

Chapter 376 Finalize The Divorce

Armand took off his apron, tossed it on the kitchen counter, and went to the bedroom.

He packed his clothes and other things in a minute, then headed out. When he walked past the living room, he looked at Genevieve, who was still standing beside the kitchen counter, from the corner of his eyes.

Shortly after, he went to the door and grabbed his coat from the rack.

“I’ll wait for you at the entrance of the City Hall tomorrow at nine in the morning. We’ll finalize our divorce right away.”

After saying that, he turned the doorknob and walked away.

Once the door was closed, Genevieve felt as if every bit of the energy in her body had been drained out of her. She slid down slowly and leaned against the stainless steel kitchen counter.

Thank goodness he didn’t get me to swear on my grave, or things would be bad.

She stayed there for a while, and when she finally regained some of her energy, she struggled to stand up. Her eyes stung a little when she saw Armand’s signature on the document.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and wet the paper.

She had planned on telling him about her pregnancy as his birthday gift, but the other man showed up and disrupted all of her plans.

Genevieve was so depressed that she didn’t have any appetite. However, thinking that she was pregnant and the baby needed the nutrient, she washed the vegetable and mushrooms Armand bought and made herself some pasta.

She took a few bites and couldn’t force any more down her throat.

Her cooking was something she was rather confident in, but to her surprise, the food she made was downright disgusting.

She poured everything into the bin and opened a cabinet. It was filled with all sorts of snacks that Armand had bought for her.

He wanted her to have something to eat in case she was hungry or was waiting for dinner.

The bitterness in Genevieve’s heart grew when she saw all the snacks there. She felt terrible, but she grabbed a packet of biscuits.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Genevieve thought Armand had returned because he forgot something, so she hurried to the door and answered it.

The one standing behind the door, however, was the receptionist in her uniform. She handed the takeout to Genevieve and said, “Here’s the meal you ordered, Mrs. Faulkner.”

“Thank you,” replied Genevieve as she took the food. She saw Steven’s name and the end of his phone number on the receipt.

He had ordered spaghetti bolognese from Golden Restaurant.

Genevieve had once bought spaghetti bolognese from that restaurant for Armand, and Steven was not aware of that.

She opened the food container. The sweet and sour scent of the warm food brought tears to her eyes.

She sat at the dining table and took one bite after another. It filled her stomach up soon after.

Wanting to move her muscles a bit, she rolled up her sleeves to clean the kitchen counter. When she was done, she washed her hands and turned around. That was when she saw the document sitting there.

Her tears, that had dripped onto the paper, had dried up, and only a small mark left.

She stared at it for quite some time before she grabbed her pen and signed her name on that document.

After that, she put everything away and returned to her room to shower and go to bed.

Perhaps it was because the weather was too cold, or perhaps because her pregnancy had drained her energy. Genevieve slept for quite some time.

When she woke up, she grabbed her phone and checked the screen.

It was over ten o’clock in the morning.

Genevieve quickly freshened up and put on a high-collared knitted dress. As she made her way to the living room, she put on her earrings and asked, “Mando, why didn’t you wake me—”

That was when she saw how empty the place was. She had forgotten all about the divorce until that very moment.

Armand told me to go to the City Hall at nine in the morning.

Genevieve checked her phone again. She had set the alarm to go off at half-past eight, and it had rung twice. However, she had hit the snooze button and continued to sleep.

It’s so late, but Armand didn’t text me to ask me if I have reached the City Hall...

Genevieve returned to her room and opened the drawer of the nightstand. Sitting in the corner was her marriage certificate. She grabbed it and put it into her bag with her ID card, then left the house.