

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 501 Kiss Me And I Will Get Down “Your name is Amanda Rachford.” Armand heard Lucian calling Amanda by her name when the latter fought with her brother. He had thought that they would have the family name of Helt since they grew up in the Helt family or take Jack’s last name, Valentine. Unexpectedly, they took Genevieve’s family name. “That’s my full name.” Then, Amanda remarked mysteriously, “My nickname is Mandy. Do you know its significance, mister?” Armand chortled. “Nope. Can you tell me?” “Hmm...” Amanda pondered for a moment before she uttered frettingly, “Mommy doesn’t allow me to tell anyone about it. But from now on, you can call me by my nickname!”

“Okay, Mandy.” Armand chuckled lowly. By the time he finished his work, it was seven o’clock in the evening when he got off work. Steven was already waiting by the elevator bank. When Armand came over, he pressed the call button. He entered the elevator with the man and handed him an envelope. “I just got this from a journalist.” Armand opened the envelope. The instant he glanced at the photos he took out, his gaze darkened. Stealing a peek at him, Steven reported, “It’s not just the photos, but there’s also a video. The journalist gave it to me and sent me his chat history with the person behind this matter.” The other party gave the reporter a huge sum of money for him to release the photos and video on the day of the Twitter Awards Ceremony. However, Central Group was the major shareholder of Twitter. Furthermore, everyone within the industry could tell the relationship of the person involved with Armand. For that reason, no one dared to accept such a dangerous task. After mulling it over, the journalist contacted Steven in the end. Armand merely glanced at the top photo without bothering to look at the rest before tossing it at Steven alongside the envelope. “Since the other party gave him money in exchange for his services, he should just do it.”

Understanding the man’s meaning, Steven took out his phone and texted the journalist before deleting all the chat history. He then drove Armand back to Swallow Garden. Parking the car at the side of the yard, he left and went to the adjacent mansion. Upon stepping into the house, Armand noticed that the lights were on, but the housekeeper was seemingly absent. As he bent over to remove his shoes, a pair of hands snaked around him and covered his eyes. He reflexively raised his hands but dropped them back down when he caught a faint whiff of rose fragrance. Genevieve deliberately modulated her voice and whispered into his ear, “Guess who I am. There will be a punishment if you guess wrongly.” “No idea.” Genevieve shifted her hands to hug the man around the neck instead. Leaning over, she kissed him. “Did you miss me while I was away on my long business trip?” “Nope. Work kept me exceedingly busy.” Armand tried to get her off his back. Alas, she was wrapped around him like an octopus. “Didn’t you find it difficult to sleep without me at night?” Genevieve questioned, refusing to give up. “I’ve never had insomnia,” Armand replied expressionlessly. At a loss for words, Genevieve lowered her head and bit his ear hard as punishment, even as she continued clinging to his back. “I’d like to eat beef tacos tonight, Mando.” “Order takeaway.”

“No! Takeaway won’t be nice. I want to have your cooking.” Rubbing against his cheek, Genevieve mysteriously offered, “I’ll give you a present if you make beef tacos for me.” “Forget it if your present is to warm my bed. It’s summer now, and I even find it hot even

after turning on the air-conditioner," Armand riposted placidly. At that, Genevieve pouted. "No, it's a proper present." "Then, get off of me first." In reality, it was nothing for Armand to carry her on his back. He could even remove his cufflinks and place them on the cabinet at the side. "Kiss me, and I'll get down," Genevieve entreated.

Chapter 502 This Painting Is Priceless When Armand merely stood there without paying her request any mind, Genevieve slid off his back huffily. "How petty! Is your mouth inlaid with gold? My son is far better! I can hug and kiss him to my heart's content!" she griped. When she went abroad to make the purchases, she made a detour to Dartan. At the sight of her son's aloof face that was very much similar to Armand's, she hugged and caressed him at length. She took out her dejection for her failed attempts to kiss the man on him, making him so vexed that he didn't want to bother about her anymore.

The instant Armand heard that, his gaze darkened. He swiftly strode to the kitchen. Taking out an apple from the fridge, Genevieve followed him to the kitchen. She leaned half her body against the kitchen counter. As she munched on the apple, she studied the man's face. "You're so handsome when you cook, Mando! If you publish a cookbook, it'll definitely be a bestseller! The ideal type in women's eyes is a man like you, Mando!" Praises rang out, one after another. The more she spoke, the more intense the veins on Armand's forehead throbbed. Finally snapping, he jerked his head over and regarded her coldly. "If you still want to eat, you'd best shut up. Otherwise, I'm not cooking anymore." "Okay, okay." Genevieve went silent and watched him intently. Half an hour later, a plate of steaming hot beef tacos was served. There was some extra beef, so Armand made two bowls of beef soup. His cooking was so good that Genevieve could eat ten tacos alone. After eating, she deftly put the dishes away into the kitchen.

Then, she went upstairs and found Armand in the bedroom. Snagging the necktie on the chair, she dragged the man along the corridor toward the home theatre. Standing in front of the home theatre, she tied the necktie around his eyes. "Are you ready, Mando?" Having entered the home theatre, Genevieve turned on the projector before removing the necktie from his eyes. Armand slowly opened his eyes, only to notice that he was standing in the middle of the room. Under the dim lightning, he could see gift boxes of various sizes stacked on the carpet before him. Every single box was labeled with a figure. Genevieve pointed at the small pile of gift boxes on the floor and asked with a beam, "These are my gift to you! Are you surprised?" After saying that, she pulled the man down to sit cross-legged on the floor. When a cute little boy looking at the camera blankly materialized on the projector that had been turned on earlier, she picked up the present labeled with the figure one and handed it to Armand. "This is your one-year-old birthday present! Quick, open it and see what it is, Mando!" Armand's lips twitched as though he wanted to say something. In the end, however, he merely dipped his eyes and untied the ribbon on the box. Taking out a beautiful golden lock from the box, Genevieve exclaimed, "What a lovely golden lock! Happy first birthday, Mando! I wish you happiness all your days!" Soon, the slideshow changed to another picture. The little boy in it appeared a little older than the previous one. Genevieve handed the gift box labeled with the figure two to Armand. The pile of gift boxes was none other than the presents she scoured the globe for in the past two weeks. Armand's one-year-old gift was a golden lock, followed by a discontinued teddy bear, a scale model car, and so on.

She meticulously prepared gifts for the man, from his first birthday to his thirty-seventh birthday. Each time Armand unwrapped a present, the boy in the slideshow would be older than the previous one. He went from an adorable little boy in kindergarten uniform to a

cool teenager in high school uniform, and finally, to a calm and reserved man in a suit. The boy in the slideshow gradually grew older. The only thing that remained unchanged was his unfathomable eyes. Everything she prepared painstakingly had warmth suffusing Armand and his emotions roiling. Nonetheless, his expression remained unchanged. He unwrapped the final present, the gift box for his thirty-seventh birthday. It's an... abstract painting? The painting within the exquisite frame was too abstract that he could only vaguely tell that it seemed to be a bee. Picking it up, Genevieve held it up in front of him and said smilingly, "This is a bee. It's adorable, no? This painting is priceless, and you can't buy it even if you offer hundreds of millions."

Chapter 503 She Knew How Lonely He Is Words eluded Armand, and the corners of his mouth twitched. The painting is so sloppy that it seems to be the artwork of a three or four-year-old kid who has just learned to paint. Besides, I won't spend hundreds of millions to buy such a painting. Sweeping a gaze over the gift boxes on the floor, he discovered that one was missing. "Why isn't there a gift for my thirty-third birthday?" Genevieve exclaimed and feigned ignorance. "Did I not prepare it?" In truth, the year he turned thirty-three years old, she got pregnant. Aren't our two children the best gift to him? She rummaged through the gift boxes before shrugging at the man. "Perhaps I forgot. Never mind, I'll give it to you in the future!" Leaning over, she hugged the man around the waist. "You won't be lonely anymore in the future, Mando.

I'll keep you company." She knew how lonely he was. It was because the world was dark and lonely that he regarded her as the light within him when he met her in the hospital during his younger days, something he wanted to grasp. For that reason, he fervently hoped that she would stay by his side when he met her on the road years ago. Armand said nothing, merely hugging her and keeping her locked in his embrace. A long while later, he lowered his head and kissed her deeply. In the morning, when Genevieve drove Armand to the office, she told him that she would be picking him up that night, and they would be going for western food. Shortly after she had arrived at the production company, Johanna came. She shot Genevieve a plaintive glare. "You're a horrid person, Genev! Back when we ate at Golden Restaurant, were you referring to morning sickness when you said that I'd suffer from it soon?" In the past few days, she had known what it felt like to wish for death. She felt nauseous when she woke up in the morning, bile rising up her throat at the slightest smell, and the urge to hurl gripping her whenever she ate anything. Yet, it was only bile that came out in the end, tormenting her to the core. Beside her, Timothy wondered, "I went to the obstetrics department and asked a number of expectant mothers, but they stopped throwing up after the first trimester. Isn't your morning sickness overly bad, Darling?" Livid, Johanna kicked him out of the room. "Well, I thought you wouldn't suffer from morning sickness since you've got an excellent constitution." Stifling her laughter, Genevieve poured Johanna a glass of warm water. Having done that, she suggested, "Tell Timothy to buy some cranberries and eat some when you feel like retching. It'll work wonders!" "He'd only say that eating sour things would be bad for the stomach and nag me."

Picking up the glass, Johanna took two sips of water before continuing, "I'm irritated at the sight of him now for some inexplicable reason." "That's normal. Mood swings can be rather severe during pregnancy. Johanna placed the glass down. "Genev, tonight is the Twitter Awards Ceremony. It'll be at Rolls-Royce Headquarters, with Sylvie and Bruce in attendance. As the boss, are you going?" Irritation rose within Genevieve when Sylvie came up in conversation. "No! I'm not a celebrity anyway!" "I heard that it'll be pretty fun. Since you're not attending despite being invited, I'll go in your stead." Out of the blue,

Johanna seemingly remembered something. She added, "Oh yes, I'm the one who altered the evening gown Sylvie will be wearing tonight. It's incredibly stunning." Then, she took out her phone. "Would you like to have a look at it?" Genevieve stared at Johanna with her face devoid of expression. "Are you deliberately hitting me where it hurts because I seem too happy these days?" "Of course not. I merely find the evening gown I altered stunningly beautiful!" Johanna countered smirkingly. Subsequently, she pushed the chair away and stood up.

"Remember to watch the live broadcast at that time, Genev!" Genevieve waved a dismissive hand, urging her to leave speedily. Thereafter, she picked up her phone on the table and texted Steven at once: Steven, Armand is free tonight, yes? Steven replied: No, Twitter invited him to be a guest of honor. Genevieve promptly texted back: Reject it for him. There's no need to attend when it's such a horrible event. At that, Steven relented and answered: Okay. Throughout the entire day, Genevieve was a touch distracted at work. When she got off work, she packed her things and left hurriedly. As she drove toward Central Group Tower, she noticed that the sky had grown dark, and it was probably going to rain. She was waiting for the traffic light to turn green when her phone in the compartment beside the armrest lit up. She unlocked her phone, only to see that Jermaine sent her a photo. After tapping open the photo, she was greeted by the sight of a pregnancy test report. In the next second, the man sent her another message that read: Sylvie went to a private hospital for a checkup the day before. She's pregnant. The instant Genevieve saw that, her mind went blank.

Chapter 504 Best That I Forget About Her Armand was busy with work. By the time he exited the office building, it was dark and pouring outside. Genevieve stood next to a pillar outside the entrance, seemingly staring at something. "Ms. Rachford." As soon as Steven spotted her, he slung his bag on his arm and went over to hand her an umbrella. Genevieve appeared to jolt back to her senses. She turned and looked at the man. Her face was pale, and she didn't look quite well. "Can you please wait at the side for a while, Steven? I've got something to say to Mando." Not only did she decline to take the umbrella, but she even handed him the car key. Steven sensed something amiss with her, but he didn't ask any questions. He merely walked to the side silently and turned his back to them. Genevieve turned around and looked at the tall and handsome man before her. Pursing her lips, she asked softly, "Mando, was it out of love that you did so much for me?" If it isn't love, why would he even give up his company and risk his life to save me? But if he does love me, what's the meaning of everything he's doing right now? Pinning his eyes on her, Armand was silent for a long moment.

After that, he murmured evenly, "Why do you think I'll desire a woman who has been married several times and have children?" When I had nothing, I even tossed my dignity away and begged her, hoping she'd stay by my side. But she chose Jack. She once told me that the ring was lost, but when I went to the prison to visit Marilyn that day, I obtained the ring from her. That aside, Marilyn told me she gave it to her voluntarily in exchange for Night Breeze. Stupefied, Genevieve regarded him blankly. "Then, why were you so good to me?" Armand's gaze was unfathomable and impassive. "To fulfill my part of the deal. I promised to help you take Specter Corporation back, but you reconciled with Cooper later. Thus, I've got to make it up to you in some other way." "Ah, that's true. To fulfill your part of the deal..." As Genevieve thought of the work she had done recently, she reckoned that she must have been a woman who came begging at his feet, a mere clown in the man's eyes. A chill enveloped her, and she hugged herself tightly, muttering, "Turns out that I have really lost." When Jack proposed this bet, I even swore that Armand's love for me

won't fade in time and I'll definitely win. She then bowed slightly to Armand. "I promised Steven that I'll never pester you in the future.

I'll keep my word. Goodbye." After saying that, she whirled around and rushed into the rain. Armand's feet twitched. He made to grab at her, but she was exceedingly fast and had gone far away from him in the blink of an eye. In the end, she disappeared into the darkness. Steven, who had his back to them, was also startled when he heard Genevieve's words. Why is it all so sudden? "Steven, what did you say to her?" Armand's expression was rather grim. Steven turned around and told the man everything about bringing Genevieve to the study, showing her the flash drive, and their conversation that day.

"Ms. Rachford said she'll leave when you've recovered." She also said that she wanted to confirm something. At that time, I didn't understand her meaning, but after listening to their conversation, I understood. "Mr. Faulkner—" He wanted to speak further, but Armand obviously hadn't the patience to listen anymore. The man lowered his eyes and interjected mildly, "It's quite good that she kept her promise. Let's go." Whether it was the past or the present, I can't keep her by my side. In that case, it's best that I forget about her. Left with no other choice, Steven could only swallow his words. He opened the umbrella and send the man off.