

Chapter 378 I Should Give Her More Freedom

“Perhaps it's best if I explain the situation.” The tall man wrapped his arm around Genevieve and looked right into Armand's eyes. “I am Jack Valentine, the man Genev loves the most.”

Armand narrowed his eyes.

Steven, who had been witnessing everything in the car by the side of the road, was utterly shocked.

He even leaned toward the passenger seat to get a closer look through the side mirror. When he saw that a young man was hugging Genevieve, he was a little upset.

Why have I never seen this guy before?

Jack ran his fingers through Genevieve's hair and played with it a little. He chuckled and said, “I've just arrived in Jadeborough, but Genev has told me everything about the two of you. Thank you for taking care of her all this time, Mr. Faulkner. Should you need anything in the future, please let me know. This is my number.” He took a name card out of his pocket and handed it to Armand.

It was a simple name card with gold ink.

The name of the company listed on the card was Genevieve Orsi Productions, and its logo was a golden Genevieve Orsi.

Written in the center of the card were Jack's name and phone number.

Armand's gaze swept past the name card, but he had no intention of taking it. He turned his attention to Genevieve.

“Is this man the reason you want a divorce?”

Armand knew about everyone Genevieve was in contact with, so it was strange that he was unaware of Jack, who appeared out of nowhere.

Jack was holding Genevieve closely, and that made her stiffen.

Unfortunately, she had no choice but to force herself to relax. Her gaze shone emotionlessly when she looked at Armand and replied, “Mr. Faulkner, we're divorced, so you don't get to butt in on my matter.”

Armand looked at her for quite some time before calmly saying, “You're right. I have no right to ask questions anymore.”

With that, he turned around and left.

When Steven, who had been watching the drama unfold, saw Armand approaching the car, he immediately straightened himself in the driver's seat.

Once Armand got into the car, Steven quickly fired up the engine and left the City Hall.

He shifted his gaze to the rearview mirror and snuck a peek at Armand. “I've investigated Mrs. Faulkner's parents, extended family, and her friends, but I've never read anything about that man before. Is it possible that she hired him to get back at you, Mr. Faulkner?”

That was a possible scenario because Armand had lied to Genevieve before. His actions had indirectly hurt her deeply. It had even caused her to lose two children.

Hence, it was understandable that she hated him.

“No.” Armand lowered his head.

They were both men, so Armand could tell how Jack felt about Genevieve. The passion and warmth in his eyes when he looked at her was not an act.

Hearing those words troubled Steven even more.

Wait, if she didn't hire that guy to get back at Mr. Faulkner, then what is actually going on now? Is she really in love with someone else?

Perhaps it was because the invisible pressure in the car was getting too much. Steven spoke again. “Mr. Faulkner, why did you agree to divorce Mrs. Faulkner? You even waited there for so long.”

In fact, Armand had asked Steven to drive him there at eight-thirty.

Steven had even sensed an obvious discomfort from Armand when he told him that Genevieve had arrived. It seemed as though Armand didn't expect her to actually show up.

If Armand didn't want a divorce, then no attorney in the country would dare to take this case.

Armand rolled down the window and let the icy wind sting his face.

His gaze was calm, and it seemed to carry a heavy burden. Softly, he answered, “She's too young. I should give her more freedom. I've always been a lonely man, so why drag her down with me? If she's in love with someone else, then I'll let her go so that she can be with the one she loves.”

Armand was born into a powerful family, so he was used to all the restrictions. Members of the Faulkner family rarely had any say in their marriages.

His father, for an instant, had no choice but to marry three women for the sake of the family.

When they ate together, Armand could see the loneliness in his father's eyes. He knew that was not the kind of life his father wanted, but the man had had no choice. It was his responsibility to do so.

Armand was not a warm person, either. He had never loved anyone intensely before.