

**Chapter 375 No Need To Stay Married**

Armand stopped what he was doing and turned to look at Genevieve, clenching his jaw.

“Armand, let's get a divorce,” said Genevieve calmly. “You can keep everything else, but I want this place.”

Armand seemed to have guessed why she was doing that, so he replied, “Darling, I will go wherever you want to go. We can stay there however long you like, and there is no need to get a divorce.”

“I can travel on my own. I don't need you to come with me,” said Genevieve expressionlessly as she leaned against the kitchen counter. “The Wood family has fallen, Marilyn is in jail, and I've avenged Patrick, so there is no need for us to stay married.”

Armand swallowed hard. His voice was a little soft when he asked, “What if I don't want a divorce?”

“Why don't you want a divorce? Mr. Faulkner, have you fallen in love with me?” asked Genevieve as she leaned in closer to the man. She laughed aloud before he could answer her question. “You were the one who proposed a collaboration back then, and I've kept the words you said in my mind this entire time.”

Genevieve tiptoed and tried her best to get as close to Armand as possible. “I was only nice to you to get my hands on your power and to destroy the Wood family. As for the sex... Well, didn't you say that everything comes at a price? I was just paying the price.”

Her words were cruel, and every single one of them was like daggers to Armand's heart.

“You're hot, Mr. Faulkner, and you're really nice to your partner. I actually quite enjoy doing it with you.”

Armand took a deep breath and gripped Genevieve's arm before pushing her to the fridge. He was harsh and had a terrifying expression on his face.

If he could, he wanted to squeeze her delicate neck.

Genevieve frowned in pain. She looked up and asked, “Did I say something wrong, Mr. Faulkner?”

“No! You were right about everything!” answered Armand through gritted teeth.

He had known what Genevieve wanted to do ever since he saw the change in her after she had a miscarriage. And he had allowed her to do whatever she wanted because he wished to make up for his mistake.

He could never forget the night before when he lifted her veil. She had worn a wedding gown, and her beautiful eyes had glowed. He was all she could see.

However, that was not her birthday gift for him at all!

She had simply catered to his pleasure.

Armand had always been calm. He even managed to keep his cool when he heard about his father's plane crash.

Yet, he almost lost control after hearing those words from Genevieve that day.

He closed his eyes slowly and took some time to calm himself down before he looked down at Genevieve and asked, “That day, outside the building, did you tell Marilyn that you feel nauseated when you thought about how long she and I had dated? Did you tell her that you feel nauseated when you looked at me? Is it true that you never loved me and are only ever with me to exact your vengeance on me and imprint the suffering in my mind?”

Hearing those words allowed Genevieve to deduce that Armand had gone to talk to Marilyn and Marilyn had come up with that story to lie to him.

There was a flicker in her eyes as she said, “How did you know that? Did you go through that surveillance footage again? It's true. Marilyn is into you, so using you to get to her is the best option there is. Seriously, Mr. Faulkner, if you hadn't promised to help me get back Specter Corporation within six months, do you really think I'd have married you? I have never loved you. What I loved is the power you have.”

Genevieve traced his face with her finger and chuckled. “I will say this, though. You truly are a handsome lad, Mr. Faulkner. Who doesn't want a rich and handsome husband? It's only natural that I fell for you... but that was only for a moment.”

Armand slapped Genevieve's hand away, his gaze becoming colder and colder as time passed.

“I will give you one last chance, Genevieve,” growled Armand as he glared at her. “Are you being truthful about everything you said?”

“Why would I lie to you? Do I need to swear on my grave to get you to believe me, Mr. Faulkner?”

“No,” replied Armand coldly. The warmth in his eyes had completely faded.

He grabbed his pen and flipped to the last page of the document to sign his name.