

## **Flirtacious 1541**

### **Chapter 1541 Are We Supposed To Be Blamed**

As Johanna was watching the news, Denise returned in a flurry.

She exclaimed angrily, "Quincey is way out of line. It's clear that she couldn't fit into the dress because she gained weight, yet she secretly wore it on stage and caused an accident. Why is she blaming everything on our studio? Her fans are like lunatics, constantly hurling insults on our studio's Twitter."

Denise was so angry that her words were barely intelligible. "Johanna, you need to clarify this on Twitter immediately."

Johanna said in a gentle voice, "Quincey is an artist under Mr. Cabot's company. If something happens to her, the company would be in a state of chaos. Even if we are at fault, we can't let the public know."

Upon hearing this, Denise's shoulders slumped. "So are we supposed to be blamed without doing anything?"

"Naturally."

A call from Hugh arrived, and Johanna quickly answered it. "Mr. Cabot, I just saw the news. I'm truly sorry for what has happened."

Hugh quickly said, "I know you're a responsible person. The cause of the problem is likely due to my company's artist. I called to assure you not to worry as our company will handle this."

"If you need

"There's no need for any help. I just hope that you won't hold a grudge because of this," Hugh said with a smile. "Everyone is praising the styling you did for Quincey as it's very beautiful. I hope to have a long-term collaboration with your studio."

"Absolutely," Johanna said, exchanging a few business pleasantries

Denise asked, "Johanna, who was that?"

"He's having someone handle Quincey's news. He won't let us take the fall. His surprisingly good attitude is baffling."

know whether Genevieve saw the news and called Hugh.

public relations team at Beluga Media acted swiftly. Within a few short hours, they managed to suppress the news about Quincey's dress malfunction. They issued a statement clarifying that this incident had nothing to do with Nightingale Studio.

Johanna thought that Beluga Media had handled the matter well, and she didn't have to worry anymore. However, around four in the afternoon, Quincey gave her a call.

"Ms. Joule, if you don't want me to make a big fuss about this, you'd better come to my apartment now," Quincey said bluntly on the other end of the phone.

Johanna frowned and asked, "Didn't your company handle the matter already?"

playing dumb with me?” Quincey asked coldly. “I’m giving you twenty minutes. If you don’t come  
This call from Quincey left Johanna feeling utterly baffled.

However, she could tell Quincey was really angry. Not wanting to escalate the situation, she said, “I’m going to see Quincey. You should clock out too.”

“Why are you going to her?” Denise seemed to imagine a whole drama in her mind. “Did she blame you for the dress bursting open? Is she planning to lay a hand on you? Johanna, I’ll go with you.”

### **Chapter 1542 Not Even Qualified**

Johanna thought there was some other issue, but it turned out Quincey’s ring was missing and she was being blamed. “I did go to your walk-in closet with my assistant, but we didn’t touch your jewelry. The pearl earrings you’re wearing were provided by me.”

Denise couldn’t help but retort, “Your assistant had also been in your walk-in closet, but why didn’t you suspect her of taking it?”

“This is the personal assistant the company hired for me. I’ve been using her services for over a year, and I’ve never lost any jewelry while she’s been with me,” Quincey said, the underlying meaning of her words evident. “But today, you’ve been here for just two hours, and I’ve lost a diamond ring worth two million. Isn’t that strange?”

“Are you blatantly calling us thieves? You’ve gone too far!” Denise was so angry she almost swore, but Johanna stopped her.

Johanna remained calm and composed, speaking gently to Quincey. “I warned you this morning, Ms. Hartwell, that you wouldn’t be able to fit into that dress. Yet, you secretly put it on after we left, which resulted in the zipper bursting open at the back when you went to the platform, causing a huge embarrassment. I’m sure you called Mr. Cabot when the incident occurred, blaming it on the dress I prepared, didn’t you?”

Even if she had exposed everything, Quincey refused to admit to it. “Once my agent bought that dress, it became mine. I’ll wear it if I want to.”

“So, it’s only natural for you to blame me when you lose your ring. You should call the police now. Let them determine whether

“Are you implying that I purposely hid the ring, claimed it was lost, and then blamed you?” Quincey was  
The assistant hurriedly stepped in to intervene. “Quincey, you might have misplaced your ring and forgotten about it. Let’s look for it again. Mr. Cabot has said not to bother Ms. Joule. It wouldn’t be good if you called the police...”

“It’s an expensive ring, so how could I possibly forget where I put it

Originally, Quincey was already resentful toward Johanna because of the embarrassing incident where the zipper on her gown burst open. Seeing her audaciously stealing

Quincey mocked Johanna, "Even if you could borrow millions or tens of millions worth of jewelry, you still couldn't afford it. Once a person touches something valuable, greed inevitably arises in their heart. Unless that ring has sprouted legs and runs away, it must have been stolen by either you or

Johanna was not annoyed. Instead, she smiled faintly and retorted, "You're right, people are indeed greedy. Some people, despite knowing their own worth, still foolishly aspire to marry into a wealthy family by clinging to the boss. Unfortunately, they don't even qualify to compete with the legitimate wife."

Quincey wished she could rush over and tear Johanna's mouth apart. "At least I'm better than you! You're clearly married, yet you're involved ambiguously with other men, even having their children!"

Before they met this morning, Quincey had no

Due to the incident with the bursting dress and the lost ring, Quincey took the opportunity to search for Johanna online while waiting for her at the apartment. However, there was very little information available about Johanna.

### **Chapter 1543 How Dare You Accuse My Wife**

Fearing that Johanna might be bullied, Denise rushed in and grabbed Quincey's arm. Meanwhile, Quincey's assistant, worried that Quincey might get hit, also stepped in to break up the fight.

The women were so engrossed in their scuffle on the floor that they didn't even hear the doorbell ring.

By the time Hugh and Quincey's agent got the apartment door code and hurriedly entered the unit with Timothy, they were met with a scene of utter chaos.

Timothy strode over and pulled Johanna out of the crowd. "Jojo, are you okay?"

After being helped to her feet by her assistant, Quincey's eyes filled with tears the moment she saw Hugh. "Mr. Cabot," she said through sobs, "Ms. Joule stole my ring and won't admit it. She even slapped me. Look at my face."

Hugh glanced at Timothy, not daring to utter a single word.

"Mr. Cabot, please speak up for me," Quincey pleaded, her voice choked with tears. Her crying intensified as she wailed, "I'm the one being hit and bullied. Are you just going to stand there and watch?"

"Shut up!" Timothy barked, his face stern with anger.

Startled, Quincey's shoulders shuddered. She had a vague feeling that she had seen Timothy somewhere before, but she couldn't quite place him.

a sobbing tone, she protested, "I'm the one who got hit; why should I keep quiet? All I said was that Ms. Joule is married but still messing around outside. I didn't make this up out of thin air. I saw it on a webpage. If she's angry, she should complain to the website. Why would she hit me?"

"My wife had an affair with another man? Who is he? Why don't I know about it?" Timothy glared at Quincey and continued, "You start gossiping at the slightest news."

"What?" Quincey momentarily forgot to cry. She glanced

Timothy Jensen, the current chairman of Forlisle Group.

She knew that Timothy had married early, but his spouse was not a public figure. She never imagined that his wife would turn out

Now she understood why Hugh had been standing quietly aside since he came in.

After Timothy finished speaking, he ignored Quincey. He noticed that Johanna's cheek was scratched by a fingernail and felt a pang of heartache. He promptly ordered Quincey's assistant

dare to mutter a word and looked to

Once Timothy had finished treating Johanna's wound, Hugh quietly asked Quincey to apologize to Johanna. After all, Quincey was a profitable artist from their

forward and apologized, "I'm sorry, Ms. Joule. It's all my fault. I hope you can forgive

"You insulted me, and I slapped you twice. We're even," Johanna said indifferently. "But the loss of your two-million ring has nothing to do with me or my assistant."

"It's my fault. I've wronged

Timothy asked, "What's going on?"

#### **Chapter 1544 Playing Cards**

"Perhaps Quincey misremembered. The ring was left in the restroom the last time she removed her makeup," Quincey's assistant explained with an awkward smile.

"You couldn't remember earlier nor later, but you just had to remember when we were about to call the police," Timothy noted with a chuckle. "It seems as though you're trying to make my wife take the blame while seizing the opportunity to steal this ring."

Quincey was no fool. She, too, noticed something was off with her assistant, and in her anger, she immediately demanded to call the police.

The assistant hurriedly explained, "Quincey, please don't call the police. I did this for you. Didn't you say you were upset when Ms. Joule made fun of your weight? I just wanted to help you get back at Ms. Joule. I was planning to bring out the ring and tell you the truth after you had driven Ms. Joule away."

"Really?" Timothy looked at Quincey's assistant with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I heard that you met with Xylia at a café yesterday afternoon. What was the purpose of your meeting?"

Quincey's assistant felt a chill run down her spine under Timothy's scrutiny, leaving her speechless for quite some time.

Timothy rested his elbow on his knee, appearing nonchalant. However, the stance only served to pressure Quincey's assistant further. Timothy declared, "If you tell us the truth, I'll let you off the hook. But if I have to find out myself..."

"Xylia told me to do this," the assistant confessed, well aware that Timothy was not someone to be trifled with.

you accept money from Xylia and fool me into believing that Ms. Joule was up to no good!"

Hugh hadn't expected a mastermind behind this incident or that it would happen to be another artist from his own company. His face paled.

He announced, "Don't worry, Mr. Jensen. I will definitely investigate this incident seriously."

"No need to trouble yourself further. I have other matters to settle with her, so I'll deal with her personally." Timothy picked up Johanna's

Johanna was already at the elevator when she remembered that Denise was still in the apartment. She

Then, she asked Timothy, "Did Xylia hire someone to trash my shop?"

"No, but it's closely related to her," Timothy said. "I've sent someone to  
wanted to ask something but ultimately gave up.

In fact, when Hugh appeared with Timothy, Johanna instantly understood what had happened. It was not because Genevieve had greeted Hugh, but because she knew about her relationship with Timothy that she came to support her studio.

On the way to Imperial Club, Timothy stopped by a drugstore to buy some ointment. He applied it to the wound on Johanna's face.

The two had barely settled in a private room in the club when Ysabelle came

to Timothy as she did on her wedding day a few days ago. Instead, she politely greeted her cousin and his wife, then quietly took a seat to one side.

Roughly two minutes later, the door was pushed open again. Xylia sauntered in, her eyes lighting up when she saw Timothy on the couch. However, she quickly realized that Timothy was not the only

### **Chapter 1545 How Pathetic You Are**

Xylia lamented, "How could I possibly have such influence over you, to make you do whatever I suggest? We've known each other for over a decade. Don't you know what kind of person I am?"

"Of course I do—you're a two-faced scoundrel," Ysabelle said coldly. "You're quick to stab anyone who's doing better than you. Your kindness and communication were just tools to get close to me, all because Timothy is my cousin. You despise Johanna, so you constantly badmouth her in front of me, telling me about her parents, trying to make me despise her too. Because you dislike her, you're afraid that if you take things into your hands, my cousin will find out. So, you manipulated me, urging me to wreck Johanna's studio."

Xylia glanced at Timothy, her expression desperate. "Timothy, I promise you, I didn't manipulate Ysabelle into anything. She's merely afraid of you and is trying to shift the blame onto me."

"Are you implying that I'm naive compared to Ysabelle? That I'm the gullible one here?" Timothy leaned back, his smile turning sly.

His attractive eyes held a certain predatory gleam, unsettling Xylia and making the hairs on the back of her neck stand. "After all these years, you still doubt me and believe Ysabelle?"

"I didn't ask for your opinion. Just keep quiet," Timothy's expression darkened.

He retrieved his phone and played a recording, revealing the confession of Quincey's assistant regarding Xylia's involvement. The assistant had confessed to taking money from Xylia and planting the ring to frame Johanna during the recent incident at Quincey's apartment.

to bribe Quincey's assistant. Like you, the assistant thought that hiding things wasn't a big deal, tempted by the additional generous reward you offered. So, when my

assistant frame me by hiding the ring due to her dislike for Ms. Joule. Quincey orchestrated the entire incident, and her assistant pinned it on me because she had a meeting with me."

"If you believe the assistant framed you, then why don't you report it to the police?" Johanna, who had kept quiet until then, spoke calmly. "Let the authorities investigate, and we'll see who's telling the truth."

Johanna's unexpected move caught Xylia off guard, causing her to clench her

At that moment, a server knocked on the door, entering with several bottles of vodka. Timothy instructed him to open the bottles and fill the row of empty glasses on the table.

toward the drinks, Timothy commented casually, "Start drinking, and keep going until my wife decides whether to accept your apologies."

the statement, Ysabelle's heart raced, and

"The shop's vandalism was at your instigation," Timothy interrupted.

## **Chapter 1546 My Wife Invited Me To Dinner**

The more aggrieved Timothy appeared, the more amused Xylia grew. "Timothy, you used to trample on people's genuine emotions, and now it's your genuine emotions being trampled on."

Johanna rose from her seat and walked toward Xylia, pouring a bottle of vodka over her head.

Xylia's hair was instantly drenched, and it took her a moment to recover.

Facing the disheveled Xylia, Johanna's tone remained gentle and composed. "The happiness he sought from you during your relationship, you traded that sincerity for money. It's a fair exchange of needs."

Xylia wiped the alcohol from her eyes and smirked at Johanna. "So what? At least I didn't demean him."

"You don't have to drive a wedge between us. I understand the dynamics of my relationship with him," Johanna responded calmly to her provocation. "By next Monday, exit the entertainment industry; stop appearing by my line of sight. If you insist on staying in the entertainment industry, I assure you that you won't receive any film or endorsement offers. Feel free to test if I have that capability."

Xylia's gaze darkened, fixing Johanna with an intense stare. She was fully aware that Johanna wasn't making empty threats.

Xylia had heard that Johanna held a good standing with Genevieve, acting as the head stylist at Genevieve Orsi Productions. Even if Johanna did not seek Timothy's help, she could seek Genevieve, who also held significant influence in the entertainment realm.

Even her boss had to keep up a respectful demeanor around Genevieve.

roles in movies or endorsements and disappearing from the public eye was

under her breath, "Johanna, you're abusing your connections to

direction. "You can't even attempt to exploit any connections because, at the end of the day,

attention away from Xylia, setting the vodka

and departed, simmering with

standing aside, and said, "Give me your phone number. I'll calculate the damage in the store and send it to you.

about Timothy's ruthlessness,

sentiment

Johanna. "Jojo, don't pay attention to Xylia's nonsense. I never believed

walking over to the couch to retrieve her bag and

need to grab a few things from the studio; you head

of a candlelit dinner with his wife instantly brightened

need. You go ahead

hailed a cab from the street. As the

in the mansion, Timothy paid extra to have the

### **Chapter 1547 I Am Angry Because Of Your Actions**

Seeing Denise arrive, Timothy was surprised. "I thought Jojo invited me to dinner alone. Did she also invite you?"

Denise looked at him, seemingly stumped.

"Since she invited you, take a seat," Timothy advised her. "After a few bites, make an excuse and leave early."

"Timothy, it wasn't Johanna who invited me here." Seeing that Timothy was still confused, Denise sighed and told him, "Johanna said she would introduce me to a boyfriend, and asked me to meet him..."

Timothy paused for a few seconds before blurting out, "Me?"

Denise shrugged. "Johanna said that the other party booked the entire rooftop garden of the Epean restaurant. You're the only guest, so who else could it be?"

Quinton, who hadn't left yet, was also shocked to hear this.

*I had no idea Mrs. Jensen would do this. She invited Mr. Jensen out for dinner but actually arranged a blind date for him.*

Timothy's face quickly darkened as he tamped down the desire to curse out loud. "What does she take me for?"

The man's anger was palpable as he forcefully threw the bundle of velvet roses at Quinton's feet. The delicate petals scattered all over the floor, startling Quinton to the point that he held his breath.

Quinton didn't dare to stick around and watch the commotion. He swiftly left with the restaurant manager.

down before she quietly grumble, "Can't you two find someone else to help you both? Previously, I helped Johanna to hook you, now you arranged for me to monitor her in her studio,

She acutely sensed the man's aura growing colder and didn't dare to make

Initially, Timothy only mentioned that he was not getting along well with Johanna and asked for her help to keep an eye on

The move Johanna pulled tonight left her completely dumbfounded.

He then stood up from his chair. "If you haven't eaten yet, eat here before you go. I'll leave first." He

Denise watched as he left. She wanted to send a message to Johanna, but she felt it wasn't right for her to interfere in their affairs.

In the end, she put down her phone.

After dropping Denise off at the Epean restaurant, Johanna drove home. She went to her study

During the video call, Asel's round eyes kept glancing behind her.

Johanna asked her with a smile, "Sweetheart, what are you looking for?"

"Looking for Daddy," Asel answered in her sweet, childish voice. "Daddy hasn't come back yet. He told me before that if he is still out there late, he must be with

Johanna guessed that Timothy and Denise must have finished their dinner by

## **Chapter 1548 Recognizing His Sacrifice**

In the morning, Genevieve washed up and came downstairs to find Armand sitting in the living room like a wooden doll. One of the children was applying eyeshadow on his eyes, while the other was painting his left fingernails.

"Daddy, you still can't open your eyes."

"Mm."



Genevieve couldn't help but laugh when she saw a ribbon pinned onto the man's short hair. "What are you doing?"

"Mommy, we're doing Daddy's makeup." Amanda got all excited when she saw Genevieve. "Does the eyeshadow I put on Daddy look good? Has Daddy become cuter?"

Genevieve held back a laugh and complimented earnestly, "Yes, Daddy has become much cuter."

Armand gave her a helpless glance.

"Come here, Asel. Let me give you a hug." Genevieve adored seeing the adorable Asel. She held her close and gave her a kiss. "Where's your daddy?"

Asel secretly told her, "Daddy has gone to sleep with Mommy."

Genevieve sighed.

had to go to school soon, Genevieve told them to continue playing after school. The two little ones obediently went to wash their

the ribbon from his hair, Genevieve stopped him. "Wait a moment, Mando. Let me take a

was taken, Genevieve said

did you notice?" Armand asked

great you are, playing the doting father and future father-in-law, sacrificing your dignity just to make your daughter and future daughter-in-law happy," said Genevieve, laughing uncontrollably at the sight of his purple

pulled her into his arms and gave her a firm kiss. "Stop laughing. Hurry, help me remove

children are made with harmless pigments, devoid of any chemical components. They could be easily cleaned with a

from Armand's eyes, she couldn't help but laugh. "I bet your daughter bought this kid's makeup to either mess with you or Luc. Luc was quick to escape, but can you find an excuse to slip away?

expressed helplessly, "I only have this one daughter. If she wants the stars in the sky,

wife wants

rubbed her chin. "Wishing upon a star may not necessarily

brag." Genevieve chuckled. "Why don't you give them a call

ribbon pin from his hair and said, "Timothy is not in Johanna's apartment. He left the country by plane last night.

## **Chapter 1549 Had He Gone To Keep Her Company**

Genevieve always held a grudge against Timothy and didn't miss a chance to be less than polite with him. But this time, she genuinely felt bad for Timothy. "Jojo's issue lies with that child. It needs to be resolved."

Armand understood this too. "She was sent abroad for education by her mother even before she came of age. She lacked love and care."

It was because of her mother's coldness that Johanna had a mindset that if she had a child, she would love them dearly. But if the two parents weren't deeply in love and mature enough, she'd rather not have a child at all.

She loved Timothy so much, so how could she accept the idea of a child who was the product of another man?

Genevieve spoke softly to Armand, "Anyway, you're the only one who knows where that child is. To us, she has already passed on with Zephyr. I hope Jojo will one day overcome this painful incident."

"Of course." Armand nodded in understanding.

Following breakfast, Armand dropped the kids off at school while Genevieve made her way to the company.

When Camilla brought some documents to Genevieve's office, she whispered conspiratorially, "Ms. Rachford, can you confirm if Lottie is pregnant and went abroad to give birth? Did Jerry accompany her?"

eyebrow at Camilla. "Why would

are on point. I've been sensing something between Lottie and Jerry for a while now. Now that they're both mysteriously absent from the office, and there are no work-related

Denied her usual dose of office gossip, Camilla seemed quite

share. But Charlotte did message me earlier, mentioning that

of the most lucrative female artists in the company, would be

Camilla left Genevieve's office, no longer curious

lunch plans and then headed out to meet her. As she was leaving her office, she encountered a the secretary that Faye

tall and statuesque figure. Her mixed-race features had a touch of androgyny, and her dressing

Wrenna noticed Genevieve's coat and bag. "Should I

I'm meeting a friend for

"Understood."

by Wrenna, she had a fleeting sensation that Wrenna's gaze lingered on her. However, when she glanced

was probably just

**Chapter 1550 Do Not Trap Yourself Again**

"Armand told you?" Johanna responded, immediately thinking that Timothy must have gone to complain to Armand after their recent night out.

Genevieve nodded. "But this time, Timothy didn't go out for drinks; he went abroad. You two are still legally married—not divorced yet. And you suddenly introduced him to a potential girlfriend, who also happened to be his first love's little sister. If I were him, I would've been angry too."

"Denise is a kind person," Johanna said, her gaze fixed on the grill as she deftly turned the pieces of meat with tongs. "And as for Timothy and me, divorce is always an option."

"Is divorce truly what you want?" Genevieve inquired.

"It seems like the best choice."

Observing Johanna's composed demeanor, Genevieve continued speaking. "Despite Timothy's mistakes, he's putting forth genuine efforts to make amends. We all can see the depth of his feelings for you."

Johanna pursed her lips and quietly placed a piece of grilled meat onto Genevieve's plate.

As they continued their meal, Genevieve maintained the conversation. "There's news circulating from Frank's side, suggesting that the batch of gold was in Zephyr's possession. Many eyes were on him. A few days ago, I had a conversation with Frank. He informed me that Zephyr's private plane disappeared while en route to Norham last year. No wreckage was found, but both he and the child perished..."

deliberately refrained from discussing matters like these with Genevieve and the others. Likewise, they avoided

had hoped for Zephyr's demise on numerous occasions,

world," Genevieve softly conveyed. "Don't keep yourself trapped in this pain. Timothy needs

softly responded with a

Johanna had taken her words to heart, but she understood that

at her studio. As

"Ms. Joule."

whom she had met at Ysabelle's wedding, Johanna greeted him warmly and invited him to sit in the

of tea and praised, "This Darjeeling tea has

tea too often," Johanna said with a smile. "This Darjeeling tea was actually a gift from a friend. There's quite a bit, so I brought a couple of tins

I brought a tin of tea as a present for you to

from a well-known tea brand. She graciously accepted it while expressing her gratitude. "Did

and gestured toward the tea box. "Indeed, Ms. Joule. The owner of this tea brand is a friend of mine. There's a tea fair scheduled in Baykeep on the twenty-fifth of this month. He wants to debut his tea brand there and needs a spokesperson to enhance its visibility. He's already selected