

Flawless 171

Chapter 171 Her Only Audience Many years ago, as Genevieve switched on the air conditioner too strongly at night when she slept, she had severe tonsil inflammation. Hence, she could not speak, and she had just started learning to play the violin back then. Her parents were very busy during that period, so she was bored in the hospital, resulting in her asking the housekeeper to bring her a violin over. Her father had arranged for her to stay in the VIP ward with a balcony at General Hospital. Many patients were unable to afford it due to the high cost. Thus, she was also not worried that her violin practice would disrupt others. She practiced the same piece every day. After that, a boy older than her appeared on the balcony next to her. He was tall and exuded an elegant aura. His eyes seemed to be injured as they were wrapped in thick gauze. Standing by the railings, it was as if he was listening to her practicing the violin. Genevieve had only recently learned to play the violin. The older boy who came out every morning she practiced the violin could be considered her first audience. Because of that, she would be motivated to practice hard every day.

However, after practicing for a long time, sometimes she would feel frustrated. Once she got frustrated, the violin's sound would be unpleasant, and she would have the urge to smash the violin. However, the older boy next to her ward did not think that it sounded ear-piercing. Instead, he would say, "You're playing well. If you're feeling frustrated, practice again tomorrow." Kids liked being praised, including Genevieve. With his consolation, she gathered her confidence to continue practicing the violin. However, due to her tonsil inflammation, she could not talk, but she wanted to thank him. Hence, every time she had snacks, she would throw him a packet.

Not long after that, her father felt bad that no one was taking care of her in the hospital. With the doctor's approval, she was discharged. Genevieve left with her father from the hospital in a hurry. She had no chance to bid goodbye to the boy. However, she always kept in mind his words of encouragement. She had rarely played the violin since then and had gradually forgotten her hospitalization when she was younger. Until today, she only realized that her only audience and the person who had comforted her was Armand. What kind of weird fate is this? Seeing Genevieve suddenly turning over and sitting on top of him, Armand moved the strands of hair that fell on his face aside. His voice was hoarse. "Genevieve, are you doing this on purpose?" Shaking her head, the woman showed him the text on her phone: Were you eighteen years old fourteen years ago? "Yes." Genevieve had always felt Armand looked young, so it would not be weird for him to be eight or nine years older than her. However, when she thought back to fourteen years ago, when he was eighteen, while she was only nine, she felt he was much older than her. Genevieve could not stop herself from smiling. Suddenly, she tossed her phone aside and cupped Armand's cheeks with both hands. Then, she lowered her head and kissed him. As they had kissed many times, she was not as inexperienced as before. Occasionally, she would bite his lips, stick out her tongue, and kiss him skillfully. She gently kissed him from his lips to his chin, Adam's apple, collarbone, and the Genevieve Orsi on his chest. Armand gripped Genevieve's arms slightly tightly as he turned over and pinned her beneath him. There was turbulence of emotions in his eyes. "Are you not planning to go back to Jadeborough tomorrow?" Shaking her head, Genevieve wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

She was even more passionate than before, like a clingy mermaid. Initially, Armand wanted to let her off, but he could not control himself in the end. After all, he had been desiring her. He made hickeys all over her soft skin. Her body looked as if someone had tortured her. After washing up, Armand carried Genevieve, who was already sleeping, out of the bathroom. He checked the time and noted it was already half-past six in the morning. He texted Steven to cancel the flight ticket and to reconfirm the return time with him

Chapter 172 You Are Inhuman It was past three o'clock in the afternoon when Genevieve finally woke up. Without much memory of what had happened during the wee hours of the morning, she rubbed the sleep from her eyes and stumbled out of bed. However, as soon as her feet touched the carpet, the soreness between her legs almost caused her to topple over. She barely held onto the bed for support, but thankfully, that was enough to keep herself from falling. The next second, Genevieve grabbed her phone from the bedside table and texted the man who had long since left the bedroom: Armand Faulkner, you're inhuman! Shortly after she sent her message, the door suddenly opened. Even though Armand seemed cold and aloof as he walked in wearing a buttoned-up white shirt and black pants, there was no doubt that his face wore a look of contentment. Upon seeing a grim-faced Genevieve leaning against the bed, Armand smiled. Without further ado, he lifted her wordlessly in his arms and carried her into the bathroom. Genevieve, on the other hand, angrily typed out another message: You're inhuman! You're a sc*mbag! You're an animal!"

"You were the one who flirted with me," Armand said matter-of-factly. He had intended to place Genevieve on the marble countertop, but when he recalled how she had flinched at the cold marble when they kissed there the night before, he laid a towel on it before settling her down. Genevieve continued with her text: I only kissed you once! Couldn't you have pushed me away? You inhuman sc*mbag! "Have you ever seen a wolf turn down a piece of meat dangling in front of it?" Armand asked with a chuckle. After squeezing toothpaste out onto a toothbrush and sticking it into Genevieve's mouth, he added, "Brush your teeth." Alas, the moment she bit down on the toothbrush, Genevieve lifted her leg and kicked Armand. Despite her frustration, she went on to brush her teeth and wash her face under the watchful eye of

Armand. Once that was all done, he carried her back out and onto the chair at the dressing table. To her surprise, the chair, too, had been padded with a soft towel. When Armand returned with the hotel restaurant's menu, Genevieve had just applied face toner, but her expression remained cold and gloomy as she glared at him through the mirror. "I've told Steven to cancel the flight tickets," Armand remarked. While putting the menu on the dressing table, he inadvertently caught a glimpse of the hickeys dotting Genevieve's delicate arms. My goodness, her skin's too tender. I didn't even use that much force, yet the hickeys still haven't faded. For some inexplicable reason, Armand felt his heart soften. He stroked her earlobe and said in a low voice, "Once you're feeling better, we'll take the private plane back to Jadeborough, okay?" Genevieve slapped his hand away and began typing: Who cares about taking your

private plane? I'll have you know I'm fit as a fiddle! It's all your fault. You're inhuman! Even through text, she could not bring herself to elaborate and decided to scold Armand again. Genevieve: Didn't people say men can't perform as well once they're in their thirties? She suddenly stopped typing as memories of the terrifying experience came flooding back. Before long, she was back on her phone again: Did you take enhancement pills to get back at me? After the man read the text on her memo, his face darkened. Leaning down, he grabbed the back of Genevieve's head and kissed her fiercely. Only when she was out of breath did he then release her. "Genevieve, if you continue to harbor such nonsensical thoughts, I'll let you stay on in Springwyn for two more weeks and make sure you can't even get out of bed," Armand warned, clearly not joking at all. Genevieve held his gaze, but it was barely a few seconds later when she conceded and picked up the menu to cover her face. Since she had missed several meals, Genevieve was famished. Naturally, she had no problem polishing off a few dishes on her own when the waiter finally delivered the food. Having regained her strength from the sumptuous meal, she plopped on the bed and began playing with her phone. Since Armand did not have many video conferences to attend and only needed to go through some

emails, he decided to work from the bedroom instead of the living room. He looked up occasionally, but every time, he would see Genevieve still sprawled on the bed and scrolling through her phone. After a while, he picked up the finance book and tossed it to her. "Stop playing with your phone and do some reading. Read at least ten pages before you sleep tonight." Genevieve's good mood from browsing the news disappeared almost instantly as she fiddled with the dreaded book. Then, she began to type out a text to voice her objection: I'm still a patient. I can't read.

Chapter 173 I Know Your Secret "You're not blind, though. It's your legs that hurt," Armand reasoned as he glanced at the woman on the bed. "Besides, you're reading the book for your own good, not mine." Genevieve got so furious at Armand's bluntness that she threw the finance book at him and buried herself under the blanket. Feeling helpless, Armand merely caught the book and rubbed his temples. Upon settling the rest of his emails, he promptly closed his laptop and climbed into bed. "Come out. I'll read the book with you," he whispered as he pulled the bundled-up Genevieve into his arms. The blanket was thin and cooling, perfect for the hot summer days. Because of that, Genevieve could feel herself leaning against a firm, broad chest. After dawdling for a while, she finally stuck her head out of the blanket. To her surprise, Armand had already opened the book and flipped to the page she bookmarked. Seeing her head sticking out, he glanced at her from the corner of his eye. "Genevieve, I realize you're becoming brattier."

Genevieve rolled her eyes as she texted: That's just how I am. You have to accept it whether you like it or not! As the only child of the Rachford family, she was her parents' most precious treasure. They doted on her and spoiled her with everything she ever wanted. Thus, it was no surprise that she grew up to be somewhat delicate and bratty. However, as soon as the Rachford family was gone, no one pampered her anymore. On top of that, her relationship with Armand back then was nothing more than a transactional one. Genevieve had lived in fear every day, afraid that he might one day stop helping her. As such, she was always careful around him, not daring to show the slightest hint of brattiness in

her. Now that she had fallen for him and realized he was keen to dote on her, there was no longer any reason to hide her true self from him. With that, Genevieve got into a comfortable position and lay in Armand's arms. As she held his hand, her

eyes lazily scanned the words in the book. However, the more she read, the more she thought about the words she had told Armand the night before. Without further ado, Genevieve turned around and stared at Armand as she ran a hand over his face. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that they would meet again after fourteen years and under such circumstances. Back then, she had only regarded the older boy as her only audience. Because of his encouragement, she had poured her heart and soul into practicing the violin. There were no other emotions attached to their interaction, to the point where she almost wanted to forget about her hospital stay. Yet, that same boy had now become the man she fancied. Genevieve remembered him standing near the balcony railing, looking so refined for someone who had yet to step into young adulthood. Even his voice had a touch of gentleness to it. Fourteen years later, Armand's youthfulness might have disappeared, but he had also blossomed into a mature and dependable man. This face has changed so drastically that I couldn't recognize it. Armand felt the warm touch of her delicate fingers and gulped. "Genevieve, I told you to read the book, not look at me," he muttered, gaze darkening ever so slightly. A smile crept across Genevieve's face as she typed on her phone: Sir, I know one of your secrets. She had been the one who stayed beside Armand all those years ago and practiced her violin. However, the fact that he thought it was Marilyn could only mean that the latter had told a blatant lie. Shame on Marilyn! She's from a prestigious family, yet she's so despicable. How dare she steal my identity to get close to Armand! Upon seeing the word "Sir" in her text, Armand felt his brows twitch, and he playfully pinched Genevieve's face. "Don't call me that. It makes me sound so old. Call me Mando, okay?" Alas, Genevieve shook her head and texted her reply: But you're so much older than me. Isn't it normal to call you Sir? The truth was, despite being married to Samuel, Marilyn still addressed Armand as "Mando" in private.

That thought alone always left a bad taste in Genevieve's mouth. Naturally, she did not want to use the same term of endearment as Marilyn. Thinking it was not enough, Genevieve continued typing out "Sir" on her phone's memo. Armand was rendered speechless. Genevieve: Sir, I want a strawberry smoothie. "Smoothies are too cold. They aren't good for your throat," Armand chided before pushing her phone away so he could not see what she typed. "How about I get you a bottle of soda?" Shaking his arm, Genevieve typed out her response: Can't I have just a bit? I'll keep hounding you if you don't give me my smoothie! Sir, Sir, Sir!

Chapter 174 Do You Want Some More Armand could not stand Genevieve's continuous pleading and called the hotel's restaurant. About ten minutes later, a waiter brought in two plates of fresh fruits and a strawberry smoothie. Genevieve carried the glass of smoothie and enjoyed it cozily in Armand's arms. At the same time, after watching the tutorial video of braiding hair on his tablet once, Armand divided Genevieve's hair into a few strands. Then, his fingers crossed through her hair back and forth quickly, and soon, her hair was tied in a beautiful braid. Genevieve's eyes brightened. She wanted to praise Armand, but she could not type in her phone at the moment. Therefore, she scooped a spoonful of

smoothie and led it to his mouth. Armand frowned as he did not fancy sweet food. Nonetheless, he lowered his head and drank it. Brushing away some hair sticking at the corner of Genevieve's lips with his finger, he asked calmly, "You said you know a secret of mine. What is it?" Genevieve smiled and dug another spoonful of smoothie, not answering his question. She knew that the older boy fourteen years ago was Armand, but Armand did not know it was actually her.

I wonder how he would react when he finds out the truth. I bet it'll be interesting! Seeing Genevieve tilting her head and having no intention of taking her phone, Armand seized her smoothie away from her hand, raising it high. "Tell me what the secret is, and I'll give it back to you," he said. Genevieve gritted her teeth in secret. She wanted to reprimand him for being childish, but then she remembered she still had some smoothie in her mouth. All of a sudden, she leaned toward Armand and kissed his lips. As Armand pressed his hand against the back of Genevieve's soft waist to push her closer toward himself, he could taste the strawberry smoothie between her lips. He thought the strawberry flavor was sickly sweet when he had it just now, but now, it tasted totally fine to him.

Moreover, he could not get enough of it as he licked the corner of her lips. The tips of their noses touched, and Armand's eyes darkened. "Genevieve, where have you learned this from?" he asked in a hoarse voice. She's not a mermaid but a seductive minx! How can she be so flirty? Genevieve blinked her watery eyes at Armand and cocked her eyebrows in a captivating look. She mouthed to him, "Sir, do you want some more?" Armand gulped. He paused for a few seconds before passing the glass of smoothie, which he had held high up, to her. Genevieve and Armand stayed in Springwyn for another two days. They planned to fly back to Jadeborough in Armand's private plane. The next morning, Genevieve spent her time sticking with Armand in the suite. Sometimes, when he had to deal with urgent matters of work, she would just read books in the room. At about 1 p.m., Genevieve changed her clothes. Her back felt a bit painful, so she made an appointment with a masseuse at the hotel to have a spa. Since it was within the hotel, Armand did not ask Steven to follow her. Genevieve came back from the spa when it was past 5 p.m. Perhaps her body was too weak and could not endure the pain, but when she returned, she looked drained of energy, and her face was pale. Armand watched her as she occasionally supported herself against the wall as she walked. At night, he wanted to carry her into the bathroom, but Genevieve slapped his hand away with a face full of wariness. Genevieve: I had cupping therapy just now, so I can't bathe. Plus, my body still hurts! Get a hold of yourself! Armand was speechless. At 10 a.m. on Saturday, Genevieve and Armand headed to the airport in the chartered car prepared by the hotel. After the security screening, they boarded a private plane parked at the airport. On Genevieve's eighteenth birthday, her father had given her a private plane as her present as well. However, it was only a mini one.

The private plane she was currently onboard had a luxurious interior design that was comparable to a six-star hotel suite. It was equipped with basically everything—an audio room, a working office, a bathroom, a bedroom, and an all-rounded dining place. After seeing that private plane, Genevieve finally understood that her family could not be counted as a prominent family at all. Only a family like the Faulkners was considered prominent. To them, buying a private plane was like buying a toy.

Chapter 175 He Has Loved Me For A Long Time Genevieve dragged Armand with her and took a look at every part of the private plane. After that, she took out her phone and typed: How many people have boarded this plane before me? Armand glanced at the phone screen and replied, "This plane has just been bought not long ago. I initially wanted to give it to Grandma for her birthday. After some flight courses were ready, it would be easier for her to travel to anywhere she wished. However, I took notice that you like it a lot, so I canceled. I'll just prepare another present for Grandma." I'm the first one to embark on this plane... Satisfaction and happiness filled her heart. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed his cheek before dragging him toward the audio room. When Genevieve and Armand finished a movie in the audio room, the plane had landed in Jadeborough. They went back to Regality Gardens. As soon as Maria opened the door, Genevieve sprinted over and gave her a hug, nuzzling up on Maria's shoulder. Noticing Genevieve was not speaking, Maria asked curiously, "Ms. Rachford, what happened to your throat?" Although Genevieve had chatted with Maria via WhatsApp in the past two days, she did not mention anything that happened in Springwyn.

Genevieve typed in her phone: Tonsil inflammation. It has not recovered. Maria bent down to take Genevieve's shoes. As she got up a little, she saw the words on Genevieve's phone. Regrets and guilts surged in her heart. She opened her mouth to say something, but when she recalled that group of ferocious men, she could only swallow her words back. "Ms. Rachford, you've suffered a lot. Everything will be fine now that you're back. I'll make delicious food for you." Maria held Genevieve's hands tightly with teary eyes. Genevieve nodded. Armand did not stay at the condominium to accompany Genevieve. He went to his bedroom and

changed into a suit. After explaining that he had things to deal with in the company, he left with Steven. When Armand was gone, Maria looked at Genevieve and asked, "Ms. Rachford, were Mr. Armand with you all these days?" Genevieve: Yes. Remembering the few days she had spent with Armand in Springwyn, her lips curled up as she continued typing: Maria, I think he has loved me for a long time. Armond fell in love at first sight with her, not Marilyn. Maria was stunned for a while. "But, Ms. Rachford, didn't you know each other for only two months? Why do you say so?" At first, Genevieve wanted to tell Maria about her meeting with Armand fourteen years ago in the hospital. However, she was worried that Maria would expose it accidentally in front of Armand if she did so. Therefore, she decided not to tell Maria first. Hence, she wrote: I'll tell you in the future, Maria. It was already noon, and Maria went to the kitchen to prepare some food. After Genevieve had lunch, she locked herself inside the bedroom. She was extremely inspired at the moment. Therefore, she took out a sketchbook and began scribbling away. Without many amendments, she completed a song within an hour. Nonetheless, she did not have a violin with her, so she could not do the soundcheck. Night Breeze, which Patrick had given to her, had been taken by Marilyn for her own. Genevieve remembered that when she went back to the Rachford residence to pack her things a long time ago, she did not find the violin that she had played as a kid. That violin was a present from her mother. It was highly valuable as well. Falling silent for a while, she took out her phone, searching for Cooper's phone number on Specter Corporation's website. Then, added him on WhatsApp. He had not added her back, but another new

number popped out on her contact list. It was Cooper. He sent her a message: That's my company's phone number, Genev. This is my personal one. Add this.

Holding back the urge to vomit, she accepted his message request. After that, Genevieve asked straightforwardly: Where's the violin I used when I was young? Is it with you, or did you ask someone to get rid of it?

Chapter 176 Mostly Choosing The First Option In the office of Specter Corporation's CEO, Cooper kept his gaze fixed on the phone. He was taken aback for a moment when he saw Genevieve's message. He texted: Didn't you take it with you when you returned to the Rachford residence to pack your stuff back then? Genevieve replied: You got people to wreck the house, so everything was gone by the time I returned. What could I have packed up? Although Cooper despised the Rachford family greatly, he only asked a few workers to clean up the trace that Genevieve left at the Rachford residence after she had packed up her things and left the place. I didn't order them to wreck the entire house, though. I recall that the day after the Rachford residence was cleared, Erica was wearing one of Genevieve's favorite necklaces. Erica probably had said something to the housekeepers and taken possession of all Genevieve's jewelry and bags. Genevieve sent another message: If you've sold it, tell me who you've sold it to, so I can buy it myself. Cooper texted back: Give me a second. Let me ask about it. After responding to Genevieve's message, he immediately dialed the intercom phone and demanded his assistant, Christopher, "Head off to Erica's place now and look for a reddish-brown violin."

"Mr. Sutton, I don't have the key to that mansion-" Before Christopher could finish his sentence, Cooper cut him off coldly, "Bring someone over to break the door open then." Cooper paused for a while before he instructed, "Search the jewelry in the drawer as well and keep all the Van Cleef and Arpels jewelry in a jewelry box properly." "All right, Mr. Sutton." Upon hanging up, Cooper then sent Genevieve a message that read: Have you come back from your business trip? He sent another message: Genev. The next second, he saw an exclamation sign pop up in front of the last message he sent. The notification read: You can no longer call or send messages to this recipient. Please add the contact

to continue chatting. She deleted my contact... Staring at the notification, Cooper could not help but smile wryly. Genevieve would not have added me if it wasn't for the violin. Ever since Cooper discovered the strange death of Jacob, he was skeptical. Is it possible that the Rachford family had nothing to do with the extermination of my family back then? Since there was no clue about Jacob's death, that doubt deepened in Cooper's heart as time passed. Moreover, he would always dream about the scene of his argument with Genevieve, the latter having cried her heart out and claimed, "My father would never do that kind of thing! If he really did that, he could've ended your life then to prevent problems in the future. Why did he bring you back instead?" Thus, Cooper had been doing some self-consolation in his heart. For the sake of his image, he pitied me, so he took me home and treated me well. However, as time went by, Cooper could not comfort himself in that way anymore. If Genevieve's father had killed my entire family, it would be undeniable proof of his ruthlessness. But why did he adopt me and let me

have the chance to take revenge on him? Hmm. I can only blame myself for being blinded by the blood feud that I've never thought of that question. Right as Cooper was lost in thought and filled with remorse, the phone on the desk suddenly vibrated. It was a call from Christopher. "Mr. Sutton, I've found the violin. I'm asking someone to bring a jewelry box to pack up the jewelry you mentioned." Cooper let out a sigh of relief. "Okay. Bring them to the office when you're done." After ending the call, Cooper instantly saved Genevieve's phone number to his WhatsApp. Since he was afraid that the latter would not respond to him, he texted: I've found the violin. A minute later, Genevieve replied: Where should I get it from you? Cooper paused for a moment before texting back: I won't be free until the afternoon as I still have some work. Let's meet at Point Restaurant at six o'clock in the evening. You shall treat me to a meal. He added: Or you can come to Specter Corporation to see me. Judging from her personality, she wouldn't want others to see us having any interaction because she

hates me the most. She'll probably choose the first option. As expected, within a few seconds, Genevieve responded: Let's meet at Point Restaurant at six o'clock then.

Chapter 177

After Genevieve sent the message, she threw her phone on the carpet with a cold expression. She then turned to get off the bed and made her way over to the walk-in closet.

There was a large jewelry cabinet on the right side of the closet.

It was empty initially, but it was now full of the gifts Armand had previously asked Steven to send her and all kinds of jewelry she bought in Springwyn a few days ago.

Genevieve opened the third drawer filled with jewelry that Maria secretly helped her pack up in the Rachford residence back then.

She had gifted some of the jewelry to Maria, whereas the remaining ones were presents from her mother and were too valuable, so Maria refused to take them.

Genevieve picked a necklace to keep in a jewelry box before putting on a set of clothes she chose from the closet. After tidying up herself, she left her bedroom.

"Ms. Rachford, are you going out?" Maria was busy preparing soup on the kitchen island when she saw Genevieve had changed her clothes, seemingly heading out.

Genevieve nodded and showed Maria the message she had typed on her phone: Maria, I'm going out to buy something. Thus, I might be late for dinner tonight.

Maria asked, "Do you want me to come with you?"

It's okay. I'll send Steven a text if anything happens. After replying to Maria, Genevieve kept her phone and swiftly picked a pair of high heels to wear in the hallway.

Maria followed behind Genevieve as she looked at Genevieve with tears in her eyes. "Ms. Rachford..."

While putting on her shoes, Genevieve lifted her head to glance at Maria as if she was asking, "What are you trying to tell me, Maria?"

Maria used her fingers to wipe away the tears at the corner of her eyes and smiled as she shook her head. "Ms. Rachford, I'm just worried about you as you can't speak because of your injured vocal cords. Take care of yourself."

Smiling in response, Genevieve had finished wearing her shoes and left the house.

She went to the luxury shopping mall in the city center by car. Upon reaching the Cartier counter, she pulled out a jewelry box from her bag.

The necklace she brought was the limited edition Cartier necklace which her mother made a special effort to buy for her as her coming-of-age gift. It was said to be priceless.

After the staff verified the authenticity of that necklace, he led Genevieve to the VIP room right away.

Soon, the manager came to have a conversation with Genevieve. He then made a phone call for ten minutes. After that, he offered a price to Genevieve in exchange for that piece of jewelry.

Since the price given was almost the same as Genevieve had expected, she agreed to that without a second thought.

After both parties went through the procedure, the money was transferred to Genevieve's bank card.

When Genevieve was about to leave the shopping mall, her gaze inadvertently drifted upward, and she spotted a big poster pasted on the right side of a watch shop's entrance on the second floor.

The good-looking man on the poster displayed the unobtrusive and eye-catching watch with his right hand on his chest.

Based on the amount of money I've gotten from selling the necklace, there will still be a lot of money remaining even if I buy my violin from Cooper. With that in mind, Genevieve took a turn to take the escalator to the second floor.

She planned to give Armand a present. More importantly, she wanted to use her money to purchase that gift.

His figure was imprinted on her mind, so she knew what kind of suit and watch would be suitable for him. After entering the store, it only took her three minutes to choose the wristwatch that satisfied her.

When she saw the staff packing the watch, Genevieve passed her phone to him after a brief contemplation.

On her phone, she had typed: Can you help me deliver it to a certain place on time?

"Sure." The staff smiled faintly. "Please write down the delivery date and time for me."

By the time Genevieve came out of the mall and headed to Point Restaurant by car, it was precisely six o'clock in the evening.

Upon reaching the restaurant, she was about to call a waiter to ask for a window seat, but one of the waiters recognized her first and said, "Ms. Rachford, Mr. Faulkner is waiting for you at the usual seat."

The staff bowed and led Genevieve into the restaurant.

Only then did Genevieve remember that the restaurant was her favorite place to enjoy her meal back then. Cooper had celebrated several of my birthdays with me over here in the past.

For some reason, she was disgusted upon reminiscing the past.

However, Genevieve suppressed her emotion when she recalled that she was here to get back her violin.

Chapter 178

Cooper was sitting at a table near the window. His long and slender fingers were gently tapping on the table, but his gaze was on the door.

When he saw the waiter lead Genevieve in, his eyes lit up slightly.

As the two approached, Cooper got up from his seat and pulled out the chair opposite him.

Genevieve ignored him directly. After seeing a familiar violin case sitting on the opposite chair, she pulled the chair that was further inside and sat on it.

Cooper was not mad. He pushed the chair back, returned to his seat, and passed Genevieve the menu.

"Have a look at the menu and see what you want to eat."

Genevieve glanced at him lightly and typed on her phone: I'll pay for this meal. Order whatever you want. I am not eating.

Cooper was slightly taken aback when he saw Genevieve typing on the memo to reply to him. “What’s wrong with your voice?”

Genevieve did not answer. She put down her phone and stood up with the intention to take the violin case on the seat beside Cooper.

Cooper’s gaze darkened. He quickly raised a hand and pressed it onto the violin case.

Gently, the man uttered, “Genev, didn’t you say you’d treat me to this meal? Shouldn’t you wait until we finish the meal before you take a look at the violin?”

If she were to get the violin, she would probably leave immediately.

Genevieve furrowed her brows and sat back in her seat. She pushed the menu to Cooper, signaling him to order and eat quickly.

Cooper’s thin lips twitched for a moment as he casually picked up the menu and ordered from the waiter.

After the waiter left, Cooper leaned forward slightly and looked at Genevieve. “Back then, I instructed the housekeepers to wait for you to finish packing your stuff before cleaning up the Rachford residence. I did not expect Erica to find them secretly and forcibly snatch your belongings... I’m sorry.”

Genevieve’s expression did not change as she typed on her phone: You have been with Erica for two to three years at that time. Whatever she did is equivalent to you having done it. What do you have to say?

Cooper could sense the mockery in Genevieve’s text. He felt a sudden bitterness in his mouth.

Indeed, most of the deeds were not done by Cooper, but he had indulged Erica to do whatever she wanted.

Erica's family background, appearance, and education were no match to Genevieve's. Still, Cooper was so blinded that he was seduced by and stayed with Erica for many years.

Perhaps, it was Cooper's karma.

After the waiter had served the steak, Cooper carefully cut the steak and pushed the pieces to Genevieve. "I remember you like the steak from this place. Every year, I would order you a steak on your birthday."

Cooper had suddenly recalled the moments of Genevieve's birthday.

On Genevieve's coming-of-age birthday, her father spent a lot of money to hold a grand birthday dinner for her. After that, Genevieve spent her birthdays from the age of eighteen onward with Cooper by her side.

Even if Cooper had asked his assistant to pick a random birthday present for Genevieve, Genevieve treasured it. Her eyes were full of stars when she opened her presents.

On Genevieve's twentieth birthday, they had steak in this restaurant.

After the dinner, the waiter brought out the cake, and Genevieve wished with her eyes shut. I wish that from now onward, I can always be by Coop's side. I wish that Coop can live a long and healthy life. I wish that Coop will forever be happy.

Genevieve had given all three wishes to Cooper even when it was her birthday.

She smiled so brightly to Cooper that even the candles on the cake looked dimmer than her smile.

But now, Cooper was looking at the same woman back then, but with an indifferent expression and cold eyes, in front of him.

For a moment, Cooper was so upset that he could not say a word.

Genevieve glanced at the steak in front of her, then immediately looked back down and fiddled with her phone.

Suddenly, a WhatsApp message notification popped up from the top of the phone.

Armand had texted: Are you with Cooper?

Chapter 179

Genevieve was stunned for a moment.

She did not know how Armand knew she was with Cooper since Steven wasn't by her side.

Thinking back on what happened in Springwyn, Genevieve figured out that since Patrick was away overseas, Armand probably worried that she might get into trouble again, so he sent someone to watch her secretly.

Genevieve quickly put aside her thoughts and replied to Armand: Yes. We are at Point Restaurant. I'm here to get back my stuff from Cooper.

Armand replied: I'll be there in a while.

Genevieve was about to reply to Armand that she would be back soon, but she only responded with a yes, seeing that he was coming. As Genevieve raised her head and saw Cooper, still eating slowly, she couldn't wait to stuff all the food into his mouth.

However, she held back her impatience and waited quietly.

As soon as Cooper finished his steak, Genevieve stood up and took the violin case in the seat opposite her.

Upon opening the violin case, she found a reddish-brown violin in it.

The violin had not been used for a long time, but there was no sign of dust on it as if it was a newly bought violin.

Seeing that the violin was still good as new, Genevieve composed herself and closed the violin case. She then picked up her phone on the table to type for a while and handed it to Cooper.

The message read: I've transferred the money for this violin to Specter Corporation's corporate account.

Cooper choked as he saw the words on her phone, and his eyes darkened. This was your violin, to begin with...

Just when Cooper took out the few jewelry boxes on the seat and placed them on the table for Genevieve, Genevieve received a message from Armand saying he was outside the restaurant.

As Genevieve looked out the window and saw the Maybach that Armand usually drove, she quickly took out a few banknotes from her bag, placed them on the table, and hurriedly left with the violin.

She had not looked at Cooper the entire time.

Cooper stared at Genevieve's back as she left hurriedly and then shifted his gaze to the window. His expression turned grim as he saw the car parked by the road.

She was my girl.

Genevieve dashed toward the Maybach by the road with the violin in her hand.

The car window was wound down.

From a distance, Genevieve could see Armand sitting in the car with a cold expression as if he was in a bad mood.

Genevieve saw Armand looking in her direction, so she pointed at the car behind him.

She typed on her phone and showed it to Steven, who was in the driver's seat. The message read: Steven, I drove here.

"Okay." Steven nodded.

Genevieve opened the back door of the Maybach, and after Armand got out of the car, they walked toward her car together while Steven drove off afterward.

After they got into the car, Genevieve quickly typed to explain to Armand: Back then, the people that Cooper hired rummaged through the entire Rachford residence and took away all the valuables. I came here today to get back this violin from him. I didn't drink a sip of the water that the waiter served.

Armand glanced at Genevieve's violin case in the back seat, seemingly thinking about something as his brows loosened slightly.

"All right."

Sir, the strings of the violin don't seem right. I have to buy a new set from the violin shop. Genevieve handed her phone to Armand and started the car engine.

As Armand scrolled up her memo and saw a bunch of "Sir"s in her memo, he frowned.

He turned off Genevieve's phone as he did not want to see her messages and asked, "Are you still unable to voice out?"

Genevieve nodded.

Although they had gone for a checkup in the hospital at Springwyn, and the doctor had said her vocal cords weren't seriously damaged and would slowly recover, she was still unable to make a sound when she tried to speak.

Armand frowned and said, "I'll send a message to Timothy when I get back. I'll ask him to find a doctor to look at you for when you go to the hospital tomorrow."

Genevieve nodded again, grinning with her lips pursed.

Fortunately, Armand did not say to have Timothy check on her, or else she would really suspect that Timothy was omnipotent. After all, if that happened, it would mean that Timothy knew everything from neurosurgery to obstetrics and gynecology.

Chapter 180

Genevieve drove to a musical instrument store and picked up a set of strings and tools before returning to Regality Gardens with Armand.

When Genevieve set foot in the house, she did not see Maria at the kitchen island.

Noticing Genevieve looking for someone all around the house, Armand caught on to what she was doing and uttered, "I didn't see you around earlier when I got here, so I sent Maria back to Swallow Garden. She'll drop by again tomorrow morning."

Genevieve was speechless. She showed him the text: There are even more housekeepers at Swallow Garden, but why didn't I hear you complaining about being inconvenienced when you previously lived there?

"The housekeepers at Swallow Garden don't go to the second floor," Armand said with an impassive countenance. "But this condominium of yours is single-story. I can't stand my personal space having a housekeeper walking here and there."

Despite his words, Genevieve recalled the rainy afternoon that day and what they both had done in the living room.

Even her ears began to blush.

Immediately, Genevieve wheeled around and headed toward the kitchen island, fearing the man might catch sight of her reddened cheeks.

Before she went out earlier, she had informed Maria that she would be late for dinner. Perhaps it was because of that, there was nothing but a pot of soup on the kitchen island.

Genevieve typed a sentence to show Armand: There's only a pot of soup. Should I... order food delivery?

"Don't we have any ingredients? You can cook up anything." Armand pulled out his tie and unbuttoned his collar to put himself at ease. Pondering for a moment, he added, "But don't add bells and whistles in it."

Not only did Armand not seem to mind, but he even wanted to taste her cooking. Realizing that, Genevieve hid her face behind the phone and secretly grinned.

She then walked to the kitchen island with a spring in her step.

Genevieve tried to make a tomato omelet and stir-fried meat with potato. She was not experienced in slicing vegetables, thus spending a whole half an hour just slicing up the potato.

When she finally served those two dishes and Maria's soup on the dining table, it was already half past nine at night.

Genevieve then served a plate of pasta for Armand. She even showed him a text: I've already tried out these two dishes before serving them. They're not bad, you know!

Casting a glance at her, Armand flashed a half-smile. "So, you mean, the last time you cooked, I was a lab rat, right?"

Genevieve smiled awkwardly and put away her phone. She had no intention to continue their chit-chat.

It was probably that Genevieve was genuinely good at preparing those two dishes, for not only did Armand clean the plate, but he even helped her finish up her leftovers.

After dinner, Genevieve threw all the dishes into the dishwasher and went to the living room.

Sitting with her legs crossed on the silk carpet in the center of the living room, she used a tool to pluck out all the strings on the violin. Then, she replaced them with the new ones that she had bought herself earlier that day.

Soon after, Armand also came to the living room in a fresh set of casual clothes, bringing a glass of water with him. He then slumped onto the genuine leather couch beside her.

Watching Genevieve skillfully replacing the strings on the violin, he commented, "You can buy a brand new violin at the musical instrument store if you want one. Or, you can give Steven a call and have him get you one. Why must you insist on getting this violin back from Cooper?"

Because the practice tune that you heard me playing back then came from this very violin. Genevieve wanted to tell him that, but of course, she did not.

She had Armand's unlimited spending limit card in her hands, so she could easily purchase the best violin in the world. Still, that was his money.

This violin, however, was rightfully hers.

Even if she had gotten it back from Cooper's possession, it was bought with the money she got from selling off her own jewelry.

Genevieve secretly laughed as she handed the phone over to let Armand read what was on her mind: This is a birthday present from my dad, so I definitely had to get it back.

“Really?” Armand arched a brow.

Genevieve had simply tied her hair up in a ponytail when they went out earlier, and she had been busy cooking up a storm after they got back. She did not even realize that her hair tie had become rather slack, causing strands of hair to dangle near her cheek.

Putting down the glass, Armand turned his body sideways and removed Genevieve’s hair tie before tying her hair up properly into a ponytail all over again.