

Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand) #Chapter 11 - Read Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand) Chapter 11

Chapter 11

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“Call...” Genevieve revealed a string of numbers, pressing her nails on the woman’s neck.

The latter’s legs went weak. Immediately, she turned and shot Erica a pleading glance.

“G—Genevieve, don’t be reckless!” Panic—stricken, Erica never expected Genevieve to do such a thing. “You don’t even have a home now. Who else can you contact for help?”

She was Genevieve’s friend for several years, so she knew very clearly about Genevieve’s social circle. On top of that, she had already bribed Genevieve’s friends who had a good family background.

There’s no way she could get anyone to come to her aid!

“You better... call that number!” Genevieve said that through gritted teeth. Her nails already pierced the woman’s neck. The latter’s legs trembled in fright with her mouth agape.

Erica’s face fell. She was afraid that the woman would call out her name by accident. Gnashing her teeth, she reluctantly called the number mentioned by Genevieve.

Soon enough, the call got through. “Hello?”

Hearing that familiar voice, Genevieve was on the verge of tears. Gulping down a mouthful of bloody saliva, she mustered up her strength to say, “I’m Genevieve... Come to the police station... in Yaleview.”

As long as she could get to the hospital to see her grandmother, she would not mind giving up her own life if the man decided to claim it.

Her own dignity paled in comparison to her only kin in the world.

In a flash, the policemen rushed over to the source of the commotion.

Nevertheless, the moment they saw that Genevieve was gripping the other woman's neck, seemingly intending to perish together with her, the policemen dared not barge in rashly.

Time ticked by. Erica did not see anybody coming.

She figured that Genevieve had to be bluffing, so she wanted to instigate the policemen to subdue Genevieve. Yet, the next second, a man who was around thirty years old was seen striding toward the detention room in a hurry.

When Genevieve saw that man, a sliver of hope flashed across her eyes. She pleaded pitifully, "Bail me out... Please! I need to go to the hospital."

Wearing a grim countenance, the man nodded and spun on his heels very quickly.

Within a minute, not only did the man return, but he also brought along the chief of police

When the man stepped in to help Genevieve out, the chief even asked in a courteous manner, "Mr. Sullivan, do you need me to arrange for someone to get you two to the hospital?"

"No, it's fine."

Erica gawked at the man leaving with Genevieve in his arms. She was beyond astonished. "Chief, Genevieve's suspected of murder! How could we release her?" she questioned the chief

"Since we have no concrete evidence, we can't detain her here any longer." The chief was rather impatient as he added, "Just leave if you have nothing else to report!"

No words could express Erica's rage at that time. Yet, she had no choice but to do his bidding

She knew Cooper was quite close with the deputy chief of the police station in Jadeborough. Because of that, she could easily arrange for somebody to deal with Genevieve.

Never in a million years would Erica expect that Genevieve could summon a backer to bail her out of the police station,

After arriving at the hospital with Steven, Genevieve staggered all the way as she dashed toward her grandmother's ward. Coincidentally, she bumped into the nurse who had been taking care of her grandmother.

The nurse felt sorry for Genevieve. "Please accept my deepest condolences, Ms. Rachford."

Following that, Genevieve caught a glimpse of the hospital bed behind the nurse. The patient lying in that bed had been covered by a sheet of white cloth from head to toe.

Auhat juncture, her blood ran cold, and her whole body froze. A suffocating sensation overcame her.

"G-Grandma?" With a stiff gait, she limped toward the hospital bed and raised her quivering hand. "I-I'm sorry... that I took so long to get here... I'm Vivi..."

She struggled hard to spit the words out as she called out to her grandmother. Alas, she would never receive a response.

Lifting up the white cloth, she saw her grandmother's cold, pale face. Her knees became feeble, and she kneeled down on the spot. Letting out an agonizing scream, she began to cry her lungs out.

"Grandma..."

Winifred had been her sole motivation to keep moving forward in life. However, even her only family was gone forever.

At that moment, she felt aggrieved.

If she had ditched that so-called dignity of hers the other day and followed Steven to the mansion, she would not have been tricked by Cooper and sent to jail. Her grandmother would have been alive.

Genevieve hugged her grandmother's body all day and night, crying her heart out till she had no more tears left to cry.

The day when Winifred was buried, the sky above Jadeborough turned as gloomy as ever. It was drizzling.

Being absent-minded, Genevieve watched the workers handling the ashes of her grandmother's remains.

Even after everyone had left, she was still standing in front of her grandmother's grave, drenching herself wet in the rain.

From that moment onward, she knew she would be all on her own.

After Winifred's funeral, Genevieve followed Steven and returned to Swallow Garden. Locking herself up in the room for three days, she did not even touch any food that was served to her at the door.

Steven feared that something bad might happen if Genevieve continued to be like that. Hence, he called Armand directly.

That very night, Armand came to the mansion.

He used the spare key to unlock the door and entered the room, only to find that every window and any hole that could transmit light had been covered. It was pitch black. Then, he could hear the intermittent murmurs of a woman, who was seemingly crying in her sleep.

"Mom, I'm so scared... Take me with you all, please..."

Armand made his way toward the night lamp and turn it on. A woman all huddled up in bed instantly came into sight.

It had only been a few days, but Genevieve was all skin and bone. Her slender fingers gripped the bedsheet with all her might. They were so thin that the veins popped up all over the back of her hands. Worst still, utter despair was written all over her already pale face. Traces of her tears were evident on her cheeks.

If this woman still doesn't fill her stomach, she might not even wake up tomorrow!

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A hint of displeasure erupted within Armand's heart. He picked up the bowl of oatmeal that he had brought in earlier and drank a mouthful of it. Then, he

leaned over to the woman and locked his lips on hers. Forcing open her mouth with his, he fed her the

oatmeal through her teeth and down her throat.

Perhaps Genevieve was too famished that she instinctively swallowed the oatmeal even in her slumber.

Just like that, she was fed one mouth after another. In a matter of minutes, her stomach was filled with that bowl of oatmeal. Armand's bunched-up brows also relaxed on that

note.

He tried to withdraw his hand from the back of Genevieve's neck, yet she clenched his hand and placed his palm on her cheek.

Mom... muttered Genevieve. It was as if she had found someone to rely on. Her warm tears soon wetted the man's hand. "I missed you so much... Bring me along with you."

Hanging his head low, Armand watched the woman quietly with an impassive gaze. "Genevieve, only you can save yourself."

He forcefully retracted his hand and left the room.

In Genevieve's dream, she saw her long-gone parents. They came back to her just to reproach her for falling head over heels for Cooper and letting him swindle her out of their company.

Their interrogation overwhelmed and hurt her so much that she could not even breathe. Sobbing miserably, she pleaded with them to take her with them.

While she was in a daze, she heard someone telling her in her ear that only she could save herself.

Her eyelids snapped open out of the blue, and all she could see was the white ceiling,

Winifred could have been fine. It was Erica who had gone to the hospital and told Winifred that her only granddaughter was a murderer. That was how Winifred got agitated and kicked the bucket.

Genevieve vowed to reclaim Specter Corporation and avenge her parents. Cooper Sutton! Erica Hall! They must pay with their blood!

Her leary eyes became ice-cold and resolute. Grabbing her dress from the chair, she changed her clothes and stepped out of the bedroom.

After she went downstairs, she saw a man sitting in the dining room.

He was clad in a light gray vest and shirt, appearing to have just gotten off from work. Putting on an indifferent look, he was enjoying his dinner while listening to Steven's report.

"Ms. Rachford," Steven first noticed Genevieve and flashed a faint grin. "Are you feeling better?"

Genevieve nodded. "How long have I been asleep?"

"A week."

"That long?" Genevieve was taken aback.

Even so, she was baffled, for she was not starving at all despite the long, deep sleep.

The housekeeper headed into the kitchen to fetch a plate and a set of cutlery before placing them right in front of Genevieve.

Genevieve sneaked a peek at the man sitting opposite her. She wanted to get something out of her mind, but seeing that Steven was reporting some matters to him, she lowered her head and took her meal in silence.

Very soon, Armand finished his dinner. He got up from his seat and went upstairs straight away. Genevieve, too, put down her fork and spoon.

She trailed behind Armand and walked into his bedroom. He was undoing his vest and making his way toward the bathroom. Biting her lip, Genevieve mustered up all her

courage and walked up to him.

"L-Let me help you with that." The man was so tall. Genevieve had to lift her hands all the way just to land her hands on the button of his shirt collar.

Armand did not budge. He merely lowered his gaze and stared at her

The two of them were only a few inches apart. Genevieve could sense the chilling vibe emanating from the man's body. Sadly, her hands were shivering involuntarily, and she could not even undo the button of his collar.

Wearing a nonchalant visage, Armand shoved her hands away. "What are you doing?"

"I.." Genevieve pursed her lips. "Thank you for getting someone to get me out of the police station."

If it had not been for him, she would have been detained at the police station and then summoned to court. Moreover, Winifred's funeral matters were also arranged by him.

Now, I'm left with nothing. All I have is... this.

Thinking of all that, Genevieve unzipped the dress on her back, and the dress fell to the floor.

As she exposed her fair skin to the air, her body shuddered slightly.

Armand was standing face to face with Genevieve, so of course, it was inevitable for him to witness it all. His breath quickened a little.

Noticing his gaze, Genevieve felt uneasy. Placing her hands on her chest, she appeared to be covering something. "Please help me. I'm begging you. I need to take back Specter Corporation," she said, her voice thick with bitterness.

Specter Corporation is the legacy my parents have left for me. I have to get it back no matter what!

"And so you strip in front of me?" Shooting her a piercing glare, Armand sneered, "Even the women in the brothel would try to flirt with the guests to seduce them, but you... You look totally like a zombie standing right before me. The only difference is your fairer

skin!"

Genevieve did not anticipate any of that. She surrendered to him the last bit of dignity she had, only to be bombarded with such a nasty criticism in return. The sudden surge of humiliation made her cheeks flush as red as a tomato.

At that moment, Armand's phone rang.

"I'm not interested in zombies. Put on your clothes and go back to your room." As the man dropped the words, he paced toward the window and answered the call.

Genevieve, in turn, hurriedly put on her dress and scurried back to her room, keeping her head low the whole time.

Slamming the door behind her, she slipped down against the door and sat on the floor. As she thought of what he had just said to her, she felt ashamed yet upset as she buried her head between her arms.

She had no idea who that man was exactly, but he seemed to know every single thing. He could even ask the chief to personally send her out of the police station. That alone was sufficient to prove that he was no ordinary man.

She had thought that he wanted to bed her. Besides, she could offer him nothing else but that.

Still, she was utterly rejected by him a while ago.

Chapter 13

Chapter 13

When she woke up the next day, Genevieve hurriedly descended the stairs only to find the driver, Steven, on the first floor. Armand was nowhere to be seen.

"Morning, Ms. Rachford," Steven greeted, "Mr. Faulkner told me to bring you to buy some clothes later before he left."

"Okay." Genevieve nodded, but she was puzzled inside. If the man is not interested in my body, why is he so nice to me?

After breakfast, Steven drove Genevieve to the city's largest shopping complex

He dropped Genevieve off to shop on her own as he looked for a parking space,

Alas, Genevieve was still reeling from her grandmother's death. She was in a daze as she walked inside the mall.

"Miss, these are the latest designs. You can try it on." A sudden voice was heard next to her, shocking Genevieve from her stupor.

Without realizing it, she had walked into a luxury boutique and stood next to a rack

At that instant, she recalled her purpose for coming here, which was to buy some clothing for herself. She forced herself to feel perky and was about to take the snow-white silk dress off the rack when a hand suddenly darted in and snatched the dress away from the rack before she could.

The owner of the hand did not think she was being rude as she offered the dress she snatched to the person beside her.

"Erica, look at this! It'll look beautiful on you!"

Genevieve turned around sharply at the source of the sound and saw a few women choosing some clothes next to her.

Erica, who was surrounded by two women, was wearing the latest maxi dress from Desiree and holding a Hermayze bag in her hand. She looked flashy and extravagant.

"Hmm... This is nice," Erica praised her friend's good eye before she felt a piercing stare directed at her. She turned around and found Genevieve standing not far away.

Genevieve looked pale and seemingly unwell.

Ever since Genevieve was posted out on bail, Erica had secretly investigated the man and discovered he was someone's driver.

She would have never thought the driver was this capable. Moreover, he even had the money to sponsor Genevieve's trip to a luxury boutique!

As Erica thought of Genevieve's fall from grace, she felt pleasure at the latter's misfortune. With a smug smile on her face, she walked over to Genevieve. "What a coincidence meeting you here, Genevieve."

Genevieve stared at Erica with hatred. She was so angry that her hands balled into fists, and her fingernails dug into her palms.

She wished she could end Erica then and there!

However, she had nothing now. She was even rejected by the man cruelly the day before, so she couldn't defeat Erica.

As she thought of that, her eyes dimmed. Then she turned to leave.

Seeing that Genevieve looked depressed, Erica knew she couldn't pass up the opportunity to bully her.

"Genevieve"—Erica blocked her away—"I know you're still sad about your grandma's passing. Here, take this. There are five hundred thousand deposited on the card. Since we were classmates, I'll give this to you." She took a card from her bag and tried to stuff it to Genevieve.

"I don't want it!" Genevieve yelled and swatted Erica's hand away.

One of Erica's friends scoffed, "Genevieve, how could you do this to Erica? Erica was worried about you! She gave this money to you because she was afraid you'd go hungry! Everyone knows you've slept with some random man. Do you think anyone would want you in their company?"

The other chimed in, "Heh, I don't think she needs to work since she has that pretty face. She only has to spread her legs in any club, and she'll get loads of money!"

"Haha, you're so mean!"

As Erica's friends mocked Genevieve, Erica watched on with a smirk and did nothing to stop them.

Erica used to be a nobody next to Genevieve. She was jealous of how others admired Genevieve, envious of Genevieve's family background, and eventually wanted everything Genevieve had.

And finally, her wish had come true! Their positions had changed!

Erica tried to stuff the card to Genevieve again and said gently, "Stop being so proud,

Genevieve. Take the card. I think your departed parents and grandma wouldn't want you to wallow in misery..."

Genevieve endured her sarcasm-or at least tried to. When she saw how arrogant Erica was being as she kept mocking her family members, she couldn't stand it anymore and grabbed Erica's collar, slapping her on both sides of her face.

Genevieve slapped her again and again, all with considerable force.

Immediately, Erica felt her cheeks burn with pain and tried to push Genevieve away. However, Genevieve managed to grab Erica's outstretched hands and slapped Erica even harder.

"Genevieve, what are you doing?" Alarmed, Erica's two friends tried to help Erica.

But after Genevieve glared murderously at the duo, they stood rooted to the spot out of fear.

This woman is too scary!

"I am still a Rachford even if I have lost everything!" declared Genevieve while she kept slapping Erica. "For as long as I live, I swear I will revive the Rachford name! As for you... even if you cover yourself with branded goods, the foul countryside stench you emit cannot be masked!"

Soon after, a large crowd formed due to the commotion in the store.

Under the surprised gazes of the onlookers, Erica, who was being slapped until her cheeks were swollen and red, couldn't release herself from Genevieve's firm grasp no matter how hard she tried.

After a full three minutes, Genevieve stopped slapping. Then, she looked coldly at Erica before saying, "The one who should be afraid now is you! One day, I'll come back for my revenge! You'll pay for what you did to my grandma!"

The deep hatred in her eyes scared Erica. She shuddered involuntarily, and traces of terror flashed in her eyes.

Impossible! You've lost everything! You can't come back from this!

This thought allayed Erica's fears. When she raised her hand and tried to return the slap, a hand emerged from her side, grabbed her wrist, and flung her away.

Erica couldn't help but release a cry of pain as she was sent to the ground.

Chapter 14

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"Finding a parking spot took me quite a bit of time," the man explained. The man was none other than Steven. "Ms. Rachford, do you have your eye on any of the clothes here? If not, we'll visit another shop."

On the floor, Erica endured her pain and hollered, "Don't be deceived by her looks! Your girlfriend is no good! She's dirty!"

Steven did not spare a glance at her as he faced only Genevieve. "Let's go, Ms. Rachford."

Soon after that, they left the boutique.

When Erica saw both of them leaving just like that, she was so angry that she felt like screaming. Subsequently, she whipped out her phone and called the police.

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ce cameras

were no

Alas, she was told that the deputy police chief was currently outstation, and the surveillance cameras at the boutique were not operating. This meant that there were no actual recordings of the incident, and the police couldn't do anything to Genevieve without proof.

Do I just let her leave like that?

The more she thought about it, the more upset she became, and eventually, she ditched her friends and went to Specter Corporation.

Cooper was going through some documents when he heard a knock on the door. When he raised his head, he saw Erica. "Why are you here?"

"Coop," Erica whined. She walked over to him and sat on his lap. "I saw Genevieve just now in the shopping mall. I talked to her, but she did this to me.."

Erica removed her mask and revealed a swollen face. Even though she had tried an ice compress on it, it was still inflamed, and she looked terrible.

Cooper frowned. "She did this?"

Erica nodded. "Do you remember the last time I told you there was someone who bailed out Genevieve from the police station? I found that that man is someone's driver. He's about thirty years old... Don't you think she shouldn't resort to such methods even if her family is gone?"

"I gave her money because she's my friend. I wanted to dissuade her from doing those kinds of things so that she won't betray her deceased parents' expectations. But not only did she not take my money, she even slapped me and yelled at me!"

A cold glint flashed across Cooper's eyes as he listened to her recount.

Chapter 14

Although Cooper had said nothing, he had tacitly consented to how Cric Vine Genericvrs grandmother and said something to aggravate her vickiewinuntil she died, Additionally, he had also acquiesced to her sending people to comment cinevirve in the police detention room.

The Rachford family had owed him too much, so much that they couldn't repay him in full even after dying. He did not want Genevieve to live in comfortable life either.

However, when Erica recounted how far Genevieve had fallen, such as submitting herself to an old man because she wanted to be posted on bail, Cooper felt a twinge of agitation

At that instant, Erica felt the hand grabbing her shoulder increase in strength.

She could not help but call out to him, "Coop, you're hurting me."

“Apply some ice packs on your face to reduce the swelling,” Cooper said coldly as he let go of her shoulder. “There’s an exclusive banquet tonight at eight. You go with me. The attending guests are influential people in the business world, so don’t embarrass me.”

“Okay.” Erica tactfully stopped whining when she saw that the man wasn’t in a good mood.

At seven o’clock at night, a Maybach stopped in front of the Lovely Heart Hotel.

Lovely Heart Hotel was the only six–star hotel in Jadeborough. It was where banquets for receiving international guests, parties, and even weddings were held.

Before the car even reached the hotel, Genevieve could already recognize that this was the hotel where she and Cooper had had their wedding banquet.

As the images of her past surfaced, she felt her chest tighten. It was suffocating.

Subsequently, she suppressed her raging emotions. Pursing her lips, she questioned, “Is this the place Mr. Faulkner said the banquet would be held?”

Steven had received a call from his employer when they were about to return home after picking up her clothes. Armand’s orders were to notify Genevieve that he wanted her to attend a banquet with him tonight.

Therefore, Steven had accompanied her to pick up her formal dress and do her hair before sending her here.

“Yes, it’s Ballroom 3.” Steven handed over the invitation card to Genevieve. “Mr. Faulkner is currently busy with his work in the office, and I need to pick him up. So please enter the ballroom first, Ms. Rachford.”

What a coincidence... It’s Ballroom .

Smiling bitterly, Genevieve received the invitation card. “Okay, stay safe on the road.”

She got down from the car and entered the hotel

When she reached the entrance of the ballroom, she couldn't stop herself from recalling the past, Images of the time during her wedding banquet litted through her mind,

Amid the crowd's cheering, she remembered how she had a blissful smile on her face when she kissed Cooper,

When the server noticed Genevieve's pale face and staggering gait, he couldn't help but ask, "Miss, are you all right?"

"I'm okay." Genevieve shook her head.

As she remembered her dead parents and grandmother, and Cooper's cold gaze, she pursed her lips tightly and walked into the ballroom in large strides.

All the bliss that existed during her time with Cooper was replaced with hatred now.

People were holding drinking parties in the ballroom, and the atmosphere was vibrant and lively.

During this period, Genevieve had gotten thinner. But being born into a wealthy family, she knew how to carry herself with elegance. Coupled with her good looks that accentuated her overall beauty, she stole the attention of almost half the people on the floor with her back tube top and slitted dress.

The banquet lights shone on her shapely shoulders and her dipping yet long lashes, all of them creating an impression of a fragile flower.

As she stood there silently, her beauty shone.

All the men in the ballroom stared at her in a daze. They couldn't help but mutter, "She's so beautiful..."

"What's the point of being beautiful?" a woman exclaimed sarcastically. "She should have been contented with being married and not cheat on her husband!"

"That's right! It makes you wonder how a woman like her is a daughter of the Rachford family."

Chapter 15

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Even after hearing the malicious remarks from the people around, Genevieve only pursed her pink lips and took a glass of champagne from the pedestal round table.

She knew that it was Cooper who had designed the whole ordeal at the hotel. Given how the news had spread like wildfire online, she assumed Cooper had also assisted and fueled the flames in the background.

Perhaps the entire Jadeborough had heard of her glorious incident.

However, no matter how much she explained, nobody would believe the words that came from her mouth alone. It would be best if she pretended not to hear them.

Genevieve took two sips of the champagne. Her eyes scanned around the venue. She realized that it was a grand dinner banquet. Almost all the influential people in the business industry were there.

She was thankful that the man needed her. It implied that she was useful, which would lead to opportunities to negotiate with him.

However, she was not sure what Armand needed her help with.

Genevieve stood in a corner when she entered the ballroom. She intended to stay invisible. Despite that, many men came over with an unscrupulous gaze. Somebody even said he was willing to pay her to be his mistress.

That caused the women around to look at her and feel even more disgusted.

There was a woman who could not stand it any longer. She took a glass of red wine and splashed it on Genevieve's face. "You're so disgusting! Get out of this place!"

Genevieve closed her eyes as the cold wine was poured into them.

Since she was young, Genevieve had always been pampered and complimented as the precious daughter of the Rachford family. That was the first time she had been publicly splashed with red wine when attending a banquet.

Now, she had no more family. She was no longer the well-respected Ms. Rachford and had nobody to protect her.

Genevieve only stared at the woman. Without finding any fault with the woman, she turned to take some napkins from the table, and it was then she saw Cooper holding Erica as they walked in her direction.

Cooper had a straight posture and was wearing a black suit. There was a polite smile on his face, and he looked like a gentle fellow.

“Mrs. Jones!” Erica had attended plenty of banquets and such, so she could easily recognize Mrs. Jones. As she went over to greet her, she complimented, “Your pearl earrings look really good on you!”

Seeing that the woman was in a bad mood, Erica asked, “What’s wrong, Mrs. Jones?”

“I’ve met somebody with a bad omen!” Mrs. Jones glared at Genevieve, who had been splashed with red wine. “She has thoroughly embarrassed the Rachford family. I don’t even know how she can make her way to the banquet!”

Erica followed her gaze and saw the woman with a head full of wet hair. The woman was Genevieve!

When Erica thought of how Genevieve had slapped her in the shopping mall, she could feel the pain in her cheeks. She secretly glared at Genevieve with bitterness,

Not long after, Erica noticed that the gown Genevieve was wearing seemed to be an extraordinary one.

Enviously, she walked in front of Genevieve and glanced at her from head to toe, “If I’m not mistaken, this gown is a limited edition from the fashion show by Ilaymes. Even celebrities couldn’t purchase this. Genevieve, how did you get this?”

After pausing for a moment, she deliberately increased her volume and said, “Although your boyfriend, the driver, drives a luxurious car for somebody, he can’t afford this gown, right?”

Hearing Erica’s words, the women around looked at Genevieve disdainfully.

Mrs. Jones mocked, “She most likely got it by deceiving another man! It seems that she has put in a lot of effort just to come to this banquet.”

“And she calls herself the daughter of the Rachford family? She’s such a disgrace to Mr. Rachford!”

“Gosh, I feel so sorry for Mr. Sutton. He thought he had married a good wife. Who would’ve expected his wife to be that kind of person?”

Genevieve ignored the gossip. She wiped her face and the stains on her gown with a napkin. When she was about to leave, a tall figure blocked her way.

Cooper asked flatly, “This is an exclusive banquet. How did you get in here?”

“It’s none of your business.” Genevieve’s tone was a cold one.

Her pathetic look fell within Cooper’s observation. With her half-wet hair falling on her slender shoulders, she looked weak. No longer was she bright and glamorous as before.

Cooper felt delighted, but he felt a tinge of emotions in his heart at the same time.

Genevieve felt that her wrist was about to break. She glared at Cooper and said with resentment, “Cooper, this is a banquet. There’s nothing between us anymore. Are you going to hurt me?”

“I don’t want anybody who isn’t supposed to be here to sneak in.” Cooper then shouted for a waiter. He was about to ask Genevieve to leave.

Beside him, Erica could not help but utter, “Coop.

Noticing the aggrieved look on her face, Cooper understood what was on her mind. He held Genevieve’s wrist tightly and said, “Errie told me she met you in the shopping mall this morning, and you slapped her! You should apologize to her for how many times you’ve slapped her! If you don’t, I’ll ask her to slap you back.”

Genevieve could feel the eyes of the busybodies on her. Her body trembled as the light shone on her pale face.

A year ago, she had married Cooper in the same ballroom.

Now, a year later, in the same ballroom, she was humiliated by the same man and his mistress under the eyes of many.

“She insulted my late parents first. Why do I need to apologize?” Genevieve bit her tongue and remained calm. After a while, she chuckled coldly. “A b*tch and a son of a b*tch... Both of you are indeed a match made in heaven.”

Cooper’s eyes darkened. He gave her a slap across the face.

Genevieve did not manage to lift her hands to block him in time. She staggered a few steps back after the slap and was about to fall over when a hand stretched out and held her waist.

“Mr. Sutton, what are you doing to my date?” The man’s monotonous voice sounded from above her head.

Chapter 16

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When Genevieve stabilized herself and stood up, she looked to the side. A man was seen standing silently, wearing a black suit with his hand in his pocket. His whole body exuded a cold aura.

The man’s appearance was like a sedative that greatly eased Genevieve’s heart.

She pursed her pink lips, about to speak, but she noticed a commotion breaking out around her. A lot of people had gathered around and were gossiping with each other.

“Oh my goodness! That’s Armand Faulkner!”

“When did he come back? I can’t believe he’s here at the banquet!”

What? Genevieve looked at the cold man beside her again.

Although the Rachford family was also wealthy, they were not comparable with the Faulkner family, which had been around for a hundred years. The Faulkner family’s businesses were out of these small businessmen’s league, not to mention getting to know a member of them.

Regarding the news of the Faulkner family, Genevieve had heard them all from her circle of friends.

Apparently, the core business of the Faulkner family was currently handled by their second wife's son, Armand. It was also rumored that Armand brought bad luck to his wives as his previous two fiancées had passed away. Both of them had passed away mysteriously each time their wedding dates were near.

Genevieve was shocked to find out that he was Armand Faulkner!

Somebody around them muttered, "Did Mr. Faulkner just say that Genevieve was his date?"

"Cooper was being so harsh when he slapped Mr. Faulkner's date in front of everybody. Do you think Mr. Faulkner will seek justice for her?"

Those within the industry who had interacted with Armand before all knew about the matters of the Faulkner family. They were all aware that Armand was ruthless. Now that somebody had slapped his date, it was equivalent to hitting Armand across the face as well.

He would not let the person off the hook easily.

Cooper and Erica were both in the business industry, so, naturally, they had heard of Armand. At that moment, both their faces were not looking well.

Eventually, Erica broke the silence by saying, "Mr. Faulkner, we didn't know that Genevieve was your date. Mr. Sutton didn't slap her intentionally. She was being disrespectful first, so—"

"You don't have to apologize to me," Armand interrupted Erica's continuous explanation. His gaze remained cold. "She is just a date."

Genevieve's heart sank when she heard those words.

Erica understood Armand's meaning in a second. Her anxiety vanished.

Not just that, she even mocked, "Genevieve, if you lack money, let me know. I'll consider our friendship and lend you some. Don't assume that you can seduce anyone you like just because you're the daughter of the Rachford family!"

The crowd started laughing too. “Genevieve is such a joke. Did she think she could show off just because she was Mr. Faulkner’s date?” :

“Mr. Faulkner, you should be more careful. Don’t fall into the trap of this kind of woman.”

Countless mockery targeted Genevieve. Despite that, Armand stood there coldly, not intending to say anything, and continued to let her be humiliated.

Bearing all that, Genevieve was about to break down. She pushed through the crowd and ran to the restroom in embarrassment.

She splashed some cold water onto her face, easing her emotions that were about to fall apart. However, her eyes were still filled with tears.

She did not expect the man to lecture Cooper and Erica or help herself seek justice. However, it was the fact that Armand had said publicly that she was just a date, and he did not stop Erica from bullying her.

Did he invite me to the banquet so that I could be ridiculed?

“Ms. Rachford.” All of a sudden, Steven’s voice could be heard as he knocked on the restroom door.

Genevieve took some napkins and wiped the water on her face. She opened the door, saying hoarsely, “I’ll go back myself. There’s no need to trouble you. Also, I’ve dirtied the gown. When I have the money, I’ll—”

“Ms. Rachford, you said you wanted revenge. However, look at you. You’re too weak.” Steven shook his head. “You couldn’t even stand those few words spewed by others.

Genevieve lowered her gaze, pressing her lips together. “Mr. Faulkner didn’t help me...”

“It’s your own revenge. Naturally, you have to be the one to seek it.” Steven passed a phone to Genevieve. “Mr. Faulkner has already said that you can only count on yourself.”

Genevieve vaguely recalled the exact phrase when she passed out at the mansion during those few days.

Did Mr. Faulkner come back to the mansion during those days?

There was no passcode on the phone. Genevieve was able to access it easily. She wondered what Steven wanted her to see. Very soon, she found a video from the album.

After she finished watching the video, she knew what she had to do. Her depressed feelings disappeared instantly.

Genevieve returned to the ballroom. She looked for a waiter, mumbled a few words, and shoved the phone into the waiter's hands along with some cash.

The stack of cash moved the waiter. He swiftly turned around and left.

Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Erica was currently chatting with several rich ladies, and she was making fun of Genevieve's downfall. The sharp-eyed Erica immediately noticed Genevieve when the latter returned to the banquet hall, and a cold smile appeared on her face.

This woman is really pitiful! She has been humiliated like that, and she still has the courage to return.

Before Erica could say something to Genevieve, the woman who had poured wine on Genevieve earlier yanked the latter over. "You slapped Ms. Hall a dozen times. Do you think we're going to let it slide? Go apologize to her!"

"She's a mistress and deserves to be beaten. Why should I apologize to her?" Genevieve declared firmly and shook the woman's hand off.

The current Genevieve was arrogant and confident compared to her pathetic state a moment ago.

Erica did not understand how Genevieve regained her confidence after coming back from the restroom. Then, she said indignantly, "Genevieve, we're friends. You've done something improper, yet you want to slander me?"

Armand had also stated that Genevieve was just his female companion.

"I'm slandering you?" Genevieve sneered coldly and moved closer to Erica. "Do you dare to swear an oath to everyone here that you, my best friend, have never seduced my ex husband and had a three-year-old child with him?"

Her bright eyes that carried a hint of coldness made Erica tremble. The latter pushed Genevieve away with force. “Why should I make an oath for something I have never done?”

Genevieve replied coldly, “You’re guilty, so you dare not give us your words.”

The other woman seemed to be siding with Erica and said, “Genevieve, everyone here will not be fooled by you. You’re the one who cheated on your husband first. You’re a lowly and shameless woman. Moreover, I believe that Ms. Hall isn’t that kind of person!”

“Is that so?” Genevieve raised her eyebrow and revealed a faint smile. “I have an interesting video. I’ll play it on the projector screen for everyone to watch.”

As her words fell, the huge projector screen in the banquet hall lit up all of a sudden.

Soon, a video began playing on the screen. The first scene was Cooper and Erica talking in the hotel. Their conversation was heard clearly by everyone present.

“You’re really ruthless. You’re not leaving even a penny to Genevieve. I heard her grandmother’s medicine is quite expensive!”

“She’s already that old. It’s best if she is dead.”

“Cooper, are you so ruthless? You even dare to harm your adoptive parents?”

Shortly after, the scene changed. Cooper drove his car to a mansion. Erica came out with a child, who ran up to Cooper and greeted sweetly, “Daddy!”

Although the video was just a few seconds, the contents were shocking, and half of the people present were stunned.

Genevieve lifted her dress and walked up the stage one step at a time. She stood in front of the microphone and said, “I believe everyone has seen the video on the projector screen. That’s right. Cooper is the adoptive son of the Rachford family and the man I loved for over ten years. Not only did he

hook up with my best friend a long time ago, but he also framed me for cheating and forced me to divorce him without getting any property.”

When Cooper came to his senses, he immediately ordered people to turn off the projector. Although he still had a friendly smile on his face, his eyes were cold.

Genevieve was left with nothing after the divorce. How did she have the capability to get

this video? Could it be...

Cooper found Armand in the crowd, and he noticed that Armand was talking to another businessman beside him with an indifferent expression as if he was not the slightest interested in Genevieve and the current matter.

Soon, Cooper thought he had overthoughted. Someone like Armand would never be interested in Genevieve.

“What should we do now, Coop?” Genevieve’s sudden retaliation made Erica panic. “How did she know about these things?”

Cooper threw a glance at her, and Erica swallowed all the words she was going to say.

“Genevieve, are you trying to use these two edited clips to get back at me?” Cooper raised his voice for all the guests to hear what he was saying “You claimed that I was involved in the death of your parents and had set you up so that we could get a divorce and you were left with nothing. Where are the proofs? We lived under the same roof for twenty years, and I know your personality very well. You’re wilful and stubborn. Now, you’re just trying to tarnish my reputation and get back at me because we divorced.”

Soon, some guests began whispering among themselves. “I heard when Genevieve went abroad for a business trip, she went to a bar to hire a male model to drink with her.”

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“I don’t think she can deal with businesses with that brain of hers. She must have gone abroad to enjoy herself.”

“That’s true.”

People felt that Cooper's words were more convincing, as there were videos of Genevieve meeting with a man in a hotel and another video of her hiring a male model in a bar when she was abroad.

Everyone felt that the video Genevieve had broadcasted was fabricated and that she had done so to get back at Cooper because of the divorce.

In fact, Genevieve knew that Cooper would explain himself, and the guests would not believe her.

A faint smile crept over her red lips. "I have already uploaded the video online. I believe an expert will be able to tell whether it has been edited or not. Cooper, I have already told you. I will make you pay for everything you have done to the Rachford family."

Genevieve glared at Cooper, who was standing below the stage. Her gaze was firm and cold. "There is plenty of time."

Chapter 18

Chapter 18

With that said, Genevieve left the banquet hall.

Cooper stared at Genevieve's slender back as she left, and his calm demeanor finally faltered.

Ten minutes ago, she had rushed to the restroom in a pathetic state. After she came back, however, she returned to her prideful self.

Due to Genevieve's strong stance, some guests already began to doubt the authenticity of the video played just now. Some guests even came over to ask Cooper about it, making the latter feel very awkward.

After dealing with all those bigwigs, Cooper went to the corner to make a phone call. "Get rid of all those videos online..."

After a pause, he added grimly, "Also, send someone to tail Genevieve twenty-four-seven for a few days!"

I want to see who's the one helping her.

ple a good lesson in front of all

Genevieve felt satisfied after teachim

u those bigwigs. Her mood had seen Unlock succeeded

When she left the hotel, she saw a Maybach parked at the roadside.

“Ms. Rachford.” After Steven opened the car door, he complimented, “I have witnessed everything that happened in the banquet hall. You have done a good job.”

“Thank you for giving me the video.”

Steven shook his head. “I just did what I was told. You have to thank Mr. Faulkner.”

Genevieve was at a loss for words, and her lips twitched.

Previously, she had indeed thought that Armand was there to mock her, and she had hated him for a moment because of that. Unexpectedly, Armand had set up everything behind the scenes. He was just waiting for her to exact vengeance personally.

Everything he set up was really exciting...

Genevieve sat in the car and waited quietly. From time to time, she would take out her phone and scroll through Twitter.

She had already uploaded the video online, but Cooper was still one step ahead of her. He had already contacted the publicists to deal with the video and related articles. Thus, the

video did not go viral on the internet,

That did not matter to Genevieve. She was satisfied that she had used that video to embarrass Cooper and Erica.

“Mr. Faulkner.”

Just when Genevieve was looking at her phone, she suddenly heard Steven’s voice. Very soon, a figure entered the car

Armand had a faint scent of smoke and alcohol on him. The scent enveloped Genevieve like a net, and she instinctively straightened her back and leaned as far as possible to the other side of the car door.

Armand seemed to be very tired. He rested with his eyes closed the moment he got into the car while leaning on the car seat.

The car drove off slowly, and there was a pin-drop silence in the car.

Genevieve hesitated for a few seconds when she saw a pharmacy that was open for twenty hours daily at the roadside. In the end, she asked Steven to stop the car and went inside to buy some medicine that was good for curing hangovers and a bottle of water.

Seeing that Armand was still resting with his eyes closed, Genevieve said softly, "Mr. Faulkner, I bought some medicine for you, and it's good for curing a hangover."

If it was not for Armand, she would not have the confidence to teach Cooper and Erica a lesson while everyone was watching.

She felt very grateful to him.

Seeing that Armand did not move, Genevieve thought that she had spoken too softly and so she leaned closer. "Mr. Faulkner..."

Just as she was about to speak again, the car that was moving steadily suddenly did a quick turn. Genevieve was caught off guard and crashed into Armand's chest. She could feel his warm skin underneath his clothes.

A few seconds later, Armand's teasing voice came from above her head. "Do you like throwing yourself into my arms that much?"

Genevieve's face reddened, and she pulled herself away from him frantically.

Steven, who was in the driver's seat, apologized, "Sorry, Mr. Faulkner. There was a car that ran the red light. I made a quick turn to avoid it."

Genevieve's awkwardness was alleviated after she heard Steven's words.

She handed the medicine to Armand. "Mr. Faulkner, I saw that you drank a lot of alcohol earlier. Your head will definitely hurt at night if you go to bed without taking this medicine."

Armand shot her a glance before he took the medicine from her and ate a tablet of the medicine.

Genevieve watched him raise his head to drink the water. His Adam's apple bobbed as he gulped, and he looked very seductive.

She turned her head away hastily and struck up a conversation in order to ease the awkwardness. "Mr. Faulkner, thank you for tonight"

"What I did was give you an opportunity. It was up to you how you would use it." As Armand spoke, he paused before continuing, "Previously, you begged me to help you take back Specter Corporation. I'm willing to help."

Genevieve thought of that night when she took the initiative to offer herself but was disdained by the man. Her face reddened instantly.

Could it be that he...

Armand seemed to see through Genevieve's thoughts through her expression. He sneered and said, "Don't worry. I'm not interested in your body."

This time, Genevieve was taken aback instead. "Mr. Faulkner, what... do you want, then?"

I don't have anything to give him.

Armand rubbed his fingers on the water bottle and said flatly, "My grandmother is getting old, and she wishes for me to get married and have kids soon. I need you to marry me. You will get the title of Mrs.

Faulkner after the marriage. You can take advantage of the title and do anything you want. I won't stand in your way. After half a year of our marriage, I will gift you with Specter Corporation."

Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Although Specter Corporation wasn't as well known, it was still one of the top hundredth major-listed companies in the nation. The other companies wouldn't have that much money even if they wanted to acquire it.

Yet Armand said he would get Specter Corporation back for her in half a year.

Genevieve was in dire need of backing at that point, and Armand was undoubtedly the best option. Hence, she wished she could agree to his request immediately.

However, the moment she calmed down, she recalled the rumors about him and clenched her fists slightly

She heard that he had married twice, but both ended with the bride dying a day before the wedding. Though none mentioned it upfront, people were secretly gossiping that he brought about the death of his wives.

A while later, Genevieve couldn't help but ask, "Why me?"

Indeed, even if both Armand's marriages were unsuccessful, the Faulkner family was undeniably a great, aristocratic family. Whoever married into the family would surely get to live a life of luxury.

Many women would still want to try their luck despite knowing they might die.

"Since you have no family background and relatives, you won't pose a threat to me," Armand answered flatly.

Genevieve was at a loss for words at his reply.

Shortly after, she remembered that his first fiancée was the youngest daughter of the cruise ship tycoon in Xedells. The tycoon was so upset upon hearing the news of his daughter's death that he got admitted to the ICU twice. It took two billion from the Faulkner family to quell this incident

The second woman was the daughter of the chairman of a famous food company. Her death had allowed the chairman to reap a sum of money from the Faulkner family too.

It was then that Genevieve realized why he had been kind to her and helped her multiple times.

Since I have no family background and relatives, I'm easy to control. He doesn't need to worry about getting a request for a sizeable amount of compensation from the Rachford family if I suddenly die.

Upon figuring out the scheme underneath his calm voice, Genevieve instantly felt shivers

down her spine. After taking a deep breath, she replied with a look of determination, "All right, I'll marry you."

As long as he can help me avenge myself, I'll even offer my life to him without hesitation.

Armand's cold expression finally turned warm. "I'm free tomorrow morning. Bring along your household registry. We'll head to the City Hall to register our marriage."

Hearing that, Steven, who was driving, glanced at Armand from the rearview mirror in shock

Didn't Mr. Faulkner say that it would be a fake marriage? I've even got someone to prepare a fake marriage certificate already. But now...

"Okay." Genevieve had nothing against his arrangement. Since she had agreed to marry him, naturally, they would need to register their marriage.

Soon, they arrived at Swallow Garden.

Genevieve followed Armand upstairs. When she saw him close the door after entering his bedroom, a sense of relief washed over her instantly and her nervousness dissipated.

Upon returning to the guest room, she took a shower and went to bed. Unfortunately, she didn't have a good night's sleep.

sleep.

"

As soon as she closed her eyes, she recalled her deceased parents, Winifred's cold corpse in the ward, and Cooper's cold gaze. All of those were like a massive weight pressed down on her chest, suffocating her.

The next day, she woke up feeling slightly dizzy.

When she came downstairs after washing up, Armand was already sitting at the dining table, enjoying his breakfast with Steven waiting at the side.

“Morning, Ms. Rachford,” Steven greeted her.

“Morning.” Genevieve smiled and sat across from Armand. The breakfast was then swiftly served to her by the housekeeper.

Genevieve ate the bread absentmindedly. Occasionally, she would raise her head and sneak a glance at Armand. He was having his meal gracefully with a tablet in one hand, not making any sound.

After a moment of deliberation, Genevieve piped up. “Mr. Faulkner...”

“What?” When he saw the troubled look she wore upon sweeping a glance across her face, he continued, “Are you regretting it now?”

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“No..” Genevieve mustered up her courage and uttered, “Before we get our marriage certificate, can we sign a contract? If I pass away in an accident after our marriage, you’ll need to take back Specter Corporation within half a year as per contractual commitment and manage it in the name of the Rachford family. As for the earned money, donate them to the children’s emergency fund.”

“Is that all?” Her words seemed to amuse Armand as he broke into a few chuckles.

“Yes, that’s all.” Slightly embarrassed, Genevieve pursed her lips.

She knew Armand had helped her several times before and was aware that it was shameless for her to make such demands when she could offer nothing in return.

However, everyone was afraid of death, and she was no exception.

Armand instructed Steven, “Get the lawyer to prepare a contract and send it over.”

“Yes, Mr. Faulkner.” With that, Steven went to get it done immediately.

Since Armand was downstairs early, he had finished eating before the contract was sent over. Putting down the napkin, he looked at Genevieve, who was sitting opposite him.

Abruptly, he said, "You won't die even if you marry me."

I will never allow that to happen.

Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Not knowing how to respond, Genevieve merely hummed in acknowledgment, lowered her head, and resumed eating.

Steven was indeed efficient. Approximately twenty minutes after he made the call, a refined lawyer in a suit arrived at the mansion.

Armand passed the contract to Genevieve, "Take a look and let me know if there's anything you want to change."

Genevieve took the contract and went through the content once, only to find all her requests inside without a flaw.

Just as she picked up a pen and was about to sign at the bottom of the last page, she paused for a few seconds before signing it swiftly soon after.

Once the lawyer left, Armand glanced at his watch. "Did you take your household registry?"

"All my important things are with Maria. She's the housekeeper who took care of me before. The same goes for my household registry. I'll get it from her on the way later," Genevieve said while picking up the

Unlock succeeded Armand hummed in reply and headed out with her.

When they reached the outdoor parking lot, Armand's phone rang. After glancing at his phone, he answered with a frown, "What's the matter?"

Armand's face fell as the person on the other end said something inaudible to Genevieve. Following that, he hung up the phone.

“Steven, escort Genevieve to take her household registry. I’m going out for a while.” Having said that, Armand got into the driver’s seat of the Maybach and swiftly drove away from Swallow Garden.

Did something happen at the company?

Afraid that Armand had something urgent to deal with, she wanted to ask Steven to help him instead.

However, as if he could see through her mind, Steven smiled slightly and started, “It’s nothing urgent if Mr. Faulkner doesn’t ask for my help, so you don’t have to worry, Ms. Rachford. Please get in the car.”

“All right.” At his reassurance, Genevieve bent down and got into the car, putting her worries aside.

Maria lived out of town, and it took approximately twenty minutes for them to reach her house.

Genevieve went upstairs, leaving Steven waiting for her downstairs. Before she could knock on the door, she heard a clang, followed by Maria’s yelp of pain from the inside.

“Maria?” Genevieve’s heart sank. She banged on the door and yelled, “Are you all right?”

When there was no response, her heart sank deeper.

Maria watched her grow up. She only had Maria left ever since Winifred had also passed away.

Genevieve fished out her phone and was about to call Steven to come upstairs when the door suddenly swung open, revealing Maria’s face.

“Ms. Rachford, why are you here?”

“I’ve come over to retrieve something.” Before Genevieve could heave a relief sigh at the sight of Maria, she noticed her bending her back with an abnormal expression on her face. “Maria, what happened to your back?”

Maria forced a chuckle. “I’m fine. I fell and sprained my back just now.”

“You’re sweating all over your forehead, and you’re telling me you’re fine? Quick, let’s go to the hospital.” Knowing how fragile Maria’s body was at her age, Genevieve quickly supported her and led her to the elevator.

“Why are we going to the hospital? There’s no need for the trouble.” Just as Maria wanted to reject her, an unbearable pain surged from her back, causing her to cry out in pain once again.

Seeing that, Genevieve grew more anxious.

Once they reached downstairs, Genevieve helped Maria into the back seat carefully. “Steven, please head to the hospital.”

Steven quickly started the car.

That day was coincidentally a Friday, so the hospital was full of people, especially in the orthopedics department. Even with a VIP number, there were still over ten patients before them.

As Maria began shouting louder and louder out of pain, Genevieve’s brows creased tightly.

Unfortunately, the VIP number required one’s name as proof. Therefore, even if she swapped their sequence with someone before them, they would eventually get chased out

bal. due to an incorrect name.

Upon taking in how anxious she was from the side, Steven hesitated for a while before approaching her, unable to hold back himself anymore. “Mr. Faulkner has a friend who is a doctor at this hospital. He isn’t from the orthopedics department, but his medical skills are broad. He can treat some small issues as well.”

Genevieve nodded without hesitation. “In that case, please show us the way.”

Since ten more patients were waiting before them, it would probably already be afternoon by the time it was their turn. Maria’s injury might be even more severe by then.

Soon, under Steven’s lead, they arrived at the neurosurgery department.

As soon as Genevieve stepped into the office, she saw a young man answering a call while leaning against the table. He was wearing a white coat, and he looked overly young. He even tied his long hair behind his head with a rubber band.

No matter how one looked at him, he looked like a model who had entered the wrong site, which happened to be a hospital in this case.