

Gary Stu 321

Chapter 321 Hope She Likes It

☒ Johanna's voice arrived ahead of her person. "Genev!"

☒ When Genevieve saw Johanna approach with a towel over her, she figured that the latter had just gone for a soak. "It's a surprise to see you here. Do you want to have a soak together?"

☒ "No, this spring is too small." Johanna looked at their pool in disdain and added, "Genev, come up quickly. I'll take you to a different spring that is so much bigger!"

☒ "You should go ahead." Genevieve looked at Armand with resignation. "Steven isn't back yet, so there's no one to take care of him if I leave."

☒ "Steven is back!" Johanna exclaimed. "I stay on the same floor as he does. In fact, I ran into him on my way out and even greeted him."

☒ After hearing Johanna's words, Genevieve came up from the spring and went to the pavilion to give Steven a call.

☒ Meanwhile, Johanna draped a towel over her.

☒ Looking in Genevieve's direction, Armand asked softly, "Darling, can't you stay here with me?"

☒ "Mr. Faulkner, you're a fully-grown adult. Even though you can't see, it doesn't mean you can't function independently," Johanna grumbled. "Besides, isn't Genev calling Steven already? In my opinion, you're pretending to be blind just to elicit sympathy from her!"

☒ Armand was speechless.

☒ Soon, Steven hurried over.

☒ Genevieve got him to watch over Armand before leaving with Johanna.

☒ By the time their footsteps could no longer be heard, Armand complained, "Why did you come just because she asked you to? Don't you know how to cook up an excuse?"

☒ Steven scratched his nose after being scolded for nothing. He explained helplessly, "I wanted to reject her, but Mrs. Faulkner ended the call before I could say a word."

☒ "You should find an excuse to transfer Johanna out to one of our subsidiaries." Armand ranted, "She not only sticks to Genevieve like glue but she also doesn't mince her words with me, making it seem as if Genevieve isn't my wife at all. In fact, I look like the third party instead."

☒ Steven chuckled. "Johanna has a cheerful disposition, just like Patrick. Mrs. Faulkner seems to be happy every time she's around her."

☒ Armand fell silent upon hearing Steven's words.

☒ A long while later, he asked, "Has what I requested arrived?"

☒ “Yeah. It has. I have spoken to Mr. Turner about it too.” Steven elaborated, “When the time comes, the hotel staff will invite the guests to watch it together.”

☒ Armand’s furrowed brows eased a little. “Hopefully, she will like it.”

☒ Meanwhile, Johanna led Genevieve to a huge pool. Not only was it crowded but it was also extremely lively.

☒ At the rest area beside the hot spring, there were vendors selling fruits and barbeque meat.

☒ After buying quite a bit at one go, Johanna led Genevieve to a corner of the spring where they ate while soaking in it.

☒ Genevieve was nonplussed. “Are we soaking ourselves in a pool or having a feast?”

☒ “Don’t you think it’s wonderful to do both together?” As Johanna spoke, she handed Genevieve a piece of fruit. “If it wasn’t for Mr. Faulkner, I would be the one to accompany you today. In fact, I had planned to warm your bed for you. Unfortunately, my plan has been foiled by him.”

☒ As Johanna had always been brazen with her speech, Genevieve was more amused than surprised. She even teased, “Why don’t you come to my room tonight then?”

☒ “Forget it.” Johanna waved her hands. “I don’t want to get murdered by Mr. Faulkner.”

☒ At that moment, a uniformed waiter approached and stood by the pool. With a cordial smile, he announced, “Ladies and gentlemen, there will be a fireworks display at ten sharp. It’s really rare to have such a grand spectacle. Also, your current location is the best vantage point to see them. Therefore, I would like to invite you to stay longer and wait for the show.”

#### Chapter 322 He Is Just A Sleeping Pill

☒ Upon hearing the announcement, many of the guests were filled with anticipation.

☒ Johanna, too, was equally excited. Munching on her snack, she remarked, “Ever since I was young, I have never watched a fireworks display before. The biggest firework I ever saw was when I visited a theme park once.”

☒ She then knitted her brows and commented in surprise, “But there’s no special occasion today, so why is the resort putting on such a spectacle?”

☒ “This is my first time here too.” Genevieve speculated, “Perhaps, due to the recent crowds, they decided to entertain their guests with the fireworks display.”

☒ Johanna nodded in agreement.

☒ At ten sharp, a sudden explosion was seen in the pitch-black sky.

☒ The vibrant colors of the massive fireworks illuminated the resort’s surroundings so brightly that it felt just like daylight.

☒ Before the fireworks faded, another would replace them in the sky.

☒ Even the water in the hot spring changed colors as it reflected the rainbow-like hue of the fireworks.

☒ “F\*cking hell!” Johanna swore in amazement.

☒ As four fireworks exploded consecutively across the sky, green shimmering sparks emerged to form roses that lined up into the shape of a heart.

☒ Within the heart, the word “Darling” was emblazoned across it.

☒ Genevieve was jolted the moment she recognized the word and immediately understood who was behind the spectacle.

☒ “And here we were, thinking that the resort had organized it as entertainment for its guests. It turns out that this is Mr. Faulkner’s doing!” Giving Genevieve a nudge with her shoulder, Johanna added with a grin, “He even encased the word ‘darling’ in a heart... Oh my, Mr. Faulkner is a true romantic indeed!”

☒ As Genevieve stuffed a piece of fruit into her mouth, she maintained a calm expression despite the warmth she felt inside.

☒ The fireworks display went on for ten minutes.

☒ Once it was over, Genevieve and Johanna were also done soaking in the hot spring. When Johanna invited Genevieve to try the milk spa with her, the latter declined as she didn’t want others to see the conspicuous tattoo on her waist.

☒ When Genevieve returned to the room in her bathrobe, she saw Armand inside. He was dressed in a black night robe and taking calls on the couch.

☒ After throwing him a glance, she headed to the shower.

☒ By the time she emerged, Armand had finished his call.

☒ When he looked in Genevieve’s direction, Armand could feel his vision improve, for he could make out her slender silhouette while she was drying her hair with her towel.

☒ “Darling, did you catch the fireworks display?” he asked.

☒ Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment before replying in an indifferent tone. “It was pretty good.”

☒ As a sense of dejection crept into Armand, the figure in front of him went back into the bathroom again. For a moment, Armand felt as if she had gone to someplace where he couldn’t find her anymore.

☒ She was no longer the Genevieve of old who was easily impressed.

☒ After blowing her hair and going through her skincare routine, she headed straight into bed from the bathroom. She even asked Armand, “Mando, can I hug you to sleep?”

☒ A sense of bliss emanated within his heart.

☒ Before he could respond, Genevieve added, “I had trouble sleeping for the last two days. But I can fall asleep within seconds if I hug you. You truly are more effective than sleeping pills.”

☒ Recalling how Genevieve had fallen asleep instantly in the afternoon, Armand’s lips twitched.

☒ Am I just a sleeping pill to her?

☒ After Armand flipped the blanket aside and got into bed, Genevieve snuggled closer and hugged his waist before laying her head on his chest.

☒ Just as she predicted, she fell asleep within three seconds.

☒ Filled with resignation, Armand turned off the lights and pulled her into his embrace.

☒ When he caught the fragrant scent of her hair, he comforted himself, If I'm a sleeping pill, so be it. At the very least, I'm useful to her and can hug her to sleep.

### Chapter 323 Her Car Was Washed Away

☒ The next morning, Genevieve was jolted awake by the rapid knocking on her door.

☒ After putting on her night robe frantically, she looked out the peephole and saw Steven standing there. When she opened the door, she quickly noticed the sullen expression on his face.

☒ "Steven, what happened?"

☒ "The mine in Feston has collapsed and buried ten people," Steven reported grimly.

☒ "I have sent men there, and so has the Feston emergency services. Nevertheless, the news has spread so quickly that the local government is now aware of it."

☒ With ten men buried underneath the collapsed mine, it was a total disaster.

☒ "Send some men to reassure the government and suppress the news from spreading any further." Out of nowhere, Armand was standing by Genevieve's side as he barked out detailed instructions. "Also, contact a few members of the press that we trust to visit the scene together with us."

☒ Genevieve turned to Armand. "If you go, wouldn't the press find out about your blindness? Let me do it instead."

☒ "No."

☒ Having been through a similar situation, Armand was cognizant of how hysterical the media and victims' families could be.

☒ "In that case, let's go together. We can discuss what to say to the press and the affected families. I'll face them while you wait for me in the hotel. Does that work?" Genevieve suggested a compromise.

☒ After getting changed at once, Armand and she hurriedly left the hotel, leaving Johanna to tie up loose ends.

☒ When Genevieve asked Steven for the time of their flight, Armand, who was sitting beside her, replied, "I flew here on a private jet that's currently parked at the airport. If it wasn't because I couldn't see, I would've flown it back myself."

☒ After being stunned for a fleeting moment, Genevieve remembered that she had flown on a private jet together with Armand when she returned to Jadeborough from Springwyn.

☒ She was just surprised to learn that he knew how to pilot one.

☒ Upon arriving at the airport, the plane crew that Steven arranged for was already waiting. Right after take-off, they discussed their strategy over the breakfast served by the flight attendant.

☒ By the time they arrived in Feston, it was raining heavily, causing the city to be shrouded in fog.

☒ The mine collapse by itself was a terrifying incident. Now that there was a thunderstorm, it would only serve to exacerbate the concern of the miners buried underneath it.

☒ Before Genevieve left Armand at the hotel, he gave her a peck on her forehead.

☒ He then instructed Steven and the other members of Central Group's senior management, "Protect my wife. If you see anything suspicious, leave at once."

☒ Genevieve blushed in response.

☒ After shooting him a glare, she got into the car with Steven and the others.

☒ Instead of returning to his room, Armand sat in the lounge. After unlocking his phone with his face, he went on Twitter and scroll through his feed before tapping on the handle "Feston mine."

☒ As he still couldn't read clearly, he tapped on the videos instead.

☒ Subsequently, he heard the reporter report about a mine in Feston that had collapsed and buried ten miners underneath it. He could even hear a member of the rescue team shouting about the heavy rain and mudslide in the background. Soon, the rain drowned out the rescuers' voices together with the wails of despair from the victims' families.

☒ Upon hearing the news, Armand began to worry.

☒ Even though he had given Genevieve precise instructions about what to say or do, there was a risk of the victims' families turning violent when they lose control of their emotions.

☒ Can she handle it?

☒ After squinting his eyes at his phone for a while, his eyes began to burn, causing him to rub at them gently.

☒ Once he felt better, he tapped on other videos to watch. Subsequently, he heard a female reporter's trembling voice reporting a mudslide that had occurred nearby the mine which had suddenly swept away the approaching cars.

☒ Armand's heart suddenly sank at the news. He quickly ordered his voice assistant to call one of the men who had arrived earlier to join the search and rescue.

☒ Once the call got through, he asked the high-ranking staff, "This is Armand Faulkner. Has Ms. Rachford and Mr. Sullivan arrived at the mine?"

☒ "They have..." The staff's voice was trembling.

☒ "Just when I was going to meet Ms. Rachford, the mudslide came and swept the car she was in away."

Chapter 324 Stunned By The Scene

☒ With a darkening gaze, Armand instructed calmly, “Send men to search for their car. I’m coming over right now.”

☒ He got up from the couch after ending the call.

☒ Even though his vision improved the night before and everything was no longer a blur, there was still a limit to how much he could see. As he hurriedly walked out of the hotel, he accidentally bumped into other guests a couple of times.

☒ By the time he reached the street, he managed to hail a taxi with his limited vision.

☒ The driver felt apprehensive when Armand told him to drive to the mine. “It’s raining heavily now. Besides, I’ve just heard on the news that the mine has collapsed and there’s also a mudslide... Mister, you’ll have to pay more for this. On top of that, I can only drop you by the roadside.”

☒ “The fare isn’t a problem. Just drive!” Armand urged coldly. After that, he got his voice assistant to call Steven.

☒ However, Steven’s phone, together with those of the other senior management, was unreachable.

☒ Growing increasingly anxious, Armand asked the driver where they were and offered to pay more for him to drive faster.

☒ Although the driver was tempted by the money, he ignored Armand’s instructions for fear that his car would skid in the storm.

☒ When the taxi arrived somewhere near the mine, Armand alighted in a hurry.

☒ There, the road to the mine had been destroyed by the earlier mudslide. As the rain continued to pour, no one could tell when a second mudslide would occur.

☒ Meanwhile, the reporters who had arrived later were reporting live from a safe place at the scene.

☒ Standing in the rain, Armand used his limited capabilities to survey the surroundings but failed to tell in which direction the mudslide had swept.

☒ Coincidentally, a rescue team arrived at the scene. Armand then followed them as they headed in the direction of the carnage.

☒ One of them stopped him. “Mister, please wait together with the reporters. It’s too dangerous down there.”

☒ “The car my wife is in may be down there too.” Armand shook off the rescuer’s hand. Without wearing any gear, he descended together with the rescue team under the cover of the storm.

☒ As the rain clouded Armand’s limited vision further, he almost fell a few times when he couldn’t make out where he was going.

☒ At that moment, he wished for nothing more than for his vision to be restored.

☒ In the midst of making his way down, Armand heard one of the rescuers shout to his comrade, “There are a few cars buried underneath. Bring me the rope and metal shovel!”

- ☒ Squinting his eyes, Armand could see plenty of people down there.
- ☒ Amidst the devastation of the mudslide were a few buried cars. The rescue team dug out the mud that covered them and freed the victims who were previously trapped inside.
- ☒ Staring at the unsettling scene, it felt as if someone was squeezing his heart.
- ☒ “Genevieve! Steven!” he shouted at the top of his lungs.
- ☒ Staggering forward in desperation, he almost fell while doing so.
- ☒ By the time he grabbed the hand of one of the rescuers, Armand’s face had lost all color in the rain. “Help me find a Mercedes-Benz with the car plate number 32872. My wife is inside there.”
- ☒ The rescuer nodded. “Don’t worry. We’ll let you know the moment we find them.”
- ☒ With that, the rescuer went back to work.
- ☒ After wiping the raindrops off his forehead, Armand saw two rescuers pull out a young girl in a dress and moved her to the side.
- ☒ When he walked over, he saw that she had died from suffocation as her eyes had rolled upward, exposing her whites.
- ☒ Consequently, a sense of dread began to swell within him.
- ☒ As he searched alongside the rescue team, Armand kept calling out Genevieve’s name.
- ☒ Every time someone was pulled out, he would dash forward to check.
- ☒ “I found it!” the rescuer from before yelled in Armand’s direction. “The car with the plate 32872!”
- ☒ Hurrying to where the rescuer was, Armand gasped at the sight that greeted him.

#### Chapter 325 I Must Find Her

The entire black Mercedes-Benz was buried in mud, where only part of its tail was left exposed. As the rain caused the mud to flow relentlessly, the car was covered by so much of it that there were no openings at all.

Whoever was inside would’ve suffocated to death by then.

With a grim expression on his face, Armand stumbled toward it.

Picking up a shovel, he began to dig up the mud on the side of the car.

When they finally cleared a path to the backseat window, Armand dropped to his knees and began scooping the debris away by hand while holding his breath.

He prayed hard that she wasn’t inside and had been swept away by the mud. However, when he realized the chances of survival were lower that way, he ended up changing his mind.

Regardless, given the amount of time that had passed, he realized it would have been impossible for her to have held out.

By the time the mud was cleared from the window, Armand’s heart sank, for the car was flooded with mud from the inside.

“Mister, let us do it,” the rescuer beside Armand suggested solemnly. “If there’s anyone inside, they wouldn’t have survived.”

"I must find her," Armand answered in a raspy voice.

Even if she was dead, he had to see the body with his own eyes.

As Armand desperately dug the mud out of the car, the fact that his fingers were bleeding from being cut by tree branches didn't slow him down at all.

"Mando!"

All of a sudden, he thought he was dreaming when he seemed to hear Genevieve's voice calling out to him amidst the rain.

No sooner had he turned around than he saw a blurry figure approach him.

Despite the rain, he clearly recognized her from the silhouette of her features.

Springing to his feet, he spread out his arms to hug the figure before he even reached her.

Only when the warmth of her body permeated into him was he certain that it was truly her in his arms.

At that moment, he felt as if his soul had returned to his body.

After a momentary struggle, Genevieve gave up when she realized she couldn't free himself from his bear-like hug.

"I thought you were inside the car." Holding her head in his embrace, Armand spoke in a hoarse voice that was charged with emotion. "Thank God you weren't."

It wasn't until he had hugged her for a full minute did he finally let her go.

Cupping her face with his hands, he desperately tried to see her clearly. "Darling, are you hurt anywhere?"

When she saw the pale look on Armand's face and how he was covered in mud and speaking with a trembling voice, Genevieve recalled her conversation with Timothy before she came to the mine.

Her calm heart was suddenly stirred by raging emotions.

Shaking her head, she replied in a broken voice. "I'm fine. Before we reached the mine, we fled from the car when Steven noticed something amiss."

"I'm glad you're all right." Armand's knitted brows eased as he wiped the rainwater off his face.

As he could faintly make out that Genevieve was wearing a thin top, he planned to take off his jacket and drape it over her. However, the moment he reached for it, he realized that he, too, was drenched.

In the end, he held her hand and said, "Let's return to the hotel."

Armand then led Genevieve into a car that was already waiting. After leaving Steven behind to manage the situation, he put a dry towel over Genevieve's shoulder.

He had barely let go of her hand when she noticed a deep cut on the back of his palm.

"Your hand is hurt." Genevieve took out a towel and wrapped it around his wound before instructing the driver, "Head to the hospital."

"It's just a cut. It won't kill me." Armand shook his head. "Let's go back to the hotel."

Genevieve's expression darkened. "What if your wound gets infected?"

"There's a first aid kit in the hotel."

"The iodine can only disinfect the wound." Genevieve threatened, "If you refuse to go to the hospital, I'll bring you there by force if that's what it takes."

#### Chapter 326 An Embarrassing Response

"Driver, did you hear that?" Genevieve looked in the direction of the driver. "To the hospital. Now!"

The driver nodded. "Yes, of course."

Worried that she would duct tape his mouth if he protested any further, Armand didn't dare say another word.

Upon reaching the hospital's emergency department, the nurse dressed Armand's wound before



wrapping it up and giving him medication to apply at home.

By the time both of them returned to the hotel, it was already late and the storm had come to an end. Having left the mine all drenched, they managed to dry off a little while at the hospital. Nonetheless, their skin still felt uncomfortably sticky.

After entering their room, Armand scanned the surroundings before leading Genevieve into the bathroom where he fiddled around to turn on the shower.

Upon making sure that the water temperature was right, he helped Genevieve unbutton her top. "Take a hot shower to warm yourself up. In the meantime, I'll order a cup of ginger tea from room service."

Raising her head, Genevieve saw that his hair was slightly dry as it stuck messily to his forehead.

Underneath his abyss-like eyes were his tall nose bridge and luscious thin lips.

She then held his hand and placed it on top of her left cheek where she nuzzled herself against it.

As he felt her soft skin in his hand and saw how she was looking up at him with her dreamy eyes, his Adam's apple began to bob.

Subsequently, he brushed his thumb across her lips in a slow yet suggestive manner before lowering his head to give her a passionate kiss.

As he pinned her against the wall underneath the shower, both of them were drenched by the water falling onto them from above.

Wrapping his hand behind her head, he felt the urge to ravage her on the spot.

A dazed Genevieve grunted in pain when she rubbed against the icy cold tiles of the wall. Sensing her discomfort, Armand carried her in his arms and moved to a different place.

After a long while, she felt as if her body had melted.

"That's enough." Genevieve raised her hand to cover his mouth as she purred, "Can you leave the rest of your energy for tomorrow?"

Letting out a grin, Armand stopped himself.

"Fine."

After putting Genevieve in the tub, he took some aromatic oil from the rack and mixed it into the water.

Then, he used the shower on top of the bathtub to wash the mud off her hair.

Utterly drained, Genevieve quickly fell asleep in the tub under Armand's pampering.

Drifting in and out of consciousness, she was fed a mouthful of ginger tea which tasted sweet and spicy at the same time.

She spat it out in distaste. "I don't want it."

"Come on. Drink two mouthfuls. It will warm you up," Armand coaxed. "It would be troublesome if you catch a cold."

"I refuse!"

When he saw how adamant she was. Armand had no choice but to rely on his tried and tested method of drinking it himself and feeding her with his mouth. That way, she wouldn't be able to refuse.

"I hate you," Genevieve grumbled as she gave him a few kicks.

By the time Genevieve awoke, she found herself laying on Armand's chest. With both their bodies pressed against each other, she could hear every beat of his heart.

After slowly regaining her senses, Genevieve felt sore all over when she got up to look for her phone. Her back in particular felt the worst.

After being stunned for a fleeting moment, her first reaction was that it was extremely embarrassing to have a backache just from sleeping.

Awoken by her movements, Armand looked down and noticed that his vision had further recovered, for he was able to make out the gloomy expression on Genevieve's face.

"What's wrong?" He pulled her into his embrace. "Let's sleep for a while longer."

Genevieve slapped his hand aside and gave him a shy yet angry look. "Enough with sleep! It's not like I'm going to die today. Must you torment me this way every time? This is so embarrassing."

She buried her face in her snow-white pillow.

I deserve this. Why didn't I chase him out of the shower last night? What was wrong with me? Why did I have to tease him?

Chapter 327 Do You Think I Am Despicable

From the look on her face, Armand felt responsible and leaned over to ask, "Does it hurt there?"

"No!" Genevieve turned around and glared at him.

"In that case, where does it hurt?" Just as Armand spoke, he reached his hand underneath the blanket, but Genevieve slapped it away at once.

She replied in embarrassment, "My back."

Armand was stunned by her answer and quickly recalled how he ravaged her the night before. As a guilty expression descended upon his face, he put on his night robe and headed to the bathroom. He was able to walk faster now due to his expanded field of vision and the fact that he could see better. After returning with some essential oil from the bathroom, he suggested. "Lie down. I'll give you a massage to relieve your discomfort."

"Do you know how to?" Genevieve asked curiously.

"No, but I can pick it up by watching videos." Before he finished, he was already searching for videos online for massages.

After putting his phone aside, he rubbed his hands with the essential oil while watching the video.

When she saw the look on his face, Genevieve didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Furthermore, an inexplicable feeling began to swell within her.

Upon lying down, her porcelain-white back laid exposed.

Fortunately, she was unable to see it. Or else, she wouldn't have missed the cluster of hickeys that covered the space between her scapula and lower back.

It was an extremely amorous sight.

When he finished the video, Armand had a good idea of what to do.

After applying the essential oil to her back, his hands started working from the inner sides of her lower back up to her shoulders before coming back down the outer sides in one smooth motion.

Given how strong his hands were, his massage felt both reassuring and comfortable, helping her relax the muscles in her body.

Noticing that she wasn't as tense as before, Armand's lips curled. "I'll go harder, so it will be more pleasurable. All right?"

Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment despite coming close to thinking dirty.

Just when she was feeling sleepy from the massage, a sudden thought struck her, causing her to open her eyes. "I just remembered about the pendant you showed me at home where Samuel's picture was at the back. Both of you have similar features and unmistakably look like brothers. Even if Isabella isn't your birth mother, you're definitely Cesar's son and a child of the Faulkner family."

Due to her suspicions about the pendant, she shared her opinion with Timothy.

Armand didn't deny it. However, he remarked, "Whether I'm a child of the Faulkner family doesn't matter anymore."

As she was lying face down, Genevieve didn't look at him. "Why?"

Instead of explaining, he asked in a deep voice, "Weren't you curious about the tattoo I used to block the barrel of the gun? The one where you thought was related to Marilyn? When you went to the church to get married one year ago, your wedding car crashed into mine. You then ran off to the church after you came down to apologize."

His hands moved up to massage her shoulders. "I remember that there were two beautiful bouquets of balloon flowers at the church entrance."

Initially, Genevieve didn't know where he was going the story.

When she suddenly understood his thoughts, she pushed herself up from the bed and turned to look at him.

Her eyes widened in shock. "D-Did you already have your eye on me back then?"

Genevieve quickly recalled how Armand led her to see the truth after what happened at the hotel.

Cooper had told Erica that the man in the room wasn't the one they had arranged for.

As mixed emotions filled her, Genevieve asked, "Have you always been aware of Cooper's attempts to sabotage me? Was what happened at the hotel your plan?"

Chapter 328 I Only Lust After His Body

"Yes." Armand didn't deny it when he saw how she had connected the dots.

"How could you..." As anger swelled within her, she wanted to admonish him for being despicable.

"You feel that I'm despicable, don't you?" Stroking her face with his fingers, Armand sighed. "If that was really who I am, I would already have thought of a way to take you by force. But did I do it? All I did was foil Cooper's plan when he tried to set you up."

Genevieve was speechless.

Back then, Armand was just a stranger to her. Even if he had revealed the truth to her, she wouldn't believe him without seeing it for herself.

In fact, his actions had ended up saving her.

On the way to the mine the day before, she had asked Timothy whether he knew of Armand's family background. Since he was obviously a child of the Faulkner family, she was curious as to why he didn't make the fact public. Instead, he let himself be ridiculed by allowing others to assume that he was the child of a bar hostess.

Timothy replied back then, "That's right. It's not in his interest to do so. Don't you know why?"

Genevieve mumbled, "Mando, I really don't understand what's going through that mind of yours."

Even though there was plenty he could tell her, he always attempted to hide it. Everything he did was for her sake, and yet, he appeared as if he was never interested in her.

"It's fine." Armand smiled as he leaned in to give her a peck. "All that matters is that you can do whatever you want."

As the essential oil contained the scent of roses, its fragrance wasn't really strong.

However, it became a potent perfume when applied to her body, igniting the lust within him.

Feeling unsatisfied with just kissing her around her lips, he climbed on top of her.

"Wait!" Genevieve placed her hand on his chest to stop him. "Aren't you supposed to be giving me a back massage? Besides, you had been going at it the entire night. Aren't you tired?"

"Not the entire night," Armand corrected her. "Last night, I let you save some energy for today. Besides, can't you give in to me since I'm sick? After that, I'll give you another massage. How about it?"

Sick my a\*s! I have never seen someone sick who has as much vitality as he does!

In fact, she began to suspect that his real intention for giving her a pleasurable massage was to get her

in bed again.

In the midst of kissing her, Armand informed Genevieve that Steven would manage matters at the mine and there was no need for her to worry. All she needed to do was rest.

After being ravaged by him, she lay in bed for the rest of the day.

The next morning, Johanna and Steven were waiting in the hotel lobby. Genevieve and Armand came down via the elevator shortly after that.

As there was no need to talk about work, Genevieve was wearing the long black dress that Johanna had altered for her. She looked stunning in it with her slender legs occasionally revealed by the slit on the side. Nevertheless, she would yawn intermittently as if she didn't have enough sleep.

Johanna noticed the scarf Genevieve was wearing. Even though it looked like an accessory, it was actually used to hide the hickeys on her neck.

As they walked out of the hotel, she gave Genevieve the side-eye. "Looks like both of you were enjoying yourselves."

"You're overthinking it." Genevieve brushed her finger across her lips. With a languid tone, she commented, "I'm just interested in his body."

Johanna chortled. "Right, right. Given how hot his figure is, it's natural for you to lust after it."

Meanwhile, Steven and Armand heard the girls' conversation while walking behind them.

Unable to control himself, Steven lowered his head and sniggered in schadenfreude.

"What gives you the right to laugh at me?" Armand gave him the side-eye. "At the very least, my wife lusts after my body. As for you, you're already thirty and don't even have a girlfriend, let alone a wife. How useless can you be?"

Armand's words struck where Steven hurt the most, causing his lips to twitch.

## Chapter 329 Get Her A Boyfriend

☒ On the flight back, Steven told Genevieve that the search and rescue team rescued six workers from the collapsed mine, but four had died of suffocation by the time help arrived.

☒ Although they managed to resolve the matter quickly by negotiating a compensation agreement with the family of the deceased workers, this incident gave Central Group a really bad reputation.

☒ As a result, the company's stocks plummeted throughout the past two days.

☒ Genevieve was reading through some files on the mine in Feston at the time.

☒ Incidents where mines collapse due to mining activities have taken place all over the country, so it isn't anything new. Still, I get this strange feeling that there is something off about this incident in particular. Why would a mine that has been perfectly stable for five years suddenly collapse in the storm yesterday? Hmm... Armand and I did humiliate Xavier in front of everyone at the dinner yesterday. Couple that with Martha's death, and it would make sense for him to hate me to the bone.

☒ Her train of thought was interrupted by a news update notification on her phone. Noticing the words "Wood Group" in the headline, Genevieve quickly unlocked it and tapped on the notification.

☒ Apparently, one of Wood Group's warehouses in Xedells had exploded. It was filled with goods imported from overseas, and the losses incurred were up to a billion.

☒ She then handed Armand the phone and shot him a questioning gaze.

☒ Armand simply glanced at it before shoving a grape into her mouth. “I’ve been keeping you company at the hotel throughout the past two days. I don’t have time to be doing that. Besides, even if I really wanted to go after the Wood family, I wouldn’t use a method that could bring me trouble. This is either the result of poor safety measures in the warehouse, or Cooper’s doing.”

☒ Genevieve didn’t want to eat the grape but did so anyway since he had already held it against her mouth.

☒ A gleam flashed past Armand’s eyes when he felt the tip of her tongue make contact with his finger.

☒ He then continued peeling another grape as he said, “Darling, I haven’t tasted your cooking in a really long time. Will you make lunch for me today?”

☒ Before Genevieve could even say anything, Johanna replied with a smug grin, “No, she can’t! Ms. Rachford is really busy! She’ll be having lunch with a director from Hyron Group, reviewing documents throughout the afternoon, and attending a charity auction tonight—”

☒ “Nonsense! She can just skip attending the charity auction,” Armand cut her off with a deep frown.

☒ “Oh, that won’t do! You see, this auction is organized by Charity Alliance.” Johanna waved helplessly at him as she continued, “The theme for this auction is ‘targeted poverty alleviation,’ and Central Group is the leading enterprise in the country. People are bound to criticize Ms. Rachford if she doesn’t show up to make a donation! You were a CEO before, Mr. Faulkner. Surely, you know how busy things can get, right? Besides, given the condition of your eyes, wouldn’t it be much better for you to rest at home instead?”

☒ “For a mere fashion designer, you sure are playing the role of a secretary better than Steven,” Armand said with a sarcastic smile.

☒ “Thank you.” Johanna flashed him a sweet smile before shoving a slice of freshly peeled orange into Genevieve’s mouth. “Here you go, Genev. This orange is really sweet.”

☒ Armand felt intense displeasure spreading through his heart as he stared at the grape that he had just peeled.

☒ When the private jet landed at Jadeborough Airport, Genevieve headed straight for Central Group with Johanna to take care of work.

☒ Steven, on the other hand, drove Armand back to Regality Gardens.

☒ Armand stared at the Maybach until it disappeared from sight before retracting his gaze. “There are plenty of unmarried executives in Central Group, right? Try finding one that Johanna likes and get them to start dating or something.”

☒ “I think Johanna is only interested in your wife,” Steven replied with a wry chuckle.

☒ The look in Armand’s eyes turned cold instantly. “You should keep your mouth shut if you don’t have anything nice to say, Steven. I’ll be attending that charity auction tonight as well, so go get me an invitation.”

☒ Steven let out a helpless sigh. “Yes, sir...”

## Chapter 330 She Is Married To Armand

☒ With an organization like Charity Alliance organizing the auction, countless businessmen, celebrities, and government agencies showed up for it.

☒ The venue for the auction was a conference hall at Lovely Heart Hotel, and journalists were lined up on both sides of the red carpet with their cameras pointed at the entrance.

☒ Whenever a minivan would pull up to drop off a celebrity, the journalists would quickly raise their cameras and snap away.

☒ The celebrities all waved at the journalists as they passed by, and some even posed for the cameras before entering the hotel.

☒ The businessmen, on the other hand, made a beeline for the hotel after getting off their cars.

☒ Suddenly, one of the journalists saw a Maybach with a familiar-looking registration plate pull up by the roadside.

☒ “That car belongs to Mr. Faulkner from Central Group, right?”

☒ As far as the public was aware, Armand was still in a comatose state, so his wife was the current CEO of Central Group.

☒ In that case, the person inside the car was most probably Genevieve.

☒ While the journalists were preparing to aim their cameras at the Maybach, the car door was opened all of a sudden. Moments later, a fair, slender leg with a champagne-colored stiletto heel came into view.

☒ As the other leg was placed on the ground, the hem of her glittery evening gown came falling down, covering both her thighs in one smooth motion.

☒ The journalists then tilted their cameras upward, capturing the young and beautiful face of the woman perfectly.

☒ Her long, black hair was as smooth as silk and fell casually over her shoulders.

☒ Her eyes were filled with a feminine charm, but the arch of her brows added a hint of solemnity to her gaze.

☒ The evening gown she had on highlighted her amazing figure and enveloped her milky white skin. On top of that, her alluring collarbones could be seen clearly beneath the thin shoulder straps.

☒ Her fair skin was revealed vaguely through the thin veil covering the area around her neck, leaving a lot of room for imagination. Despite having a voluptuous chest, her waist was so slim that anyone could hug it with just one arm.

☒ Her beauty was so dazzling that it made her glittery evening gown look dull in comparison.

☒ All of the journalists were holding their breaths in shock and disbelief as a thought flashed through their minds. Do our eyes deceive us? Is she really not a celebrity? She's so pretty that she could easily destroy ninety percent of the celebrities in the entertainment industry!

☒ It wasn't until Genevieve made her way onto the red carpet that the journalists regained their composure and began snapping away.

☒ Genevieve simply flashed them a faint smile as she quickly went up the stairs and entered the hotel.

☒ They kept staring at her until she disappeared from sight. Only then did they avert their gaze and continue with their work.

☒ As the journalists went through the pictures they had just taken of Genevieve, they realized that her face looked flawless regardless of the angle.

☒ Suddenly, one of the journalists nudged his colleague and asked, "Which agency does this celebrity work for?"

☒ "Celebrity? Are you new to this job or what? That's Armand Faulkner's wife! She's the CEO of Central Group!" the colleague replied with a snicker.

☒ "But I feel like I've seen her on a poster at the Vertsilver Film Festival..." the journalist mumbled while scratching his head.

☒ "You must've been seeing things. There's no way a woman of her status would be associated with the entertainment industry."

☒ Really? I've got a really good memory, though. There's no way I'd mistake a face that pretty. Still, it's true that she wouldn't need to worry about money if she managed to marry Armand.