

Flirtacious 531

Chapter 531

Bruce pulled his mask down before replying, "That will be quite good. I will never have to worry about my livelihood again." There was another emotion contained within his hoarse and deep voice.

Joash stared at Bruce in shock as though he could not believe what he had just heard.

Once they entered the elevator, he checked his phone regarding the latter's schedule for the afternoon. "Mr. Gable, we have to be at the shopping mall at two o'clock for the promotional event for TF Fragrances..."

All of a sudden, he recalled something and exclaimed, "Mr. Gable, I thought you have always kept your distance from women?"

Back in the parking lot, Joash was preoccupied with greeting Genevieve. It was only then that he remembered Bruce hated women and would always stay far away from the opposite gender.

If there were women in the elevator, he would rather step out and wait for the next one.

Bruce knew what Joash wanted to ask. With one hand in his pocket, he said nonchalantly, "She's my boss. Am I supposed to ask her to get out of the elevator? Or perhaps you dare to do that?"

"I wouldn't dare to..."

There was no way Joash would have the guts to offend Genevieve, the boss who paid his salary and was capable of dismissing him.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was busy with her work when a call came through.

It was Jan from Resonance Corporation.

call, he said, "My wife has made the arrangements with Mrs. Hossler. We'll be having dinner at Imperial

"Sure. Thank you."

thank you. Thank you for teaching my daughter how to play the

had sold part of his shares to Specter Corporation in order to save his wife, he managed to establish new contacts with

helping out with his daughter. Because of her, his daughter had become

would do everything in his power to help should Genevieve ask for

gave him an invoice and instructed him to head to a jeweler, where he would have to collect a set of
drove

pretty warm, and nightfall came

window, she spotted a minivan parked at the side. The left rear tire seemed to be damaged as it was deflated. A slightly overweight man was standing next to the

her car,
him, she asked, "Joash, are you calling
to bump into her when he was making a phone call after
slightly taken aback but returned to his senses quickly. "Yes, I'm trying to get
glanced at the
had been wound down halfway, allowing her to see Bruce, who propped his chin in his hand. The man
was also looking at her with those
said, "Does he have
to dine with a producer." Joash started to mumble to himself when

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As if he did not see the look Joash gave him, Bruce uttered in a low voice, "That's not necessary since Ms. Rachford's heading to Imperial Club too."

Upon hearing that, Joash was rendered speechless. *What happened to Mr. Gable? It's as though he's a completely different man!*

Having noticed the assistant's stony face, Genevieve patted him assuringly on the shoulder before leaving. "Don't worry. I'm not going to do anything to the man."

"Sorry for the trouble, Ms. Rachford," responded Joash with a forced smile. For some reason, her assurance only seemed to make him more concerned.

Genevieve was about to ask Bruce to take the backseat after getting to her car, but the man had already settled into the passenger seat.

Since it would be rude to ask at that point, she decided to let it be.

On the way to Imperial Club, Genevieve glanced at the man in the passenger seat, who had most of his face covered with a hat and a face mask.

With the top part of his shirt unbuttoned, Bruce revealed his collarbone and the black choker he had worn since that morning.

"Do you mind if I put on some music, Ms. Rachford?" inquired the man as he tapped on the display to play a piece of classical music titled: *La Vie En Rose*.

Genevieve was slightly surprised since Bruce barely waited for her permission before doing as he pleased.

was not annoyed

company that you're misogynistic. Is that true?" asked

Bruce nodded

slender neck and raised Adam's

you're in my car..." Genevieve

paused for a while before continuing, "Does that mean I'm not much of a

To me, a superior isn't the same as other women," replied

that so?" Genevieve chuckled

light, Genevieve stopped the car and turned to Bruce. "My friend, Johanna, is a fan of yours. She heard your contract was about

"Yes. I remember her."

to know. Besides the official business of signing you over to Genevieve Orsi, did she also come to you for personal reasons?" questioned Genevieve with one hand resting on the

Johanna would spend so much time and effort on Bruce just because

answered the man

to you?" Genevieve continued with

my contract ended. The woman promised me a bright future and sixty million if I agreed to join Genevieve Orsi Productions. However, she had another condition. Ms. Joule wanted me to get close to Sylvie and have sex with her. She wanted it recorded. After signing

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After listening to Genevieve, Bruce said nothing in response.

As the car drove on, the two uttered not another word to each other. All they could hear was Bruce singing along to the Frosan music in his sexy hoarse voice.

"When you press me to your heart, I'm in a world apart; a world where roses bloom. And when you speak, angels sing from above. Everyday words seem to turn into love songs."

Fifteen minutes later, they finally arrived at Imperial Club.

"Thank you, Ms. Rachford." Bruce unfastened his seat belt and got out of the vehicle.

Before closing the car door, the man lowered himself to speak to Genevieve inside. "Ms. Rachford, Mrs. Hossler doesn't really like jewelry; she likes oil paintings. The woman's even an oil-painting society member. It'd be great if you could get her David Rudd's work because she especially adores the artist. One more thing. If there are going to be others at the event besides you and Mrs. Hossler, I suggest you keep the jewelry to yourself."

Genevieve was stunned for a moment, and when she regained her senses, Bruce had already entered the club.

"Mrs. Hossler probably isn't someone an artist like Bruce would know personally, so how did he know she doesn't like jewelry?" muttered Genevieve with her eyebrows furrowed.

The woman could have ignored Bruce's advice, but for some reason, she was convinced that he was right.

After hesitating for a few minutes in the car, Genevieve pulled out her phone to make a call. "Coop, I remember you managed to get yourself one of David Rudd's works, right?"

interested in oil paintings?"

about

them publicly as gifts. Why

why. Genevieve then replied, "Just get me David Rudd's

hanging up, Genevieve promised, "Next time, I'll get you a more

car, the woman was killing time on her phone when she accidentally found

heart ached as her breathing

of their past caused

man was dead, he continued to

ingested two pills poured out of a bottle she

his assistant, Bertilla, pick up the painting from his house

Jan had

how much Paula liked playing poker, so he specifically asked his wife and two other people to join Paula for a

at the scene, the game was

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"Not only are you treating me to dinner, but you also got me a gift, huh?" Paula poked Genevieve playfully with her finger.

After opening the gift box, Paula took out an oil painting.

The woman immediately handled the piece of art with much care when she noticed who the artist was.

Seeing how Paula's eyes lit up, Genevieve could tell that the woman was pleased with the gift, even though Paula simply admired the painting in silence.

After she was done admiring the piece of art, Paula carefully kept it. "I love oil painting because it makes me feel calm whenever I do it. I also love David Rudd's work, so it's a shame I only have a few. Thank you for this lovely gift."

"I'm glad you like it. I only got you this gift because I knew you'd appreciate it," responded Genevieve with a smile.

"That's very thoughtful of you." Paula patted Genevieve gently on the hand.

Afterward, everyone chatted over dinner like close friends gathering after work.

When the evening was about to draw to a close, Genevieve leaned in to pour Paula some coffee. "Mrs. Hossler, I heard Warrick is getting ready to make The Twilight."

Paula nodded in

cast anyone as the female

Paula tilted her head to look at Genevieve without saying

silent until they were ready to

afraid you'll have to offer more than just the oil painting for that request. What do you say your company invests ten million

you know, the

leaned in to

she had no other choice, she gritted her teeth while promising, "Okay. I'll talk to him at the office

asked Genevieve curiously, "Was it a

that, Genevieve nodded. "Yes. Thank

I did was introduce you to Mrs. Hossler. You're the genius who figured out that she likes oil paintings."

Jan waved his

turned down the offer. "You don't have to wait for me. I need to

"Okay."

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As Joash was on the phone, he failed to notice Genevieve and crashed into her.

"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry..." While apologizing, he grabbed the phone that had fallen onto the ground.

When he got up, he discovered Genevieve standing in front of him. "M-Ms. Rachford?"

Upon noticing his panicked expression, she asked curiously, "You're sweating. What happened?"

Knowing that Genevieve was the boss of the company, Joash reckoned it would be more useful to find her instead of James.

He quickly explained to her, "Remember that I said a producer asked Mr. Gable out for dinner to introduce him to some jobs? However, while they were eating, the producer started acting weirdly... She insisted on sitting next to him and even touched his thigh. Amelia said that as long as Mr. Gable slept with her for a night and served her well, he could get whatever job he wanted..."

As he spoke, his anger and helplessness increased. "I want to bring Mr. Gable away, but I'm afraid that things will be messy if we offend Amelia..."

Without waiting for him to finish his sentence, Genevieve walked toward that private room.

Since Joash did not close the door properly when he left, they could hear a woman's angry voice. "You refuse to feed me even a glass of wine. Who do you think you are? Everyone knows that you're an abuser! You should be glad that I like you! I have a huge social network in the entertainment industry, and I know all the famous directors. If you offend me, I'll make sure that you won't be able to work in the entertainment industry anymore! Keep me company tonight. Are you down?"

Rage welled up in Genevieve when she heard the woman speak so domineeringly and even wanted to force herself upon Bruce. With a solemn face, she kicked the door open.

Genevieve felt for the

she soon realized that it was a karaoke room. It was pretty big, and there were around eight to nine people inside. However, they

black stockings, was sitting on

was probably the producer mentioned

in red wine, so it clung to his chest, outlining his firm, defined

her eyes and look at Genevieve, who was standing

"Who are you?"

the CEO of Genevieve Orsi

Genevieve's gaze swept across Bruce's wet shirt, she found it out of place. Turning her head around, she

"Ms. Rachford, I only have

more important than your artist?" asked Genevieve. "Can't

Oh, she's right...

it to

Snorting coldly, she said, "Ms. Rachford, your company's artist has such a bad temper. When I spoke to him, he

pointed at Bruce. "He beat her ex-girlfriend up until her bone was fractured. She

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Genevieve casually tossed the broken wine bottle on the table and glanced at Bruce. "Let's go."

Joash had gone out to ask the waiter for a uniform. When he returned, the startling scene of Genevieve smashing Amelia's head with a wine bottle was what greeted him. He was stunned at first but later felt an urge to applaud.

After following the both of them out, Joash said to Genevieve, "You were so amazing just now, Ms. Rachford!"

She's just like a domineering CEO.

"No matter what, I'm his boss." Genevieve smiled. "I can't possibly watch my employee get bullied and stay out of it like a coward, right?"

"Yes!" Joash nodded and said to Bruce, "Mr. Gable, aren't you going to thank Ms. Rachford..."

Just when he was speaking, he suddenly saw Bruce frowning. His forehead was beaded with sweat, and his breathing was rapid.

"Call the ambulance." Bruce shoved Joash away and stumbled toward the restroom.

The latter staggered to his feet from being pushed aside. Soon, he realized what had happened to Bruce and cursed under his breath before quickly grabbing his phone to call the ambulance.

Not understanding the situation, Genevieve asked, "What's wrong with him?"

He did not know how to explain it. With an embarrassed and anxious expression, he said, "Mr. Gable's drink he was trying to say. "Ask the receptionist if there's a

away with

hesitated about whether

requested, "Please give me two

two buckets of ice water to the men's restroom. Standing in front of the sink, Bruce was splashing cold water on himself and into his mouth. His entire body was

buckets of ice water on the sink. "I told

His voice was

from the bucket and shoved them inside his mouth. Then, he grabbed the other bucket of ice water and poured it down his

Genevieve was standing far away, she could feel the coldness of

felt like the unbearable heat had disappeared significantly. He brushed the hair away from his forehead with his

gave off a very clean and aloof aura. A hint of elegance was

shirt. His own shirt clung to his

eyesight was

words appeared in

quite a lot of men. Cooper and Timothy were exceptionally handsome. In particular, Jack was even more outstanding than the rest

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Despite the slight hesitation, Genevieve still walked toward the cubicle and tried to distract him with a conversation. "What do you have on tomorrow?"

"I don't have any work. I'm going to read the script at home."

Bruce's pants became heavier. "Ms. Rachford, sing a random song for me."

Why do you have so many requests? Genevieve could not help but lament inwardly.

After a while, she said resignedly, "I don't know how to sing. I'm tone-deaf."

"It's fine. Just sing along to the song."

Genevieve could tell that he was suppressing himself. A few seconds later, she took her phone out of her bag, clicked on the music app, and tried her best to sing along to the song.

"Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you...

"

After finishing a song with much difficulty, Genevieve felt like her voice was becoming hoarse.

she suddenly realized she could not hear his voice. "Are you good?" she asked as she

pulled open. Bruce stood in front of him, his

were still red, the lustful look in them was already disappearing slowly. When he heard her question, he quirked his lips. "I'm quite

quickly

was not teasing him on

"Mr. Gable!"

enter the restroom and thus lead to trouble, Genevieve locked the door

on the door. "The

locks of hair away from his forehead, walked over, and opened the restroom door. Joash quickly rushed in. "Mr. Gable, change your clothes. Let's

noticed Bruce's expression, he suddenly stopped mid-sentence. "Mr. Gable, you

almost forced herself onto him. During the trip to the hospital,

succumb to his sexual desire, Joash had tied

he fine now when he hasn't even gone to

took the bag from him. "Pay the ambulance

any kids in the future because you suppressed yourself?" Joash nagged, then suddenly realized someone else

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At first, Genevieve wanted to reject him, but when she remembered she still had questions for him, she agreed. "Let's go for barbecue. How about that?"

The man responded with an affirmative grunt and walked around the car to get into the front passenger seat.

Joash had just arrived with the minivan when he saw Bruce getting into Genevieve's car. With hasty movements, he got out of the vehicle and asked, "Mr. Gable, why are you in Ms. Rachford's car?"

"I'm buying her supper to thank her for her help," Bruce replied. "The minivan will draw unnecessary attention. Just leave it here."

Joash touched the back of his head sheepishly. "You're right."

Who would've thought Amelia would be so despicable as to drug that glass of red wine? That woman would have had her way with Mr. Gable had I not bumped into Ms. Rachford. He should indeed take her out for supper.

With that, Joash went to look for the valet posted at the front of the club and passed him the minivan's key.

Turning around, he was about to get in Genevieve's car, only to find out they had left.

A few seconds later, he received a text message from Bruce: *Take a taxi to Golden Restaurant.*

"Oh, come on!" Joash felt sorry for himself.

Why did he do this to me? We could have gone there in one car!

same time, he felt there was something off with Bruce. Since recovering from his leg injury, the latter himself away from all

Rachford multiple times when he despises women

a taxi from the sidewalk, a thought popped up in his mind.

regular of Golden Restaurant, so the restaurant owner would always reserve a private room for her

with a smile, delighted to meet her after not seeing her for more than

to the owner, "We would like to have barbecue today. Could you make the necessary arrangement for us? We'll have

smile. "Sure. I'll get the kitchen to see to

few waiters came in with fruits and

for the drinks, Bruce stood up and served her one instead. He then proceeded

"Thank you."

too cold for her liking, Genevieve picked

the car, I told you that Mrs. Hossler liked jewelry, but I didn't mention who this

requested Jan's help to contact Paula, she also asked around to find out what the latter liked. Otherwise, she would not

know about Mrs. Hossler's pet peeve when even

and only Mrs. Hossler in the entertainment industry is the wife of Exuberance Group's

Hossler's charity gala once and shared the same table with another male celebrity, who's the boyfriend of Mrs. Hossler's

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Soon, the waiters entered the private room with all the ingredients.

Joash, who took a taxi to Golden Restaurant, had also arrived in time.

As he took his seat, he glanced through all the ingredients on the table. "Mr. Gable, you should eat more beef instead of potatoes and other fattening food."

Bruce shot him the side-eye. "Or maybe I should just drink water and watch the both of you eat?"

"That's not good either." Joash chuckled. "The other foods are high in calories. You must watch your weight since you'll have another shoot in Baykeep in the next few days. Oh, you need to stay away from sugary drinks too."

He then took away Bruce's cup and replaced it with a bottle of mineral water that he had bought. "Here. Drink this. It has zero calories and sugar!"

"And here's yours, Ms. Rachford." He took out another bottle from the bag and passed it to Genevieve.

"Thank you." Genevieve accepted it and remarked with a grin, "I've heard that celebrities need to watch their diet strictly because they have to maintain their weight. I couldn't quite believe this at first, but after seeing how you treat your artist, I guess everything I heard is true."

"I don't have a choice." Joash sighed. "Certain scripts have strict requirements on the actor's appearance. Having a puffy face during the shoot is a big no-no."

"You're a responsible one."

"Of course. It's my responsibility," Joash responded with a smile. "Besides, Mr. Gable offers me high pay, so I must live up to his expectations."

During the conversation, Bruce gave Genevieve a slice of beef that had been barbecued. "Taste this."

Upon seeing that, Joash shuddered.

S-Something is wrong here!

stunned for

think much about it since Bruce started barbecuing another

room was fully air-conditioned, droplets of

Bruce glimpsed that Genevieve's hair was
leaned over
not pay attention to his surroundings as he was
waiter came
leaned forward, held her hair with his palm, and helped her tie a low
when she realized what he was doing, but
tied her hair reminded her of a man who had done
know what to do with her hair when he tied it for her the first time. Genevieve even had to demonstrate
he was intelligent, so he succeeded
always turn her back to him and have him tie her
ponytail, he could also braid Genevieve's hair. Even the challenging fishtail braid was a walk
moments, Genevieve felt an excruciating pain in her heart, and she lost
pallid complexion, a panicked expression crossed Bruce's face, and he opened his mouth and said,
zipped his mouth in time. Then, the man stood up and nudged Joash's leg with his
the time Joash lifted his head, Bruce had left the
sat beside Bruce, was clutching her chest. Frightened by her pale face, Joash immediately
from her bag and popped two pills
subsided a few
looked up and realized Bruce was not around

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Joash glanced at the luxury car and felt the vehicle looked familiar even though there were not many of them in Jadeborough.

After seeing the driver in the car, he greeted, "Mr. Sullivan!"

Since Joash started working with Bruce, he met Steven several times at Genevieve Orsi Productions.

Steven was the one who sent Bruce to an event not long ago, driving the same Rolls-Royce Phantom. *No wonder this car looks familiar!*

Steven nodded and took a glance at the man beside him. "Didn't you drive?"

"I did. I parked the car at Imperial Club since we came here to have supper with Ms. Rachford," Joash said while scratching his head. "But Mr. Gable is exhausted, and it's too troublesome for us to retrieve

the car from the club. I was thinking of getting him an executive taxi to send him back to his condominium first.”

“No need for that. I can send you guys home.” Steven unlocked the car door. “I have nothing to do anyway.”

“Okay! Thanks, Mr. Sullivan!” Joash expressed his gratitude.

He opened the door to the backseat for Bruce to get into the car before slipping to the front passenger seat. “Mr. Sullivan, please drive us to Regality Gardens.”

“I know that place.” Steven did not turn on the GPS navigator. “Where do you stay?” he then asked.

I’m staying in

Maple Garden,” Steven said. “In that case, I’ll drop

“Sure, thank you!”

around and saw Bruce leaning against the window. “Are you sure you’re okay, Mr. Gable? Don’t you want us to take you to the hospital?”

“It’s fine.”

for saying this, but Mr. Gable—I know Ms. Rachford is a gorgeous woman, but she’s married. Her husband is very famous too.

moment before continuing with his advice. “You’re still young, Mr. Gable. I believe you’ll win at avoiding women as if they’re a plague, yet he

few seconds before putting on a straight

as he propped his chin in his hand and looked at the scenery

he heed my

advise him further, fearing that

knew he was in no position to voice his opinion about that matter,

arrived

put on his backpack and said, “Mr. Sullivan, please send Mr. Gable to Regality Gardens for me, okay? Mr. Gable, text