

My Husband Is a Gary Stu
Chapter 1

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"Ms. Genevieve Rachford, your husband is currently with a woman in Room 2588 at the Langfield Hotel."

Genevieve Rachford held her breath anxiously as she waited for the elevator to stop at her destination. She had spent a month in

Musbane on a business trip, only to come back to receive a strange text.

Assuming it was a prank, she ignored the text and didn't think much about it. When she got off the plane, she realized she

couldn't get ahold of her husband, Cooper Sutton. His phone GPS showed that he was at the Langfield Hotel, and she began to

panic.

Shortly after, she came to a stop outside Room 2588. To her surprise, the door was

ajar. Someone shoved the back of her waist,

and she stumbled into the dark room. She had just regained her balance when a burning body pushed her to the door.

"Darling?" Genevieve called out carefully.

The man didn't utter a word.

In the dark, he found Genevieve's lips and captured her mouth in a fierce and passionate kiss. The door was ajar, and he kissed

me once we stepped in...

Genevieve quickly made the connections and assumed Cooper was putting up an act to tease her, for they had been apart for

too long.

With that thought in mind, she let her guard down and flung her arms around the

man. Her back arched as she returned his kiss

joyfully.

When Genevieve roused, the sun was shining brightly outside the window. Her bare arms were full of hickeys, and she felt her

entire body aching. However, her heart was full. She had been married to Cooper for a year, but they were often apart due to

work.

They had never gotten intimate with each other.

Last night, they had finally consummated their marriage.

"Darling..."

Genevieve rolled over and was about to chide Cooper for preparing such a dreadful surprise.

Alas, the other side of the bed was empty. It felt cool to the touch.

The man had obviously left a while ago.

There was a necklace on the bed. It was a limited edition piece from Tiffany's with the name "Perfect Lover."

I'm glad he knows that he should leave a gift for me.

Genevieve's lips curled into an alluring smile as she picked up the necklace and put it on.

Suddenly, the door was kicked open. A bunch of reporters filed in with their cameras and surrounded the bed.

Click! Click! Click! The cameras flashed continuously to take photos of Genevieve's naked body.

"Ms. Rachford, you returned from your business trip and immediately came to the hotel to meet your lover. Did you have a fall out

with Mr. Sutton?"

"Have you gotten a divorce in secret?"

"Ms. Rachford, please answer our questions!"

Genevieve was caught off guard. The reporters had barged in without notice and hurled malicious questions at her. She leaned

back against the headboard, seemingly flustered.

"W-What are you talking about? I was with my husband last night!"

Genevieve pulled up the covers to shield her body from the unwanted visitors. She

pointed a finger at the door and demanded,

"Get out right this instance!"

"Genevieve!"

Right then, a furious and icy voice rang out.

Genevieve felt her vision go black.

When she looked up, her husband was standing before her. His usual gentle and elegant self was long gone, and it was replaced

by a grim expression.

"Darling, I'm glad you're here."

Genevieve didn't have time to ask why he had left that early and the reason for his

reaction. She crawled over and grabbed his

arm.

"Last night, you arranged a surprise for me, right? The reporters are framing me for cheating on you. I—"

Before she could finish, a loud slap landed on her cheek.

The impact caused her to fall back into bed, and her mind went blank.

Cooper threw a stack of photos onto her face.

The sharp edge of one photo grazed past her cheek.

Fresh blood seeped out of the wound and dripped down her chin.

"I'll see you at nine in the morning tomorrow at the City Hall!" he announced icily.

After saying his piece, he spun on his heels and strode away as though he were utterly disgusted with her.

Genevieve covered her cheek, feeling disoriented from the pain. She spotted a photo in her line of sight which showed a man

leaving Room 2588.

It only showed the man's side profile, and he wasn't Cooper.

The timestamp was six this morning! Genevieve gripped the photo and observed it carefully as her entire being trembled violently. The man from last night wasn't Cooper!

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