

Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand) #Chapter 41 - Read Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand) Chapter 41

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Is there a blackout?

Genevieve switched on the flashlight on her phone in a hurry. Through the window by the corridor, she could see that the streetlamps were still lit. She could faintly hear Steven's voice saying that he would check if the circuit breaker tripped.

I should just pass him the suit tomorrow when he's free.

Just as Genevieve was about to head back with her stuff, she vaguely heard some sounds inside the room.

It sounded as if something was being knocked down.

She was worried that the sudden blackout caused Armand to knock into something on accident and worsen the wound on his back. Thus, she instantly knocked on the door and asked, "Mando, are you all right?"

"Mr. Faulkner?"

After a few knocks, Genevieve started to panic when there was no response from Armand.

Just as she was about to kick the door down, Armand's muffled voice suddenly sounded from inside. "Come in. The door's not locked."

"Okay." Genevieve then heaved a sigh of relief when she knew that he was all right.

She entered the room while holding her phone, but after walking one round around Armand's huge room, there still seemed to be no sign of him.

Shortly after, she noticed that the restroom door was closed and walked over. "Mando, are you in the restroom?"

"Yeah." A tall figure appeared behind the glass door to the restroom. "During the blackout just now, I realized that I couldn't open the door to the restroom. Could you try to open it from the outside?"

"Okay. Give me a second."

When Genevieve shone the flashlight of her phone at the door, she found that there was a towel stuck in the gap underneath the door.

"Mando, I think the towel got stuck under the door by accident when you went in." Genevieve tried to tug at the towel, but it didn't budge no matter how hard she tried.

With that, she stood up and suggested, "Why don't you take a step back? I'll try to slam the door open."

"Are you that strong?" Armand was doubtful.

"I can try..."

Genevieve positioned her phone upright onto a chair so that it shone onto the restroom. She then took a deep breath and rammed into the door with all her might.

The first time she hit it, her shoulders felt sore. Despite that, she still couldn't knock the door open.

Inside the restroom, Armand was sharp to hear her gasping in pain. It was evident that she was hurt

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from trying to knock the door down. "Stop trying. Get Patrick to come up and help instead."

"It's fine. I'll try again," Genevieve responded as she rubbed her shoulder, which was in pain. She tried a different angle and rammed into the door again with her left shoulder.

All of a sudden, the door opened. Genevieve didn't manage to grab the door handle to steady herself, and thus she flew straight into the bathroom from the impact.

Under the dim light that shone in from the outside, Armand reached out and tried to support Genevieve. However, he ended up stumbling backward as she rammed into him.

For some reason, the shower was turned on. Water gushed down from above them, causing them to be completely drenched.

Due to the violent impact on Armand's back, his wound split open. He groaned in pain and reached backward, hurriedly turning the shower off.

Genevieve was also shivering after being drenched in the cold water. After coming back to her senses, she saw that Armand was also soaked under the dim light. His black hair stuck to his forehead, and he wore an extremely grim expression.

"I—I'm sorry. I didn't manage to grasp the door handle." Genevieve took the towel off the rack and passed it to Armand, her hands trembling.

"I wanted you to open the door for me, not kill me," Armand responded coldly. He wiped the beads of water off his face with the towel and groaned again.

"What's wrong?" Genevieve asked anxiously.

Before he replied, she noticed that the bandage around his chest was already soaked in blood. In an instant, she understood what was going on.

She hurriedly helped him out of the restroom. "Wait here for a while. I'll get Patrick."

Just as she was about to leave, Armand called out, "The medication and bandage are on the cabinet. You can help me." With a frown, he then continued, "I'm afraid that he'll be too rough and make things worse."

As Genevieve thought about how rowdy Patrick always seemed, she thought that what Armand said might be true.

Using the flashlight, she found the medication and bandage on top of the cabinet just as Armand had said. She then made him back–face her and carefully unraveled the bandages which were soaked in blood.

Although there were a few layers of bandages, they weren't waterproof after all, and they were soaked when Armand stood under the shower just now.

Now, as Genevieve undid the bandages, she saw that the wound had split open and turned white after being drenched by the water.

Her heart clenched, and she couldn't help but blame herself. "I'm sorry... I should've listened to you just now and called Patrick to help instead."

If she had done as he said, she wouldn't have barged into the restroom so recklessly and knocked into him, causing his wound to split open.

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However, Armand replied calmly, "There's no use if you keep apologizing. Since it has already happened, just remember to be more careful next time. Now help me treat my wound."

"Okay." Genevieve pursed her lips.

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Because of the blackout, every other part of the room was shrouded in darkness except the couch. Genevieve thought that the room was so quiet that she could even hear her own breathing.

She became even more nervous as she helped Armand treat his wound.

To calm herself down and break the silence, Genevieve spoke. "Thanks, Mando. I owe you one."

Armand knew what she was thanking him for, and his gaze darkened under the dim light.

After a brief pause, he responded, "Since we're already married, it's only right for me to protect you. You don't owe me any favor. If you were injured that night, then I would've failed as a husband."

Genevieve was well aware of their relationship. Nonetheless, she still felt her heart skip a beat when she heard the second half of his words,

For whatever reason, Armand had always been giving her an indescribable sense of security.

"Oh," Genevieve replied in a fluster before lowering her head and carefully bandaging him.

When she wrapped the bandage around his chest, she could clearly see a bellflower tattoo about the size of a coin on his right chest with the light from the flashlight.

Upon taking a closer look, she noticed that there seemed to be a bullet hole under the flower petals.

Genevieve suddenly recalled Patrick's words and guessed that it was from the shot that almost cost Armand his life.

"Mando, did you get this tattoo of a flower to cover the bullet hole?" Genevieve asked out of curiosity.

It must hurt, doesn't it?

As she stared at the bellflower intently, she was completely unaware of the close proximity between them and how intimate they seemed.

Armand was always quite good at restraining his desires. However, Genevieve was too close to him at that moment, and she was almost sitting on his lap.

Her towel had also slipped off, revealing her soaked nightgown. A few strands of her black hair stuck to her fair neck, seeming innocent yet alluring.

After a long while, Genevieve still didn't get a reply from Armand and thought that she had hit his sore

spot.

Just as she was about to apologize, she looked up and found that she was inches away from him.

Her body stiffened instinctively. In the next second, Armand held the back of her head and pulled her closer

“You did much better than last time,” Armand said in a deep voice.

Genevieve could feel his warm breath on her face.

Feeling the slightly ticklish sensation on her face, she subconsciously placed her hand on his chest. Her head spun as she quickly remembered the last time she took the initiative to seduce him. He mocked that she seemed like a zombie

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“R–Really?” She was so nervous that she started to stutter.

For some reason, when she boldly tried to seduce him countless times before this and even lay in his bed in her nightgown, she never felt anything.

However, now that she was merely too close to Armand, she felt nervous being enveloped by his scent.

Under the dim light, Armand saw that Genevieve seemed nervous as she bit her lip. Her small actions seemed to be silently seducing him, causing his abdomen to tighten.

With his thumb, he slowly pried open her tightly pursed lips and gazed at her intently.

Genevieve got even more nervous when he touched her lips. After noticing that he didn't continue after a while and simply stared at her, she quickly understood his intentions.

Genevieve lowered her head shakily and kissed him.

Just as the atmosphere in the room turned passionate and Genevieve was about to kiss him, the electricity suddenly came back on.

Soon, Patrick's voice could be heard outside the door. “Armand, Steven went to the basement to check and found that the circuit breaker had tripped. He

was worried that you were still working on your computer and sent me to take a look... Huh? Why is the door open..."

When he walked over, Patrick noticed that the bedroom door was wide open. The passionate scene on the couch left him dumbstruck.

Genevieve immediately jumped off the man's lap and ran out with her head down.

"Armand, I didn't mean to disturb you guys." Upon noticing that he had disrupted something, Patrick scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "Who would have thought that during the blackout..."

Armand wore a dark expression as he bellowed, "I don't need your help with anything. Get lost!"

"I'll leave right away." Just as Patrick turned around to leave, he suddenly recalled something and poked his head into the bedroom again.

"Oh right, Armand. Pierre called Steven just now and said that someone else won the pink diamond in the auction."

Hearing that, Armand furrowed his brows. "Didn't I tell him that he had to get it no matter how much it cost?"

"The other party was bent on winning the pink diamond and increased the price with every bid." Patrick continued, "After Pierre responded to an emergency text, the diamond was already auctioned

off."

Armand then remembered that on the day Pierre went to the auction, the latter seemed to have responded to an emergency text sent by the former amidst the event.

It seemed that Armand himself accidentally caused them to lose the pink diamond.

After a momentary silence, he ordered Patrick, "Check on who the buyer was and get Pierre to negotiate with them. We have to get it back."

“There isn’t any other pink diamond of such in the world. Even if Pierre went to negotiate, I doubt that the other party would sell it...” Patrick mumbled in distress.

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He then asked, “But Armand, why are you so hell–bent on buying this pink diamond? Is it because you want to gift it to Mrs. Faulkner?”

“Are you tired of staying at Swallow Garden and want a change of scenery?” Armand shot him a glare.

A chill ran down Patrick’s spine, and he scurried off.

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On Thursday morning, Genevieve woke up early and changed into a set of black suit and pants, and tied her hair into a low ponytail.

She seemed elegant and experienced.

Due to Patrick’s sudden appearance the other night, she was extremely embarrassed and intentionally avoided Armand over the past few days.

Armand, on the other hand, seemed to be very busy. He would go out early and return late at night, so he had no time to bother with her.

When Genevieve went downstairs, she saw that Armand was having breakfast. There was a blue striped tie around his neck, similar to the one that Genevieve picked out for the old woman’s grandson at the mall previously

However, she soon convinced herself it would be normal for Armand to buy a similar one, as the tie wasn’t a limited edition

After Genevieve greeted him, she sat down opposite him.

“Steven, is there any car that I can use in the garage?” Genevieve asked as she ate her breakfast. “I have to go for an interview today.”

Before Steven could respond, Armand replied nonchalantly, "None of the cars in the garage are suitable for you. I got someone to order a new car, and it will only arrive in a few days' time. You can use my car for today."

I can drive both manual and automatic cars. I don't think it's necessary for him to buy a new car.

After a pause, Genevieve instinctively refused, "There's no need for that. I can hail a taxi outside the mansion..."

"I'll drive the car to the underground parking lot at the company, and you can take the lift from the first floor." Armand seemed to understand what Genevieve was worried about and added, "Genevieve, we're not in a secret marriage. You can announce our relationship to the public at any time."

Tapping his slender fingers on the table, Armand asked teasingly, "Or are you ashamed of being with my wife?"

Genevieve almost choked on her breakfast. She hurriedly waved her hands and explained, "That's not what I meant..."

It wasn't that she felt ashamed of being with Armand. It was just that she was well aware of why they got married in the first place and didn't want others to know about it.

Plus, if lesser people knew about them, it would also be easier for them to part on good terms in the future,

"That's good. Then you can take my car." Armand nodded slightly, exuding a cold and domineering demeanor.

Left with no choice, Genevieve could only agree.

After Steven drove the car outside the gate, Armand opened the door to the back row in a gentlemanly fashion and let Genevieve enter first

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The car soon left the mansion.

Because of his injury, Armand quit smoking a while ago. There was no longer the smell of cigarettes on him, and there was only a faint sandalwood scent.

It smelled quite good to Genevieve.

As she took in the pleasant scent, she suddenly remembered the scene in Armand's bedroom that night and could still feel the warmth from his chest on her palms.

"Genevieve."

"Um, what?" Genevieve hurriedly snapped back to her senses.

When she turned around, all she saw was Armand silently looking back at her. She instantly thought about why she was in a daze the moment before and tried to keep a straight face. However, her ears were already red.

"I was distracted because I was thinking about the interview just now..." she explained.

Armand seemed uninterested in that and replied, "On the day that we registered our marriage, Timothy brought you to do a blood test. He told me that you have a Phnull blood type. Is that right?"

"Yeah." Genevieve nodded in response. She then asked, "Mando, is there anything you need my help with?"

She thought that Armand wouldn't be asking about her blood type just out of boredom.

Armand said in a low voice, "Timothy needs your help. There is a patient of his with a very rare blood type as well. He'll need to go for an operation sometime later and would possibly lose a lot of blood. He needs to find a suitable blood donor for the patient in advance."

When Steven heard this, he secretly glanced at Armand through the rearview mirror as he drove.

Why is Mr. Faulkner suddenly changing his mind?

If Timothy asked Genevieve personally, Genevieve might have rejected him within a second. But now that Armand was asking her, there was no way that she could refuse instantly.

After all, if not for Armand's help the previous time, she could have lost her life.

“Sure.” Genevieve nodded. She didn’t bring up anything about her coagulation disorder. “When does Mr. Jensen need it?”

Armand’s gaze darkened. “Steven will bring you to the hospital after your interview.”

“Okay.”

Soon, the car reached the underground parking lot at Central Group. Genevieve and Armand then went to take the elevator together.

Upon reaching the lobby on the first floor, Genevieve was just about to exit the elevator when Armand called her.

“You don’t have any working experience, so it will be stressful for you during the interview. Just relax. If you don’t get in, I’ll talk to the head of the translation department.”

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Does he mean that... he’s going to pull some strings for me?

Genevieve was stunned for a second before revealing a smile. “I’m confident of my abilities. When I get through, I’ll personally cook for you all to celebrate the occasion!”

Armand then recalled the deadly pot of mushroom soup that she made, and his lips twitched.

After the elevator doors closed, Armand ordered Steven, “Call Timothy and tell him not to reveal anything when he takes Genevieve’s blood later.”

Steven wanted to ask something, but eventually responded, “Yes, sir.”

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Since it was the hiring season for Central Group, and it was a well-established big company, everyone who was invited for the interview were there.

As Genevieve reached the floor for the interview, she noticed that the corridor was full of people.

Seeing such a lively scene, Genevieve gasped internally. She then registered herself at the counter and took a number. Just when she was about to sit down and wait, she bumped into someone.

It was the other party's fault for bumping into Genevieve, and their phone dropped. Out of kindness, Genevieve helped pick up the phone.

"Thanks..." The woman thanked her after taking the phone. Just when she took a good look at Genevieve's face, her expression changed drastically. "Genevieve?"

The young woman looked familiar to Genevieve, but the latter couldn't recall anything at the time. She merely nodded lightly and was about to walk past her.

However, the woman, Queenie, stopped her by stretching out her leg. "That's funny. Someone useless like you can't even do well in your own family's company, and you have the audacity to come for an interview in Central Group?" she sneered.

Queenie's voice was loud, attracting the attention of everyone around them.

Upon seeing Genevieve standing in front of Queenie, those who had watched the previous news began gossiping and judging Genevieve.

"Genevieve has blatantly cheated on her husband. Her morals are corrupt! How dare she come to Central Group for an interview?"

"You're right."

"Genevieve, I think you should leave. Central Group doesn't just recruit anyone. Certainly not someone like you," said Queenie ruthlessly.

After hearing all the blabbering from Queenie, Genevieve finally remembered who she was.

When she bumped into Erica while shopping for clothes the other day, there were two women with Erica – one of them was Queenie.

Genevieve cast a glance at the document in Queenie's hand and smirked. "What a coincidence! I have no idea that you're also interviewing for translation department."

"Hmph. You and I are not on the same level!" Queenie raised her chin proudly.

Queenie came from an average family background. If it weren't for the downfall of the Rachford family, Queenie might even try to butter Genevieve up when she saw her.

However, Genevieve was currently just a pathetic dog.

Queenie scoffed and continued mocking, "Central Group's translation department consists of graduates from prestigious universities around the world! Don't come here and embarrass yourself!"

Suddenly, Genevieve gave said something, but Queenie couldn't understand her words.

Thus, she frowned. "What did you say?"

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"It's Beranese. You don't understand, do you? Why are you here for an interview if you don't know much about foreign languages?" Genevieve sneered as she grinned.

Instantly, Queenie knew Genevieve was humiliating her. "Beranese is a minor language. It's normal that I don't understand it!"

"East Epea's official language is Beranese, which is spoken by up to thirty million people. I believe you are the one who shouldn't come here to embarrass yourself," Genevieve stated.

She gave Queenie a taste of her own medicine.

Upon hearing the snickering from some of the onlookers, Queenie was so infuriated that her face almost contorted.

"Number twenty-eight, Genevieve, number thirty-three, Queenie, and number forty-eight..." Right then, the registrar called out some names and continued, "All eight of you, please proceed to the eighth interview hall."

When her name was called, Queenie gave Genevieve a glare and hurried to the eighth interview hall.

Meanwhile, Genevieve trailed behind her.

After entering the interview hall, Genevieve saw a row of chairs at the door. Besides, six solemn-faced interviewers sat behind a table near the floor-to-ceiling window.

When all of the interviewees took their seats, the interviewers began to ask questions one by one.

Even though it was Genevieve's first time attending an interview, Steven, who was not only Armand's driver but also his secretary, had given her some pointers regarding the interview's process and questions.

Sitting in the interview hall, Genevieve had answered all of the questions fluently and correctly. She soon moved on to the written test.

After a short while, she stood up and handed in her paper to the interviewer.

Even the experienced interviewer was shocked when he saw how fast Genevieve had completed the test. He checked the time on his watch and asked, "You're done? It's barely past ten minutes. Are you sure you don't want to double-check?"

"There's no need for that."

If she had taken more time than that to answer such simple questions, she would be embarrassing her previous teachers.

After she handed in the test, she quickly left the interview hall.

Seeing that she finished it in such a short time, the other interviewees began gossiping. They thought that the test was too hard for Genevieve, so she gave up on it.

Queenie, who was racking her brains for the test, also did not believe that Genevieve would complete it in such a short time. She also thought that Genevieve had backed out.

Upon observing the grim expression on the interviewer's face when he read Genevieve's paper, Queenie was even more confident about her assumption.

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When Genevieve got out of the interview hall, she received a text from Patrick on WhatsApp: Mrs. Faulkner, have you finished your interview? I am in Category A of the cafeteria on the twenty-second floor

She got a temporary employee badge and took the elevator to the restaurant.

Central Group had a total of fifty-three floors, and the twenty-second floor was the cafeteria which was divided into four areas. Central Group employees, including the interviewees, all dined there.

When Genevieve arrived at Category A of the cafeteria, she saw someone conversing with Patrick by the door

Patrick's skin was a little tanned, but he had thick brows, big eyes, and prominent facial features. His thin and slender frame was complemented by a suit that made him look like a business elite.

In front of him stood an attractive and mature woman who appeared amused by what he said. She covered her lips numerous times to giggle, and she even took out her phone to ask for his phone number.

Genevieve was rendered speechless immediately. She then walked up to them quickly and called out, "Patrick."

Seeing that Genevieve had arrived, Patrick stood up straight immediately and smiled, showing his white teeth. "Oh. Mrs. Fa—"

Before he could greet her, Genevieve shot him a warning look.

Even though Patrick wasn't much of a bright person, he understood what she meant instantly. He paused and changed his words, saying, "Genev, this is Jenny Griffin from the translation department."

Jenny Griffin didn't appear to be interested in entertainment news, so she didn't recognize Genevieve. She merely smiled and said, "Your sister is stunning. Don't worry. I'm in charge of invigilating the test later in the afternoon. I'll go easy on you."

“Thank you, Ms. Griffin! You’re gorgeous and kind. I’ll treat you to lunch tomorrow, so don’t you reject me!” Patrick grinned from ear to ear.

Flattered, Jenny’s smile widened as she quickly left with a cup of coffee in her hand,

“Since when am I your sister? Also, does your brother know that you have such flirting skills?” Genevieve shot Patrick a cold look.

“Didn’t you mention there are a couple of phases in the translation department interview? It sounds tough, so in order for you to pass the test, I had no choice but to flirt with Ms. Griffin for your sake. After all, I am an attractive man,” said Patrick as he shrugged and walked into the cafeteria with Genevieve.

Genevieve chuckled. “Oh, I see. Should I thank you?”

“Why of course! I am way better than Armand. Armand, as the CEO of Central Group, didn’t even bother to pull some strings for his wife,” said Patrick as he raised his brow proudly.

Looking at the diners around them, Genevieve was worried that someone would eavesdrop on their conversation. Thus, she lightly kicked Patrick on the foot.

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Genevieve assumed that Patrick was working in Central Group without a set schedule and only visited the company on occasion, but it turned out that he was also there for an interview.

“My brother told me to never leave your side.”

“I don’t think there’s a need for that. There are surveillance cameras on every floor. What could possibly happen to me in the company?” Genevieve was nonplussed.

Patrick thought of the accident that day. You can never be sure.

Nonetheless, he didn’t say his worries out loud. Instead, he complained, “I don’t mind coming to work. It’s just that I’m so experienced in information technology and whatnot, and my capabilities are more than enough for me to

become a technical supervisor, but I still have to come here and be interviewed by some rookies. It's ridiculous."

Patrick complained once more while they were ordering their food. "Wow, what kind of lunch is this? Everything is so bland! Genev, let's go and have seafood and beer tonight!"

"I don't think I can go have seafood and beer for these few days," replied Genevieve.

She had to get her blood tested at the hospital at night, and she was not allowed to eat high cholesterol food for several days thereafter.

"Why? Are you seeing someone else?" Patrick asked in dismay, acting as if he was abandoned.

Genevieve was once again rendered speechless.

Coincidentally, Queenie was also there to have lunch with a few of her friends.

When they were queueing, Queenie noticed that Genevieve was interacting intimately with a man beside her, and she overheard the last few words Patrick uttered. At that moment, she believed she knew why Genevieve came for the interview.

With a sneer, Queenie said, "Earlier in the morning, I couldn't wrap my head around why you're here when you don't know anything. Now it turns out that you're here to seduce rich men."

Genevieve turned around and gave Queenie an icy look upon hearing that.

Being aware that she was in a cafeteria, Genevieve remained silent.

However, Patrick was enraged. Immediately, he roared back, "Did you just fall into a pile of sh*t in the morning? Is that why your mouth smells so bad?"

"You! I am doing you a favor by exposing her true colors!" Queenie's face turned pale in a split second.

"Even though Genev is cute and pretty, do you have to be that jealous? Ah, it's okay, I understand. After all, you're so ugly, and I doubt any plastic surgeon would be able to do anything to save your face. Thus, you're resentful," Patrick continued to chastise her.

As he scrutinized her from head to toe, his gaze became increasingly disdainful. "Even if I was a rich fish, I wouldn't want to be fished by people like you! I'd vomit!"

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"How dare you!" Queenie yelled.

"No, I didn't. I merely spoke the truth! You can choose not to listen if you don't want to," Patrick hissed back at her.

He stretched out his arm, picked up a plate of fish and chips, and held it out to Queenie. "Here, have some fish. It helps make you smarter. Feel free to help yourself as much as you want. This one's on me!" he said sweetly.

Then, Patrick picked up his own tray of food and stalked off.

Queenie gazed at the plate of fish and chips that seemed to be mocking her and resisted the urge to fling the plate onto the ground.

Her argument with Patrick had attracted a lot of attention. Almost everyone in the cafeteria had recognized Genevieve, and they started whispering among themselves. However, Genevieve ignored their stares.

"I'll be going to the hospital to donate blood in the afternoon, so I can't have lobster for dinner. But I can treat you to some," Genevieve said.

She had enjoyed seeing Patrick put Queenie in her place.

"Are you donating blood out of kindness?"

As Patrick had been protecting her all this time, she decided to be honest with him. "I guess so. My blood type is pretty rare, which happens to be the same blood type as Dr. Jensen's friend. His friend is

undergoing surgery soon, and he needs blood. I will be donating a few bags so he can store them for future use."

Patrick was confused. "Timothy is pretty famous in the medical field. How rare is the patient's blood type that he insisted on drawing yours? Won't your rich husband be upset?"

“Stop being dramatic, will you?” Genevieve replied in exasperation.

“If I had a wife, I wouldn’t allow anyone to stick a needle in her, let alone allow her to perform acts of kindness for others...” Patrick clicked his tongue.

“Armand is clueless on how to dote on his wife.”

Genevieve was speechless. Unable to stand his nonsense anymore, she took her empty cup to the drinks section

Queenie happened to be there as well. As the incident earlier was still fresh in her mind, she glared at Genevieve with resentment. When she noticed that Genevieve was making herself a cup of coffee, she discreetly poured some hot water into a cup.

When Genevieve was done with her coffee, Queenie picked up the cup of hot water and approached Genevieve.

She glanced at the surveillance camera in the corner and realized that they were in the camera’s blind spot. Thus, she quickened her pace toward Genevieve. Pretending to slip, she hurled the hot water toward Genevieve.

However, Genevieve shifted to the side instantaneously as if she had predicted Queenie’s movements.

Two people had been walking behind Genevieve. After she dodged, the hot water splashed onto the

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shorter man’s suit,

The suit did not provide much protection, and the man hissed in pain as the water scalded him.

Queenie had not expected this turn of events. Her face turned pale as she stammered an apology, “I I’m sorry! T–The floor was a little s–slippery...”

The man endured the pain and reprimanded Queenie, “Couldn’t you be more careful then? You’re lucky that the hot water landed on me. If it scalded Mr. Faulkner, will you be able to compensate for the damages?”

Only then did Queenie realize that the man standing next to him was Armand. He looked at her with such coldness that her knees almost gave way beneath her.

Genevieve had only heard some footsteps behind her and never expected it to be Armand.

She smiled slightly and reminded Queenie, “Ms. Lane, from now on, please be careful when you’re carrying a cup of hot water.”

Queenie almost exploded in anger.

This is not fair! I didn’t manage to take revenge against Genevieve and even got myself implicated!

Armand and the man turned away from her. Gritting her teeth, Queenie mustered up her courage and stood in their way. “Mr. Faulkner, I want to report Genevieve!”

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As she spoke, she pointed an accusing finger at Genevieve. “Central Group is a prolific company that places utmost importance on reputation. However, Genevieve cheated on her husband and even caused her own company to go bust. With such a poor reputation, I don’t think she should even be allowed an interview with Central Group.”

Queenie paused for a moment before continuing, “She had submitted the written test in under ten minutes, and her results were a mess! How can she still take part in the test that will be held in the afternoon?”

Upon hearing that, Genevieve’s expression darkened, and a frigid look appeared in her eyes.

She did not let herself be bothered by Queenie as she was here for the interview. However, she did not expect Queenie to continue behaving so arrogantly.

Armand approached Queenie and stood in front of her. He exuded a domineering aura. “Are you saying that I’m blind or that I’m deaf? Or do you think that I can’t keep up with the news and I need you to educate me?”

Queenie started to tremble in fear. “No, Mr. Faulkner. That’s not what I meant...”

Coldness flashed across Armand’s sharp eyes. “Even if she has a poor reputation like what you said, it is up to the HR department to decide whether or not to grant her a chance. Seeing how you dared to stand in my way, you must think that your words carry a lot of weight or that I’m easy to convince.”

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Armand’s harsh words had completely stumped Queenie. Her face was ashen.

Furthermore, there were so many interviewees staring at them that she felt even more uncomfortable.

Armand turned to the man who had been scalded earlier. “Pierre, this interviewee had accidentally spilled hot water on you, but it is considered an instance of bad behavior. Go to the hospital and get a report on your injury. The interviewee will be fully responsible for your medical bills.”

“Yes, sir.”

With that, Armand’s cold gaze fell onto Queenie once again. “If you feel that this is unfair, you may speak to my lawyer.”

Queenie did not expect that the CEO of Central Group would be this ruthless toward an interviewee. However, she could only force a smile and obey him. “You’re right, Mr. Faulkner. I will take care of the medical bills.”

Armand no longer paid attention to her and turned to leave with Pierre following behind him. His gaze briefly swept over Genevieve.

Genevieve noticed that and quickly backed away from him as he brushed past her. “Goodbye, Mr. Faulkner.”

When Armand heard her words, he stopped in his tracks and looked at her. “Why did you submit the test in ten minutes?”

Genevieve could feel even more eyes on her after the man talked.

Is he doing this on purpose?

The corners of her lips twitched slightly. Biting the bullet, she replied, “I handed it in because I had already finished the test.”

Seeing that Armand was not giving Genevieve any special treatment either, Queenie got brave again. “I heard that ever since Central Group’s founding, the translation department’s written test would take at least twenty–five minutes to complete. There’s simply not enough time to think of and write the answers to more than ten questions within ten minutes.”

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

Is it wrong to hand in a test early these days?

As Armand was just asking a casual question, he hummed in response after hearing Genevieve’s answer and left without looking back. Pierre stuck close behind as they exited the cafeteria.

Having been completely ignored, Queenie stood there in shock, biting her lip awkwardly.

Genevieve scoffed inwardly when she saw Queenie’s expression. She walked up to Queenie and said, “Why don’t we make a bet, Queenie?”

“I don’t want to make a bet with you!”

Queenie had been repeatedly humiliated in front of a large crowd and felt utterly embarrassed. Unwilling to continue speaking with Genevieve, she spun on her heel and walked away.

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Genevieve chuckled lightly. “Do you not want to, or are you just afraid?”

When Queenie stopped in her tracks and turned her head to look at Genevieve, the latter went on, “Don’t you think I’m unworthy of even being interviewed by Central Group? So why don’t we do this? If my

overall score puts me in the first place and Central Group hires me, you will have to dance in front of the restaurant across the road from the company.”

Queenie scoffed angrily at her boastful words. "You think too highly of yourself, Genevieve!"

She was aware that many of the interviewees present were applying for a position in the translation department. Plus, she even heard that there was an interviewee who was the top graduate in his school from a famous university in Frosa.

Queenie had seen the pleased look on the interviewer's face after the top graduate handed in his written test.

On the other hand, the interviewer frowned when Genevieve submitted her test after ten minutes. Therefore, Queenie could not understand what made Genevieve so confident that she could come out on top.

"I just have a lot of confidence in my abilities, that's all." Suddenly, Genevieve gazed at Queenie in surprise. "Don't tell me that you have none in yours?"

Her sarcastic yet innocent tone caused Queenie to burn with rage.

However, she had learned her lesson. This time, she took a deep breath and did not rashly accept Genevieve's challenge. "Yeah, you're right. I don't think I can take the first place, so this bet is unfair! Therefore, why should I accept this bet with you?"

"What would make it fair, then?"

Hostility flashed across Queenie's eyes but was gone in the next instant. "If your total results put you in the first place, I will dance in front of the restaurant in a bikini. If someone else is in the first place, it will be your loss!"

Hearing that, everyone's interest was piqued.

Dancing in front of a restaurant was no big deal. However, if Queenie were to do it in a bikini, it would spice things up a lot more.

Patrick suddenly approached and started complaining loudly, "Are you insane? How is that fair? You have no chance of achieving first place, so why should Genevieve make this bet with you? She even has to dance in a bikini if she loses!"

Furious, he turned to say to Genevieve, "Let's go, Genev. We shouldn't bother betting on anything with her!"

Queenie quickly ran in front of them and blocked their path. "Aren't you confident that you can gain the first place, Genevieve? What's wrong? Are you scared?"

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"So what if she is? Is it against the law?" Patrick replied huffily.

"Genevieve was the one who suggested that we make a bet." Queenie folded her arms across her chest and glared coldly at Genevieve, who had remained silent all this while. "I just changed the terms a little. If she doesn't agree to it, then it proves that she was trying to trick me earlier!"

"Y-You..." Patrick stammered with a frown, too angry to form a coherent sentence.

His temper immediately flared. He was about to cuss Queenie out when Genevieve suddenly spoke up. "No, your terms have made it fair for us both. But I don't think that it's interesting enough. How about this? Whoever loses will not only have to dance in front of the restaurant in a bikini, but also get someone to film the entire thing and post the video on Twitter and keep it up for one week."

"All right! We have a deal!" Seeing that Genevieve had dug a grave for herself and even willingly jumped into it, Queenie celebrated silently.

Queenie changed the terms of the bets to trick Genevieve as she knew there was no way she could place first.

However, she did not expect that Genevieve would be so easily duped.

I already know that Genevieve didn't do well on the written test. Even if she were to obtain a high score on the interpretation test later, she can't obtain the first place with her combined results. Moreover, my uncle is one of the interviewers for the interpretation test. Just one word from me, and Genevieve won't be able to obtain high marks! She's going to lose this bet!

Feeling confident about the trump card she had, Queenie swept her eyes over Genevieve arrogantly before she walked away. “Good luck, Genevieve!”

With that, she left the cafeteria in high spirits, her hips swaying.

“Ms. Lane, don’t sway your hips too much since they’re so wide. If you injure them and get admitted into a hospital, you won’t be able to take part in the examination later on. That would be a huge shame!” Patrick called out to her.

Queenie nearly fell over in anger. She turned and glared at Patrick, rage burning in her eyes. How I wish I could tear him apart!

Patrick flashed her a wide grin in response.

When Patrick and Genevieve returned to their seats, the former gazed at Genevieve eagerly and said, “How was my performance, Genev? Do you think I can win the best actor award?”

“You did very well.” Genevieve cocked an eyebrow at him. “But how did you know that I was trying to agitate her?”

Patrick shoved a piece of beef in his mouth and talked with his mouth full, “Well, I don’t believe you’re dumb enough to let yourself be put down by Queenie. That’s how I realized you were trying to set a trap for her.”

Genevieve smiled upon hearing that.

She had proactively suggested making a bet with Queenie to agitate the latter into changing the rules, making the latter think that she had dug her own grave.

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ripples going through her peaceful heart, along with a hint of warmth.

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Patrick was applying for a position in the technical safety department. The interview process was not as complicated as the translation department. Moreover, his skills had been deemed a fit for the role, so he had successfully made it through.

He had intended to wait for Genevieve to be done with her test before accompanying her to the hospital

However, just as they finished lunch and left the cafeteria, he received a call from Steven asking for his help.

He had no choice but to go and help Steven out.

Hence, Genevieve went to the break room to rest for a little while. When the clock struck two in the afternoon, she headed toward the test venue.

As Central Group's building was large, interviews for each department were held on different floors.

The translation department's interview process was a little special, so the conference rooms on the twelfth floor were exclusively for the translation department's use over the next several days.

When Genevieve and another interviewee's names were called, they entered the test venue they had been directed to.

The room had been arranged to look like a mini-conference room. Several men sat at the front of the table, speaking in hushed tones with the invigilators,

One of the three invigilators was Jenny, who Genevieve had met in the morning.

However, it seemed like Jenny did not recognize Genevieve as she merely nodded in response when Genevieve and the other interviewee greeted her.

When Genevieve entered the soundproof booth, Jenny assisted her in setting up the equipment and took the opportunity to whisper, "The target language is Ustranasion. The test is easy, so you don't have to worry."

"Can it be Granatanolan instead?" Genevieve asked.

Jenny was slightly taken aback. "Yes... But Granatanolan is more challenging. In addition, the other interviewee will be interpreting in Ustranasion. If her interpretation is more accurate, it would not be advantageous for you."

“To be frank, Granatanolan is more of my forte. Please do what you have to do. I would be working for you in the future, and I would need your guidance,” Genevieve replied with a smile.

With that, Genevieve had left a better impression on Jenny.

As someone who had hustled for a long time in Central Group and worked her way up to be the second-in-command of the translation department, Jenny was not easily fooled.

She had happened to meet Patrick when he had come to Central Group to look for Steven in the past.

After asking someone from the secretarial department, she found out that Patrick was Steven’s younger brother

Hence, when Patrick hit on her in the cafeteria, Jenny agreed to go easy on Genevieve. That way, she

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could use this to call in a favor from Steven in the future.

Since Genevieve refused her help, she would just let it slide.

Soon, the test began.

Genevieve had interacted with tourists from various countries when she traveled around the world with Cooper in the past. Moreover, Cooper had occasionally sent her overseas to assist him in his work, hence allowing her opportunities to refine her language skills.

In addition, she was confident in her command of Granatanolan. The interpretation test was a lot easier than the written test.

Outside the soundproof booth, the invigilators exchanged glances with each other.

Along time later, one of the invigilators removed his earphones. There was a shocked yet impressed expression on his face. “I’ve been an invigilator for this test for many years, but this is the first time I’ve seen such a remarkable interpretation.”

Apart from Jenny, two other invigilators were not from the translation department.

They could not understand Granatanolan, but they had watched the examination video an hour before the test.

As Genevieve delivered her simultaneous interpretation, they would compare it with the video that was in Granatanolan. They were pleasantly shocked at the speed and accuracy at which Genevieve had interpreted.

Jenny was astonished as well. She could not help the bitter smile that slowly formed on her face.

I thought she refused my help because she didn't want to cause me any trouble. This is unexpected.

The invigilator turned to Jenny and asked in a cautious manner, "I saw you chatting with her when you went in to assist with the equipment. Is she someone Mr. Faulkner had poached from a big company overseas?"

"I don't know." Jenny shook her head before continuing in a low voice, "But I do know that she is Mr. Sullivan's sister-in-law."

When the other two invigilators heard that, they instantly understood the entire picture.

"Since you know that, why didn't you go easy on her? We'll be able to form closer ties with Mr. Sullivan in the future!"

"I wanted to but didn't get the chance to. She's too impressive..." Jenny replied in exasperation.

The invigilator burst out laughing. "That's true! I heard that Mr. Ziegler would be transferring to the Epea office soon. Once he leaves, the manager position will be yours. And you even have Mr. Sullivan's amazing sister-in-law to help you out. You sure are lucky, Jen!"

Jenny rolled her eyes at him. "Nothing's set in stone yet, so don't spout nonsense! I don't want people to think I have my eye on his position."

Despite saying that, the corners of her lips lifted into a delighted smirk, betraying her true feelings

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After the twenty-minute interpretation ended, the invigilators quickly graded the interviewees.

Jenny walked out of the conference room with Genevieve and praised her, “Genevieve, your interpretation is great! The combined scores will be out tomorrow. Even if you failed the other tests, it’s fine. With just your grades for this test alone, I can get you into Central Group.”

Although she was not the invigilator for Genevieve’s written test, she heard during lunch from the other interviewees that Genevieve handed in her test paper very quickly, as it seemed she did not know how to do it.

However, even if Genevieve’s combined scores are not high enough, I will still get her into the translation department through my connections. After all, Genevieve is Steven’s future sister-in-law.

Genevieve could not tell Jenny’s internal musings. Instead, she thought Jenny, misguided by the rumors, believed she did not do well for the written exam and was comforting her.

Remembering her bet with Queenie, she did not say anything, but only smiled and replied, “Thanks, Ms. Griffin.”

Just then, Queenie coincidentally walked out from the conference room opposite them.

After recognizing Jenny, Queenie immediately went forth and greeted, “Ms. Griffin, I’m Queenie Lane. My uncle is Harold Lane from the purchasing department. If I enter the translation department in the future, please look after me.”

“We’ll see when you enter the translation department. I’ll be leaving first.” Compared to Queenie’s enthusiastic greeting, Jenny’s reply was much colder.

Queenie had just stretched out her hand to shake hands with Jenny, but the latter walked away. Feeling awkward, she could only withdraw her hand in embarrassment.

Then, she grabbed Genevieve, who was about to walk away, and asked suspiciously, "Genevieve, you know Ms. Griffin?"

I saw Ms. Griffin smiling while talking to Genevieve just now, yet Ms. Griffin treats me so icily. This shouldn't be. The Rachford family has already fallen. Genevieve's reputation is ruined, and she doesn't even have friends to help her. How can she know Ms. Griffin?

"Why do I need to inform you whether I know her or not?" Genevieve retorted. Glancing down, she ordered, "Get your hands off me."

Infuriated that Genevieve humiliated her, Queenie wanted to scold back, but upon meeting Genevieve's emotionless eyes, she unconsciously fell silent and even let go of her hand reflexively. Genevieve's imposing aura made her shiver for some reason.

After seeing Genevieve walk away, Queenie sighed in relief discreetly, but before she could relax fully, Genevieve suddenly turned back after taking two steps.

"Did Erica contact you recently?"

"No," Queenie responded almost immediately.

Ever since Erica and Harrison's scandal was made known to the world, she immediately severed all relations with Erica, afraid that Cooper would take revenge on her family's company due to her being too close with Erica.

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Upon hearing her words, Genevieve guessed that Erica must have lots of dirt on Cooper. If not, he would not hide her away so well.

"If she contacts you, do tell me. I'll give you your fair share of rewards." Genevieve patted Queenie's shoulder and walked away for real this time.

Only when Genevieve entered the lift did Queenie feel the sense of oppression that was surrounding her gradually fade away.

Queenie came back to her senses after a while and shouted while gritting her teeth, "Genevieve is only a rich girl who has fallen from grace. Why should I be afraid of her? Why should I answer her every question?"

This is so infuriating!

Then, Queenie saw a woman walk out from Genevieve's testing site. Immediately, she walked over and asked, "Who invigilated you just now?"

"I only recognize Ms. Griffin from the translation department, but not the other two."

When Queenie found out Jenny was Genevieve's invigilator, Queenie quickly realized that Genevieve must have achieved good scores in interpretation for Jenny to treat her so politely.

Immediately, she felt uneasy.

According to her original plan, her uncle, Harold, should have invigilated Genevieve and would give her a low score after the exam. However, during her lunch break time, Harold sent her a message saying he needed to go out to work. Thus, his colleagues from other departments went to invigilate in his stead.

Even Ms. Griffin was satisfied by Genevieve's interpretation, so the other invigilators definitely gave her high scores too. What if she gets first place with her combined scores?

"Do you know Genevieve?" the woman asked, thinking that Queenie knew Genevieve since the former was asking about Genevieve. "Did she come just as a formality?"

"What do you mean?" Queenie asked back hurriedly.

"Ms. Griffin treats Genevieve very well." With a resentful look on her face, the woman continued, "I saw Ms. Griffin help Genevieve with the devices, and the interpretation should be into Ustranasion, but Genevieve's was changed into Granatanolan."

"What?" Queenie shouted in shock.

No wonder Genevieve handed in her written test papers so fast, dared to bet with me, and had a confident smile on her face all the time. She's getting in here through connections!