around and glanced at Genevieve, who was still caught up in the scene.

Her red eyes, especially, caused Anthony's heart to tighten suddenly.

He approached and firmly seized Genevieve's wrist. His gaze darkened as he addressed Quincey, "As I've stated before, whom I choose to marry is my affair. I won't allow others to interfere."

After saying that, he left with Genevieve.

Furious, Quincey couldn't even steady the wine glass in her hand.

A fleeting moment of awkward gloom crossed Andrea's face.

People around them exchanged looks with each other in bewilderment.

"That Genevieve is quite something!" someone whispered.

"Yeah, getting involved with another after her divorce is quite impressive," said someone else.

"Andrea, you won't lose to her!" another person said.

Observing their departing figures, Andrea's mouth corners tugged, and not a word escaped her lips. Only a quiet sense of resentment grew in her heart,

'Anthony had divorced Genevieve, and parted ways with Rosalie, and even the illegitimate child is gone. Isn't this the opportune moment for her? Andrea thought.

She raised her eyebrows, looked at the crowd, and said, "Excuse me."

Anthony took Genevieve away, and the quiet corridor was illuminated by the flickering lights.

Burning with anger, he believed that she had been bullied and made to cry by a group of people.

Turning his head, he caught sight of her gazing at him with clear, cold eyes and furrowed eyebrows.

Anthony gently squeezed her wrist, but before he could react further, she'd pulled her hand away and headed to the adjacent ladies"

room.

Anthony's heart sank.

Amid their current situation, he heard an eruption of sudden chaos.

Lauraine yelled loudly, "Tony, that wretched woman Rosalie is here!"

Furrowing his brows, Anthony immediately headed towards the commotion.

Genevieve heard the noise and tagged along to see what was happening She witnessed Rosalie tearing at Andrea's clothes, behaving like a madwoman in a frenzy.

Andrea's slender build was clearly no match for Rosalie.

The next moment, Rosalie ruthlessly pushed Andrea onto a nearby pyramid of wine glasses. The stack instantly toppled to the ground, shattering into pieces with spilled alcohol everywhere.

Andrea fell onto the shattered glass, her face turning deathly pale, her dress and arms stained with blood.

The entire scene was spine-chilling.

The birthday banquet was suddenly interrupted, and everyone watched in shock.

Quincey was also shocked so covered her mouth h and stood speechless on the side.

Revealing a triumphant smile, Rosalie pointed at Andrea and scolded, "Do you think I don't know what you're up to?"

Rosalie continued accusingly, "Dressing so provocatively, who are you trying to attract? I've seen enough of these tricks. I know you're trying to seduce him, you bitch!"

Cursing with gusto, she picked up a bottle without hesitation, intending to throw it at Andrea.

In the blink of an eye, her hand was seized, causing the bottle to slip from her grasp and crash to the ground.

Rosalie spun around, her eyes widening in disbelief as she beheld the stern countenance of Anthony.

"Anthony" Rosalie whispered Her voice immediately softened, her lips trembling. Just as she was about to speak, Anthony swiftly slapped her across the face Smack! The sound echoed as Rosalie covered her face in shock.

"How could you slap me for this bitch? She was trying to drug you and seduce you, I caught her in the act" Rosalie protested. holding her face.

As if not yet recovered from the shock, Andrea slowly lifted her pale face, tears brimming in her eyes.

Her reaction is that of an innocent response to being wrongly accused. Andrea needed no words. Everyone would unquestionably believe in her innocence Anthony's expression was extremely grim as he glanced at the bodyguard beside him.

"Take her away!" he ordered.

The bodyguard promptly stepped forward, restraining Rosalie, who cried hysterically, as if driven to madness.

"Anthony, it's all my mom's doing. I have nothing to do with those things I love you so much. How could I harm you?" Rosalie cried pleadingly Anthony's brow furrowed slightly, his face tense He then lowered his head to look at Andrea, who was sobbing softly Bending down, he gently lifted Andrea into his arm and said, "Let's go to the hospital"

Genevieve stood there observing the entire scene. At some point, Louis silently appeared behind her.

He handed her a cup of fruit juice, and his lips involuntarily curved into a slight smile

"Mr. Hoffman's romantic escapades have always been quite exciting! Louis remarked with a teasing tone.

Genevieve's lips twitched as she said, "Rosalie is not going to give up. The evidence isn't sufficient to prove that she ordered her mother to commit murder Louis chuckled softly. "The key is whether Mr. Hoffman will believe it or not," he said.

Even if there is evidence, its only attempted murder. Rosalie can easily get away with it by hiring a lawyer.

Genevieve raised an eyebrow but said nothing Louis suddenly took hold of her hand and led her toward the area where the music was playing.

"Come on, let's dance, Louis said.

"I don't know how. Genevieve replied don't

"I don't believe you" Louis retorted He then gave Genevieve a playful look.

Genevieve was at a loss for words The two of them then shared a smile and entered the dance floor.

To alleviate the tension from the earlier unpleasant incident, Presley and Quincey also joined in.

The entrance of Louis and Genevieve as a pair elicited a mild surprise from everyone present.

Despite being the head of the affluent Fallon Group, Louis maintained a close relationship with Genevieve, who had gone through a divorce.

Many were secretly envious.

Initially a little reserved, Genevieve found Louis following her lead, giving her complete Initiative. As a result, she gradually relaxed and danced with exceptional ease.

With a gentle lowering of his head, Louis regarded her with warmth in his eyes.

To any onlooker, the two of them appeared quite intimate. Upon witnessing that scene, Lauraine's eyes welled up with tears.

Standing beside Lauraine, an elegant lady in a black dress couldn't resist speaking out.

wall

"You treat her so well, calling her 'sister-in-law' all the time, and yet she's secretly trying to seduce the man you like. Why are you still so kind to her?" the lady in black said.

"If I were in your shoes, I'd simply toss a drink in her face, throw her out, and let her find someone else to flirt with!" the lady in black continued.

Lauraine's face paled, and she anxiously bit her lip. "She's my mother-in-law she donated bone marrow to me, and she's a good person. She wouldn't do that to me."

As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes, and she ran away with a flushed face.

The lady in black sneered coldly and remarked, "What a fool. Everyone knows she donated bone marrow to you for the sake of your brother. Kindness, my foot!"

Chapter 96

After the dance, Genevieve's breath turned somewhat unstable, but she felt much better.

Louis handed her a glass of water. After Genevieve took a sip, she looked around.

"Is it about time?" she asked.

Louis smiled. "Shall we head back?"

Genevieve nodded.

o the car they w The two of them then left, but before they could get into the car, they were stopped by someone.

Lauraine stood there with reddened eyes and looked at them with resentment.

She acted as if she had caught her boyfriend cheating on her.

Louis furrowed his brows and spoke in a cold and distant voice. "Ms. Hoffman, is something the matter?"

Upon hearing that, Lauraine gritted her teeth. "I went to find you, but you refused to see me. Do you hate me that much?"

"We're not that close, Ms. Hoffman, so there is no need to meet Louis' voice sounded low and cold.

Lauraine felt bitterness surge in her heart. "But you know I like you. I liked you the moment I saw you in the hospital. You..."

Her words seemed to have rubbed Louis the wrong way, causing his expression to turn icy.

"I don't like you. I have feelings for someone else. Louis bluntly cut off her hope.

After she heard that, Lauraine shivered and was on the verge of collapsing.

She looked Genevieve with resentment and stammered, "Is it her? She's obviously with Tony. Why... What do I lack compared to her? She's even divorced!"

Louis frowned, seemingly repelled by her impudence.

He glanced at Genevieve and opened the rear door for her. "Let's go.

Genevieve nodded, clearly not wanting to stay here any longer.

31

However, Lauraine was clearly provoked. She ran after them, grabbed Genevieve's arm, and spoke agitatedly. "Gen, I've been so good to you. Why are you snatching him from me? You already have Tony..."

Genevieve furrowed her brows, attempting to pull her hand back, but Lauraine wouldn't let go, wanting to pour all her grievances onto her.

As Lauraine wailed and shouted, everyone at the entrance turned to look.

At that moment, Genevieve felt a little displeased.

She forcefully pushed Lauraine away and looked at her with indifference. "Ms. Hoffman, please be sensible. I didn't take anyone from you. Besides, I have no connection with the Hoffman family anymore. Stop guilt-tripping me."

Her words hit Lauraine like a slap in the face..

Her stunned face turned red with embarrassment, and she wanted to say something more but was stopped by Louis.

"Ms. Hoffman had a bit too much to drink. Let's go," Louis said.

Then, he escorted Genevieve into the car, and he got on from the other side. The vehicle quickly sped off and disappeared into the street.

In the car, Louis noticed Genevieve was not speaking. "I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble."

Genevieve laughed and joked, "Mr. Fallon, you seem to have quite a few admirers."

Louis laughed. "But there's only one person I want to pursue."

Under the dim light inside the car, Genevieve pursed her lips. "Mr. Fallon, please don't waste your time on me. I genuinely consider you as a friend."

"Well, from friend to boyfriend to fiancé to husband, one step at a time!" Louis smiled, showing no intention of backing down.

Genevieve had already made herself clear and felt helpless about the situation.

The next day, Anthony saw pictures of Genevieve and Louis dancing together. The two of them were intimately embracing. Their postures looked affectionate, as if deeply in love, while they gazed at each other with deep emotions in their eyes.

Brendan couldn't help but say over the phone, "Tony, rumor has it Louis has publicly admitted that he likes Genevieve. If you step up, Genevieve will become someone else's wife!"

Anthony was so angry that he almost threw his phone. His face turned livid, and he was incredibly dissatisfied.

He had invited her to be his companion, but she became Louis' companion.

He thought, 'How can I be worse than that substitute? No, she must be deliberately pissing me off to make me jealous?'

Anthony gritted his teeth, instructing people to delete all the circulated photos.

However, Genevieve didn't care about these trivial matters at all.

don't Brendan couldn't help but complain when he helped delete the photos, "They've danced together and yet you're here worrying about their photos taken in secret?"

You're the only one getting angry!"

Anthony snorted. "I'm not angry. I just think he's not worthy!"

He thought Louis didn't deserve to stand beside Genevieve.

few days later, a piece of sensational news was exposed on the internet.

The headline read: [Mr. Hoffman Cheating! Another title read: [Presley Hoffman Spends the Night With a Mystery Woman]

Genevieve hadn't had much of an impression of Presley as he only spent a few days each month at home.

Quincey knew he had an affair but couldn't prevent it. All she could do was punish an individual as an example to others.

However, it still couldn't stop the other women from approaching him.

To appease Quincey, Presley was quite generous when giving her monthly allowance, But this time, the exposure was clearly intentional.

In less than an hour, these search terms disappeared from the internet.

Hoffman Group also issued a lawyer's letter warning those spreading rumors, clarifying that it was just a business exchange.

This was considered a scandal and would affect Hoffman Group to some extent.

Fortunately, Anthony handled it quickly, causing minimal disturbance.

However, the discussion online was still very heated.

Just before someone was about to discuss how Quincey got together with Anthony, she immediately exposed something even more sensational to overshadow this scandal.

Soon, a few other trending topics popped up.

The first trend read: [Samantha Underwood, a Mistress of a Business Tycoon]

The second one read: [Samantha Is Secretly Married and Has a Child, Honest Man Takes Over]

And another read: [Samantha, Underserving of Her Fame]

The situation quickly elevated and reached the Lawrence family.

Samantha was furious.

Initially, she was going to laugh about the situation but somehow became the scapegoat for the heat.

"Who doesn't know that the Hoffman family is spreading rumors to cover up the scandal? I've been in this me industry for so many years. Now, I'm being used by someone!" Samantha fumed.

"Damn it! Those people are terrible. I won't let them off," she added.

Beside her, Darrell couldn't calm her down.

Then, he called Sullivan.

"What's going on? Half of the capital in the entertainment industry belongs to our family, and now they are bullying my sounded mad.

wife?" Darrell

Sullivan was also worried. "Darrell, I just found out about this. The Hoffman family has just acquired bur competitor's film and television company. To attract public attention, they are spreading rumors. We are already working to have the trending topics taken

down. Tell Samantha not to get angry!"

"How can she not be angry? She's already cursing the ancestors of the Hoffman family!" Darrell snorted speechlessly.

Then, he hung up the phone.

Sullivan looked at Genevieve and sighed. "Your mom is noble and strong-willed.

The Hoffman family has stirred up a hornet's nest this time."

Genevieve looked at the reports sent by her subordinate.

"My competitors are still increasing the number of commenters andm reposts in just one hour, the trending topics have exceeded 100,000. Mom is indeed a superstar," she exclaimed.

Ordinary people couldn't make everyone pay so much attention.

No wonder she could steal all the limelight in an instant.

Chapter 97

After all, Samantha's influence in the industry was evident, serving as the final judge for major domestic and international film festivals. Since the beginning of her career, she had almost no scandals.

However, as she aged, people began discussing her personal life.

She had never personally admitted to anything, and there was no concrete evidence. No one knew the truth.

Today, with rumors and speculations of this nature, it was a significant blow to Samantha.

Removing the trending topics might make it seem like she and those on her side were guilty and trying to divert attention. However, responding to them would inevitably expose her private life.

Regardless of the approach, Samantha found herself cornered.

Public opinion was developing too rapidly.

While Eagle Entertainment pressured the platforms, the other party was also putting in pressure, leading to a more polarized discussion.

Some believed Samantha, seeing this as a conspiracy.

Others were entirely deceived, following the trend of discussing the mysterious backer behind Samantha.

Saman Finally, Genevieve called Samantha, Samantha was so angry she couldn't even eat.

Genevieve said gently, "Mom, it's time you give Dad a proper title after all these years."

"What? I'm doing this for his good. Otherwise, he'll be watched every time he goes out. Besides, if I compromise, wouldn't it be admitting defeat?"

301

Samantha was angry and anxious while Darrell rubbed her shoulders. "I think our daughter is right. Why don't I step in? Everything will be resolved. I have status, reputation, and money. What's there to fear? We've been together for decades, and seeing you being slandered like this hurts my heart!"

Samantha sighed and leaned on his shoulder. "I am a public figure. If you announce our relationship, it will be blown out of proportion by others. I don't want you to be speculated and gossiped about!"

Darrell chuckled. "I'm not afraid. I didn't do anything wrong, so I'm not afraid of being discussed."

Samantha fell silent for a moment and nodded.

On the other hand, Darrell picked up the phone and told Genevieve, "Don't worry. I will see the light of day soon!"

Soon, a statement from Lawrence Group directly pushed Samantha and Darrell's names to the top of the trending topics.

The statement read: [Mrs. Samantha Lawrence and Mr. Darrell Lawrence were married 20 years ago. Their relationship is stable. The recent unfounded rumors are attempts to shift public attention away from scandals. Our company will hold those responsible accountable]

It was signed with the handwritten signatures of Darrell and Samantha.

In an instant, this news was surged with comments.

Those who had spread rumors about Samantha immediately deleted their accounts, and their competitor also began automatically withdrawing the trending topics.

They had initially intended to use the entertainment industry's heat to shift attention but unexpectedly hit a hard wall.

Samantha turned out to be the lady of Lawrence Group, the wife of Darrell, People were dumbfounded.

Moreover, Lawrence Group explicitly stated that this was a conspiracy to divert attention. This made the news that Hoffman Group tried to suppress to rekindle.

The comments section had a turn in the tide.

[I only thought they were a good match, but I didn't expect them to be a couple [No wonder Mr. Lawrence attended every award ceremony. It turned out he was accompanying his wife]

[Doesn't anyone find it abrupt that the news of Mr. Hoffman's affair was suddenly withdrawn?

[Does Mr. Hoffman think people in the entertainment industry are easy to bully? They are much cleaner than him

[What Hoffman Group did was underhanded. Mr. Lawrence was angry and protected his wife"]

[There's no comparison between the two rumors. They were both chairmen!]

[It was interesting how Mrs. Hoffman got together with Mr. Hoffman. It seems he can't differentiate who he sleeps with!]

Things tensed up between Hoffman Group and Lawrence Group.

However, the Hoffman family's low-handed approach led to them being reprimanded, and the comment section was closed At Hoffman Group, silence prevailed in the office.

Presley's face looked gloomy, and Quincey was furious.

He scolded, "Is this how you handle things? We spent so much money acquiring your company. Eagle Entertainment hasn't even taken action yet, and you're already surrendering. What use are you to us? Now, find a way to take down the news. I don't want to see any more gossip about this scandal!"

The employees kept their heads down, not daring to speak.

The people of the public relations department were also silent, not to mention the director of the newly acquired Sidus Entertainment.

They looked so pale and didn't dare to say a word. A member of the public relations department couldn't help but say, "Mr. Presley Hoffman's secretary only wanted to extort money from him. We have already paid 600 thousand dollars, and she stopped making trouble. It was the people of Sidus Entertainment who had to offend Samantha. Now, we've offended not only Eagle Entertainment but also Lawrence Group. The stock price of Hoffman Group fell when the market opened..."

forting, "We didn't know that Samantha was Darrell's wife. Her identity hadn't even The staff of Sidus Entertainment couldn't help retorting.

been captured by the paparazzi. Besides, to suppress Mr. Presley Hoffman's scandal, we needed a bigger scandal to expose!"

Quincey had a contorted expression, and she threw the cup in front of her on the ground in anger. "I told you to arrest that woman for fraud, but you gave her money. Who agreed to that?"

The people of the public relations department exchanged glances before they lowered their heads to look at Presley. Presley's face darkened.

His affairs with women were just a matter of play, and they were sent away with money when he was done.

This time, the woman was the most ignorant one, actually daring to threaten him.

At this point, things were out of control.

"That's enough. Do you want to make it worse?" Presley scolded, and Quincey reluctantly turned her head to endure it.

In the end, it was all his fault.

Anthony, who had been silent all along, seemed indifferent, even though the scandal involved his family.

The public relations department m

looked at Anthony and said, "Mr. Anthony Hoffman, why don't we take the initiative to apologize to the Lawrence family? It's much better than letting things get worse!"

It was impossible to discern what Anthony was thinking.

On the side, Presley nodded. "I think that's the only way. It's best to have them cooperate in deleting their explanations. Ask your mom to pay a visit with you."

Quincey jumped to her feet. "I'm not going. Isn't it embarrassing enough?"

She thought, Samantha is only a stupid actress. She married someone OΠT no worse t than me and had a great career and love. No wonder she dared to ignore me and chatted with Genevieve in the parking lot.

Presley looked at her indifferently. "Well, then don't go. Let's see what Let's everyone is going to say next. No one can escape from this!"

Then, Presley stood up, snorted coldly, and walked out.

Quincey's expression changed, and she trembled with anger.

Presley had caused all this trouble, but now everyone turned their attention to her. Hence, she felt aggrieved.

Just when she thought she didn't need to stay on guard of the Hoffman family anymore, as Frank and Margaret went abroad, her husband caused massive trouble.

Anthony remained silent the entire time. He was already accustomed to his parents' affairs.

Chapter 98

The next day, Quincey still came to apologize embarrassingly However, even though she brought a lot of gifts, she was turned away before she could even step inside.

Quincey was so angry that she eventually complained to Presley, who handed the matter over to Anthony.

Anthony then instructed the public relations department to directly forward the announcement from Lawrence Group, expressing a lot of praise, and he even prepared wedding gifts, ready to present to them at any time.

However, there weren't any unnecessary words spoken by him.

Perhaps it was Anthony's well-organized response that garnered a wave of goodwill. Furthermore, the evenly-matched battle didn't turn into an unsightly quarrel, and the netizens were particularly tolerant The heated criticism toward Hoffman Group gradually came to an end.

Then, Anthony asked his men to schedule an appointment with Darrell. After receiving a clear response, he then arranged a time and place for him to go and apologize Although the Lawrence Group was angered by the Hoffman family's lowly tactics, Anthony's actions were somewhat dignified.

Finally, Jeffrey and Anthony met face to face.

At the dinner table, Anthony noticed that Jeffrey's phone case was adorned with glittery diamonds.

A glint appeared in his eyes as he suddenly remembered that Genevieve also liked to decorate her phone case with diamonds.

He smiled and said, "Your phone case seems to have a unique style, Mr. Lawrence."

Jeffrey looked at the phone affectionately and smiled helplessly. "My younger sister likes to mess around. I'm sure she must've stuck these on the phone for me the last time we had dinner together at home."

"You have a younger sister, Mr. Lawrence?"

While Anthony felt relieved, he was also somewhat surprised.

Jeffrey looked at him with a meaningful smile and replied, "Yes, but she doesn't like to meet strangers."

They had concealed the identity of Samantha so deeply, let alone Jeffrey's sister!

Anthony furrowed his brows for a brief moment, but quickly returned to the conversation at hand.

*Please convey my apologies to Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence. This matter was indeed mishandled by the Hoffman family,"

Anthony said.

"Don't worry, Mr. Hoffman. They are aware of the kind of people in Hoffman Group are," Jeffrey replied.

As he looked at the noble and composed man before him, Jeffrey felt a sense of regret in his heart. Setting aside emotions, Anthony was really an impeccable person.

"It's getting late. I'll take my leave now," Jeffrey said as he stood up with a smile.

Anthony had someone send a lot of expensive supplements and gifts again. Both sides also jointly announced a collaborative project. Eventually, this matter gradually came to an end.

However, Lawrence Group's announcement was not removed.

After all, being polite was one thing, but maintaining one's principles was another.

Recently, Eagle Entertainment managed to secure a large IP project, but it was an unpopular one.

Earlier, Genevieve was preoccupied with this matter.

However, as there were many sensitive aspects involved, the project had not yet been initiated. Hence, even the investment needed to be handled with extreme caution.

Sullivan invited some investors to play golf. Naturally, Genevieve joined them as well.

When Genevieve arrived at the stadium, she saw Anthony surrounded by a crowd of people.

She then looked up at Sullivan.

Sullivan chuckled. "He's the most generous!"

Genevieve was speechless.

Anthony looked up and saw Genevieve. The stern and cold expression on his face instantly softened. In the crowd, his aura was composed yet dominant, while he stood tall with well-defined facial features. Seeing them coming over, Anthony reached out his hand and greeted, "Mr.

Shelton."

Sullivan was stunned for a moment before smiling as he shook hands with Anthony. "Mr. Hoffman," he greeted back.

Before Sullivan could say anything further, Anthony immediately released his hand and turned toward Genevieve, extending his hand and saying, "Ms.

Lawrence."

Genevieve wore light makeup, and her features were delicate and clean. She was dressed in a slightly fitted outfit for playing golf, and her figure was voluptuous and well-proportioned, with a supple and gorgeous waistline. She was unbelievably beautiful.

She subconsciously stretched out her hand for a handshake and was about to retract her hand.

However, Anthony's grip tightened for a moment as he scrutinized her.

"You've lost weight," he said.

Sullivan coughed heavily on the side. No wonder Anthony, who has germophobia, would take the initiative to shake hands with me.

Seems like he has an ulterior motive? he mused.

As soon as he coughed, Anthony promptly released Genevieve's hand.

Genevieve couldn't help but roll her eyes at his behavior just now.

Even so, Anthony's eyes showed a faint trace of a smile.

'She's so cute! he thought to himself.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, they then took the golf clubs from the caddie.

Sullivan was itching for action, smiling as he said, "Let's take a couple of swings first, and then we can talk about business."

Besides finance, most of Anthony's investments were in high-tech and industrial fields, and he rarely invested in the entertainment industry.

He was most annoyed by those nepotists who used their connections, making a mess of things for the film crew.

However, Anthony personally attended Sullivan's gathering. Everyone was still unsure of his purpose at the moment.

It was very likely that he felt the future of the entertainment industry was promising.

Genevieve didn't participate in the first round. She stood under a parasol, sipping her water.

Anthony emerged from the crowd. His aura was noble and elegant, while his gestures were aloof yet gentle.

"Come back to me, Gen. The company and I need you," he said.

It was a waste o of her talent!

ent to work in Eagle Entertainment. He could provide her with a much broader platform Genevieve paused for a moment. She then chuckled lightly and looked at him.

"Go back to be your assistant? Sorry, I'm not interested Her abilities far exceeded the responsibilities of an assistant.

Anthony frowned. 'Of course not, he thought to himself.

Before he could speak, Genevieve walked toward Sullivan's direction.

As their conversations involved trade secrets, caddies weren't allowed to be present.

Among all the big shots, Genevieve's status was obviously the lowest.

Thus, she took a few swings and was ordered by Sullivan to pick up the golf balls on the side.

Everyone saw that Sullivan, who was typically timid and introverted, was being so friendly with young director without any hesitation.

Therefore, everyone showed some mercy to Genevieve.

Except for Anthony, who had consistently hit the ball far away, causing Genevieve's legs to feel as if they were about to break from all the running.

With an unpleasant expression, she gritted her teeth and cursed inwardly. This scumbag is definitely doing it on purpose."

mily just now, this petty Just because she refused to go back to the Hoffman family man was causing trouble for her!

Sullivan, who was standing nearby, couldn't bear to watch any longer. His face turned slightly grim..

After all, Genevieve was his niece. How could he just stand by and watch this happen?

"Ahem... Mr. Hoffman, it seems like you're not in your best form today. How about taking a break for now?"

Anthony's expression remained calm as he frowned slightly. "Indeed, it's not quite good. I'd like to practice a bit more."

Sullivan was rendered speechless.

Hearing this, Genevieve couldn't help but walk over with the ball in his m

hand. With a cool and composed NO aura, she said, "Don't make a fool of yourself if you are not good at it. Am I right, Mr. Hoffman?"

The crowd was a little surprised upon hearing those words. Considering Genevieve "humiliated" Anthony so directly, would Anthony, who valued his reputation highly, let her get away like that?

However, Anthony just smiled faintly and handed the club to the person next to him.

"You're right, he replied.

He originally just wanted to get her attention.

Now that he had gotten her attention and achieved his goal, he decided it was time to stop.

After all, it was difficult for him to miss the putt with every swing.

He walked over to her with a calm expression, took the ball from her hand, and whispered in a voice that only both of them could hear, "Don't you already know whether my skills are good or not?"

Genevieve froze for a moment, instantly thinking about aspects that were indescribable.

Chapter 99

They were rarely intimate, but they got along well in bed at night.

Anthony's eyes reflected Genevieve's delicate face like a clear lake filled with dark secrets.

When she realized that her hands were empty, Genevieve returned to her senses and angrily glared at Anthony, Refusing to back down, she smiled and said, "It'd be a lie if I said that you're good. You're terrible."

After saying that, Genevieve walked straight past Anthony, Anthony's face darkened. After all, no one would be happy to hear such a comment.

Anthony looked back on the few times they were together and recalled that Genevieve seemed satisfied.

Looking at her back, he secretly gritted his teeth and thought, "Liar"

Meanwhile, Genevieve walked over to Sullivan. Seeing her expression, he immediately stepped back and said, "Here. You have a go."

Genevieve smiled and replied. "I'm not good at it."

The others smiled. Then, someone said, "Don't be shy, Ms. Lawrence, we're just having fun. How about this? We'll invest 200 thousand dollars for each hole you score. What do you say?"

Everyone thought it was interesting and echoed, "Yes!"

After all, they had already seen Genevieve play earlier and knew she was not very skilled.

That was why they started the bet with a generous amount.

They thought it wouldn't cost them much money anyway.

Meanwhile, Genevieve blinked and looked at them.

"Really?" asked Genevieve.

"Of course. Mr. Hoffman is also here. Do you agree, Mr. Hoffman?" a person asked Anthony, who was standing not far away.

Anthony smiled and said, "I'll invest 1 million dollars for every hole."

He wanted to be different from the others and upped the bet.

Sullivan clapped his hands and excitedly declared, "Okay, it's a deal, Whether we secure an investment or not is all on you this time, Ms. Lawrence."

Genevieve walked to the center, looking like she was under a lot of pressure.

Everyone was waiting to laugh at Genevieve as she seemed like a complete newbie at golf.

The first round was a par-three hole.

Genevieve lowered her head and aimed the club at the hole in the green. She swung, but the ball did not go in.

Everyone couldn't help but laugh.

"Let's think of it as practice. We'll officially start with the next swing," said someone.

Even Anthony couldn't help but smile.

However, the next second, the ball sailed past Anthony and went into the hole on the green.

Everyone was silent for a moment and then began to applaud Genevieve.

"Not bad, Ms. Lawrence. You've made progress!" said one of them.

1

Sullivan counted the number of people there and included the 1 million dollars from Anthony. Then, he announced loudly, "2.4 million dollars!"

Genevieve smiled and swung the third shot. As expected, it went in again.

"4.8 million dollars!" exclaimed Sullivan.

*7.2 million dollars!" he exclaimed again.

At that moment, the crowd could no longer laugh. Even the applause was sparse as they looked at Genevieve with confusion.

The second round was a par-four hole.

The level of difficulty increased and so did the distance.

Anthony stood aside and watched with his eyes narrowed.

Genevieve missed her first shot as usual, and everyone was secretly relieved.

However, her second shot went in.

Following that, she did not miss a single shot out of her third to tenth shots.

At that point, no one could laugh anymore.

und was the most difficult - the par-five hole.

The third round was Even so, Genevieve easily scored four times.

Sullivan was laughing so hard, that his face practically crumpled.

It was the first time he thought getting investments was easy.

One by one, everyone present finally realized that Genevieve had deliberately hidden her skills.

She would still miss once every round out of respect and to give them an out. Otherwise, it would be too deceptive.

When there was one last shot left, someone smiled and said, "Last one, Ms.

Lawrence. Steady now!"

Anthony paused and said, "Don't worry. I'll get the ball for you."

The others could not help but feel Genevieve was no ordinary woman, seeing as she managed to make Anthony humble himself and pick up the ball for her.

Thus, they could not renege on their promise even if they wanted to.

After all, Anthony had to fork out the most money out of them all.

Anthony stood tall on the green. He looked like he was enveloped in a golden glow as the light shone over him.

When Anthony bent down to pick up the ball, Genevieve was momentarily stunned and missed her shot. So, the ball went straight to his wrist.

Everyone gasped. "Mr. Hoffman..."

At the same time, Genevieve saw Anthony's expression change all of a sudden.

He clutched his wrist while silently enduring the pain, and his forehead broke into a cold sweat.

But, after a short pause, he slowly straightened up again and walked toward them.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Sullivan glanced at Genevieve nervously and said, "Your aim is really something."

He even thought that Genevieve was seeking revenge..

Genevieve's heart sank a little. She felt wronged. After all, she only missed because she was momentarily stunned.

'How could I bully Anthony in public?' she thought.

At that moment, Anthony walked over and glanced at Genevieve. Then, he placed the ball on the ground with his other hand as if nothing had happened and said in a mellow voice, "Have another go. The one just now doesn't count." Genevieve's face changed slightly. Her heart ached as she looked up at Anthony. She felt uneasy.

"How's your wrist?" she asked.

The others also echoed. "Yeah, Ms, Lawrence has great aim. Is your wrist okay?"

one asked.

"Mr. Hoffman, do you need to go to the hospital to have it checked?" asked another person.

"Yeah. Go and have it checked!" said one.

Anthony looked at Genevieve with a deep, dark gaze and said, "Why don't you hit your last ball first? I'll go afterward."

He seemed as though he would keep waiting until Genevieve made her last shot.

Genevieve slightly lowered her eyes. Her mind was a mess. As a result, she failed to swing well and ended up missing the shot.

After the men exchanged a few words, Sullivan urged Anthony to go to the hospital.

Seeing Genevieve miss her last shot somehow made Anthony feel better.

She's so worried about me, she couldn't even score, he thought.

"Will you

"Will you come with me, Ms. Lawrence?" asked Anthony.

Genevieve paused and asked, "Me?"

"If you don't come along, who'll pay the medical fee?" replied Anthony.

Anthony's words made Genevieve speechless; she couldn't find a reason to refuse.

After all, she ought to pay the medical fee since she was the one who hurt him.

When Sullivan saw that, he narrowed his eyes and took the club from Genevieve with a smile. "Go ahead, Ms. Lawrence. Make sure Mr.

Hoffman is fine before you come back. I'll stay here and prepare the investment contract!"

Otherwise, everything that happened today would be for nothing, he thought.

Naturally, the club's medical facilities were not as advanced as the ones in private hospitals.

Moreover, not just anyone could attend to Anthony because of who he was.

The two hopped into the golf cart and got to the door. The person in charge kept apologizing, saying that their facilities were not well-prepared, and asked Anthony to not come for them.

Genevieve felt a little guilty as she listened to that.

After all, she was responsible for the incident. The club had nothing to do with it, yet they were apologizing.

When they arrived at the door, the staff from the club escorted them to the car.

Anthony finally smiled at Genevieve and said, 'It's okay, Ms. Lawrence, you didn't mean it anyway. You'll come with me to the hospital, I won't hold the club accountable.'

The person in charge of the club breathed a sigh of relief and turned to Genevieve.

"Please take good care of Mr. Hoffman for us, Ms. Lawrence," he said. Genevieve forced a smile and replied, "Of course."

This guilt-tripping is top-notch! thought Genevieve.

In the car, Anthony clutched his injured right wrist with his left hand and wordlessly leaned back with his eyes slightly closed.

It was very quiet in the car. Genevieve couldn't help but look at Anthony's wrist several times.

Anthony must have noticed it, so he opened his eyes and caught Genevieve's gaze.

He stretched out his right hand toward her.

Chapter 100

Genevieve looked up and met Anthony's eyes in bewilderment.

Anthony paused and asked, "Don't you want to see it?"

Genevieve glanced at his wrist. At that point, it had become swollen and badly bruised.

It? I'm ju

"Who wants to see it? I'm just afraid that you'll latch onto me because of this, Genevieve replied.

Anthony smiled and said, "That's exactly what I had in mind."

Genevieve looked at Anthony speechlessly.

Anthony slowly put down his hand and looked at her with a smile.

"Admit it, Genevieve, you're worried about me. You're so worried you can't help it. You're very good at golf, but you missed your last shot because you were anxious, right?" said Anthony.

Anthony's words were like a stone thrown into the calm lake, making ripples.

Genevieve's delicate brows moved slightly, but her gaze remained cold and indifferent.

"You're overthinking it, Anthony. I didn't miss it because I was anxious. I did it on purpose. 36 million dollars in 15 strokes is already enough for the investment," replied Genevieve.

Anthony squinted and settled down, trying to figure out Genevieve's mood when she spoke.

Finally, he chuckled confidently

"I don't believe it. You are lying," he said.

Genevieve turned her head away without a word. She refused to speak to Anthony anymore.

'Why didn't I notice before that Anthony could be so infuriating?' she thought.

Anthony's Adam's apple bobbed. He thought Genevieve was too shy to admit that.

Then, he changed the subject and said, "Duncan has been in trouble recently. Did your best friend do it?"

Genevieve paused and blinked.

"It's Mr. Cook's problem, isn't it? What does it have to do with Selene?" asked Genevieve.

and laid a hand on Selene in the clubhouse.

Things had not been going well for Duncan since he teased Genevieve and Not only did the projects Duncan contracted have a series of issues regarding their quality, but there were also requests for refunds on the houses sold. Most importantly, he did not receive a single cent of payment that he was supposed to get for the rest of the project.

In reality, Selene was behind many of them. Genevieve also let Jeffrey secretly add fuel to the fire.

After all, Genevieve couldn't stand by and watch Selene get bullied. Not to mention, Genevieve was also iso involved.

Anthony lowered his eyes to look at Genevieve and said in a deep voice, "I didn't know that your friend was so capable."

Genevieve smiled and said, "So, what you're trying to say is you didn't expect a person like me to have a rich and powerful friend like Selene, right?"

Anthony frowned and said, "I didn't say that."

Genevieve chuckled and thought, 'But that's what you think. Liar!'

Genevieve felt that everyone around Anthony thought she wasn't good enough for him. She thought he felt the same way. Otherwise, why would he ignore her for three years?

In a sarcastic tone, Genevieve said, "It doesn't matter if you think so. Selene probably saw how smart, beautiful, and generous I am. She's not a shallow person like you!"

The corners of Anthony's mouth twitched, and he could not help but laugh.

"Are you blaming me for not paying enough attention to you?" asked Anthony.

Genevieve's smile faded and she rolled her eyes.

"Are you even listening?" asked Genevieve:

Anthony was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, the driver in front of them was so terrified, he didn't dare say a word. At that moment, the atmosphere in the car fell silent.

That silence continued throughout the whole journey.

word Anthony wanted to find a topic to ease the atmosphere, but he was not that kind of person. In the end, he could only stare at Genevieve, Genevieve turned her head away and looked outside the car window. She acted as though she was invisible.

'I'll just have to bear with it a little while longer!' she thought.

They then arrived at the hospital.

his swollen wrist was terminal.

The nurses couldn't take their eyes off Anthony when they saw him and gathered around him as if he was completely surrounded, Anthony became visibly irritated, and his face darkened.

He stood up and glanced over to see Genevieve standing outside the crowd, leisurely playing with her phone.

He immediately scowled.

Meanwhile, the nurses around Anthony asked him where he felt uncomfortable and poured water for him attentively.

Anthony stood tall and cold. With a somewhat frightening aura, he said indifferently, "Please go and ask my wife to come in."

As soon as he said that, the room fell silent.

The nurses were disappointed, but they couldn't help but look at the cold, beautiful woman outside.

Indeed, Anthony and Genevieve looked like a perfect match. The two seemed to be on an equal footing with each other.

The nurses then went out one after another and looked at Genevieve. In a less cordial tone, one said, "Your husband asked you to come in."

Genevieve looked up blankly.

She thought, "Husband?"

"What the hell.

"Did Anthony get hit on the wrist or the head?"

Feeling a little angry, Genevieve walked in with her phone.

"Anthony, who's my husband?" she asked.

Anthony looked at her with a half-smile and replied gently, "What do you think?"

"I hope you can behave yourself. You might not care, but I still want to get married in the future!" Genevieve snapped.

As soon as Genevieve said that, Anthony's smile froze on his lips.

Anthony thought, 'Get married?

"Who else could she marry but me?

'This woman really pisses me off all the time.

'It's okay. I can forgive her.

Anthony raised his swollen wrist and asked. "My hand is injured, yet you left me here alone?"

Genevieve replied faintly, "You can walk, can't you?"

Just as Genevieve finished speaking, the hospital director rushed in with several experts from different fields.

"Ms. Lawrence, Mr. Hoffman."

Anthony was stunned when he saw the director. He looked at Genevieve meaningfully.

'See? She said she didn't care, yet she secretly contacted the director for me, he thought. The director coughed, steadied his breathing, and said, "I thought the nurses were mistaken when they said they saw the two of you here. What's wrong, Mr.

Hoffman?"

Anthony also had shares in that private hospital. Thus, he was also a boss behind the hospital.

Anthony's smile gradually disappeared. He took a deep look at Genevieve and seemed to be slightly angry.

The director looked at Anthony's expression and noticed something was wrong with the latter's wrist. The director immediately asked someone to go to Anthony.

"Dr. Zeller, quick. Take a look at Mr. Hoffman's hand. Who in the world dared to do this? This is very serious!" said the director.

Several doctors immediately approached Anthony.

Genevieve was pushed to the back again. Just as she was about to continue replying to messages on her phone, Anthony said in a deep voice, "Ms.

Lawrence did it."

The director fell silent immediately. The corners of his mouth twitched, and he didn't know what to say.

Meanwhile, Genevieve put away her phone, walked over, and calmly asked, "How is his condition? Is it serious?"

Samuel Zeller looked serious after the examination and replied, "It's quite serious. For now, it seems that the tendon is injured. There are E...

bruises, too. It'd be severe if there's inflammation and worse if the bone is fractured. Mr. Hoffman, does your arm feel numb

now?"

Anthony nodded slightly.

Samuel's face turned grim.

"You've probably fractured a bone. You'll need to be hospitalized," said Samuel.

Initially, Genevieve thought that the injury would not be too serious. However, after hearing the doctor's diagnosis, it turned out to be much worse than she had expected.

Genevieve's heart sank slightly. After all, Anthony was injured because of her.

There was no way she could stay indifferent.

I

"You never even said it hurt. I thought it was nothing," she said.

Anthony glanced at Genevieve. His expression softened as he suppressed his cold aura and said, "I was afraid that you'd cry out of m

worry. I didn't want you to be too sad."

At the same time, Anthony thought, 'How touched would she be to hear me say that?

"Will that make her eyes turn red? Will she rush to hug and comfort me?'

Genevieve was at a loss for words.