

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 12

Chapter 12

A hint of displeasure erupted within Armand's heart. He picked up the bowl of oatmeal that he had brought in earlier and drank a mouthful of it. Then, he leaned over to the woman and locked his lips on hers. Forcing open her mouth with his, he fed her the oatmeal through her teeth and down her throat. Perhaps Genevieve was too famished that she instinctively swallowed the oatmeal even in her slumber. Just like that, she was fed one mouth after another. In a matter of minutes, her stomach was filled with that bowl of oatmeal. Armand's bunched-up brows also relaxed on that note. He tried to withdraw his hand from the back of Genevieve's neck, yet she clenched his hand and placed his palm on her cheek. "Mom..." muttered Genevieve. It was as if she had found someone to rely on. Her warm tears soon wetted the man's hand. "I missed you so much... Bring me along with you..." Hanging his head low, Armand watched the woman quietly with an impassive gaze. "Genevieve, only you can save yourself." He forcefully retracted his hand and left the room. In Genevieve's dream, she saw her long-gone parents. They came back to her just to reproach her for falling head over heels for Cooper and letting him swindle her out of their company. Their interrogation overwhelmed and hurt her so much that she could not even breathe. Sobbing miserably, she pleaded with them to take her with them. While she was in a daze, she heard someone telling her in her ear that only she could save herself. Her eyelids snapped open out of the blue, and all she could see was the white ceiling. Winifred could have been fine. It was Erica who had gone to the hospital and told Winifred that her only granddaughter was a murderer. That was how Winifred got agitated and kicked the bucket. Genevieve vowed to reclaim Specter Corporation and avenge her parents. Cooper Sutton! Erica Hall! They must pay with their blood! Her teary eyes became ice-cold and resolute. Grabbing her dress from the chair, she changed her clothes and stepped out of the bedroom. After she went downstairs, she saw a man sitting in the dining room. He was clad in a light gray vest and shirt, appearing to have just gotten off from work. Putting on an indifferent look, he was enjoying his dinner while listening to Steven's report. "Ms. Rachford." Steven first noticed Genevieve and flashed a faint grin. "Are you feeling better?" Genevieve nodded. "How long have I been asleep?" "A week." "That long?" Genevieve was taken aback. Even so, she was baffled, for she was not starving at all despite the long, deep sleep. The housekeeper headed into the kitchen to fetch a plate and a set of cutlery before placing them right in front of Genevieve. Genevieve sneaked a peek at the man sitting opposite her. She wanted to get something out of her mind, but seeing that Steven was reporting some matters to him, she lowered her head and took her meal in silence. Very soon, Armand finished his dinner. He got up from his seat and went upstairs straight away. Genevieve, too, put down her fork and spoon. She trailed behind Armand and walked into his bedroom. He was undoing his vest and making his way toward the bathroom. Biting her lip, Genevieve mustered up all her courage and walked up to him. "L-Let me help you with that." The man was so tall. Genevieve had to lift her hands all the way just to land her hands on the button of his shirt collar. Armand did not budge. He merely lowered his gaze and stared at her. The two of them were only a few inches apart. Genevieve could sense the chilling vibe emanating from the man's body. Sadly, her hands were shivering involuntarily, and she could not even undo the button of his collar. Wearing a nonchalant visage, Armand shoved her hands away. "What are you doing?" "I..." Genevieve pursed her lips. "Thank you for getting someone to get me out of the police station." If it had not been for him, she would have been detained at the police station and then summoned to court. Moreover, Winifred's funeral matters were also arranged by him. Now, I'm left with nothing. All I have is... this. Thinking of all that, Genevieve unzipped the dress on her back, and the dress fell to the floor. As she exposed her fair skin to the air, her body shuddered slightly. Armand was standing face to face with Genevieve, so of course, it was inevitable for him to witness it all. His breath quickened a little. Noticing his gaze, Genevieve felt uneasy. Placing her hands on her chest, she appeared to be covering something. "Please help me. I'm begging you. I need to take back Specter Corporation," she said, her voice thick with bitterness. Specter Corporation is the legacy my parents have left for me. I have to get it back no matter what! "And so you strip in front of me?" Shooting her a piercing glare, Armand sneered, "Even the women in the brothel would try to flirt with the guests to seduce them, but you... You look totally like a zombie standing right before me. The only difference is your fairer skin!" Genevieve did not anticipate any of that. She surrendered to him the last bit of dignity she had, only to be bombarded with such a nasty criticism in return. The sudden surge of humiliation made her cheeks flush as red as a tomato. At that moment, Armand's phone rang. "I'm not interested in zombies. Put on your clothes and go back to your room." As the man dropped the words, he paced toward the window and answered the call. Genevieve, in turn, hurriedly put on her dress and scurried back to her room, keeping her head low the whole time. Slamming the door behind her, she slipped down against the door and sat on the floor. As she thought of what he had just said to her, she felt ashamed yet upset as she buried her head between her arms. She had no idea who that man was exactly, but he seemed to know every single thing. He could even ask the chief to personally send her out of the police station. That alone was sufficient to prove that he was no ordinary man. She had thought that he wanted to bed her. Besides, she could offer him nothing else but that. Still, she was utterly rejected by him a while ago.