

Flirtacious 1011

Chapter 1011 Always Remembering The Bad

As Genevieve pushed the cubicle door open and strode out, the two women glanced at her before carrying on with their conversation.

They were only gossiping and didn't mind someone else listening in on them.

On her way back to the office, Genevieve bumped into Armand. The tall man looked particularly dashing in a white shirt and a pair of black suit trousers.

Yet, as he watched her walk in his direction, she shot him a cold glance before turning to enter the room.

The man stilled briefly.

He thought back to how he had eaten breakfast with her this morning before sending her here.

I don't think I did anything to upset her. Maybe she's moody because it's that time of the month.

Armand walked in and shut the door. Seeing the woman busying herself with work at her desk, he walked over and placed a thermal flask next to her.

"Have some spinach soup. I got the kitchen to make it. You'll probably like it."

"I don't. Take it away," Genevieve replied without even looking up.

was mad, Armand rubbed his temples and asked, "Is it still that time of the month? I can let you have the rest of the day off if you're not well."

that you gave me the day off right after I moved up here, everyone's going to say I've been

Then she pointed toward his desk with her pen. "A pretty girl came looking for you at ten. She left a little something behind too and told me to let you know that she dropped by. You'd better get in touch with Ms. Gaudette as soon as you can before she comes over again in the afternoon."

Armand walked to his desk and saw a pack of desserts.

He then took a piece in his hand. "You want some?"

"Get it away from me." Genevieve waved at him, refusing to let him put the dessert on her desk. "Ms. Gaudette gave that to you. Don't dirty my desk with it."

With a chuckle, Armand strode toward her and turned her chair in his direction.

"Darling," he called out gently with curved lips as he leaned closer

Genevieve moved backward in an attempt to widen the gap between her and the man.

up at him and sneer. "Aren't you being a little too narcissistic now, Mr. Faulkner? Besides, I despise jealousy the most!"

"Because you're my girlfriend." Armand held her by the waist and picked her up from her seat.

Then he sat on her chair and placed her on his lap, his hand remaining on her waist.

Genevieve glanced at the door.

up immediately upon realizing the door was left ajar and slapped the man on the arm. "Let go of me! I'm not about to engage in some kind of office roleplay with you!"

If anyone were to come in looking for Armand and stumble upon this sight, she would be forever labeled "the one who seduced their boss."

"You don't want to?" Armand inched closer to her. "I was

Genevieve gritted her teeth. "You wouldn't dare!"

Armand smiled while holding onto her flailing hands. "Are you upset after seeing

Chapter 1012 Lock The Door

It was only after being kissed for a long while that Genevieve finally snapped back to reality and pushed him away.

"You're crazy!" The man would kiss her regardless of where they were, and whenever he did, it would take all day. "The door isn't even locked! What if someone comes in?"

Armand chuckled. "That won't happen. They always call before they do."

Yet, as soon as his words fell, a series of hurried footsteps came their way, followed by a knock on the door.

Genevieve felt a chill run down her spine.

She could already imagine the news about her spreading across the building in half an hour.

Armand remained calm and was about to drag Genevieve out of his lap, only for the woman to slip and fall to the ground by accident, bumping her nose against his thigh while at it.

"Mr. Faulkner, there's something urgent I need to talk to you about."

Hearing no response even after a while, the person outside decided to push the door fully open and walk right in.

Genevieve had wanted to get up, adjust her clothes, and stand next to Armand as though he were observing her work. Yet, someone just had to show up at the worst possible time.

If I suddenly get up now, whoever comes in is only going to get the wrong idea!

Genevieve decided to punch Armand's leg before crawling underneath the desk to hide.

Right after that, a woman in her forties walked in. The first thing she noticed was that the desk in front of her

Armand was seated behind

"Ms. Rachford just arrived, so I'm making sure there's nothing wrong with the things she's done," he

The woman thought nothing more of it and handed him more papers.

The assistant's desk wasn't very spacious, but Genevieve was thin enough to curl up underneath it. Judging from the older woman's serious tone, she reckoned she would be

all this scumbag's fault! I told him not to try anything funny because the door isn't locked, and now look what happened! We nearly got caught! Genevieve grumbled internally while still hiding away.

She then noticed Armand's legs being spread out slightly as he sat on the chair, his ankles showing due to him being seated.

eyes fell on that area, she let out a soft gasp. It looks

floor was lined with tiles, so Genevieve's butt began to feel cold.

She pressed her hand against the floor for about ten seconds, and when her palm had turned cold, she brought it up under the hem of Armand's pants.

The sudden iciness caused the man's grip on the documents to tighten in an instant.

him noticed it right away and grew unsettled. "Is something the

A phone rang at that very moment from underneath the desk.

clench, but she, too, heard the phone just as she was about to gloat about having gotten back

Chapter 1013 You Are The Only One

It was a busy day for Genevieve having just transferred to a new office, but she settled down easily thanks to Armand's help.

"Darling, could you pour me a cup of coffee?" the man asked while still buried in work.

"Sure." Given how he had helped her so much today, Genevieve figured it was only right for her to return the gesture, so she brewed him some coffee.

Armand felt much more energized as soon as he caught a whiff of the aroma.

"Do you want to grab some barbecue tonight? We can go check out the night market," he proposed just as Genevieve turned around and was about to return to her seat.

"Really?" The woman stared at him dubiously. "You'll actually let me eat that sort of junk food?"

She hadn't forgotten the look on his face when he found out about her ordering herself fried chicken while hospitalized.

That scowl of his was just terrifying.

"It's fine if you don't eat too much of it," Armand replied before pausing briefly. "But if you don't want to go, it's fine."

"I do! I do!"

the building only after most employees had left. Armand had the driver drop them off at a street before hopping off with Genevieve.

To their right was a row of merchants, one of which was a florist full of bouquets both inside and outside the store.

As Armand dragged Genevieve inside, the storekeeper retrieved a bouquet of green lisianthus from below the counter.

"Take it," the man

from the florist, and the light fragrance of the flowers wafted into her nostrils.

She shot Armand a

"You're the only one I've given flowers to." Knowing how she would never let him present her flowers at work, he could only have the florist leave the bouquet here.

Armand extended an arm toward her. "Let's go, Ms. Rachford. I'll take you on a ride worth hundreds of billions," he offered tenderly.

Aware of what he meant, Genevieve burst into laughter.

She placed her hand in his as the two walked to the subway.

They were heading to a well-known night market with many other popular destinations on the same subway line. People were getting off work at this time, so the

Given his tall stature, Armand stood out among the crowd.

a face mask before they entered the train. It wasn't long before more people hopped on, and he shielded Genevieve with one hand while holding onto the flowers

balance, and she bumped against Armand's chest. There was nothing for her to hold on to. The train was well-ventilated, but she could still smell the sweat on those next to her.

However, Armand had a faint woody scent on him and smelled especially good.

Considering how he was hers, and that they had kissed so many times, the woman figured she could just wrap her arms around his waist.

Chapter 1014 You Looked Incredibly Handsome

The man struggled a few times before finally unlocking his phone tremblingly after getting another hard kick from Armand.

While Armand was fiddling with the phone, Genevieve leaned over for a look, only to be greeted by the sight of a ton of photos taken surreptitiously in the gallery. Most of them were upskirt photos, very much repulsive and infuriating.

Armand scrolled to the upskirt photo of Genevieve that the man had snapped on the train just now. Only when he had ascertained that the man had deleted it permanently did he hand the phone to the security personnel.

"Let's just take a car in the future." Genevieve touched the hem of her skirt, goosebumps rising all over her at the recollection of the incident earlier.

I'm afraid I wouldn't dare wear skirts anymore if I were to bump into such perverts a few more times.

"He'll be detained for at least a month and have a criminal record. You'll be fine with me here." Armand led her toward the turnstile by the hand to exit the station.

Enveloped in the sense of security he gave her, Genevieve felt a wealth of warmth suffusing her.

Suddenly halting in her tracks, she beckoned for him to lean down. She whispered into his ear, "You looked incredibly handsome when you beat someone up, Sir!"

After saying that, she pulled down her mask and pecked him on the lips before swiftly pulling her mask back up.

Chuckling lowly, Armand lifted a hand and caressed her chin.

the mall, Genevieve saw that many luxurious stores had new summer collections for sale. She wanted to buy them all, but she was afraid Armand didn't have that much money.

"Go ahead and shop. There's at least fifty million in here." Armand took out a card.

Hearing that, Genevieve didn't bother standing at the ceremony anymore.

When Genevieve finished shopping, Armand had them deliver everything to Regality Gardens while he took her to the night market. Delicious stalls lined

Genevieve wanted to eat everything, but just after two bites, she found something even more delectable, so she gave whatever food she held in her hand to Armand.

Then they came across a stall selling handmade accessories. Genevieve trotted over and picked up a bean sprout hairpin. She had Armand crouch and

man's expression was solemn. The tiny bean sprout on his

snapping several photos of him. "You're so cute, Sir! Consider this bean sprout hairpin a gift from me!"

Armand smiled helplessly. With a bean sprout hairpin on his head, he strolled the night market with her for a long time.

At nine o'clock, Steven came to pick Armand up.

He stood waiting beside the car. In no time, he spotted Armand and Genevieve approaching hand in hand. Relief suffused him to see the latter in high spirits.

Well, things were so bad for him when she was

"Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner." Steven

at Armand. Stroking the back of her head, Armand explained with a smile, "Steven is my driver, and I've told him about my feelings for you."

Chapter 1015 You May Keep Them

"Mandy." Armand headed toward Amanda and Asel.

"Daddy!" Snapping her head over, Amanda quickly scrambled off the ground upon seeing that her father had returned and threw herself at him. She hugged him around the neck and kissed him.

Armand likewise kissed her on the cheek, the look in his eyes tender. "Did you miss me?"

"I missed you to the moon and back! I miss Mommy, too." Amanda rubbed her cheek against her father's. Nonetheless, she knew that her mother was in poor health and couldn't meet them for the time being.

Glimpsing the bean sprout hairpin on the man's head, she exclaimed in surprise, "There's a bean sprout on your head, Daddy!"

"It was your mommy's doing." Armand chortled in exasperation.

Asel also stood up staggeringly and tottered toward Armand.

Scooping her up, Armand went to the couch and sat down. He pecked her on her face, which was as smooth as silk. "Did you miss me, Asel?"

Asel seemingly understood him, for she bobbed her head.

"Where's Aunt Jojo, Daddy? Has she also fallen sick like Mommy?" Amanda asked curiously.

Hearing her mention the word "mommy," Asel clutched at Armand's clothes with her tiny hands. With her ebony eyes shimmering, she babbled pitifully, "M-Mommy..."

She was born in February and was only seven months old then, yet she had already been separated from Johanna for such a long time.

done, so she has to stay there for a long time. Be good, Asel. Wait for a while more, and your mommy will be back. Lucian and Mandy will keep you company."

"Be good, Asel. I'll keep you company and put you in bed every day," Amanda promised.

She then brandished the bean sprout

The sight of the flitting bean sprout snagged Asel's attention in no time. She waved her hands

Armand swept his gaze around the living room, but he saw no signs of Lucian. "Where's your brother, Mandy?"

"He's upstairs. He went upstairs right after dinner, doing something or other in his room," Amanda replied.

Seeing that it was rather late, Armand had the nanny take the two girls

Subsequently, he went to Lucian's room and knocked on the door. Only when Lucian had given his permission did he push open the door and enter the room.

Lucian sitting at the desk, flipping through some kind of notes.

He went over and ruffled his son's hair.

"A man came to the mansion a few days ago, claiming that Harry left something for me. It see that it was all in Ustranasion and seemingly had to do with computers. Unfortunately, he hadn't much knowledge about that.

"Did Steven go through the laptop?"

"Yeah, he did, but he found nothing. That man said Harry was an expert in computers, and I also like computers. After coming back in the afternoon, I infiltrated Swallow Garden's internal and external surveillance cameras in just ten minutes!" Lucian crowed.

Chapter 1016 No One Can Compare To You

After entering the study, Steven reported in a low voice, "I received news from the hospital that the heart transplanted within you... wasn't Ethan's."

Armand's eyes abruptly constricted. "Are you sure?" he questioned gravely.

"I'm not sure yet, but I made some inquiries with the staff in charge of the operation that day. There were no signs of any operation having been performed on Ethan. He was sent to the crematorium directly," Steven answered.

"Whose heart was it, then?" A deep frown marred Armand's countenance.

I searched high and low for a long time back then, but I couldn't find any compatible heart. Yet, the heart inadvertently sent to the operating room turned out to be a perfect match for me. Could there be such a coincidence?

With his head hung low, Steven murmured, "The hospital has no answer either. They thought it was from the Zane family. Besides, too long has passed, so the surveillance footage that day has already been overwritten. I made inquiries all over the hospital, but I still couldn't find out who sent the heart to the hospital."

Steven subsequently added, "Considering the fact that the person knew about you needing a heart, I think it was probably someone around us."

But then, only a few people were aware that my heart was weak. I didn't even tell Timothy about it. So who could it be who found the heart?

Narrowing his eyes a fraction, Armand strolled over to the floor-to-ceiling windows

Steven was silent for a long moment before he replied, "I think he does."

On the day Ethan was sent to the hospital, the Zanes were gathered outside. Robert was also there. Before the operation, he would have known that someone had anonymously sent over a compatible heart. He didn't want his son's heart to be dug out even in death, so he took advantage of the situation and had everyone

"Place your whole focus on this matter and investigate thoroughly." Armand lifted his hand and touched his heart through his clothes.

this heart, I have obtained a second chance at life. I want to know who it was and thank the person to the best of my ability.

Nodding, Steven handed the document he had been holding to the man. "There's something else, which I'm not sure whether

Armand took the document and flipped it open, only to see information about Amanda's identity on

The names of her parents had been changed to Jack and Lilian. That aside, she had Lostarian citizenship and would be taking Lilian's family name.

I know better than anyone else how much Genevieve loves our two kids. She even went as far as committing murder because Harry had threatened her with Mandy's life, leading

Genevieve for many years, so he was all too aware that she loved him deeply.

All of a sudden, he recalled Charice luring Jack over that day in Xedells and having the latter learn the truth of it all. Later, Genevieve broke down. She hid in the bathroom and wept, feeling that it was all her fault, for she ended up betraying him despite the many sacrifices he had made for her.

Chapter 1017 He Persevered

Back when Armand was still in the dark, he had mistakenly thought that Genevieve had voluntarily left with Jack. The four to five years had seemed like an eternity to him, but still, he persevered and waited for her all along.

Later on, he lived for her and the children. They were his hope that carried him through the days.

When Genevieve suffered a mental breakdown, he was far more distressed than anyone else. In order to keep her thriving, he accepted all the advice given by the psychiatrist.

Although she no longer remembered him and he had to spend a long time to have her fall in love with him, he still had no qualms about doing so.

"I get it," Armand uttered slowly.

I wouldn't mind it even if she had once loved Jack. After all, he was the one who had been keeping her and the two kids company by his side in the past few years. Several times, she would've even died if not for him.

He knew of Jack's feelings toward Genevieve. Otherwise, he wouldn't have felt secure about entrusting her to him back then.

"Just let it be." In everything she does, she has her reasons.

Worried about Timothy, Armand urged Steven to rest earlier while he drove to the man's mansion alone. The instant the housekeeper opened the door and saw him, her eyes lit up as though she had seen her savior.

"Please talk to Mr. Timothy. He has been drinking all day in the study."

Armand handed his coat to the housekeeper before he went upstairs. When he opened the study door, the stench

The lights in the study were all turned off, and the room was pitch dark.

Groping for the light switch on the wall, Armand flicked it on, then turned on the ventilation system as well. The sight of Timothy sitting by the floor-to-ceiling windows with a bucket of ice and a mound of imported liquor bottles beside him

Marching over, Armand stated in a chilly voice, "I think you'd likely drink yourself to death before Johanna comes back."

By that voice alone, Timothy was cognizant of the identity of the

took another swig of liquor. His voice had seemingly been immersed in it, carrying a hint of hoarseness. "This isn't going to kill me. I know my own alcohol

wine glasses on the table, so Armand took

Picking up a bottle of brandy, he poured some for himself before tilting his head back and polishing it off.

"It's been almost a month now. Even if I were in the wrong, how could she leave me for such a long time just for the sake of having a row with me?" Timothy leaned against the back of the couch, casting his eyes at the scenery outside the window wearily.

He was on the brink of losing his mind.

Ever since Johanna went missing, he couldn't sleep every night. Even when he dozed off, he would dream of her. Alas, she was no different from a specter, for he couldn't catch hold of her no matter what.

On top

If only I'd known, I would've told her to wait in the hospital and gone over personally to pick her up. I never expected that phone call to be the last interaction between us!

Chapter 1018 A Knife To Her Heart

In a particular castle in Lostaria, Johanna had a nightmare.

She dreamed that Timothy's and Asel's figures grew increasingly blurry before her. No matter how much she cried out to them, they didn't respond.

The pain of losing the people she loved was like a knife to her heart, making it difficult for her to breathe.

"Timothy..." she mumbled. Suddenly, she jolted awake.

Her forehead was dotted with sweat, and she gasped for breath. When her vision gradually became clear and she made out the vintage canopy in front of her, she calmed down again.

It wasn't a dream, and I'm not dead either.

She could feel her lips cracking as thirst swept over her. Sitting up from the bed, she propped her hands against the bed. The excruciating agony shooting up her left shoulder had her sucking in a breath, her face contorting in pain.

Just as she was sitting up from the bed slowly, the bedroom door was pushed open. Zephyr stepped in, dressed in black from head to toe.

He had a stately aura, but his purple eyes carried a trace of domineering coldness.

Upon seeing that Johanna was awake, he strode over and helped her up carefully, brushing off the messy strands of hair stuck to her cheek with his fingers.

“Are you hungry?”

Smacking his hand away, Johanna picked up the

his handle. When Johanna was done drinking and put the glass down, he leaned over and kissed away the drop of water beside her mouth.

Disgust rose within Johanna at the smell of him. If it weren't for the fact that she hadn't any energy, she really wanted to bite him to death.

Johanna shot her hands out and pushed him away.

Zephyr merely picked up the landline on the bedside table and made a call to the first floor, ordering

Then he carefully placed Johanna in the wheelchair and wheeled her into the bathroom. He helped her brush her teeth and wash her face before wiping her down.

but her left shoulder was throbbing and would smart with the slightest movement, so she had no choice but to

After washing her up and wheeling her back to the bedroom, Zephyr placed her back onto the bed and slipped off one of the straps of her nightgown. She suffered a gunshot wound, and the bandage went under her armpit before circling back to her shoulder.

she was in much better shape than when she had first arrived. She had grown curvier, her skin fair, her back smooth, and her waist slender.

Zephyr brushed his fingers across her skin, his breath catching for a second.

Glimpsing the bandage on her back, he resolutely suppressed the desire within him and unfastened the bandage layer by layer. Hmm, not bad. The

He opened the medicine bottle and applied the milky-white salve on her wound bit by bit.

“Why did you take the bullet for me? What if it

only healed slightly, and the salve was cool. The pain had her brows knitting together when the salve came into contact with her skin.

At his question, she sneered inwardly.

That day, she had provoked Evangeline multiple times. In the end, Evangeline was indeed infuriated to the point that she instructed her men to leave her in Harondell Forest. Johanna

When they left her for dead in the forest, she instantly awakened.

Chapter 1019 Except Letting You Go

Zephyr brushed his cool fingers across her cheek, his voice gentle.

"Kitty, you almost died because of me, so I must take even better care of you. I can give you whatever you want except letting you go," he promised.

Johanna's expression promptly darkened. Pinning her eyes on the loathsome countenance before her, she snarled, "If I'd known earlier, I wouldn't have saved you!"

In response, Zephyr flashed her a smile. "Could you bring yourself to do that? You want to live. If I die, you'll also die."

Johanna sneered, "Why are you so sure? I don't believe there aren't any lecherous men among those who want to kill you. They love whatever belongs to others, be it your company or your woman. As long as I behave, perhaps they will let me go after they get sick of me."

To her, her body was nothing but a shell. She had long since stopped caring about it.

All she wanted was to go back alive.

"What a naïve Kitty." Zephyr stroked her hair gently as though he was really soothing a kitten.

sounded at the door. Two housekeepers wheeled a

study door," Zephyr ordered mildly. Gently placing Johanna in the wheelchair, he wheeled her to the study at

scanner to unlock the study door, he wheeled her in

weren't as vivid as those in the bedroom and the others. Instead,

a working area and a lounge

he lowered the projector on

"Watch carefully, Kitty."

words,

her frowning deeply. Having no other choice, she could

video and

the projector, but it wasn't the type of video she had expected. The bloody scenes and

she could see blood gushing out of the projector and scent the coppery stench of

the side and threw up the water she had drunk that

and wiped her mouth

Chapter 1020 You Must Consider Its Master

Johanna saw her daughter wearing a blue romper with a pacifier in her mouth. Her face was chubby, and she appeared incredibly adorable.

Amanda was standing a meter away from Asel, teasing her with a rattle. Asel tottered toward her on stout legs. A while later, Amanda had her crouch on the lawn as they watched two rabbits munching on grass.

Johanna couldn't even tell how long it had been since she had last laid eyes on her daughter. At the sight of Asel's chubby cheeks on the screen, she began to tear up.

"Asel..." She touched her daughter's face through the screen, wishing she could scoop her up and kiss her.

Out of the blue, Zephyr took the phone away.

"Give it to me!" Johanna quickly moved to snatch it back from him. When she lifted her hand, such agony shot through her back that her face turned white.

Zephyr placed the phone out of her reach before swiftly pressing her hand back, lest she reopened her wound that had healed. "I'll send this video to the tablet, and you can watch it anytime henceforth. Right now, you need to eat."

He picked up a bowl of chicken noodle soup from the cart. Taking a forkful of noodles, he blew on it before holding it out to her.

Recalling the gory scenes she had seen a while ago, Johanna felt sick to her stomach.

mouth after a long time, Zephyr stated unhurriedly, "I've still got a few videos of your daughter in my hands. If you behave, I'll show them to you when I'm in a good mood."

Johanna shot daggers at him, but he remained smiling, his voice as

At the thought of her daughter, Johanna ultimately opened her mouth.

armrests of the wheelchair hard, she looked down and was resolved to hire someone at a high price to wound him when she next had the opportunity to make her escape and have him locked somewhere perpetually dark so that he could also

of that motivated her. She tried her best not to think about the video she had seen earlier and swallowed the food Zephyr fed her bite by bite.

She had a surprisingly good appetite, polishing off a bowl of chicken noodle soup and a meatball.

he noticed the resentment and obstinacy on her face, his mood lifted. "Are you fantasizing about how you're going to have me captured and ripped into pieces if you pull off a successful escape since I separated you from your husband and kid?"

Johanna knew all too well that the man appeared gentle, yet he was actually sharp-witted and perceptive. "Would you believe me if I were to deny it?"

"I'll naturally believe whatever you say." Zephyr chuckled and brushed a finger across her chin.

and answered it, only to discover that it

After concluding the phone call, he came back and wheeled Johanna out of the study.