

Chapter 388 Do Not Get Me Involved

Timothy immediately replied, “Genev's marrying that guy, right? What was his name again? Valentine something? Cooper said if someone's pissed off about it, it should be you.”

Armand's eyebrows became even more tightly furrowed when he heard that.

He approached the couch and kicked Timothy gently, gesturing for his friend to scooch over. Then he sat and pointed at the table.

Timothy pursed his lips and poured him a glass of wine.

When Cooper almost finished his glass of wine, he turned to Armand. “Aren't you quite good at schemes, Mr. Faulkner? Why are you divorced from her the moment I came back?”

“Unlike you, we separated amicably.” Armand downed his glass of wine. “She likes Jack, so I let her go.”

“Like hell she likes him!” Cooper cursed, his face clouded over. “I grew up with Genev. I know what kind of men who's around her, and I've never heard of this Jack Valentine until now.”

Timothy interrupted, “Weren't you together with Erica before? When did you care about Genevieve?”

Cooper's eyes turned cold as he stared at Timothy. “I dare you to say that again.”

“Hey, don't take your anger out on me!” Timothy grumbled. “I didn't make that up. Other people knew about it. They were saying—”

Seeing that Cooper was about to throw his glass at him, Timothy immediately shut up and surrendered. That b*stard only knows how to use violence to scare someone! Still, he grew up with Genevieve. If he doesn't know who Jack is, then this guy is pretty suspicious. Why did someone as high profile as Jack come to Chanaea to find Genevieve?

Cooper poured himself another glass of wine and uttered coldly, “If I had known you were this unreliable, Mr. Faulkner, I would've made you divorce Genev before I left the country. I could've helped her do what she wanted.”

Armand was enraged upon hearing that. He mocked, “Have you no shame? Wasn't you the one who buried her bright future?”

“You think you didn't do anything wrong while I did?” Cooper sneered. “Didn't you marry Genev for a specific purpose?”

Armand's expression darkened, and he splashed his wine at Cooper.

Cooper couldn't dodge in time, so his face and hair instantly became wet.

He retaliated quickly and returned the favor by doing the same thing.

Armand moved a little to the side, causing the wine to splash onto Timothy and only a little on his sleeve.

Timothy appeared flabbergasted and aggrieved for receiving that attack out of nowhere.

He pulled out a couple of pieces of tissue paper and wiped away the wine on his face. “If you guys want to pour wine on each other's faces, please don't get me involved. I'm not the one who's marrying Genevieve! You two should be looking for Jack instead!”

“I should be, yes.” Cooper wiped his glasses. “He doesn't deserve to touch the person I raised!”

Armand raised his eyebrows. “Go to Dartan in a few days.”

“You can send your own people to do your investigations,” Cooper uttered coldly. “You and I aren't familiar enough for you to order me what to do.”

“Aren't we cousins? Isn't that good enough?” Armand retorted with a half-smile.

“What?” Timothy was shocked as his line of sight bounced back and forth between the two of them. “What did you just say, Armand? You two are cousins?”

Armand nodded. “He's my Aunt Samantha's son.”

Timothy asked in puzzlement, “Didn't you say Samantha's son died in her womb when he was eight months old? How did Cooper become her son?”

“I believe the doctor worked with my grandmother to lie to Samantha and then handed her child to Zachary.”

Cooper put on his glasses again and asked, “How much do you know?”

“Only that you're Samantha's son. I made guesses about everything else with Genevieve. My grandmother has passed away, so the matter leads only to a dead end. No clues were left behind.”

Cooper took off his wet coat and threw it onto the couch. “I can't pry the truth out of a dead person's mouth, but a living person is another matter.”