

Flirtacious 831

Chapter 831 My Mementos

After making herself comfortable in the living room, Genevieve carefully took out the moonstone tea set from the wooden box and had the housekeeper bring a pot of water over.

How odd. Why do I feel so at home at the Zeigler residence? Is it because I'm a natural socializer?

Yuvan helped Herbert down the stairs just as Genevieve was brewing a pot of tea, and the old man's eyes lit up when he smelled the tea aroma wafting through the air.

"Is that Earl Grey tea from Feston?"

Genevieve turned around and smiled at Herbert. "What a sharp nose you have, General Zeigler. Not only could you tell that it was Earl Grey tea, but you also knew where it was from."

"Of course. Feston's Earl Grey tea is one of the best. I receive at least two cans of their premium earl grey every year," Herbert replied as he gazed at the tea set on the coffee table. "You sure look like you know what you're doing."

"My mother loved drinking and brewing tea, so I learned a thing or two from her," Genevieve replied. "If I weren't confident of my skills, I wouldn't have dared to use such a premium blend of Earl Grey."

As soon as the tea was ready, she poured a cup and handed it to Herbert. "Please try it."

Herbert accepted the tea without hesitation before smelling it and taking a sip.

Yuvan, too, had helped himself to a cup of tea.

"Premium tea, paired with Ms. Rachford's expert tea brewing skills, sure makes for a delicious and delightful combination!" he exclaimed.

Herbert couldn't help but gaze at the cup in his hand. "This teacup isn't cheap either, is

"It's not too bad. The entire set only cost a little over a hundred thousand," Genevieve said with a smile.

"I heard you love drinking tea but didn't have any proper tea set at home, so I got this especially for

All of a sudden, Herbert's face turned rather grim. "So you've come to look for me?"

Even though Genevieve had exposed Sylvie's lie and saved the Zeigler family from a ton of embarrassment, Herbert couldn't stop brooding over the matter.

In all honesty, he'd rather the former not have said anything. That way, he'd still have

as a model, and he has mentioned before that you have an impressive collection of foreign language books. I love reading and am fluent in a few foreign languages, so I was hoping I could borrow some books from you."

Of course, that was the script Genevieve and Yuvan had agreed on.

was only fair that she returned the favor and helped take care of his grandfather. That said, she couldn't possibly tell Herbert the truth

Chapter 832 Do Not Embarrass Yourself

"Grandpa, why don't you keep the tea set? It isn't that expensive, and besides, she can't stay here for free, can she?" Yuvan chimed in.

In the end, Herbert gave in and accepted the gift.

However, just as he was about to have his third cup of tea, Genevieve suddenly stopped him. "You'll have to drink in moderation. Too much tea isn't good for your current condition."

Before Herbert could reply, one of the housekeepers walked into the living room. "Mr. Yuvan, the meal's ready."

"What did General Zeigler have for lunch?" Genevieve asked.

"General Ziegler didn't have much of an appetite, so he only had some pasta and stew."

"That's hardly enough to last till dinner. It's already five, and I reckon General Zeigler must be feeling hungry," Genevieve remarked as she stood up from the couch. "Join us for a bite, General Ziegler. You can take it as an early dinner."

To everyone's surprise, Herbert agreed without hesitation. He hadn't felt like eating initially, but his mood had since improved, and Genevieve's words made him realize he could do with some food.

Seeing his grandfather standing up, Yuvan was about to help when Genevieve slapped his hand away.

walk, so why would he need your assistance? You can head to the dining room yourself."

"Well said!" Herbert exclaimed before bursting into laughter, looking visibly happier than before.

He wanted to be strong and didn't want his grandchildren to be helping him around the house all the time. However, he knew they were only worried about him falling and hurting himself, so he never could bring himself to reject their kindness.

Genevieve, however, had finally said what was on his

going to the dining room in such a cheery mood, he was both

After taking her seat at the dining table, Genevieve peeled a tiger shrimp and popped it into her mouth.

"Oh, this shrimp is delicious! The meat is so sweet and tender," she commented while peeling another and placing it onto Herbert's plate. "Try it, General Zeigler."

ate the shrimp and broke into a smile. "You're right. It's quite good."

"Then I shall peel a few more for you! This roast beef is delicious too. It's cooked just right, and the meat is well-seasoned and moist. Here, General Zeigler,

Genevieve kept piling Herbert's plate with food throughout the meal, and the latter was happy to eat them, too.

"General Ziegler, do you play chess?" Genevieve asked.

reply, Yuvan interrupted, "Grandpa has been playing chess since he was a young man, and there aren't

"Is that so? That makes me want to play with him even more! What if I won?" Genevieve insisted.
"General Ziegler, let's play a round of chess once we've finished eating. If I lose, I'll go fishing tomorrow and catch you a

Chapter 833 Wake Up And Smell The Coffee

"T-Then can I add you on WhatsApp?" The girl quickly took out her phone.

"I don't use WhatsApp very often. Besides, you're incredibly beautiful. If I meet you again, I'll definitely recognize you." Harry shot her a bright smile before waving at her and walking away.

The girl's heart raced wildly as she watched him leave.

At that moment, her friend walked over. "Hey, wake up and smell the coffee. Come on. He's a Hompton. Don't you know who his father is?"

"I do. But he accepted the key chain..." the girl murmured.

Her friend shrugged and snorted. "Don't you know what he's like? He always accepts gifts from girls because he doesn't want to hurt their feelings."

Compared to the other arrogant and domineering wealthy heirs, Harry was a breath of fresh air.

If not for Harry's distinct surname, no one would know who his father was. Not only was he handsome, but he was also gentle and unassuming. He loved making friends but never tried to get up to no good just because of his family background.

Even if he did not come from a prominent family, many girls would still go crazy about him because of his personality and good looks.

After Harry exited the university and got into his car, his smile faded a little.

While his car stopped at a traffic light at an intersection, he wound down the window, tossed the key chain into the trash can on the roadside, then wiped his fingers with a wet wipe.

Twenty minutes later, he pulled

After getting elected as chief executive, Nigel moved into the accommodation prepared by the government while Charice and Harry remained at the double-story house located halfway up a mountain.

"Mr. Harry," the housekeeper greeted, taking Harry's bag from him and welcoming him home.

checking on the soup, hurried out upon learning that Harry had returned. "Harry, why have you been going to Jadeborough so often these past few months? And why is your phone always turned off?"

Harry went up to her and gave her a brief hug. "Mom, I'm no longer a

about you. Although Hans is dead, his men are still roaming free." The mere thought of Harry getting kidnapped previously still filled her with fear.

worrying that Hans' men would hold a grudge and plan something against Harry again.

"There are only a few of them left scattered here and there. Now that Dad is in charge of Xedells, they'll be even less daring to do anything to me,"

After taking a sip of tea, Charice asked sternly, "Why were you with Genevieve in Jadeborough?"

"You followed me?" Harry's gaze suddenly turned cold.

Chapter 834 Does It Have Anything To Do With You

When Harry arrived in Baykeep, Evan and several other friends he usually hung out with dragged him to the restaurant they frequented to have a meal. Once they had finished eating, they headed directly to a bar.

After three rounds of drinks, Evan went to sit next to Harry with a glass of wine in his hand so they could talk alone.

Taking a sip of wine, Evan tilted his head to look at Harry. "I heard some things about what happened in Jadeborough. Does that matter have anything to do with you?"

Harry looked at him innocently and asked with a smile, "Which matter? What are you talking about, Evan?"

Evan fixed his eyes on Harry, giving the latter a deep and meaningful look.

Those friends and the public who think Harry is innocent and harmless are oblivious and only care about having a good time. However, I've always hung out with him. Even if I haven't seen his true colors, I know he's not as docile as he appears. If anything, his claws are sharper than anyone else's.

Plastering a smile, Evan uttered, "Oh, nothing. By the way, you don't have a girlfriend yet, right?"

"This is my cousin, Zoe. She's also a student at Xedells University. She likes everything you like, so how great would it be if you dated each

being pushed toward Harry, Zoe Qualls felt the latter's

you think you'd break my legs?" Harry scooted away in

his chin on his hand as he gazed at Harry. "You must have someone you like. That's why you're not interested in my

murmured an acknowledgment, admitting

all the girls you know outside of

of a smile twinkled in Harry's eyes. "All I can say is that she's a girl, and

at him

his phone but did not answer the call. Putting down

exiting the private room, he went upstairs to the billiard room

with a cigarette between his lips leaned against the

Seeing that it was Harry, he raised his

Chapter 835 He Loves Both Women

Puzzled, Jesse Kenwood asked Harry, "Do you have any grudges against Armand?"

Harry shrugged and answered, "No."

"Then why do you want to provoke him?" Upon recalling the things that Harry had asked him to do in recent times, Jesse could not understand anything.

After that, Jesse advised Harry in a grave tone, "You better not offend someone like Armand. You don't stay in Jadeborough, so you have no idea how smart and scary Armand can be. No matter how meticulous we are, he'll be able to expose us if there's any trace of evidence."

If Harry was not the one asking him to do all those things, Jesse would never dare to offend Armand.

Harry took a puff of his cigarette. The smoke blocked out his bright eyes. "Does he know a lot of politicians?"

used to work in the government intelligence agency. It would be easy for him to find

Jadeborough. Through that company, he met quite a number of people from both the military and political fields, but he hardly ever keeps in touch with them. I also heard that the last

chuckled and said, "I see. He's just a businessman. I don't think he's eligible

identity as a businessman so that he can go into politics?" Jesse took a guess and continued, "Otherwise, why will he reappear after his fake death as Robert's godson and even became the Deputy Minister of down,

took a sip of his brandy and stated, "I heard that Robert's son grew up with Sally, and they are planning to

his love life. He has joined the border defense a long time ago. According to my investigation, Ethan hasn't gone home for six years. He only calls home once a year during the new year. Although Ethan and Sally are childhood sweethearts, it's impossible for them to continue their relationship since he hasn't returned home. Ever since Robert finds out that Sally

of standing, Jesse sat down on the stool. "Armand may not have any experience in the political field, but he's an intelligent and diplomatic man. Once he's qualified enough

side glance. "Jesse, did you find this information, or

aware of the relationship between the two families. In order for him to have a smooth transition into the political domain, he got to know Sally before that. After his fake death, he started

prediction but disagreed with

Chapter 836 Kidnappers Begging For Mercy

Just as the two men were chatting, Jesse's phone rang.

After he finished the phone call, Jesse asked Harry in a hushed voice, "We have detained those fellows from Hans' gang. Would you like to question them yourself, or shall I go ahead and deal with them?"

When Harry returned home in the afternoon, he told Charice that Hans did not have too many subordinates. He did not expect Jesse to catch hold of them so soon.

"Let's go over and take a look." With that, Harry threw his cigarette into the glass on the bar counter.

The two men left the bar. After driving for ten minutes, they arrived at a poultry shop behind the market.

Jesse parked the car before opening the shutters.

Harry bent down to get into the shop, and the stench of the poultry caused him to frown. Soon, he saw the four men locked in the metal cages.

When those men saw the noble and cold-looking Harry, they were shocked.

They recognized Nigel's son from the photo that was given to them. The boy in

On the contrary, the boy standing in front of them at that

men like them who lived on the edge felt fear for the first time.

Then, Jesse picked up a box next to the cage and opened it up. There were parts of a gun inside the box. "This is the latest invention from Dartan. It's a powerful weapon."

Harry took his time assembling the parts. In a few seconds, he was done. He then cocked the gun and pointed the weapon at one of the men in the cage.

The sound made them shiver with fear.

"D-Don't kill me..." the man facing Harry started begging for his life. "Back when we kidnapped you, we did that only for money. We never wanted to kill you."

Harry burst out laughing. "All of you are kidnappers. Why are you begging me for mercy?"

die..." Everyone knew that being a kidnapper was a profitable trade, but they could lose their them, they would still be terrified and would beg for their lives.

Harry sat down on a chair behind him. With his legs wide open and a languid expression, he questioned them, "How long did it take all of you to plan for my second kidnapping?"

no idea!" that man answered truthfully. "We just do whatever the boss instructs. That day, we found out the license plate of the driver. Then we arranged to hit the driver's car on purpose so that the rest

Chapter 837 Make Her Interested In You

After losing a round of chess to Herbert, Genevieve took her fishing gear and brought him for fishing the next morning.

It was a fine day, and the park was filled with people who had come to fish.

Genevieve set up her fishing rod, but she failed to catch anything even after half an hour. On the other hand, Herbert had already caught a few big fish.

Genevieve started whining, "General Zeigler, can we swap our positions? If not, I won't catch anything even if I stand here for the entire day."

Just then, Yuvan returned with some fruits and heard Genevieve's complaint. "Ms. Rachford, you lack the skills but blame it on luck," he commented, smiling.

"Yes, yes, I'm unlucky." Genevieve then asked playfully, "Old Mr. Zeigler, you'll be willing to swap places with me, right?"

With a laugh, Herbert uttered, "Sure! I'm waiting for you to make fish chowder for me tonight!"

Ever since Herbert became unwell and was admitted to the hospital a few times, he had been staying at home since he was discharged. When Genevieve arrived the night before and spent time chatting and playing chess with him, his mood had improved vastly.

Genevieve and his grandson, Yuvan, brought him out for fishing, Herbert truly missed the fresh air. It had been a long time since he felt this happy.

"Ms. Rachford, have some fruit." With that, Yuvan handed her an orange.

responded. "Since you aren't doing anything, why don't you peel two oranges for me? Thank you."

Yuvan was dumbfounded.

Even so, when he realized Genevieve's presence did make Herbert delighted, Yuvan decided to peel the oranges

"Grandpa, do you prefer oranges or grapes?"

"Orange is fine." Herbert took the fruit from his grandson. As he was
private life," replied Yuvan. "But I have never seen her with

He did recall Genevieve telling him she had a pair of twins to look after, though. The children were around the age of four or five.

he chortled. "Genevieve is pretty and well-educated. She has a good personality, too. I like her very much. You should talk to her more often."

Yuvan was taken aback. Realizing his grandfather's intention, he almost choked on the

"Grandpa, she isn't interested in someone like me," Yuvan replied helplessly.

you." Herbert was displeased with his grandson's behavior. "I have a good vision. Genevieve is a nice girl, and both of you are quite close in age."

For some reason, Herbert always felt comfortable when

Chapter 838 I Am Keeping Up

Herbert turned and looked at Yuvan with a frown, and the latter swiftly hid the strand of hair in his pocket.

"Did you just pull my hair?"

"No," Yuvan replied cluelessly, raising his hand with a half-peeled orange. "Why would I do that? That's so random."

The general scratched his head in confusion. *Was it some insect?*

Suddenly, a loud gasp came from Genevieve's side when she saw her fishing line dragged low by a massive weight. It seemed like a giant fish had just bitten the bait.

Thrilled, Genevieve struck the fish confidently in a backward movement but knocked into a passerby who happened to cross from behind.

The rod in her hand slipped, and it would have dropped into the water if the stranger had not caught it in time.

With his big and boney hand, the man held on to the rod and reeled in the fish effortlessly, placing the fish on the ground.

was impressed upon seeing the fish twitching

Yuvan quickly unhooked the fish and threw it into a basket.

Meanwhile, Genevieve rubbed her sore wrist and spoke apologetically to the man who helped her. "I'm sorry. I almost fell on

"It's okay," he answered in his appealingly husky and rich

He was over six feet tall, and his light gray slacks and a regular cotton t-shirt formed an elegant set, but Genevieve could smell a scent of blood oozing from

The other person with this scent

Genevieve stole another look at him. Although she could not see the pair of eyes behind the sunglasses, she

Sensing her gaze, the man looked down, and Genevieve's exquisite face reflected in his sunglasses.

"Do you want to get to know me, miss?" he asked.

Genevieve's lips twitched at the question. He's such a narcissist. She shook her head,

The man sighed in disappointment. "I see. I thought you found me charming..."

continued, "You're welcome. I'm glad to be of help." With

Genevieve watched them for a bit before retracting

managed to catch a few more fish that day, albeit smaller than the one she caught earlier. By four o'clock, she had already filled the two empty baskets with fish.

Chapter 839 This Is My Daughter

Yuvan nodded and sighed. "To be honest, I would never agree to seduce someone if it were not for Grandpa. Imagine what people will say if they discover that a successful man like me did something so underhanded—I would be a laughingstock. I could be permanently blacklisted, Genevieve," he said coldly.

"I know I'm asking a lot," Genevieve said, pouring him a glass of warm water. "I promise I'll make it up to you. I can always come and accompany your grandpa if he's not in a good mood."

The suggestion appeased Yuvan, and he took the glass from her.

Genevieve then turned to leave since they were done talking, but Yuvan commented in surprise from behind her, "Ms. Rachford, a young lady like you do have quite a bit of white hair, don't you?"

Then, Genevieve felt a slight pain on her scalp as if someone had just pulled her hair.

"Oh! I'm sorry," Yuvan apologized nervously. "It just peeves me to see someone having white hair. I didn't mean to pull it off."

Genevieve looked over at the hair in his hand and waved dismissively. "Don't worry about it. It's just a strand of white hair."

After she left the pantry, Yuvan observed the hair to ensure it had its hair follicle intact before putting it in a bag.

third morning, Genevieve went to Herbert's study after breakfast.

were streaming into the room through the window when she entered, which lit up the spacious room. On

Going over to take a look, Genevieve realized that although some of the books were published in the early years of

"Do you mind if I open the shelf and have a look, Old Mr. Zeigler?" Genevieve inquired.

"No, go ahead," Herbert replied with a smile. "Pick a book

Genevieve agreed and opened the shelf carefully.

notes she had made while learning foreign languages. Soon enough, Genevieve found herself engrossed in Harriet's remarkable and exciting notes.

"Your wife must've been amazing," she noted in amazement. "I guess that's why she was a translator at the Department of Foreign Affairs."

Herbert looked up with pride on his face. "You're right. She was a talented woman, and she had many pursuers when she was young. Had we not been childhood sweethearts, and had

Genevieve laughed.

She perused the books to pick a suitable one but suddenly found

Taking it out, she flipped through it, only to find a few photographs in the inset. There were intimate photos of a young couple and some portraits of a beautiful

Chapter 840 A New Godfather

A sense of familiarity budded in her heart as Genevieve stared at the girl in the photo.

I feel like I've seen her before, but I might be wrong. They lost the girl when she was five or six. There's no way I know her.

Not wanting the sickly old man to dwell on the sadness, Genevieve took the photo away. "Old Mr. Zeigler, what about I read you the novel—Her Tearoom—by Francis of Frosa?"

"I know this book," Herbert replied. A smile broke out on his face as he reminisced about the past.

"Harriet asked me to buy that book when I went to Frosa for work, but because there weren't many published copies, I went all over the country just to look for it. It was not until night that I found it at a bookstore, and the customs officials almost stopped me from going through. Harriet was so happy she kissed me repeatedly when I passed her the book."

Genevieve's heart warmed as she listened to Herbert recounting the story.

For the whole morning, Genevieve sat beside him under the sun and read to him the book until the housekeeper knocked on the door.

"It's time for lunch, Old Mr. Zeigler," Genevieve reminded, closing the book.

"I want to hear more. Lunch can wait," he insisted. Herbert felt reluctant to leave

"This can wait, though. You might get a stomachache if you don't eat on

She got up from the chair and went over. "Let's go. I promise I'll read you five more pages after your siesta," she suggested with a smile.

"All right. Don't go back on your words." The old man finally relented and got up.

The dishes were served when they arrived downstairs, but no one else was seated at the table.

"Where's Yuvan?" Herbert asked.

"Mr. Yuvan called at eleven, saying he won't be back for lunch," the housekeeper replied.

Herbert nodded and sat down for a meal with Genevieve.

Ten minutes after lunch, the housekeeper went to the living room with some liquid medicine. "It's time to take your medicine, General

Herbert was annoyed at the sight of the medicine, for he had taken it for almost a month. "Take it away. I don't need it. I'm still strong, and I can even go fishing."

The housekeeper looked at him, troubled. "But Mr. Yuvan said you must have it. The doctor prescribed it—"

“Oh! So, what he says carries weight, but not what I say?” Herbert snapped in agitation. The woman was so scared she froze

Seeing this, Genevieve quickly got up and took medicine from

“You're still recovering, Old Mr. Zeigler. That's why you need to have this,” she explained, swirling the liquid to cool it.

Her words fell into silence. It was apparent that Herbert was