

Flirtacious 991

Chapter 991 Why Should I Leave

Unfortunately, Cooper had to make Genevieve believe the act, so he pushed his anger down. Exasperated, he turned to Genevieve and said, "It's as you see, Genev. She is the one I love and the only one I will marry."

Cooper turned his attention to Armand after that. "It's late. Mr. Faulkner, please help me take Genev home."

Armand murmured an affirmative reply before heading over to grab Genevieve's bag and lead her out of the room.

Cooper waited until Armand and Genevieve had left before he dropped his smile and picked up the cutlery on the table. "I already have dinner, so you can take everything you brought with you and leave." He paused for a moment before mercilessly adding, "Also, please never visit again."

Sally pulled up a chair and sat down before crossing her legs and leaning back. "I just did you a favor, and this is how you repay me? By chasing me away?"

Cooper grabbed the bowl of soup and kept sipping away. It was as though he were pretending that she wasn't there.

Sally saw the half-peeled apple on the table, so she picked it up and continued peeling it.

Her gaze was aimed downward, and her voice was stoic when she said, "My aim and gunmanship are on point. The bullet I fired wouldn't have missed my target's head, so I can say for sure that I'm not the one who shot you."

may not be the one who shot me, but you are still the one who fired first," growled Cooper as he slammed his bowl of soup onto the

at the time had everyone on edge, so no one dared to make the first move. However, Sally, who was hidden in the

dashed forward,

the one who shot first, Zephyr would

wasn't there at the time, so he doesn't know the specifics of what happened. What do you think will happen to the Loake family if he were to discover those details? You killed the President of the Carlo family, so in a way, you have avenged Ethan's death. That means I'm no longer

deal with Sally to protect Genevieve. That was why he had

Genevieve. It simply didn't make any sense. After

have never seen you as a tool," said Sally as she placed

sneered. "Ms. Loake, your family is powerful, but I'm not interested in being your man. If you miss Ethan that much, may I suggest finding someone who looks similar to him? You can get the guy to do plastic surgery so he would

his heart for love. At that moment, he was done with

a future where all he had

until she was inside the elevator. She frowned and said, "Wait a minute, why should

I slap that woman across her face or something? Why did I leave

warm. When she shifted her gaze

Chapter 992 Why Did I Answer

"No, but I can tell from the look on your face," replied Armand as he put the box of candy back in his pocket.

When they reached the underground parking lot, Armand dug his car keys out and unlocked the car.

Genevieve thought that she should get a cab home instead, but when Armand opened the door and looked at her, she entered the car without a second thought.

She moved with so much ease that it was as though she had done it a million times.

When Armand got into the car, he leaned toward the passenger seat and helped Genevieve strap on her safety belt.

Genevieve saw his head of hair right in front of her. It looked so perfect that she was tempted to run her fingers through his hair and mess it up.

"There's no need for that. I can do it myself," said Genevieve. She grabbed the buckle from Armand and put her safety belt on. Her tone was even, but her heartbeat was not.

Armand returned to his seat and put on his safety belt.

The rain had stopped by then.

As he turned the steering wheel, he chatted with Genevieve. "What would you like to have for dinner? Grilled meat or pasta?"

It's been a while since I—" said Genevieve before she clamped her mouth shut.

Armand caught her stopping herself short. The look on her face made it clear that she was wondering why she even answered that question in the first place. She looked so adorable that he chuckled aloud.

How is my wife so cute?

laughing at me?" demanded Genevieve. She glared at him

you were cute," answered Armand sincerely. "If I wasn't driving, I would have kissed you already."

Genevieve knew that she should call the police and sue him

Resting her chin on her hand, she turned her head to look out the window. The light in the car was on, She was in a daze for a while before she realized something important.

thoughts and theories kept running wildly through her mind. She was going to ask Armand where they were going when the car stopped right in front

“Mr. Faulkner, it's been so long since you came,” greeted a waitress in her uniform when she saw

She turned her attention to Genevieve after that and smiled. “And you've gotten more stunning, Mrs. Faulkner.”

Genevieve knew that the waitress was just doing her job when she complimented her, but that “Mrs. Faulkner” bit seemed a little over the line. The former was going to tell the latter that she was still single when Armand suddenly

When they got into the room, Armand took off his coat and draped it over the back of his chair before saying, “Please wait here for a

He left the place after that.

set by then and had a dark grey tablecloth on it. A plate of fruit and nuts was sitting

Genevieve could smell the fragrant scent of coffee in the air and knew that it was high-quality beans. Thus, she helped herself to a cup while munching

When the door to the room was opened again, two servers showed up with a portable barbecue grill and the ingredients

Chapter 993 Not Into Older Guys

Genevieve had just popped another piece of grilled meat into her mouth when she heard those words. It surprised her so much that she forgot she was eating. When she turned her head to him, her cheeks were bulging like a chipmunk's.

It seemed that no matter how much time passed, she would always act like a girl who hadn't grown up. Armand found her adorable, regardless of what she did.

At this, Armand was gripped with the sudden urge to kiss his wife.

Genevieve was stunned for a few seconds. Then, she chewed quickly and swallowed her food before downing some coffee. “Uh, what did you just say?”

“I want to be your husband,” repeated Armand.

Some might find those words cheesy, but Genevieve didn't feel irritated when she heard Armand say them. It was as though she was naturally drawn to him.

Genevieve kept her eyes on Armand and asked, “Uh, Mr. Faulkner, how old are you?”

“Thirty-seven.”

Genevieve's shoulders slumped as soon as she heard that response. She put another piece of grilled meat into her mouth and waved her hand at him. "I'm into men like Coop and am not interested in older guys."

Armand sighed internally. He massaged his brows and said, "I'm only a few years older

"That is not a few years. It's almost a decade apart," corrected Genevieve. "In theory, an age difference of three years is enough to make communication difficult between partners. It'll be even worse in this case because we're nine years apart."

Armand and said, "Also, why aren't you married, even though you're thirty-seven already?"

There can only be one reason why a man at his age is still unmarried.

ago but divorced later on. I became busy with work after that, so I never remarried," explained Armand in frustration. "My sexuality is not the problem."

Genevieve shrugged and insisted, "Then you should continue focusing on your job. I'm not into old men."

Armand's heart was mercilessly crushed when she said those words.

He leaned closer to Genevieve and rested his arm on the back of her chair. In a deep voice, he said, "I have more experience than you, can love you unconditionally, and will learn about everything you love. That way, there won't be a communication issue between us. Also, I'm a great chef and can cook whatever you want

Genevieve pouted and shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm rich, so I can afford to eat whatever I want. I don't need you to cook for

was when a server came in to deliver something.

Armand noticed that Genevieve had already finished eating the grilled meat he made, so he had the server make more for them.

The server nodded and quickly placed the raw beef on the grill. Lathering the meat with sauce, he flipped the beef expertly. He handed Genevieve a

popped one piece into her mouth and chewed a little, but she frowned

It's not

Assuming that the beef was from a different breed of cow, she spat the grilled meat she had in her mouth out and turned to the server. "I want the same type of beef you got us earlier."

Chapter 994 I Am Jealous Of Myself

"Let's date for a year. I'll play the role of your boyfriend in the meantime and will do whatever you want. I'll also take care of you," suggested Armand. "If you still haven't fallen for me in a year, I will stop badgering you and will work in your company for the rest of my life."

Genevieve had been working for some time now, and she had learned from her colleagues that Armand was Robert's godson and, thus, his heir. It seemed that Armand was only there to learn the basics.

Getting the future leader to work for my company... That's not something I would even dare dream about!

Armand saw how quiet Genevieve had gotten, so he slowly lured her in. "You know, if I'm your boyfriend, I will cook for you, and you can have delicious meals every day. Also, didn't you see how Cooper was when he declared his love for another woman right in front of you? Don't you want to get a boyfriend and rub it in his face as well?"

Genevieve thought he made sense.

"You're a great chef, but you don't have anything else," said Genevieve. She frowned and seemed troubled. "If I want to piss Coop off, all I have to do is hire a cute guy to play the part. You're so much older than I am that there's a good chance Coop won't be affected at all. Worse still, his new girlfriend might diss me for getting someone so old—"

Before Genevieve could even finish speaking, Armand leaned closer to her to cradle her face before pulling her in to kiss her on her lips.

Genevieve was stunned, especially when she thought about how greasy her mouth was from the grilled meat she had earlier.

Armand had drunk some coffee, so a hint of the coffee's fragrance lingered in his mouth. His unique cologne was nice as well, and Genevieve gradually lost herself in that kiss.

that kiss ended,

He traced her lips with his thumb. In a hoarse voice, he said, "I can do so much more than cook, and in the bedroom?"

Shyness and awkwardness overwhelmed Genevieve when she heard those words. She blushed so much that even her ears seemed to be burning red.

Irritated, she glared at the man without saying a word.

How is he so good at flirting? Is it because he has had plenty of practice? Has he done that to other women?

"Nope," replied Armand. He could tell what she was thinking just by looking at her. Defeated, he explained, "I have never been with another woman before, and I'm physically fit."

Genevieve shot him a puzzled look. "But you were married before, right?"

one he married. Hence, he changed the subject by asking her if she was full. He grabbed her purse soon after, and

Armand paid for the meal and bought a yogurt drink after that. He twisted the cap open, then handed the bottle to Genevieve.

"Here, have some. It'll help with your digestion."

The owner of the place heard that when she handed Armand's credit card back to him. She smiled and commented, "Aww, you are as sweet as usual, Mr. Faulkner, and are spoiling your wife again. I'm so envious."

Chapter 995 I Hope You Can Consider Me

Armand leaned over and held Genevieve's face in his warm palms. "One can tell lies, but their eyes can't. Genev, look at me in my eyes. Do I look like I'm lying?"

The reflection of her face could be seen clearly in his eyes, which were full of gentleness and affection.

Genevieve shook her head.

Armand kissed her and said gently, "Now that a good opportunity has presented itself, I don't wish to miss it again. I hope you can consider me, yes?"

"Okay," Genevieve instinctively answered.

Smiling, he sat back in his seat. After fastening his seatbelt, he drove toward Regality Gardens and stopped right in front of her condominium.

He got off the car and helped her open the door. "Do you have any cravings for breakfast tomorrow?"

"Pan-fried steak and mushroom soup."

"Okay, then I'll come over earlier tomorrow." Armand passed her bag over and lightly caressed her chin. "Have an early night."

It wasn't until he drove his car away did Genevieve snap out of her daze.

Regality Gardens usually has tight security measures. Vehicles of non-residents aren't allowed in here. How did Armand get in? And

Heading into the building, Genevieve reached for her phone while waiting for the elevator. She had added Armand's contact on WhatsApp after she regained consciousness at the hospital but had never chatted with him.

not to come over tomorrow and that she was not interested in playing

I'm not a young girl who loves playing

after crafting it, she recalled how skilled Armand was at grilling meat at the barbecue restaurant earlier. At once, she froze on the spot.

It'd be pretty nice if I could get a man with such impressive cooking skills to cook for me every day...

then, the elevator door opened. As Genevieve walked in, she deleted what she had typed and threw her phone back into the

The following day, after turning off the alarm on her phone beside her pillow, she lay in bed for a little longer. Eventually, she headed to the bathroom to wash up before finally exiting her room while yawning.

She intended to return to change her clothes and put on some makeup

Before she even walked near the kitchen, the smell of perfectly pan-fried steak wafted into her nose. At once, she felt her stomach growling. "Rosa, what did you make for breakfast today? It smells amazing..."

kitchen, Genevieve immediately realized that the person making breakfast was not Rosa but Armand.

The man, with a gray apron on, had his head bowed as he prepared the food. Unlike the expressionless and domineering

If he ever participates in a food

Right then, Armand lifted his head and looked toward Genevieve. The man was visibly stunned almost instantaneously before his gaze darkened drastically.

Following the man's intense gaze, Genevieve realized that the strap to her robe had unknowingly loosened, revealing the low V-neck satin nightdress inside.

Not only was the dress short in length, but its satin fabric perfectly outlined her curves.

Genevieve did not deem it an issue to be dressed

It was out of her expectations that a man would pop up

Chapter 996 Give Me A Kiss

In the next second, Genevieve frowned and shot daggers at Armand. "What makes you think you're my boyfriend? Did I agree to it?"

"You sat down and ate the breakfast I made. I took that to mean you approved of my cooking skills and agreed to be my girlfriend." The man chuckled. "Oh yes. I marinated some pork loins earlier, which should be ready by noon. I'll make you baked pork chop for lunch later."

After a slight pause, he sighed. "Oh wait, I forgot I'm still not your boyfriend. Let me get rid of all the food now."

With that said, he pushed his chair away and stood up, ready to clear the dishes on the table.

Genevieve, who had yet to satisfy her hunger, immediately grabbed the man's wrist upon seeing his action. "Why are you so petty? I'll pay for the dishes; is that fine?"

"I'm sorry," Armand rejected heartlessly. "Only my girlfriend gets to eat my cooking."

"Fine, I'll agree to it!" Genevieve hastily uttered. In truth, she had already agreed to it since last night. The reason she was annoyed was that he had seen her in a nightdress just now.

We've only met a few times, after all. How can he suddenly appear at my house? Who wouldn't be surprised if they were in such a situation?

Armand sat down at the dining table.

Glancing at the hand grabbing onto him, he was intrigued by how attractive and slender it was. But at the same time, he felt his heart ache at the sight of the faint scar on the wrist.

He had asked the doctor to perform a scar removal surgery on Genevieve. However, the scar could only be reduced and not completely removed.

An indescribable pain pricked his heart, and in response, he grabbed Genevieve's wrist and planted a kiss on that scar.

Genevieve felt a slight itch as a result of his action.

Perhaps because Armand was too tender with his kiss, but
other hand, he fished

Genevieve detected a light scent of sandalwood—it was like a soothing breeze, so fresh and invigorating it could leave one feeling at ease.

The bracelet twirled around Genevieve's wrist thrice, fitting her just perfectly.

in Genevieve's eyes as she glanced at the rosary bracelet on her wrist. "But I prefer a bangle

I have several drawers of jewelry in my walk-in closet. If I leave them there to collect dust, then what's the point in buying them in the first place?

Armand grunted a response and gently brushed the rosary with his fingers. "I polished every bead myself. The prayers on them were hand carved by me too."

He was a free thinker.

However, if religion could protect his loved one, he would unconditionally place his faith in the gods he never

These beads are so tiny. I wonder how this guy managed to carve prayers on them? Genevieve could not imagine it at all.

"Wear it from now on, and don't remove it," Armand uttered. "You can wear your other pieces of jewelry on the other wrist. These beads are made with high-quality sandalwood. Smell it when you're tired as it'll

Genevieve could attest to that since the light sandalwood scent had calmed her down earlier even when she did not bring

Without hesitation, she accepted the gift.

"Since I gave you a gift, shouldn't you also

Chapter 997 Too Long Since He Kissed Her

As the car was nearing the government building, it suddenly dawned upon Genevieve that Armand was her superior. *If anyone sees me getting off his car, they'll surely spread rumors about it.*

Thus, she had Armand stop the car by the roadside. "I can walk in myself."

"Are you worried that the others will find out about our relationship?"

Genevieve tucked away the stray strands of hair by the side of her face and turned to look at him. "Look at me. I look pretty, no matter what. And you're my superior, who's nine years older than me. The others won't think that a man your age would want a woman like me. Instead, they'll believe that I'm using my beauty to bewitch you and climb into your bed so that I can get a higher position at work."

Her words made Armand burst into a peal of laughter. Despite so, he decelerated and stopped the car by the roadside.

Genevieve unfastened her seatbelt, ready to get off the vehicle.

At the same time, Armand also unfastened his and leaned closer to her. "My gift, Genev."

She glanced at the rosary bracelet on her wrist and whipped her head toward him. The man, at that point, had his head hung low while gazing at her intently. *That tender look in his eyes... and those thin lips... What a beautiful sight.*

An inexplicable urge to kiss Armand struck Genevieve so suddenly that she leaned forward and bit his lower lip.

the man thought she would only kiss his cheek. Since she had initiated a kiss on his lips, he decided there was no need to go easy on her either. Cradling her face, he forcefully invaded

It had been too long since he last

The brick red lipstick Genevieve applied had been smudged because of that steamy kiss.

Without a choice, she could only reapply her lipstick using the rearview mirror before getting off the car.

As a place whose duty was to serve the people, the government building was a simple establishment. A pantry or complimentary afternoon tea was too much of a luxury for them, but at the very least, they still had a water dispenser in the office.

While Genevieve was dispensing hot water to brew some tea, random thoughts began to flash in her mind.

have to work

For some reason, Genevieve felt so worn out after working for a short while.

She felt like she

Verily, an editor returned to the office and began gossiping with her colleagues. "I just came from upstairs,

is going to be redeployed to Feston? Wouldn't the position of

"Exactly," the editor remarked. "Mr. Faulkner has asked her to transfer someone from our team to take over her work."

The female editors in the office perked up as soon as they heard that news.

Even though they had never paid close attention to entertainment-related news, they knew Armand was an impressive figure who established Central Group at a young age.

He was still as capable now that he was in politics.

Chapter 998 Enjoys The Warmth He Showers Her

The one who raised that point was a female editor called Cassandra Hudson.

Cassandra was around Genevieve's age but was not as pretty as the latter. Moreover, she had also put in a lot of hard work before landing a spot in the government institution.

Unexpectedly, Genevieve also began work at the Department of Public Information not too long ago. Not only was she beautiful, but she was also highly competent.

Truthfully, Cassandra was unwilling to believe that Genevieve had joined without using underhand means.

Propping herself up with one hand resting on her colleague's desk, Cassandra looked at Genevieve and uttered with a smile, "Genevieve has only been here for less than a month, so she's still lacking in experience. Furthermore, she's so smart and capable; how can our department do without her? If she leaves, there won't be anyone to help us deal with those emails."

Genevieve scoffed and furrowed her brows. "Then how did you guys deal with those emails when I wasn't here yet? Have you all been ignoring them?"

Cassandra was lost for words briefly before she retorted, "The machines can't translate news as well as you."

"Times are progressing, and so is technology," Genevieve placidly stated. "These days, translation software and simultaneous interpretation headsets have a better grasp of jargon than we do. I do hope the government will introduce these new technologies so that we can focus our attention on other work."

With that said, she stood up and walked away as she felt a dull pain in her lower abdomen.

Cassandra's expression darkened.

As soon as Genevieve arrived at the restroom entryway, she sensed a warm flow in her lower body. Concurrently, she could also smell a faint metallic scent of blood.

No wonder I'm feeling

had not brought her phone along. Yet now, her skirt and panties were heavily soiled.

As much as her skirt was black, thus making the stain less conspicuous, the stench of blood was rather prominent.

the restroom door being pushed open. She hastily poked her head out of the cubicle, only to see an old lady clad in a janitor's uniform and holding a shopping bag in her hand.

“Excuse me, madam. I'm from the Department of Public Information. Can I trouble you to—”

“You're Genevieve Rachford, right?” the

“Yeah.”

now, and Mr. Faulkner asked me to bring this to you.” The cleaner passed Genevieve the shopping bag. Then, since she had probably figured out that the latter was on her period, she added,

Opening the shopping bag, Genevieve saw a completely new black skirt. Other than that, there was also a pair of panties and two packs of sanitary pads.

Genevieve's face turned

Upon hearing that, the cleaner lifted the corners of her lips into a meaningful smile. “Mr.

Many men can't even stand the smell of blood, let

The cleaner, unlike other gossipmongers, merely lamented and left after handing the items over. Subsequently, Genevieve, with her face still flushed, changed into the fresh clothes in that small cubicle.

he has to buy day-use pads? And he even bought the brand I love?

When Genevieve pulled the skirt out from the bag, she was left baffled. The size is just right. How does he know what size I'm wearing? Surely it can't be Coop again?

Chapter 999 Who Wants To Get In Your Bed

Genevieve opened the thermos flask, and her brows wrinkled at the spicy aroma.

She replaced the lid and picked up her phone to text: *The baked pork chops are delicious, but I can't have any of the masala chai as it's too spicy.*

When she was almost done with the pork chops, Armand replied: *Masala chai is good for you as it helps with circulation. I'll make you some meatballs for dinner, all right?*

Since he offered a compromise, Genevieve accepted it gracefully and texted back: *All right then.*

After waiting for the masala chai to cool, Genevieve closed her eyes and chugged it down. She felt the sweetness and spiciness swirling endlessly in her mouth after she finished her cup and found it excruciating.

Masala chai is one of mankind's most heinous inventions.

Less than half of the masala chai remained in the thermos flask by the time she got off work that night. Genevieve could not bear another drop, so she secretly ran to the restroom to pour the rest away.

Armand sent a text to Genevieve to inform her that he was waiting at the spot he dropped her off that morning.

Upon entering the car, Genevieve placed the bag containing the lunchbox and the thermos flask into the compartment next to the armrest. Armand glanced at it before starting the vehicle.

“Did you finish the masala chai?”

"Of course I finished it." Genevieve's lips twisted in displeasure as she continued, "I won't be having any more tomorrow, though. That drink was designed to torture humans. I still have the taste of ginger in my mouth."

Though Armand guessed from her words that she had not, in fact, finished the masala chai,

brought Genevieve to the grocer first. He pushed the cart and walked in her wake as she helped herself to a variety of ingredients she intended on having him

taking the elevator down to the underground parking lot, Armand suddenly approached Genevieve and held the back of her head as he kissed her.

Genevieve tasted the toffee he slipped her

Armand brushed her cheek. "Do you still have

He is

Genevieve's cheeks burned. She shoved him away upon regaining her composure. "Lewd behavior like that will get you arrested," she mumbled, her mouth sticky

Armand chuckled softly.

When the elevator doors opened, he grabbed the groceries with one hand, held Genevieve's in his other, and walked out.

at Regality Gardens, Armand first took out the groceries from the shopping bags and placed them into the fridge after sorting them out. "Genev," he called Genevieve, who was in the living

"Don't you have hands of your own?"

"Do you want meatballs or not?"

Genevieve was on the couch browsing her phone. After struggling for several seconds, she went barefoot to the kitchen counter and took the apron from the man's hands.

She waited for him to bend over and put on the apron for him.

The hem of his shirt was tucked into his trousers, which framed his lithe waist. In addition to his stern appearance, he looked abstinent and cold.

Chapter 1000 Indigestion

Armand handed a plate of rinsed blueberries to Genevieve and smacked her buttocks to send her out to the living room to amuse herself.

Genevieve clutched her butt and glared at him. "Brute!"

"What did you say?" Armand narrowed his eyes and leaned over as if to kiss her.

Genevieve grabbed her blueberries and ran.

After an arduous preparatory stage, Armand made over a hundred meatballs. He cooked some, placed the rest into a container, and stored them in the freezer.

If Genevieve gets hungry in my absence, Rosa can just take some out to cook.

Though meatballs of this style were small and had little meat, the outer layer would become delightfully crisp once cooked. The stock was made of chicken broth Armand had prepared the night before, which made the meatballs taste exceptionally sweet and delicious.

Possibly due to an increased appetite caused by her period, Genevieve only felt full after consuming two whole bowls of meatballs and a butter biscuit.

Genevieve stroked her bloated belly guiltily after her meal. "Butter biscuits are fattening. I shouldn't have eaten that."

Armand laughed. "What's done is done. I'll exercise with you once

Unable to stop himself, he touched Genevieve's belly. Her skin was soft and delicate, and her waist was slim as always. He could grab it with one hand.

Armand's gaze darkened as his throat turned dry.

hand aside and hurriedly pulled her shirt down. "Did you purposely improve your culinary skills to seduce me, Mr. Faulkner? I remember you told me you liked me long ago and even found a substitute to kill time."

digestion. "I know

Genevieve accepted the bottle of yogurt. Her cheeks flushed a bright red when she heard the

Armand rumbled in laughter as he draped his arm across the back of the couch. "I was going to say that aside from cooking, I'm good at giving massages. I can also fly a helicopter, ride a horse, and golf. I can keep you company if you want to try any of those activities."

you thinking about something else?" he went on with

This scoundrel is toying with me!

Genevieve was so angry that she choked. "I was thinking about nothing!" she said coldly with a steely expression.

Armand noticed that she took a big gulp and that some of the yogurt flowed from

Armand wanted nothing more than to press her against the couch, kiss her passionately, and leave his mark on her body.

suppressed the animalistic urge before leaning closer to Genevieve. "You don't have to call me Mr. Faulkner when we're alone. It feels too formal."

"Are we very close?" Genevieve raised her eyebrow at

"I am your boyfriend," Armand emphasized.