

Chapter 391 You Cannot Touch My People Genevieve silently stepped backward until she reached an empty seat. Then she picked up a wine bottle on the table and covered it with her bag. Her grip on the bottle tightened as she asked, "What do you want?" The burly man with a buzz cut was chewing his bubblegum as he exclaimed, "You bullied my girlfriend and her friends! Do you think you're going to get away easily?"

"Your girlfriend was the one who badmouthed me first," Genevieve replied calmly. "Hmph! You've been married three times. Is my girlfriend wrong for calling you a loose woman? A woman like you will get beaten to death with a belt at my place!" Genevieve guessed that the man was at least one hundred and eighty-three centimeters tall. His muscles were covered in large tattoos. There was no way she could win in a physical fight. Due to a lack of air circulation, various smells were mixed together in the air. Smelling them made her stomach upset. Genevieve suppressed that discomfort and tried to reason with the man. "Fine. It was my bad. I'll apologize to your girlfriend." The young woman from earlier became much more arrogant now that her boyfriend was around.

She pointed at the ground and said, "You need to get on your knees and apologize! Not just me. You're going to apologize to all my friends too!" "You hear that?" the man said. "Do it now!" Genevieve tightened her grip on the wine bottle. Seeing how she was still standing there silently, the young woman turned to her boyfriend. "She's not willing to get on her knees and apologize, Darling. What should we do?" "Fine. I'll apologize..." Genevieve said abruptly. Just as the man was distracted, she raised the wine bottle and smashed it on his head. "I'll apologize in hell!" she cursed before pulling a nearby server to block the man's path and running further inside. The man was livid after getting hit. He shoved his girlfriend aside and chased after Genevieve. The dance floor was quite dim.

Genevieve didn't know if the man was chasing after her. Suddenly, she knocked into a wide, muscular chest. The person she knocked into quickly held her arm to prevent her from falling. "Why are you running so fast?" The loud music was making her ear ring, but she could clearly hear the man's voice. She couldn't help but raise her head. It was then she saw Armand's cold face under the dim light. The man with a buzz cut from earlier caught up to her. After squinting his eyes to identify Genevieve, the man stretched his arm with the intention of catching her. "You little—" Armand pulled Genevieve closer to him and kicked the man away.

The man collided with a guest who was passing by when he was sent flying backward and landed on the ground. The pain in his abdomen was so agonizing that he couldn't get up. People around them swiftly scattered away to avoid getting hit. Armand glared at the man. "Do you think you can touch my people?" The man shuddered when he realized who the man standing next to Genevieve was. A chill ran down his spine as he met Armand's cold gaze. I thought both of them were divorced? What's going on? Soon, Cooper pushed through the crowd and arrived at the scene. When he saw the man lying on the

ground and Armand putting a hand on Genevieve's shoulder, the look in his eyes darkened. He turned to Genevieve. "Did he bully you, Genev?" "His girlfriend is a fan of Sylvie. She came to look for trouble with me earlier, and when I was about to leave, she and his boyfriend blocked my path," Genevieve said.

She could feel the warmth coming from Armand's hand. Upon pushing his hand away, she tried to stabilize herself, but the pain coming from her left ankle almost made her fall. Armand was quick to hold her up again. "Did you twist your ankle?" Genevieve furrowed her eyebrows. The pain was affecting her so much that she didn't have the energy to speak. Cooper threw his coat into Timothy's embrace, picked up the tattooed man on the ground, and punched him in the face.

Chapter 392 Why Is He So Protective Of Her Even though the man with a buzz crew cut was tall and muscular, he was quickly defeated by Cooper. Terrified, the young woman threw herself between them. "Hey, you, why are you hitting him? Let go of my darling—" Cooper pulled the girl toward him and slapped her twice on her face, causing her to see stars. "Do you know why I hit you?" Cooper asked with a vicious look in his eyes.

Holding her swollen cheek, the girl recognized the person in front of her with the help of the light. When she turned around, she saw Armand, who exuded an intimidating aura. As her legs began to wobble, she almost dropped to her knees. Didn't Cooper fall out with Genevieve? Why is he so protective of her now? Cooper shoved her toward Genevieve's feet. "Apologize!" Faced with two fearsome men, she was so terrified that she almost burst into tears. She stammered, "I-I'm sorry, Genevieve. I didn't know better—" Armand snorted.

"How dare you claim innocence when you called for backup?" "Let's just hand her over to the police." Timothy took out his phone. Panicking at Timothy's threat to get the police involved, the girl bowed and apologized again, "I'm sorry, Genevieve. Please don't call the police. I'm still a student, and having a criminal record will ruin my life." "What does that have to do with me?" Genevieve asked. "Did I offend you when I was just enjoying a meal with my friends?" The girl glanced at her boyfriend on the floor. "B-But my boyfriend was beaten too." Genevieve sneered, "If it wasn't for my friends who happened to be drinking at the bar, I would be the one lying on the ground now. Didn't you consider your actions before asking your boyfriend to hit me?" The girl broke down and cried when she saw how firm Genevieve was and the fact that Timothy had called the police. Looking up and noticing the red light from the surveillance camera, Genevieve added, "Since you're a student, I'll let this matter slide this time."

"Thank you, Genevieve. Thank you." The young woman helped her boyfriend up quickly. Timothy ended his call at once and cocked a brow at Genevieve. "Did you really let her go because she's a student?" "There's a surveillance camera over there." Genevieve pointed up. Just as she moved her leg, she gasped in pain. Armand squatted down and unrolled her sock. He felt sorry for her when he noticed a swelling on her ankle. "Why did you come here? A bar can be a dangerous place." Armand's tone was frosty. Cooper was displeased with Armand's reprimand. "Mr. Faulkner, you and Genev are divorced.

Hence, she is free to go wherever she wants. What gives you the right to admonish her?" He walked up to Genevieve and softened his tone as he said, "Genev, I'll take you to the hospital to get it checked." Armand maintained his grip on Genevieve. "Then what does this got to do with you, Mr. Sutton?" "I grew up with her and am like a brother to her." Cooper glared at Armand in defiance. "Let go, Mr. Faulkner." With her leg already hurting, Genevieve felt even more uncomfortable when both of them tried to pull her in different directions. In addition, a crowd had gathered, and the ventilation inside was poor.

Unable to endure it any longer, she puked on Cooper's sweater. Seizing the opportunity, Armand swept her off her feet and instructed Timothy, "Help Mr. Sutton to clean up." With that, he carried her out of the bar in his arms. As a grim expression descended on his face, Cooper wanted to give chase but was quickly stopped by Timothy. "Forget it. It's not like Armand is going to hurt her. Besides, you smell terrible right now. Let's go and get yourself cleaned up."<

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Did Not Expect Her To Cry Amidst the light snow outside, Steven quickly alighted from the car to open the backseat door when he saw Armand carry Genevieve out of the bar. Once they got in, Armand handed Genevieve a bottle of water. The discomfort in her stomach eased after she drank two mouthfuls. When she saw that Steven was about to drive away, she quickly said, "My car is still here." "Just get it tomorrow." Armand ordered Steven, "To the hospital, Ste—" "No!" Genevieve interrupted him.

Turning to look at Genevieve, he remembered that she didn't like the smell of hospitals. Hence, he changed his mind and instructed Steven, "See if any pharmacies are still open nearby." "All right." Steven then drove away from the entrance of the bar. As Genevieve was still unwell, Armand rolled down the window on his side to allow some fresh air in. Soon, Steven found a pharmacy that was still open. Just when he was about to get out, Armand told him to stay in the car and went into the pharmacy himself. Two minutes later, Armand came out with a spray in his hand. Genevieve wanted to treat herself, but Armand was having nothing of it. He placed her left leg on his lap before taking her sock off and giving the swelling a spray. The mist had a cold bite to it, and quickly, Genevieve felt the pain in her leg ease significantly. She pursed her lips. "Thank you." "Don't mention it."

Armand put the spray back into its box and handed it to her. "Use it three times a day until it's no longer swollen." "Okay." Genevieve opened her bag and put the spray inside. As it had been snowing since the afternoon, all the rooftops along the way were covered by a layer of snow which made for a gorgeous sight underneath the dim yellow street lamps. The shops on both sides of the street were all closed, and there were barely any other cars on the road. Right then, Genevieve noticed that a fruit store that had oranges piled high in front of it was still open. "Steven, stop the car," Genevieve said. "I want to buy some fruits." She wanted to buy something sour or spicy just to satisfy her craving. "How are you going

to get out with your ankle like that?" Armand was baffled as to why she wanted to have some fruits when it was snowing in the middle of the night.

"I'll get Steven to buy some and send them to you in the morning." Even though Armand meant well, Genevieve was inexplicably upset by his words. "You asked me to pick up my car outside the bar tomorrow. Now that I feel like having some fruits, you're telling me to get them tomorrow too. I don't want to wait for tomorrow. I want to have them now!" Genevieve ranted and raved, bursting into tears in the end. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she barked at Steven, "Stop the car!" Armand did not expect her to cry. He was surprised when he saw her tears keep falling and wetting her dress. In a panic, he had Steven stop in front of the fruit store before asking Genevieve helplessly, "What would you like to have?" "The oranges displayed outside." Genevieve pointed at the store. "And some dates." "Okay." Armand got out of the car and headed toward the fruit store.

Glancing at Genevieve in the rearview mirror, Steven couldn't help but remark, "Ms. Rachford, it's not that Mr. Faulkner doesn't allow you to have them, he just feels that they're not fresh." "I know," Genevieve replied awkwardly. For some inexplicable reason, she felt particularly frustrated at not being able to have oranges then. She wondered if her pregnancy was causing her mood to be erratic. Watching as Armand picked the oranges under the dim light of the store, Genevieve felt a warm sensation swell within her. Armand returned to the car with two bags of fruits not long after.

He even paid extra to get the vendor to wash the dates and place them in a box so that Genevieve could consume them right away. In the car, he peeled an orange and gave it to Genevieve. It was both juicy and sweet at the same time. Feeling much better after having a few oranges, Genevieve began to feel hungry. "I want to have some barbeque."

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Drinking More Water Armand was stunned. "Aren't the oranges enough?" With her mouth stuffed with oranges, Genevieve mumbled, "Vomiting just now has made me a little hungry. You can just drop me at the barbeque restaurant. I'll take a cab home myself when I'm done." Armand rubbed his temple before asking Steven to find a barbeque restaurant. Steven had sharp eyes, and he quickly found a place.

Arriving at the restaurant, Genevieve was about to get out by herself when Armand bent down and carried her. He had circled over to her side as soon as the car had stopped in front of the entrance. Genevieve had no choice but to wrap her arms around his neck. Armand did not notice it before when they were at the bar, but at this moment, being in such close proximity to Genevieve, he could smell a milky scent on her. There was no sign of the scent of roses she usually emitted. Suspecting nothing, Armand was even impressed at how sophisticated the perfume industry had become for creating a fragrance that mimicked the scent of babies. Inside the restaurant, Armand found a seat by the window. The moment she sat down, Genevieve started flipping through the menu, then called the owner to place

her order almost immediately after. "I want this, this, and this..." Once she was done, she handed the menu to Armand, who shook his head. "I'm not hungry."

"Do you want some beer?" the owner asked. Genevieve shook her head. "Just get me a can of Sprite at room temperature." Feeling excited over the barbecue, Genevieve took out an orange from her pocket and had it after peeling it. Armand couldn't help but smile. "Why didn't I notice you love fruits that much before?" "It's winter. I'm feeling dehydrated," Genevieve replied nonsensically as she popped another piece of orange into her mouth. "The oranges this season are pretty good too." Armand was at a loss for words. Shouldn't you be drinking more water instead? Don't people consume oranges to get a sugar boost? Armand continued watching her in silence without taking her seriously. When Genevieve looked up, he averted his gaze and took out a cigarette and a lighter. Genevieve couldn't help but comment, "It's easy to get cancer if you smoke too much..."

Armand was about to light the cigarette between his lips when he heard those words. Subsequently, he put it back into its box. Soon, the food and Sprite Genevieve ordered arrived. Armand leaned back in his chair languidly as he watched her eat, occasionally taking a sip of his coffee. "Are you living with Jack now?" Genevieve briefly froze before continuing to chew on her chicken wing. "No. He has his own stuff to take care of." Armand's spirits lifted a little after he heard her reply. When he saw that there were plenty of leftovers and she had stopped after only eating two chicken wings, he asked, "You're done?" "I'm full." Genevieve was just satisfying her craving. She was well aware that she had to stay away from such food during her pregnancy. She had expected Armand to accuse her of wasting food. Instead of doing so, he just finished what was left. When he was done and had settled the bill, he walked over to carry her in his arms. Genevieve wrapped her arms around his neck and accidentally brushed her lips across it.

Armand remained expressionless even though his Adam's apple bobbed slightly. As their car sped toward Regality Gardens, the milky scent on Genevieve's body became increasingly obvious. Seeing that she was playing with her phone, Armand asked, "Have you been ordering takeout for all your meals?" Genevieve did not respond. Armand leaned over to her side and called out, "Genevieve?" His unique scent alerted her to his approach. She turned her head and looked at him in surprise. "What is it?"

"Did you not hear me when I was talking to you?" Taken aback, Genevieve touched her left ear and replied, "Marilyn slapped me when I was at the Faulkner residence. Ever since then, I lost my hearing in the left ear and the doctor said that it couldn't be cured."

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What Is The Big Deal Armand was unaware of the incident. He was upset as he said, "Why didn't you tell me?" "What's the big deal? It's nothing more than going deaf in one ear." Back then, deafness was something insignificant compared to the devastation Genevieve felt from losing two children and learning the truth. At that moment, her phone rang. Her eyelids twitched at the sight of the number.

After hesitating briefly, she had no choice but to answer it. "Hello?" Once the call ended, she said to Steven, "Steven, you can drop me by the street."

Someone is coming to pick me up." Steven replied, "We're about to reach Regality Gardens. I'll send you straight—" Before he could finish, a Rolls-Royce Ghost appeared on their right, just like a phantom. With its backseat window wound down, Jack gestured for them to stop as his car continued to bear down on them. Armand looked outside, then ordered Steven to stop by the road. Jack quickly got out of the car and walked up to the Maybach. When he opened the backseat door and saw Genevieve, the look on his face softened. "Genev, why didn't you ask me to pick you up after your night out?" "I was worried that you were busy," Genevieve said. "I sprained my ankle, so Mr.

Faulkner kindly offered to send me home." "How did you sprain it? Is it serious?" "I'm all right," Genevieve answered as she grabbed her bag from the seat. She didn't get Jack to carry her. Instead, she alighted from the car by using his arm to support herself. "Be careful," Jack reminded as he helped Genevieve to get out of the car. He then removed his scarf and wrapped it around her neck before gently kissing her on her hair. The intimate gesture caused Armand's expression to turn sullen. It was as if he could kill at any moment. Before he left, Jack smiled at Armand. "Mr. Faulkner, thank you. I owe you a meal for this." With that, he put his arm around Genevieve and carefully helped her into his car. Armand lowered the car window completely, staring coldly as the Ghost drove past him before disappearing into the night. His teeth were tightly clenched as frustration filled his entire being.

Noticing the gloomy look on Armand's face in the rearview mirror, Steven murmured, "When you were hospitalized for the car accident, I spoke to Ms. Rachford, and she couldn't hear me too. She told me that she was deaf in her left ear. I assumed it to be temporary and didn't think too much of it." Armand did not expect Genevieve to not be bothered by the matter when she talked about it. At that moment, he realized that he had caused her a lot more pain than he was aware of. His heart gradually sank, and a frosty aura emanated from his body.

A few seconds later, Armand made a call and instructed with a grim expression, "Transfer Marilyn to the public ward. Only when she loses her hearing in her left ear can she be transferred back to the private room." At the same time, Steven received a call on his Bluetooth earpiece. When Armand ended his call, Steven informed him in a sullen tone, "Mr. Faulkner, I just received a call from the Faulkner family in Xedells. They said that Mavis was involved in a serious accident on her way home." Once they got in the car, Jack insisted on looking at Genevieve's swollen ankle. It was until she told him she had treated it with a spray that he felt relieved.

"I'm sorry for not spending enough time with you because of my busy schedule." Jack brushed the hair on Genevieve's cheeks away. His gentle yet magnetic voice could easily intoxicate anyone. Genevieve discreetly avoided his advances. She lowered her gaze and replied, "It's all right. You should focus on

your work.” Thinking that she was angry, Jack grabbed and kissed her hand. “When I’m no longer as busy, I can have lunch with you every day.” Just as he spoke, he took out a velvet box from his jacket.

Even though it wasn’t big, it held a large blue jewel that was in the shape of a heart. The jewel sparkled brightly when illuminated by the light inside the car. Genevieve recognized the jewel as one that was sold for an earth-shattering four hundred million at a prestigious auction house.

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I Cannot Wait To Marry You Jack took out the necklace and put it on for Genevieve. “This present represents my apology to you. Do you like it?” Since she couldn’t take it off and throw it away, she forced a smile and said, “Thank you.” Delighted that she liked the present, Jack ran his fingers across her cheek. “There’s another square-shaped yellow diamond. The transaction was a little complicated. You’ll have to give me some time.”

Genevieve remained silent. “Genev”—Jack gently held her chin and sighed—“we might not be able to register our marriage this year.” Secretly delighted by the news, Genevieve forced herself to endure his roaming hands. She had been worried that Jack would drag her to the City Hall once he got his residence permit. Therefore, the news about their marriage being delayed felt as if she had struck the lottery. Trying hard to keep a straight face, Genevieve grunted in acknowledgment. “It’s all right. I’m not in a hurry.” “But I am. I can’t wait to marry you and take you away.” Jack stared at her longingly, with raging passion burning in his eyes. Kissing the back of Genevieve’s slender hand, he promised, “Don’t you worry. Our wedding will still be held in February. Once I’ve put my affairs in order, we will get our marriage registered at once.” Genevieve’s happiness was short-lived. She did not see that coming. “Don’t worry about it. You should focus on your affairs.”

When they arrived at Regality Gardens, Genevieve opened the left door and alighted with her bag. Jack hurried over to carry her. “Genev, let me carry you up.” “It’s fine. I can walk.” Cognizant of Jack’s intentions, Genevieve refused to let him do so. “I’m feeling down and hope to have some privacy.” She managed to make Jack feel guilty with her tone as she spoke. He stepped back and watched her struggle out of the car by herself. He went into the building first and asked for a wheelchair from the front desk. He even stuffed a couple of bills into the receptionist’s hand. “Good night, Genev.” He gave her a peck on her forehead. Only when the receptionist pushed Genevieve into the elevator in her wheelchair did Jack leave. The moment he got into the car, he asked the driver with a solemn expression, “What happened?” “I found out that Ms. Rachford got into trouble at the bar. The girls involved seemed to be Sylvie’s fans...” the driver related everything that had happened to Jack. He even told the latter about how Genevieve was attacked online a few days ago.

Jack received the tablet from the driver and his expression turned grave when he looked through the downloaded pictures. Due to how busy he was, he barely had time for Genevieve, let alone monitor the news. He had assumed Genevieve was upset because he didn’t contact her, but it turned out to be

because of the controversy online. The driver continued, "Through my investigations, I discovered that there weren't that many people maligning her. The news mostly originated from a bunch of ghostwriters who might be connected to Ms. Clasen." "She wouldn't dare. Or else I'll snap her neck," Jack sneered. With his long hair touching his shoulders, he looked like the Grim Reaper himself. "If it wasn't because I was looking for Genev... Who does she think she is?" After glancing at the tablet again, he threw it back onto the seat. "Call her manager and make sure she doesn't appear in the media.

I'm worried that Genev will be upset at the sight of her." The driver grunted in acknowledgment. Before Genevieve went to bed, she gave her swollen ankle another spray.

By the time she woke up the next day, the swelling was gone and her leg no longer hurt that much. When she was heating up a pot of milk in the kitchen, the doorbell suddenly rang. Thinking that Jack might have asked the receptionist which floor she was staying on, Genevieve inexplicably tensed up. She squinted her eye and looked through the peephole, only to see a middle-aged woman standing outside.

Chapter 397 Jealous The woman greeted Genevieve with a smile when the latter opened the door. "Ms. Rachford, I'm the housekeeper from Swallow Garden. You asked me for some cranberries when you were there. Do you remember?" "Oh, it's you." Genevieve found her familiar. "I'm sorry. My memory isn't what it used to be." The woman smiled. "Don't worry about it. Knowing that you don't have a housekeeper, Mr. Sullivan sent me over to care for you. You are welcome to call him to verify the matter."

"There's no need to." Genevieve opened the door to let the woman in. The woman told Genevieve to address her as Melissa. Upon entering the house, she saw a pot of milk being warmed up over the stove. "Ms. Rachford, is that all you are having for breakfast?" "Yeah, milk and bread." She didn't want to order takeout in the morning. "That's not enough! Bread alone barely has any nutrition. Let me make breakfast for you." Melissa rolled up her sleeves and brought out the fresh ingredients she found in the fridge. From making breakfast to tidying up the house, she maintained her distance from Genevieve, to the extent the latter barely noticed her presence.

Due to her injury, Genevieve didn't go to Specter Corporation that day. She messaged Cooper and apologized for throwing up on him the night before. Cooper told her to think nothing of it. He also said that he had to hand over some work to her, as he would be going on a business trip soon. While both of them were chatting, Genevieve received a push notification of a news headline. Upon clicking into it, she read that Cesar's first wife, Mavis, had died in a car accident. Even though the video had censored the scene, one could still faintly make out the blood beneath the car. The moment she looked at it, Genevieve felt her stomach churn. She picked up the garbage bin immediately and threw up her entire breakfast. Melissa walked out of the bedroom right then and saw her puke. She asked in concern, "Ms. Rachford, are you all right?" "I'm fine. My stomach is just feeling unwell." Genevieve waved for Melissa to go back to her work before she gargled with some water. After that, she popped a cranberry into her

mouth. Reading the news this time, Genevieve learned that the media had pinned the fault on the driver for drinking while driving. Nevertheless, she was aware that Mavis' death wasn't an accident and believed that Jack was behind it. Melissa was adept at preparing home-cooked food, especially those that were sour and spicy, which were great for Genevieve's appetite.

With Melissa around, Genevieve ate well at home and no longer had to order takeout. She sent Steven a message to thank him and even bought him a gift and had someone send it over. When Steven picked up the gift at the front desk, he dared not open it and brought it straight up to the CEO's office. "Mr. Faulkner, Ms. Rachford sent me a gift to thank me for sending Melissa over to care for her." In truth, he was just carrying out Armand's orders. Raising his gaze in response, Armand tapped his finger on the box. Steven then cut the tape off it with a blade. Inside was a black down jacket with matching scarves and gloves. Armand recognized the brand as one that was hard to get one's hand on. In fact, one needed to pre-order a month ahead. He had never received any clothes from her during their time together. Thus, he was jealous of the fact that she had bought clothes for someone else. Rubbing his temple, Armand said, "Leave the box here, and use the reward for this quarter to buy one for yourself." Steven nodded. "Mr. Faulkner, the private jet is ready." "We'll leave in the afternoon once I have finished my work." Armand dismissed Steven and went back to work.

On Thursday morning, Jack gave Genevieve a call. "Genev, I have arrived at the entrance of your condominium." Genevieve dragged herself down without protest. After she got into the car, they sped to the airport. Jack had told her that Mavis was to be buried the next morning. Therefore, they had to rush to Xedells to attend her funeral. "Only relatives and close friends are invited to the funeral." Genevieve looked at him. "Since when are you so close to the Faulkner family?" Jack tousled her hair and chuckled. "Aren't you aware of my relationship with that person? Mavis was like half a mother to me."<

Chapter 398 Is She Your New Girlfriend Genevieve pursed her lips, as she had forgotten that Jack was close to the Faulkner family. After teasing Genevieve, Jack explained, "I have a good relationship with Samantha from investing in one of the tech companies under Faulkner Group. Since her sister-in-law has passed away, it's natural that I pay my respects." Genevieve continued to stare out the window in silence. Upon arriving at the airport, both of them waited in the VIP lounge for a while before the flight attendant ushered them aboard. Genevieve was fine when she first boarded.

However, once the plane took flight, her ears started ringing and her stomach began to churn. Even the cranberries could not hold her nausea back. She rushed to the restroom, and tears streamed down her eyes once she was done puking. "Genev?" Jack knocked on the restroom door. "Are you all right?" "I'm fine. My tummy is just acting up." Genevieve washed her face, then stared at her pale face in the mirror. She rubbed her tummy and let out a sigh. It's so tough now. How am I going to cope later on? Genevieve put on some nude color lipstick before leaving the restroom. After getting some warm water and medication from the flight attendant, Jack asked her if she was airsick. Genevieve shook her head in response. Having finished half a glass of water, she lay in her seat and slept.

By the time she woke up, she realized she wasn't on the plane but in a car. She figured that they had arrived in Xedells given the heavy traffic they were in. Also, she was covered in a blanket and lying in Jack's embrace. Genevieve got up from his arms and put some distance between them. "Why didn't you wake me when we disembarked?" "I couldn't bring myself to do so after seeing how soundly you were sleeping. So I decided to carry you down." Jack straightened her messy hair with his fingers and flashed a vibrant smile. "What would you like to have for lunch? Local food?" "Anything will do." Genevieve pulled his hand away before tidying up her own hair. As the driver Jack hired was a local, he was very familiar with the area. Soon, both of them arrived at a restaurant with a history of more than a hundred years. As it was lunchtime, the restaurant was packed. Genevieve casually swept her gaze toward a window seat and noticed that Armand was there too. Sitting opposite him was a fragile-looking yet gorgeous young lady with shoulder-length hair. When she was holding up her cup to sip her coffee, she looked as if she would break more easily than the cup.

"There are no empty seats. Let's just go." Genevieve gave Jack a tug before heading back out. Just when Jack was about to leave, he, too, caught a glimpse of Armand. He approached the latter with Genevieve in tow. "Mr. Faulkner, what a surprise to see you here." Armand turned around and his gaze darkened when he saw that Jack's and Genevieve's fingers were interlocked. "Since I owe you a treat, why don't I make it up to you today?" Jack said with a smile. "Mr. Faulkner, is that all right with you?" Armand took a sip of coffee and plainly replied, "Suit yourself." Since the window seat was a couch, Jack took Genevieve's jacket and held it before settling down beside Armand. "And who is this beautiful lady?" Jack turned his attention to the fragile-looking lady. "Mr. Faulkner, is she your new girlfriend?" "I'm his cousin," the lady replied in a slow and gentle manner. "Jane Faulkner."

Genevieve glanced at the woman. She knew that Jane was weak due to a serious heart condition, but she didn't expect her to look so feeble that it was as if she could collapse at any time. Holding up the coffee pot, Jane offered Genevieve, "Ms. Rachford, coffee?" "Thank you." Genevieve pushed her cup across. Jack commented with a grin, "And here I was thinking that you have found a new girlfriend. I didn't expect her to be your cousin. Didn't the news say that you're not related to the Faulkner family by blood?" "Are you here to buy me lunch or to cause trouble?" Armand retorted.

Chapter 399 What Has Gotten Into Jack "I was just asking." Jack shrugged. "If you're not related to the Faulkner family by blood, you'll make a good match with the beautiful Ms. Jane." Jane pursed her lips. "Please mind your words. Mando is my cousin, and I, too, have a... fiancé." Unsure of whether she was imagining things, Genevieve detected a hint of reluctance when Jane mentioned the word "fiancé."

Jack, who didn't make any further comments, handed Genevieve the menu. After throwing up on the plane, Genevieve was indeed hungry. Hence, she ordered some spaghetti with crabs on the side. Unexpectedly, Armand instructed the waiter, "Other than soups, give us one of everything." Having placed his order, Armand threw Jack an indiscernible smirk. "Mr. Valentine, I hope you don't mind me ordering even though you're buying." "Not at all." Jack cracked a faint smile. Picking up the pistachios on

the table, Jack cracked them one by one before placing the nuts on Genevieve's plate. At the same time, he asked, "Mr. Faulkner, since you grew up in Xedells, you must know the place very well. Can you recommend me a romantic place to go?" Armand snapped, "You can find out for yourself by driving around the city." "I don't have enough time for that since Xedells is huge." Jack chuckled. "I would like to take Genev sightseeing in the city in the afternoon before retiring early in the evening with her." Almost choking on the water in her mouth, Genevieve slammed the table with her hand. Upon realizing that she had startled the surrounding patrons, Genevieve took a deep breath and suppressed her anger. "I feel like staying in the hotel for the afternoon."

Jack broke into a smile. "Sure. We'll be staying at Camphor Hotel owned by Faulkner Group. I heard that there's a huge indoor pool there. We can go swimming together in the afternoon." Holding the cup by her lips, Genevieve felt the urge to smash it onto the ground. What has gotten into Jack? Soon, all the dishes they ordered were served. As their table ran out of space, the rest of the dishes were placed on a separate table behind them. The four of them proceeded to eat in silence. After putting some clams onto a plate, Jack placed them in front of Genevieve. "Genev, you should eat more. You're just too thin. I can barely feel anything on your waist." The moment he heard the comment, Armand clenched his jaw, and hairline cracks appeared in his cup. As for Genevieve, she continued to eat as if she was oblivious to Jack's remark.

By the time they were done, the dishes on the table looked as if they were untouched due to their sheer volume. Thus, Jane instructed the waiter to pack up the leftovers. When it was time to leave, Jack walked up to Genevieve's side and held her jacket for her. With her lips pursed, she grudgingly allowed him to put her jacket on for her. Her skin tingled when she, without looking up, felt the heat of someone's gaze at her. Outside the restaurant, Jane suddenly invited Genevieve, "Ms. Rachford, since you'll be bored staying in the hotel, how about I take you to go shopping?" "Sure. I didn't bring any clothes on my way here," Genevieve readily agreed as she felt the urge to stay as far away from Jack as possible. Just before Jack could squeeze a word in, Genevieve preempted him, "Girls can shop for a very long time."

"I'll get the driver to send you, then," Jack compromised as he handed her a black card. "If you see any jewelry or clothes you like, go ahead and splurge." After receiving the card and grunting in acknowledgment, Genevieve hurried into the car with Jane in tow. Turning her head around upon closing the door behind her, Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief as she watched the two men disappear from view. "Thank you." She expressed her gratitude to Jane. "You left with me just like that. Aren't you worried that I will hurt you?" Jane's eyes glowed. "I'm Xavier's fiancée after all." Genevieve broke into a faint smile. "If you were on his side, you wouldn't be having lunch with Mando."

Chapter 400 The Only Exception When they arrived at a large mall in the city center, Genevieve got the driver to wait outside as she went shopping one floor after another with Jane. Jane began to bare her soul when she was certain that there was no one else around. "To be honest, I don't want to marry Xavier at all. But the children of the Faulkner family don't have the luxury of choice in marriage."

Genevieve couldn't resist asking, "Why does your father still want to marry you off to him considering the Wood family's dire circumstances?" From the few interactions she had with Peter, Genevieve was cognizant of how important power and status were to him. She was surprised that Peter would approve of Xavier although the Wood family was bankrupt. "I didn't meet Mando today just for lunch..." Jane held her chest when she was interrupted by a cough while speaking. Genevieve stopped shopping as she helped Jane to a chair. When the latter opened her bag, Genevieve saw that it was filled with many bottles of medication. Jane took one of them out and popped two tablets into her mouth.

Once her heart felt better, she continued softly, "Two days ago, I overheard Xavier speaking to someone from an investment firm on the phone.

The party wanted to invest two billion to revive the project at Willowbank. Also, they were willing to lend Xavier a billion to clear his debts." Genevieve was shocked, for she had assumed the project had bankrupted the Wood family without any chance of revival. She did not expect that someone was willing to help him by throwing money into a bottomless pit. Who in the world has such financial bandwidth to invest billions into helping the Wood family? Genevieve inquired deeper, "Does that investment firm have a close relationship with the Wood family?" Jane shook her head. "I'm not sure. I even heard Xavier asking whoever it was to get Marilyn out of prison." "He must be dreaming."

Genevieve's eyes darkened. She had risked her life to get Marilyn locked up and would definitely not allow the latter to be released. Jane smiled wryly. "Initially, I thought I wouldn't need to marry Xavier after the collapse of the Wood family. Unfortunately... I'm aware that Mando has been working behind the scenes to prevent Marilyn from returning to Xedells. That's the reason why I shared the information with him. I hope he can help stop my marriage to Xavier." "Why are you telling me this?" Genevieve asked in puzzlement. "I think Mando likes you." Jane sounded certain. "When I was young, I would spend the holidays at the Faulkner residence and would often run into him. He had always been someone cold and would barely show any emotion even when he was angry. However, when I saw how Mr. Valentine tried to get on Mando's nerves during lunch, Mando looked as if he was going to punch Mr. Valentine in the face anytime." Genevieve didn't notice it at all, as she was annoyed at that time.

"Also," Jane continued with her lips pursed, "all my cousins, including my own brother, had to marry for the sake of business alliances. The only exception was you and Mando's marriage." Genevieve was taken aback. "We weren't really married. It was due to—" Shaking her head, Jane cracked a faint smile. "That's because Mando hid his intentions so well that you failed to see through him. He is smarter than we thought, and he doesn't need anyone's help. If he is unwilling to get married, he cannot be forced to do so even if Grandpa comes back to life." Genevieve had to admit that she had always failed to understand Armand's motivations and actions. Upon hearing Jane's words, she was filled with mixed emotions. "Please don't take my words too seriously. You're free to like whoever you please," Jane added in envy before holding Genevieve's hand. "Come, let's pick out some clothes for you."

Staring at Jane's ashen face and seeing how feeble she looked, Genevieve asked, "Are you really feeling all right?" "I'm fine," Jane answered with a deathly look in her eyes. "I've been this way for years. I would have died if it was anything serious." Genevieve felt Jane's icy cold hand, and her sympathy for the latter deepened.