

**Chapter 332 I Am Beautiful**

Unsure of what Genevieve was playing at, Sophia nodded in response. “Yes, that's right.”

“Fourteen years, huh... That's a really long marriage!” Genevieve casually rubbed a finger around her glass as she continued, “I saw Mr. Jones in an interview on TV a few days ago. He said he never got a marriage certificate, though. That's strange... How come you two haven't gotten your marriage certificate despite being together for so long?”

Everyone shifted their gaze toward Sophia upon hearing that.

“What? Is that true, Mrs. Jones?”

Mrs. Jones would often show off her huge diamond ring to us and brag about how well her husband treats her! Who would've thought they don't even have a marriage certificate after being together for fourteen years?

Sophia felt uncomfortable when she felt their gazes on her, but tried her best to play it off casually anyway.

“That's because I had an issue with my passport at the time. Eventually, we just forgot about it completely. A marriage certificate is just a piece of paper anyway. Who cares about that stuff?”

“Ah, I see... So, you think a marriage certificate is just a piece of paper, eh?” Genevieve nodded before continuing, “But I heard Mr. Jones met a celebrity while he was on a business trip. Apparently, Mr. Jones likes her so much that the two of them have moved in together. He even planned on marrying her when he found out that she was pregnant, but you went straight to the celebrity's house and beat her until she had a miscarriage. You also said she was unworthy of marrying Mr. Jones.”

The look on Sophia's face went pale as the secret that she desperately tried to keep hidden had been exposed.

“T-Those are just rumors! Besides, it's in men's nature to have affairs here and there. Even if he did cheat, those skanks out there can never compare to me! Mrs. Faulkner, do you really think your husband won't cheat on you just because you two are married? For all we know, he could be cheating on you without you even realizing!” Sophia protested.

Genevieve shrugged and said casually, “No, he doesn't have the guts to do such a thing. Besides, why would he even want to cheat when he has such a pretty wife like me?”

Her firm tone and confident smile were proof that she had full faith in Armand's loyalty.

She then flashed Sophia a sympathetic look as she continued, “You've gotten together with Mr. Jones before his existing wife died, and yet he won't get you that marriage certificate even after so many years. In the end, you're nothing but a homewrecker, so why would you be so cruel to a fellow woman? Why give her a miscarriage?”

At that moment, Sophia realized that Genevieve was lying when she claimed to have buried the hatchet.

This woman is trying to humiliate me in public! She clearly still holds a grudge against me for splashing red wine on her!

Infuriated, Sophia shouted at the top of her lungs, “Genevieve! Don't you know to live and let live? Do you really think Armand would even notice you if it weren't for your beauty? All you're doing is seducing him with your good looks! How are you any different from those skanks out—”

Genevieve cut her off mid-sentence by splashing her champagne all over Sophia's face.

Still feeling unsatisfied, she grabbed the champagne glasses from two other women standing nearby and dumped them over Sophia's head as well.

Sophia could barely open her eyes, and her hair was dripping wet from the champagne.

“Yes, it's true that Armand took a liking to me because of my good looks. But I only got married to him after divorcing my ex-husband. Unlike you, I don't have what it takes to be a homewrecker and violently beat up another. Simply talking to a person like you disgusts me to no end,” Genevieve said with a faint smile.

A waiter happened to pass by at the time, so Genevieve handed him the empty champagne glasses and strutted out of the hall.

It took me a few months to get my revenge, but it still feels sweet as heck!

With that in mind, Genevieve registered herself at the entrance of the conference hall and went in with her bidder card.

As the lights in the conference hall were all focused on the stage, it was a little dark in there.

Genevieve was making her way down some stairs to get seated when she heard someone calling out to her.

“Genevieve!”

Genevieve turned around and saw Timothy standing behind her.

He was leaning lazily against the back of the chair while pointing at the empty seat beside his.