

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 451 Wait For Armand To Say It The next day, news of Central Group's CEO spending the night with a celebrity at a hotel was all over Twitter's trending page. Armand's indirect support for Sylvie had helped distract people from her recent negative media coverage. Johanna, who had seen the news early in the morning, went to see Genevieve in her office the moment she arrived. "What on earth is Mr. Faulkner doing? You've only just taught Sylvie a lesson a few days ago, and now the two of them are on the Trending page! Is he trying to whitewash her or something?" Noticing no response from Genevieve, Johanna tapped on her desk and asked, "Hey! Did you hear what I just said?" "Yes, I did. I may have taught Sylvie a lesson, but she is still working for Genevieve Orsi. If anything, I should be thanking Mr. Faulkner for saving my company the money to protect Sylvie's image," Genevieve replied while keeping her eyes on the document in her hands. Johanna stared at her in disbelief. "Your husband spent the night at a hotel with another woman!

The fact that Mr. Faulkner hasn't addressed the rumor means it's most likely true! Shouldn't you be mad at him?" Genevieve placed her pen down and looked up at Johanna. "Why would I be mad? He has the right to marry any woman he likes. I'll lose the bet if I go confront him about it." Her bet with Jack was whether Armand still loved her after so many years. However, she wasn't allowed to do anything except wait for Armand to confess his love for her. Johanna let out a sigh after a brief pause and said, "You shouldn't have come back, Genev. Life was a lot better for you in Dartan." "I was the one who made this decision. Regretting won't do me any good." Genevieve took a sip of her coffee. "My private investigator gave me a call last night. I had him investigate what happened to Charice, and he told me that she might still be alive." "What?" Johanna stared wide-eyed at her in shock. "The private investigator has a friend in Holton Hospital who's really close with the guys managing the archives. His friend obtained Charice's death certificate and found out that her information on the certificate is different from the one on her medical records. I went to Baykeep a while back to visit the housekeeper who worked for Charice. She showed me lots of photos of her. I sent two of them to the private investigator. According to him, the person in the post-mortem photographs looked quite different," Genevieve explained. She had told Johanna that Jack's mother had been in a car accident when they were at the cafe the other day. "Do you think Charice deliberately messed up the corpse's face so Jack would think she's dead?" Johanna asked.

Genevieve nodded. "It's possible." "In that case..." Johanna stared at Genevieve and continued after a brief pause, "Does this mean the car

accident wasn't actually an accident? Why would Charice do such a thing?" Genevieve told Johanna about the conversation she had with the housekeeper. "Charice thinks Cesar cheated on her, so she kept hating him even after she was overseas. Charice told Jack about Cesar, then faked her death so Jack would help avenge her." Johanna rubbed her chin as she said, "Cesar's wives have all died at Jack's hand, right? I hear Jack is the one truly in charge of Faulkner Group right now. If Charice has been secretly observing her son this whole time, then she should know that he has already avenged her. Why hasn't she shown herself yet?" Genevieve shook her head. "I have no idea."

"I'm curious as to what exactly happened between Cesar and Charice. If Cesar didn't love her, then why would she fake her death to fool Old Mr. Faulkner? If Cesar loved her, why would he let her stay overseas by herself for so long?" Genevieve let out a huge sigh. "The Faulkner family is keeping a really tight lid on this, so nobody knows that for sure. On top of that, Isabella died four years ago." She had been investigating that for many years but to no avail. For some reason, Johanna burst out laughing after staring at Genevieve for a few seconds. "What's so funny?" Genevieve asked in confusion.

Chapter 452 Jack And I Are Not Married "Genev, don't you feel you're living in a fairy tale? I mean, you married three men! As if that wasn't crazy enough, one of them turned out to be your cousin, and the other your brother! This is something straight out of a romance drama!" Annoyed that Johanna was teasing her when she was being serious, Genevieve shouted, "Jack and I are not married!" "Huh? But I saw you two go to the City Hall back then!" Johanna exclaimed in surprise. "The registration wasn't successful because Jack forgot to bring some of the required documents. After returning to Dartan, I'd always lose some of the documents on purpose whenever we went to register our marriage," Genevieve replied while rubbing her forehead. That was why she and Jack had yet to get married after four years. As the Helt family was against her marrying Jack, they would've tried to prevent it even if she didn't do anything.

Johanna let out a disappointed sigh. "And here I thought you and Jack were a legally married couple! You could definitely piss Armand off by getting your kids a new father!" "I didn't get to piss him off, but I am in a pretty bad mood myself. Anyway, I'm going to head over to Resonance Corporation. I'll be having lunch with Mr. Wasco later in the afternoon," Genevieve said as she stood up and retrieved her coat from the rack. "What for?" "Mr. Wasco's daughter loves to play the violin, but she has autism, so Mr. Wasco wants me to teach her to play the violin. I also found out that Mr. Wasco is close with the director of Ashten Airlines. I was hoping to get him acquainted with

Cooper.” Johanna held both her hands and said with a giggle, “You need to earn as much money as possible while you can. Specter Corporation will belong to your son when he grows up, and I might just end up becoming your daughter-in-law!” Genevieve simply rolled her eyes in response and made her way into the elevator. “Where are you going?” she asked when she saw Johanna enter the elevator with her. “I contacted Bruce Gable’s manager last night. From what I heard, Bruce’s contract with Coolplay Entertainment will be expiring soon,” Johanna replied with an eyebrow arched. Genevieve frowned. “Bruce Gable? That name does sound kind of familiar.” “He’s the actor who starred in For Elise alongside Sylvie.

He got really popular and was given the best actor award, but then his ex-girlfriend got her revenge on him and nearly destroyed his career. He has been starring in a few films, but the roles he got were all minor ones.” “What are you planning? Recruit Bruce into our company?” Genevieve asked. Johanna nodded. “Bruce is actually quite decent, but his ex-girlfriend really did a number on him. Had she not destroyed his reputation, he probably would’ve gotten every single award available! It’d be easier to hire him now before his value rises again. Trust me on this, Genev.” “You can discuss this with Mr. Dixon. I’m not interested in the money at the moment,” Genevieve said when they arrived at the underground parking lot. “You’re more interested in Mr. Faulkner, aren’t you?” Johanna asked as she got into the passenger seat. As Genevieve drove them out of Twilight Tower, Johanna began fixing her makeup using the mirror. “I don’t know if Mr. Sutton has told you this, but Samantha and the others from the Faulkner family have gotten rather restless ever since Jack officially gained control over Faulkner Group.

Thinking it’d be better to have the company in the hands of a Faulkner, they tried approaching Armand in hopes that he would help get Faulkner Group back, but Armand ignored them completely. Honestly, these people sure are a scary bunch! They were the ones who cut ties with Armand back then, and now they’re asking him to save them. How do you think they’d react if they found out about Jack’s true identity?” “I don’t care about them,” Genevieve said coldly. I’ve got a lot on my plate right now, so I really can’t be bothered to worry about them. Besides, given the amount of power that Armand holds, there’s no way Jack’s men would’ve been able to win. He probably allowed Jack’s insolent behavior because he wanted to cut ties with the Faulkner family. Genevieve snapped out of her train of thoughts when she spotted a fancy car with a familiar-looking license plate. She narrowed her eyes as she slowed down and switched lanes to follow behind that Maybach. The Maybach soon came to a halt upon arriving at a red light, but Genevieve didn’t stop and rammed right into the car.

Chapter 453 Accident Or On Purpose The Maybach got pushed forward by a few feet, and the rear bumper fell off from the impact. "What the f*ck? I'm not the one who pissed you off! You should be taking it out on Sylvie! I was applying my lipstick, d*mn it! Now it's all ruined!" Johanna shouted angrily from the side. She glanced outside the window when she got no response from Genevieve. Upon recognizing the car model and license plate, she shot Genevieve a look of disbelief and said, "You've really done it this time, Genev!" Genevieve waited until Steven got out of the car before casually doing the same. Steven fell silent when he saw the state of the car and that Genevieve was the one who had caused the damage. "I thought the license plate looked a little familiar. I can't believe it really is Mr. Faulkner's car..

. I'm sorry I wasn't able to hit the brakes in time," Genevieve said apologetically. Steven could only watch speechlessly as Genevieve retrieved a check from her car and handed it to him. "Just give me a call if it isn't enough!" she said, returning to her car. As the rear window of the Maybach had been rolled down, Genevieve saw Armand's face while driving past the Maybach. She childishly stuck her tongue out at him before speeding off into the distance. Armand was so shocked that he paused for a few seconds before asking Steven, "What happened?" "Ms. Rachford accidentally bumped into our car.

She said I could ask her for more if this amount isn't enough," Steven said while handing him the check. What the heck? I can't tell if Genevieve did it on purpose or if she genuinely thinks this amount is enough for the repairs! Six thousand six hundred and sixty-six isn't even enough to cover the paint job, let alone the damaged rear bumper! Armand casually placed the check on his laptop and said, "Send this car for repairs later and bill her for it." Steven nodded and started the car. After taking care of his business in the back seat, Armand asked, "Did you find anything?" "Yes. Old Mr. Faulkner acquired that mansion through information from one of his drivers. They also signed another contract so that you would automatically inherit the mansion at the age of thirty. However, that driver died in an accident shortly after resigning and moving to the countryside, so he didn't even get a chance to tell his daughter about this." While investigating the driver who used to work for Cesar, Steven noticed something off about the properties registered under the driver's name. That was how he discovered the connection between the mansion and Cesar. Armand took the document over from Steven and glanced through it. The mansion was in Baykeep. It was surrounded by greenery and looked really beautiful in the picture. Grandpa sure is good at keeping things hidden.

I've been trying to gather information about my mother, and this photo is all I managed to find. Father is dead, and my mother died over thirty years ago.

Logically speaking, there is no need for me to look into this any further, as knowing too much could spell disaster for me. Even so, I still want to find out the truth behind it all! With that in mind, Armand put the photo back into the folder and said, "Postpone all of my activities for tomorrow morning. I'll be making a trip to Baykeep." Steven nodded. "Understood. By the way, the rumors about you and Ms. Clasen are spreading like wildfire on the internet..." "Take care of it," Armand replied coldly. Genevieve dropped Johanna at a café before heading over to Resonance Corporation. Jan personally welcomed Genevieve when he saw her come over. As if that wasn't enough, he even made her some tea after escorting her to his office. "Please, allow me," Genevieve said as she took the teapot over and poured Jan a cup of tea.

The two of them then chatted for a bit. Genevieve told him that she would be free the day after tomorrow and would like to have lunch with the director of Ashten Airlines. "That's it? No problem! I'll ask Mr. Hoffman if he's free!" Jan said with a chuckle. Genevieve flashed him a smile in return. "Thank you very much." Their conversation was interrupted when Jan's secretary knocked on the door and entered the office. "Mr. Wasco, Mr. Lebon is here to see you." Having said what she came to say, Genevieve decided to take her leave, as Jan was still expecting someone. "I shall excuse myself, then." While stepping out of the office, she bumped into the guest who had come to see Jan.

Chapter 454 I Will Not Do Anything Inappropriate "Genevieve? Didn't you settle down in Dartan? When did you come back?" Landon Lebon asked with a smile. "A while back. I attended the charity event hosted by Central Group when I came back," Genevieve replied. D*mn, I was not expecting Jan's guest to be Central Group's largest shareholder! "Ah, it's no wonder I didn't know about your return. I happened to be on a business trip in Saintnam at the time," Landon said. Noticing that Genevieve was about to leave, Landon motioned at her to wait for him. "My meeting with Mr. Wasco won't take long. Let's have lunch together." Genevieve frowned when she heard that. Landon had helped her out during Central Group's shareholders' meeting a long time ago, but the two of them had only met twice so far, so they weren't exactly close.

Even so, Genevieve could only say yes and wait in a conference room, as she didn't dare reject his invitation. The deal seemed to have gone well, as Jan and Landon had smiles on their faces when they left the office about forty minutes later. Jan then treated the two of them to a meal at Golden Restaurant. Like an elder in the family, Landon was very gentle when speaking to Genevieve. He ordered a glass of wine for himself and Jan but got Genevieve some fruit juice instead. "Hey, Mr. Lebon! I know you're very close with Mr. Faulkner because you're Central Group's largest shareholder,

so I can understand your intention to protect Ms. Rachford. However, there's really no need to go this far. I'm not a bad guy, okay?" Jan said jokingly. "Don't say that, Mr. Wasco! I can have wine too if that's what you'd like!" Genevieve said with a chuckle. Jan and Landon burst out laughing when they heard that. Halfway through the meal, Landon turned to look at Genevieve and said, "Armand and I have been business partners since he founded Central Group. While I can't say I know him like the back of my hand, I have never seen him treat another woman so well." "Is that so?"

Genevieve asked with a chuckle. Landon nodded. "He met up with us shareholders in private before that car accident. He said he wanted us to take your side if something were to happen to him. Of course, everyone objected to his request, myself included. It is a really huge company, so we didn't want him calling all the shots like that. However, he trusted you a lot and even signed a contract with us." He then paused for a moment as he contemplated whether to disclose the contents of that contract. After giving it some thought, he decided not to and continued with a sigh, "Businessmen like me and Mr. Wasco would be lying if we said we weren't hungry for wealth and power. Neither of us would ever hand our company over to someone else like that. Genevieve, you really shouldn't give up on a man who treats you this well." Genevieve knew that Armand had arranged for Landon and the others to take her side, but she didn't expect things to be so complicated. What other things has he done for me behind my back?

Genevieve was so distracted by her thoughts that she couldn't even focus on her conversation with Jan and Landon during lunch. While excusing herself to the restroom, she received a text message from Jermaine: I've checked with the private hospitals in Jadeborough. Sylvie has never been to any of them. However, she did visit the gynecologist at General Hospital last month due to irregular periods. She had an examination and was prescribed some medication, but that was it. Therefore, it's impossible for her to be pregnant. Of course, Genevieve knew that Sylvie wasn't pregnant simply by calculating the dates, but receiving confirmation from Jermaine made her feel a lot better. Genevieve was about to return to the private room when she saw Armand entering the one next to hers with a few other men. She quickly ran up to him and greeted him, "Hi, Mr. Faulkner! Are you having lunch here too?"

Armand paused in his tracks and stared at her in response. The other men quickly entered the private room upon seeing Genevieve, leaving the two of them in the corridor. "Is there something I can help you with, Ms. Rachford?" Armand asked. Genevieve nodded. "Yes, there is." Noticing the security cameras on the wall, she opened the door to her private room and said, "It's a little inconvenient to talk about it here, though. Please come in." Seeing as he

refused to budge, Genevieve arched an eyebrow at him. "This is a restaurant, Mr. Faulkner. I'm not going to do anything inappropriate."

Chapter 455 Reflex Action A few seconds later, Armand extinguished his cigarette on the trash can beside him. He had just entered the room with her when Genevieve grabbed hold of his necktie and yanked on it, forcing him to lean forward. She then followed up with an aggressive kiss on the lips. Armand felt his heart flutter when he caught a whiff of her faint fragrance, but he was still able to maintain his composure. When Genevieve pressed her body against his and bit down on his lip, however, he lost control and pinned her against the wall. Their passionate breaths were the only sounds that filled the dark room as they continued making out aggressively. Genevieve gave him another bite on the lip when she was starting to suffocate, prompting him to stop his barrage of kisses. With her hands still wrapped around his neck, Genevieve then took her sweet time catching her breath.

The room was so dark that she couldn't even get a clear view of his face. As her breathing returned to normal, Genevieve sniffed at his neck and asked, "Why aren't you wearing the perfume I bought you?" "You gave that to me as a tip, didn't you?" Armand asked. "So, you sold it?" Genevieve asked in disbelief. "It's mine, so I can do whatever I like with it." Angered by his response, Genevieve shoved him off to put some distance between them. "Fine! I see how it is!" She opened the door and was about to leave when Armand grabbed her by the wrist. "What do you want?" "That's my line." Armand stared at her calmly. "Why did you pull me in here and force yourself on me like that? What are you playing at?" "You say that as if you didn't return the kiss." "It was just a reflex action." To hell with your f*cking reflex action! Genevieve rummaged through her handbag, only to realize she didn't have any cash on her. After fumbling around for a bit, she handed him an ugly, tiny doll that she had removed from her car keys. "I don't have any cash on me, so you can either accept this as a tip or kiss me in return." "I'm not interested in kissing you, so I'll take the doll," Armand replied with a snicker as he took the doll from her. "I'll have you know that this doll is a limited-edition accessory! It's the only one in the world, so don't you f*cking sell it!" Genevieve warned him with a frown as she stormed out of the private room. Her kids had made her that doll, so she had been carrying it around like an amulet all this while. Hmm...

No wonder women make up the most of scam victims in the world... Armand thought as he stared at the doll in his hand. Johanna had a chat with Bruce's manager during the day and got the contract signed by the time she met up with Bruce later that evening. News about Bruce joining Genevieve Orsi Productions soon caused an uproar on the internet, but Genevieve wasn't in the mood to worry about that. She called Rosa and asked her to help check

Armand's room. Although Rosa was a little confused by her request, she did as told since the two of them used to be married. After returning to Swallow Garden with the excuse of collecting something, Rosa snuck into Armand's room and sent pictures of it to Genevieve.

She then replaced the old pillow on the bed with a new one before leaving the bedroom. To her surprise, she bumped right into Armand the moment she stepped out the door. Rosa was so shocked that she dropped the bag in her hand. "M-Mr. Faulkner..." Rosa was preparing dinner when Genevieve came home from work. "Well? Did you manage to get it?" she asked. Rosa nodded. "I helped you put it in the bedroom." I told Mr. Faulkner everything when he caught me stealing from his bedroom today, but he didn't ask me anything further. Instead, he just left the house after getting a change of clothes... What on earth is he playing at? Rosa thought as she watched Genevieve go up the stairs.

Chapter 456 I Will Look After Her Having gotten a good night's sleep, Genevieve put on comfortable sports attire and drove to Jan's place after breakfast. Jan's house happened to be in the residential area where her parents used to stay. "Have you had breakfast, Ms. Rachford? I'm so sorry to have you come over so early in the morning!" Jan said as he welcomed her at the door. Genevieve waved at him. "Don't say that! You've been of great help to me too! Also, you can just call me Genev from now on." Jan then led her into the house while they chatted. Due to his wife's personal preferences, the place had a simplistic design and a vibrant color tone. A little girl about ten years old could be seen eating breakfast in the dining hall next to the living room. She had on a blue dress and seemed to be focused on peeling a boiled egg.

"She has a thing for round objects like these but hates the color green. She won't even sit down at the table if she sees anything green in the food," Jan said with a sigh. While he didn't mind her being a picky eater, she rarely spoke and would spend lots of time by herself, either in her bedroom or the garden. She would stay in a place for hours on end and even refused to talk to him. Jan and his wife, Brenda Yoder, were perfectly healthy individuals, so they had no idea why their daughter would develop autism that worsened with each passing day. They had brought her to all reputable doctors in the country, but none of them were able to treat her. Brenda tried staying home to keep her company at first. However, she had a mental breakdown when her daughter remained unresponsive like a lifeless puppet. She even asked Jan if there was something wrong with her and offered to try having another child. Eventually, Jan had Brenda go stay with her parents so they could look after her. He would only allow her to come to visit their daughter when her mental

state had stabilized. Genevieve felt her heart ache when she heard Jan talk about his daughter's condition.

A child is a parent's greatest treasure. It would hurt anyone to see their child suffer, especially from a medical condition that can't be treated. I can tell that Jan really loves his daughter. A man of his status could easily have as many children as he likes, but he chose to devote himself to his daughter instead. After bringing Genevieve into the dining hall, Jan knelt down beside his daughter and said gently, "Shirley, this is Ms. Rachford. She's the music teacher I hired. Don't you want to say hi to her?" Shirley ignored him and continued peeling her boiled egg. "It's okay! We'll let her finish her food. You can head over to work later if you have to. I'll help look after her for you," Genevieve said with a faint smile. Jan hesitated a little when he heard that. As his daughter had injured the previous music teacher when she threw a tantrum, he feared she would do the same to Genevieve as well. "Don't worry. I won't stick around if she doesn't like me," Genevieve added when she noticed the concerned look on his face. "In that case, I'll leave her in your care," Jan replied.

He had finished breakfast and left for work by the time Shirley was done peeling the boiled egg. She took her own sweet time as she ate it, completely ignoring everything and everyone around her. Instead of rushing her, Genevieve had the housekeeper brew her a cup of coffee while she did some work on her laptop. After finishing her boiled egg and mashed potatoes, Shirley wiped her hands with a paper towel and slowly went up to the second floor. Genevieve followed her into her bedroom and saw that it had a light blue color tone. The bed and carpeted floor had tons of cute, round dolls all over.

Shirley sat down in a corner and began plucking at the strings of a violin that was lying around. She would smile whenever she heard a sound from the violin. As Genevieve stood there and watched her play with it, she finally understood why most violin teachers had given up on her.

Chapter 457 Thoughtless After over an hour, Shirley finally stopped plucking the violin strings. Instead, she was on all fours, staring at it. Although innocent, the darkness in her eyes appeared soulless and thoughtless. Genevieve walked over. Sitting cross-legged at a spot that was not littered with dolls, she picked up the violin. Shirley looked up and gazed at her. With the help of her tools, Genevieve tuned one string at a time. She then plucked the string to produce a crisp, pleasant note, and Shirley's eyes widened in amazement. After a long while, Shirley reached out to play the instrument herself and found the tone just as pleasant. She seemed to enjoy the sound very much, as she could not seem to keep herself from playing it. Genevieve

did not interrupt her. When the girl grew tired of it, Genevieve plucked another string which Shirley copied right away. Her face was alight with a smile at the pleasant chime.

When Genevieve plucked several strings in sequence to play a melody, Shirley hastened to imitate her and played the sequence exactly how Genevieve did. Initially under the impression that Shirley was slower than most children after witnessing how the child consumed her boiled egg in the dining room, Genevieve was amazed to see how quickly she picked up on the up tempo tune she played on the violin. It appears that the child isn't slow. It just depends on whether or not she finds something interesting. "The tone sounds a little bland if you pluck the strings with your finger," Genevieve said gently, picking up the violin bow and placing the violin on her shoulder to play a brisk, jaunty rendition of Woodland March. Shirley's interest was immediately roused. She crawled up and sat cross-legged to watch the violin in Genevieve's hands closely. Genevieve placed the violin on the ground when she was done. "If you want to play a lovely tune with the violin bow like I just did," she said softly, "you need to know where every note of the scale is and where your fingers go on which notes." Genevieve saw how Shirley's eyes followed her moving fingers and knew that the girl was absorbing every word of hers. After showing Shirley the notes of the scale, she played a segment slowly. Shirley copied her. Genevieve could tell that Shirley not only liked the violin, but she was also talented as well.

Ordinary children attempting to learn the violin would have difficulty even recognizing the scales by ear. However, it only took one round of explaining and another of demonstrating for Shirley to learn it from imitation alone. Genevieve was initially planning to teach the child in the morning and head to the production company in the afternoon, but she lost track of time upon seeing how serious Shirley was. It was already dark outside when Shirley mastered the way to hold a violin and play a tune with confidence. Jan rushed upstairs upon arriving home. "I'm terribly sorry, Ms. Rachford. I know I said I only needed you in the morning, yet you had to stay with the child until now. Did Shirley throw a tantrum at you?" Genevieve smiled. "No. Your daughter is pretty clever." Having spent the day together, Shirley did not ignore Genevieve completely as she had in the beginning. After every time she played a tune, she would look at Genevieve as if asking how she did. Genevieve bent down to meet the child's eyes. "Your father's home, Shirley.

Could you show him what we've learned?" Shirley seemed to understand. She ran to the door with the violin earlier when she turned and saw him there. "Let me play you a song, Daddy." With well-practiced movements, she placed the violin on her shoulder and played the tune that Genevieve had taught her throughout the day. For the longest time, Jan felt as if he had been speaking

to himself whenever he spoke to his daughter. The girl would remain silent and keep her attention on whatever had captured it at that moment rather than listen to him. It's the first time I've seen my daughter smile while carrying out a conversation with me. Jan's eyes were moist when Shirley finished the piece. He squatted down to hug his daughter. "That was lovely," he said hoarsely. "You're amazing, Shirley!"

Chapter 458 A Handful Genevieve told Shirley that moderation was key to mastering the violin and warned that she would not be able to lift the violin bow the following day if she did not set the violin aside for the night. It was only then that Shirley set the violin down reluctantly. She took her father's hand, and they descended the stairs together. Genevieve turned down Jan's invitation to dine with them. Instead of forcing the matter, he walked her out the door while thanking her profusely. "Thank you so much, Ms. Rachford. I was right in my decision to hire you. Such a major change has come over the child just from being in your company for a day. She's been ignoring me for the past few days since the housekeeper touched the dolls in her room. You can't imagine how happy I was to hear her greet me today."

"I understand," Genevieve said. "I have children myself. I will be attending a pitch meeting for a film in Lightspring this Thursday, so I probably won't be able to come over." "You go about your business first," Jan said at once. "Let me know if I can do anything to help." The pair stood outside the fence as they chatted. Jan was all smiles. He even opened the car door for Genevieve. None of them noticed the figure in the sedan parked across at the junction. Using the seat to block themselves from view, the person used a video camera in their hands to have a clear view of the pair standing outside the mansion. On Thursday morning, Genevieve headed to the airport first thing. It was about nine at night in Dartan at that moment. Genevieve headed to the VIP lounge after checking in and found a seat next to the window to video call the children. Amanda began crying when the call connected. She complained that her brother had played a mean prank on her by adding chili water to her orange juice. Lucian did not appear, only his cool voice could be heard. "You started this by putting a bouquet of lilies under my quilt this morning." Lucian was allergic to pollen.

"You were the one who stepped on the train I made out of wooden blocks yesterday, Lucian!" Amanda seethed. "I deserve an apology!" "Your wooden blocks made me fall. If an apology is due, you owe me one first." Unable to say a word against her brother, Amanda wept with rage. "You see, Mommy? All Lucian does is bully me! Why didn't you give birth to me first? All would be well if I were the elder sister." Lucian scoffed, "You wouldn't be fit to be my elder sister even if you were born first! You are so short. I wouldn't want that!" "You're not fit to be my elder brother either!" As the siblings began to

squabble again, Amanda threw the phone aside and hit her brother. "If you pull my hair, I'm going to thrash your room!" she yelled amidst tears. Back then, Genevieve could still stop the fight whenever the children got into it. But as their fights grew more vicious the older they got, she did not dare intervene like she used to. She felt an awful headache coming as her children quarreled. I wasn't as naughty as this when I was young.

Armand, too, was mature for his age. Why are our children such a handful? Genevieve bid the children good night and hung up when she was due to board the plane. The stewardess led Genevieve up the plane into the first-class cabin and took the initiative to help her stow her things up in the overhead bin. Upon sitting down, Genevieve spotted a silhouette out of the corner of her eye on the left side of the walkway. Vaguely, she detected the smell of sandalwood laced with a whiff of danger. Genevieve looked over when the stewardess left and saw that the person was wearing a white shirt with black trousers. Even upon boarding the plane, he was still engaged in a conversation about work on the phone. Genevieve smiled upon recognizing him. Who else could it be but my man with such good taste? She waited for him to finish his conversation before gazing at him with her elbow on the armrest and her chin in her hand. "Why didn't you take your private jet, Mr. Faulkner?" she asked with interest. Armand narrowed his eyes when he turned to look at Genevieve. "Why would you be interested in where I'm going and what plane I'm boarding, Ms. Rachford?" Genevieve simply smiled.

"Are you heading to Lightspring too, Mr. Faulkner?" Armand did not pay her any attention. Instead, he lowered his gaze to his phone as though he still had matters to attend to. Genevieve tactfully retracted hers and put on earphones to watch some television drama. Not long after, the plane went on cruise control. The stewardess came to the first-class cabin and asked if the passengers wanted snacks and drinks. Although Armand was dressed simply, his mature aura and his handsomely cold face that made occasional appearances in the tabloids were recognizable to anybody who watched the news. One of the stewardesses approached him and asked in an exceptionally soft voice, "Would you like anything, Sir?"

Chapter 459 I Will Not Molest You "Iced coffee, please," Armand answered pleasantly. "Thank you." "No worries." The stewardess thought that he was even more handsome in the flesh than on the news. He does not look thirty-seven at all! Soon, she returned with a glass of iced coffee. Her hand shook as she bent over to serve Armand, resulting in most of the coffee spilling onto his white shirt. "I'm terribly sorry, Sir!" the stewardess cried apologetically as she squatted before him with serviettes in her hand to wipe the coffee stain off his shirt. Armand took the paper towels from her hand. "No problem. I got this." "This was my mistake," the stewardess said ruefully as she bit her lower

lip. "Why don't you give me your address? I'll buy you a new shirt and mail it over to you." Although Genevieve had earphones on to watch her drama, the volume was very low. Her eyes darted constantly to her left, where she witnessed the entire exchange from the moment the stewardess accidentally spilled coffee on him to the moment she asked for his address. Her eyes flashing dangerously, she yanked off her earphones. "That shirt is custom made and unavailable for sale anywhere," Genevieve piped up. "Even if you could place an order, it would cost almost as much as your monthly salary."

The stewardess turned to glance at the speaker and found that her sunglasses were placed firmly atop her head to reveal a beautiful but cold face. She recognized at a glance that Genevieve was the CEO of Genevieve Orsi Productions and Armand's ex-wife. The stewardess shot another glance at the silent man and suddenly felt her cheeks burn. After muttering another apology, she turned to leave the cabin. Armand threw the dirty serviettes onto the table. "Do you enjoy sticking your nose in other people's business, Ms. Rachford?" "Did I?" Genevieve said innocently with a frown. "Stewardesses don't make much in a month. I only spoke up in her defense, lest you make things difficult for her." "Then should I thank you for that?" Armand asked, half-jokingly. Genevieve smiled. "You're welcome." Armand was rendered speechless by her audacity. At half-past eleven, the plane landed in Lightspring. Dragging her small carry-on behind her, Genevieve descended the plane with Armand and walked out through the passageway. "Are you here for the pitch meeting, Mr. Faulkner?" she asked again. "Is it any of your business?" "We'll be staying at the same hotel if you are."

Genevieve walked toward the taxis upon exiting the airport. "Come on. It's the same price if you ride alone anyway." She leaned over to examine his expression when he ignored her. "What is it? Are you afraid that I'll molest you in the car?" Armand acted as though he did not hear her. He opened the trunk of one of the taxis and placed his suitcase in. "Thank you." Genevieve handed him her luggage before getting into the backseat of the taxi. Armand fell silent for several seconds before hoisting her suitcase in. After he got into the taxi and shut the door, Genevieve handed the hotel address to the driver. Armand received an engrossing work call not long after they entered, and he was still on the line when the vehicle pulled up at the hotel entrance.

As food and accommodations had been paid for by the organizer, investors and producers from all over the country stayed in the same hotel, which had set aside just enough rooms. As he was still on the phone, Genevieve asked for his ID card and went to the reception to ask for two adjacent rooms. After registering themselves, she gave one keycard to Armand. Armand did not see a keycard in her hand when he took his. He gazed at her with a frown.

Genevieve dragged her luggage into the elevator with him and arrived on the same floor. She waited for him to arrive at his door before she strode over.

Chapter 460 Thanks But No Thanks She walked past him and arrived at the room next to his. Genevieve produced a card from her purse and waved it at the sensor before gazing at him as she pushed open the door. “What, do you think I asked for one room?” she asked slyly. “I wouldn’t want to even if you want!” Stunned for several seconds, Armand gazed at the closed door next to his before bursting into laughter. But he quickly regained his composure shortly after. Armand took a bath upon entering his room. When he was drying his hair, the doorbell rang. Armand pulled open the door to find Genevieve standing outside in casual attire of a green, short-sleeved top with jeans. Her twinkling, dark eyes accentuated the beauty of her petite face. The corners of her eyes were arched slightly, giving her an austere appearance. She stood before him, looking as she did four years ago. Armand’s gaze swept impassively over her.

“Yes?” he asked shortly. Genevieve admired his collarbones through the buttons of his shirt and his shapely wrists openly before answering, “The press conference is tomorrow. Wanna tour the city?” “No, thanks. You go ahead.” “Oh, come on. What’s the point of me going alone?” Genevieve stepped forward to prevent him from shutting the door. “I still feel bad for crashing your car and want to take the opportunity today to treat you to lunch as an apology.” “That won’t be necessary. You can send the amount for the repairs to my secretary.” “I will pay for the repairs and for your meal,” Genevieve said firmly. “Why do you reject all of my offers, Mr. Faulkner? Are you afraid of me?” “Why would I be afraid of you?” Armand lowered his gaze to meet hers. “You are no match for me when it comes to height.” “Let’s go, then. I’ll take you out today, all right?” Genevieve held the door, her watery eyes sparkling. “Don’t worry. I won’t force my lips upon yours again.” Armand was rendered speechless. As if worn down by Genevieve’s unrelenting interference, he dried his hair half-heartedly before tossing the towel onto the back of the chair. After a quick change, he followed her out. Genevieve had already obtained a travel itinerary of Lightspring through an app upon exiting the hotel.

Coincidentally, a subway station was located two minutes away from the right of the hotel. She brought Armand to ride the subway and planned to spend their day in adherence to the itinerary. Their first stop was a famous barbecue restaurant for lunch which required the customers to grill their meat, a task Genevieve completed with great ardor while consuming two plates of beef by herself. As a result of her neglecting the flame’s intensity, the beef slices often turned out overcooked. Armand’s brow twitched irritably. At last, he set his fork down and snatched the tongs from her hands. Scowling, he placed

the meat on the grill and took charge of it. With her hands free from the cooking utensils, Genevieve began eating. She watched the meat on the grill and held her plate out when it looked almost done. After adding some side ingredients, she wrapped the beef in lettuce and ate it whole. "This is delicious," Genevieve exclaimed, her eyes widening in wonder from the first bite. She summoned the waiter and ordered two more plates of said beef. Then she wrapped another grilled slice of beef in lettuce and held it out to him. Armand leaned backward instinctively. "You eat it." "You have been working the grill this entire time. I don't feel good being the only one eating." Genevieve smiled sweetly. "Have a taste. Don't make me look like the lazy one." Not for the first time that day, Armand was dumbstruck by her refrains. "Don't worry. There are no surveillance cameras around. Are you afraid of being seen?"

Genevieve pressed the lettuce against the side of his lips, her voice carrying a hint of threat this time. "Open up." After several more seconds of dumbstruck silence, Armand opened his mouth and ate the lettuce in her hand. Genevieve continued to savor the meat grilled to perfection by the man. Whenever she could, she would wrap more little lettuce bundles and feed the both of them. It was in this manner that they dined until half-past one in the afternoon. Then, they continued with the next item on the itinerary.

They went to the zoo from the famous lake of swans, then to the clock tower. As dusk fell, they strolled across to the old street behind the clock tower. When night descended, the crowd walking on the old street increased to such an extent that they seemed to knock into the shoulders of the other patrons with every step they took. On both sides of the old street were antique toys, jewelry, and snacks for sale. Some employees were shouting at the entrance of their stores. The scene reminded Genevieve of how she and Armand had visited the night market in Springwyn many years ago. It was crowded like this, too.

selling lollipops and hastened toward it. "I would like a strawberry-flavored
her hand suddenly froze.

man.

"Could you pay for me first, Mr.

only had his phone in his hand.

"You could

my phone.

to scan the code.

Genevieve took the opportunity to lean

anymore.

She recalled Jack's words before she returned to the country.

"Some people will never change, Genev.

It's been four years.

right.

I gave birth to his two children? I can't even see

to Genevieve's palate.

Upon coming across a bin, she licked it twice and threw it away.

Armand was mystified

for it?

Genevieve was inconsolable.

couple walked through the bustling crowd of the old street side

that crowded its entrance.

An employee stood by the door

"Come," he called to the crowd.

piece must be left on the board within the designated time.

made of pure silver to the

how to expel the pieces on the board.

Genevieve leaped at the opportunity to participate in such an

rigged the game to earn the participation fee of five.

Five here and five there

hastily.

"We don't set the rules.

eliminate all the pieces in thirteen seconds.

swiped his tablet open to show the players' ranking list of the game to the crowd.

Genevieve was not

than her first.

"If only my son were here," she lamented.

her, narrowed his eyes at her words.

Genevieve did not waste any

for him in the crowd.

She hurriedly chased

clasped behind her back.

Armand was forced to slow down

at all.

tone.

like his father?"

"I know now," Armand said stiffly.

gush of wind swept past her back. When Genevieve

was not the slightest hint of remorse on his face.

When Armand saw this, he grabbed a coconut from

to me that you did not realize you almost ran into her.

who was already shivering in pain, was gripped by fear when he saw

road maintenance and the couple could not hail a car, they decided to walk all the way to where they

short, none of them won anything.

"Do you want to have a try?" she asked Armand.

"No."

"Come on.

to make payment.

"It's really easy.

she pulled the disgruntled man over.

His unwillingness was apparent from the frown sitting on his brows,

adroitly and swiftly on the board, eliminating all the black pieces.
Under the admiring gaze of all the other tourists,

“Wow! You’re really good at it.

player in the world took thirteen seconds to complete this? It’s been a long
the first.

Genevieve was astounded when she saw

yet he actually made it to the top in

employee her preferences for the rings.

The pair of rings had geometric patterns, and they shone brightly

the box and just left.

When they finally

of them was the man Armand had hit with coconut because he had almost
run into Genevieve earlier on.

He

her gaze across the street and realized there were no surveillance cameras
at

and act so antagonistically in public.

Beside her, Armand looked unperturbed by the commotion.

He slowly pulled Genevieve

angered Armand.

He popped his knuckles as his face darkened.

signaled at his gang with a glance.

Some of the men

hit with bats.

She was worried sick since there were eight of them in total, and

fearful when the ruckus dragged out for a good

pull away the jackets when everything suddenly died down.

Then, someone’s groans and cries broke the silence.

What

to the ground.

As for Armand, he was standing in front of them without

big bruise on his arm.

Just as she was about to utter something, her eyes widened, and she threw her

intended to ambush Armand with his bat from behind.

“Ouch!” Genevieve suddenly felt a pang of pain in her

she had overexerted herself.

“I-I’m okay...

much that her face became contorted.

“Didn’t I ask you to stand still?” Armand snapped.

“So,

That’s the best thing I could think of doing.

brick?” she asked, picking up her bag and showing it to Armand.

is heavy.

out loud, but he quickly straightened

happened.

Because there were no surveillance cameras around, the gang fabricated their own story and said that Armand was the

were detained for a month.

It was already twelve midnight when Genevieve and Armand arrived at

front desk.

After a few minutes, another

It’s not something difficult.

Don’t tell me you’re afraid of me.

ankle to save you today.

Over in Genevieve’s room, she was reclined in bed

her phone.

Seeing that Armand did not reply after some time, she pouted and

saw that photo Genevieve sent, he immediately gave her a

fastest I could finish it was in thirteen seconds.

playing this game too?" Genevieve asked, surprised.

"Well, he's your daddy.

What do you expect?"

"But I invented the game.

even more upset.

"You created that game? How did you even know how to program a

tell me about it.

own game fast enough.

Son," Genevieve said snarkily.

A short pause followed.

to talk to each other too much.

After all, given Armand's keenness, he might notice something.

when can we go back?" Lucian asked.

Genevieve thought about the uncertain situation and sighed.

"Not anytime soon.

she was speaking, Genevieve heard Amanda's voice in the background.

It seemed

but the call ended abruptly.

Genevieve looked

same because, in hers, Lucian loved to bully Amanda.

Genevieve looked

about to text him again, the doorbell rang.

Genevieve thought about the food she had

toe.

to enter.

After that, she closed the door and skipped over

the bathroom.

Could you help me wash my hair?"

Armand was annoyed.

this is a leather chair, and it's heavy," she replied,

nice if it's cold."

Armand was left speechless.

The food she ordered was from a famous shop

some, but the latter was not bothered.

After she was

rubbed and cleaned her hair.

After he shampooed her hair, he put on a hair mask and