

Chapter 377 Explain Yourself Genevieve

Inside the elevator, she sent a text to Armand: Are you still at the City Hall?

She received a “yes” from Armand when she reached the parking lot.

Mixed emotions burned in her when she saw that text.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

She pursed her lips when she saw that new message. Quickly, she put her phone away and drove off.

About ten minutes later, Genevieve arrived at the City Hall.

The Maybach that Armand had always used was parked beside the place. The dark-colored car was low profile, but it somehow also made it easy to spot.

Steven was sitting in the driver's seat and had been looking around.

When he saw Genevieve's car getting closer to the Maybach and her getting out of her car, he turned his head to talk to the man in the backseat.

“Mrs. Faulkner is here.”

Armand, who was reading some documents, closed the folder and placed it on the seat beside him.

After that, he opened the door and got out of the car. He saw Genevieve approaching him while having a dark grey bag on her back.

It was cold that day. Genevieve had wrapped herself up nicely, and her collar was pulled up to cover her lips. All Armand could see was her bright eyes.

When she reached his side, she pulled down her collar and revealed her beautiful face. “Sorry, I accidentally turned off my alarm.”

Armand didn't have any expression on his face. “Let's go.”

“Okay,” replied Genevieve. Feeling a little cold, she shoved her hands into her pocket and walked up the stairs with the man. Together, they walked into the City Hall.

The place was rather empty at that time.

Genevieve made her way to one of the counters. The employee behind that counter happened to be the same person who had assisted them when they first got married.

“Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner.”

The two of them are married. Yet, here they are again in the City Hall. This is not good...

Genevieve nodded at the employee and fished her ID card and marriage certificate out of her bag. She placed everything on the table and said, “Please help us finalize our divorce.”

The second she finished speaking, the other employees working behind the other counters looked over.

They were surprised when Armand and Genevieve first got married. Who would've thought that their marriage would only last less than a year?

Armand looked calm. He retrieved his ID card and marriage certificate out of his pocket as well. After that, he put them on the table.

The employee followed the procedure and asked some questions. She asked if they were getting a divorce out of their own free will and if there were any disputes regarding their assets and debts.

Both parties gave definitive responses, so the employee took their marriage certificates and issued them their divorce certificates.

Genevieve felt conflicted when she left the City Hall with the divorce certificate.

From the corner of her eyes, she looked at Armand. She had something to say, but she ultimately decided to keep her words to herself.

As they walked down the stairs together, Genevieve asked, “You left a few outfits in the closet. When are you going to take them back?”

“I don't want them anymore. Just get rid of them,” answered Armand as his gaze turned a little darker.

Genevieve murmured a reply and walked down the stairs. She was about to head into her car when a black Rolls-Royce Ghost pulled over and stopped right behind her car.

The door to the backseat opened, and a man got out.

He seemed as if he couldn't feel the cold at all because he was only wearing a sweater and a windbreaker. The tall man walked gracefully forward like a prince who had just crawled out of a painting.

His green eyes, which were filled with warmth, were on Genevieve the entire time.

Jack was quick to make his way to Genevieve. He grabbed her hand and placed it by his lips to kiss it softly. “Is everything done?”

Genevieve tried to pull her hand back, but he was strong. “Yeah, it's done.”

Armand opened the door to the car. He was about to get in when he saw another man approaching Genevieve and being sweet to her.

He slammed the door shut and made his way to them.

“Genevieve Rachford, explain yourself!” roared Armand, standing beside her and looking intimidating.