

Gary Stu 121

Chapter 121 Are You Mad At Me

Passing by the simple corridor, Genevieve arrived at the CEO's office. Then, she knocked on the door.

"Come in." A low voice came from the other side of the door.

The moment Genevieve pushed the door open, she looked up at the man sitting behind the mahogany desk. Armand was wearing a gray suit with a tie. He looked very stern.

A slight frown appeared on his handsome, chiseled face. He exuded a solemn aura.

After entering the office, Genevieve placed the document on the table. She said politely, "Mr. Faulkner. This is the document you asked for."

Without looking at the document, his gaze fell on her.

Armand could see Genevieve from head to toe due to the short desk. Furthermore, she stood at a distance away from the desk.

Genevieve wore black office attire with a short skirt that accentuated her long, slender legs. The outfit made her look sexy yet professional at the same time.

Seeing that Armand did not speak up, Genevieve bowed slightly. "Mr. Faulkner, if there's nothing else, I will take my leave."

The moment Genevieve finished speaking, she moved her feet and was about to leave the office.

Armand's gaze that was on her suddenly turned cold. His eyebrows furrowed even tighter.

"Genevieve, are you mad at me?"

Why is she addressing me so formally?

Genevieve was dumbfounded by his question for a moment. Then, she flashed Armand a smile. "I wouldn't dare to get mad at you, Mr. Faulkner. The company is a strict place. How could I possibly call you by your name, Armand?"

Armand knocked a cigarette out of its box and lit it. His gaze fell on her legs again. "How are your legs?"

"As you can see, they're fine now." Genevieve took two steps back so that he could see more clearly.

"After the scabs fell off, the skin on my leg becomes smoother."

Then, she asked casually, "How is Marilyn's child?"

Genevieve's voice was warm and gentle, as though she had a genuine concern. However, Armand was somewhat annoyed by that tone.

After taking a puff, he instantly choked.

Knocking the cigarette on the edge of the ashtray, Armand said indifferently, "She has been taking miscarriage prevention medicine these last few days. The child should be fine."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that." Nodding, Genevieve asked, "Mr. Faulkner, is there anything else?"

Armand's gaze fell on her slender finger. Seeing the ring, he lost the words on the tip of his tongue.

"No."

"All right. I'll head down first." Genevieve bowed at him.

She stopped in her tracks upon reaching the office door. Turning back to look at Armand, she said, "Mr. Faulkner, you can just text me on WhatsApp for trivial matters like these in the future. I'm not an executive. People are bound to gossip behind my back when you summon me directly like this. I've had enough rumors in the last few days."

Armand narrowed his eyes as he watched the office door close.

Even though Genevieve was articulate, Armand could tell every time her mood shifted. I guess she must be furious at me despite her denial just now.

Genevieve was only in his office for a minute. Nevertheless, the scent of wild roses lingered in the air

after she had left.

Although the fragrance was faint, it could easily tug at one's heartstrings.

Armand gulped involuntarily when he thought of Genevieve's slender waist. He quickly picked up the phone with the hand that was holding the cigarette.

Genevieve had just returned to the translation department.

The moment she took her seat, she received a company email from the secretarial department regarding the employees' code of conduct policy.

The company did not prohibit employees from developing romantic relationships in private. However, they must abide by the law. Furthermore, they must not be involved with married people lest they damage the company's reputation.

Executives of any department were not allowed to frequent other departments unless there was a valid reason to do so.

Genevieve was speechless after reading the policy. She was tempted to send Armand a message and asked him to include his own name in the email.

I have made it clear to those people that I've remarried. It's not my fault that they're still pursuing me!

Chapter 122 I Will Accompany You Back

A colleague who read the email rolled her chair and ran to Genevieve to whisper, "You were just asked to deliver documents to the CEO's office. We thought that Mr. Faulkner took a fancy to you, but it turns out that he just called you up for a chat? It's no wonder you looked so gloomy when you came back."

"Did I?" Genevieve touched her face.

"Yes." The colleague nodded and asked curiously, "Mr. Faulkner looks quite gentle. Did he scold you fiercely?"

When I came back, I was wondering how I was supposed to answer if my colleagues asked about gossip, but now that there's this email to work as my cover, I can just go along with it.

She sighed and waved her hand. "Well, those who know, know."

The colleague was speechless.

As soon as this email was sent out, it almost immediately purged the atmosphere in Central Group.

No man came over to fawn over Genevieve when she went to the restaurant for lunch at noon.

A few colleagues who had lunch with her gossiped about the news they read online a few days ago.

One of them was about how Armand's first love was the daughter of the Wood family. They dated for more than ten years, but the lady was stolen away by Armand's older brother.

Although topics on Twitter disappeared quickly, many netizens saved the news and spread them among their groups.

Genevieve's good mood inexplicably became upset. She packed up the food that she only ate a few bites of and went back to the department.

In the afternoon, Jenny handed two documents to her, and Genevieve became swamped with work.

Since she spent a lot of energy, she was already hungry before it was time to get off work.

Since Patrick went out in the field, she did not wait for him and went back after her shift ended.

On the way back, she bought a dessert.

When she got home, as soon as she entered the house, she saw Maria with her back to her. Maria was standing in the small dining room to the side, wiping her face with one hand.

"Maria?" Genevieve put the dessert on the table and walked over. "What's wrong?"

"I'm fine." Maria quickly wiped away her tears, not letting Genevieve see anything. However, her hoarse voice made it obvious that she had been crying.

"If you're fine, then why are you crying?" Genevieve clearly did not believe her. "Is it something that you can't tell me?"

Seeing Genevieve stare at her anxiously, Maria had to tell the truth. "My daughter-in-law called me, saying that Ryan broke his leg at school and is in the hospital now. She wants me to visit him."

Genevieve knew that Maria was in poor health and gave birth to a son when she was young.

Her son was also quite competitive and obtained a Ph.D. at a young age. Since his wife was from Feston, he stayed in Feston to work, and the couple gave birth to a son.

Maria's daughter-in-law had a good maiden home, and her mother took care of the child, so Maria could stay and help the Rachford family with no worries.

I remember that Maria would go to Feston once every two months to see her son and grandson.

However, because the Rachford family was ruined a few months ago, Maria stayed with me to take care of me.

Genevieve's eyes stung, and she immediately went to her room to take out all the cash in her drawer.

"Maria, I'll accompany you to Feston now."

"N-No, you can't." Maria quickly stopped her. "Ms. Rachford, you just got a job and are quite busy. The doctor said that my grandson is fine, so I can go back by myself."

She wiped her tears and said apologetically, "I'm just worried that there's no one to take care of you if I leave."

Genevieve did not know what to say. She felt her heart sink, yet a sense of warmth bubbled from within.

Holding back her tears, she stuffed the cash into Maria's bag and slipped in a bank card as well. "Don't worry about me. Even if I can't cook, I can just order take-out or call a few maids back from Swallow Garden. You haven't been back for a long time. I'm sure that Ryan misses you, so go back and spend more time with him. If you don't have enough money, just call me and tell me."

"How could I—" Maria wanted to say something.

"Come on, let's not fuss about this." Genevieve interrupted Maria's words and pulled her to the underground garage.

After the Rachford family fell, I wouldn't have come this far if it weren't for Maria staying with me. I've stopped thinking of her as a maid long ago. She's practically my family now.

Chapter 123 Tickle The Tip Of His Heart

Maria was unable to argue against Genevieve and had to let the latter drive her to the airport.

When they arrived at the departure lounge, Maria still held Genevieve's hand without letting go. With tears in her eyes, she repeatedly told Genevieve to take care of herself. "Ms. Rachford, if you're in a bad mood, then call me. Don't do anything reckless."

"Mm." Genevieve nodded obediently and waved her hand with a smile. "Well, you should hurry inside now, Maria."

"Okay." Maria reluctantly went into the departure lounge.

It was past eight o'clock in the evening when Genevieve drove back from the airport.

As soon as her car arrived at the entrance of the underground garage, the security guard opened the gate and said to her, "Ms. Rachford, there's a man waiting for you in the lobby."

Genevieve's first thought was that Patrick had forgotten to bring his elevator card again.

After all, that happened twice before.

However, she was also a little puzzled. Patrick has been living here with me for quite a long time, so the front desk should be familiar with him. Can't he just ask to borrow their elevator card instead?

When she parked her car and took the elevator to the lobby on the first floor, she found that it was not

Patrick who was waiting for her.

Armand sat in the lounge, idly flipping a magazine.

He looked up slightly and saw Genevieve coming out of the elevator. After putting down the magazine, he got up and draped the coat he left on the couch over his arm.

Genevieve took two steps forward before stopping and looking at him. "Why are you here?"

"You used my card to buy this house. Can't I come and see it?" Armand was unhappy with her expression.

He asked, "Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Genevieve took out her phone and saw two missed calls from Armand. "I didn't want to be disturbed when driving Maria to the airport, so I muted my phone."

Just as she was about to leave, she thought of something and looked up at the man. "Mr. Faulkner, have you eaten?"

He looked at her with a vague smile. "I've been waiting for you here since six o'clock. Do you think I've eaten?"

Whether it was in meetings or at parties, it was always other people waiting for him.

He got the address of Genevieve's new house from Steven that day and came over. However, not only could he not go up, he was stuck waiting for her for more than two hours.

"You didn't even inform me beforehand. How would I know that you were coming?" Genevieve's expression was innocent. "Maria isn't here either. I'll bring you out to eat."

"No need. Just cook whatever you want." His hand reached past her ear to press the elevator button.

"Why are you calling me 'Mr. Faulkner' and speaking so formally, are you still throwing a tantrum?"

She smelled the faint scent of cigarettes on his sleeve and immediately turned to the side to put some distance between them.

"I'm speaking formally because I respect you." Genevieve pursed her pink lips. She said in an insipid tone, "Don't worry. I know how to call you when I go to the Faulkner residence. I couldn't possibly dare to throw a tantrum at you."

This house was bought with his money, anyway, so he can see it if he wants.

When the elevator arrived, Genevieve entered first and looked at the man's gloomy expression. "Mr. Faulkner, aren't you coming in?"

The vein on Armand's forehead twitched, and he strode into the elevator.

Genevieve was already hungry before she got off work and thought that she could have dinner cooked by Maria when she got home. However, she ended up sending Maria to the airport.

She was really starving.

After entering the condominium, she went into the small kitchen. Then, she opened the slice of black velvet cake she bought on her way back from work.

Although almost an hour had passed, the cake still tasted heavenly.

The cake melted almost immediately on her tongue, and her mouth was filled with the sweet taste of cream. The fresh mango on the cake was also sweet, making her unable to stop eating.

In just a short time, she lowered her head and finished more than half of the cake.

When Armand entered the condominium, he swiftly found the pantry and cups and poured himself a glass of soda water.

He thought that Genevieve had hurried into the house to make dinner.

However, when he came out with the glass of water, he saw her standing at the dining table with a spoon in her hand, stuffing cake into her mouth.

Armand was at a loss for words. He stared at the woman's back and narrowed his eyes. She took off her coat when she entered the house, exposing the white shirt inside. The sides were tucked into her short skirt, revealing her slender waist. Since her upper body was slightly bent forward, her hips were slightly lifted. Her feet were bare under her long and slender legs. Then, as if something bit her calf, she used the back of her other foot to rub the itchiness away. Her small, snow-white feet were immaculate, and that subtle movement seemed to tickle the tip of his heart.

Chapter 124 Rejection

Armand felt a flame was about to ignite in his body as the air was full of the sweet-smelling scent of the cake. He swallowed a gulp of saliva and walked over in broad steps. Genevieve was gobbling down a cake when she felt a force tugging her backward by her shoulder. The loss of balance almost made her scream in fright. Then, with the cake fork in her hand, she was lifted and seated at the dining table. "What are you trying—" Before Genevieve could react, a pair of moist and warm lips were pressed onto hers. The man's body bent low as the dining table was low. He held Genevieve by her tender cheeks as he kissed and bit her lips greedily and madly. After licking the cream off the corners of her lips, his tongue forcefully entered her mouth and reached for the soft tips of her tongue. Her mouth was full of the taste of cream and mangoes as she had several cakes, and he tasted all of them. Armand's hand circled her waist, pressing her against his body as if he wanted more. Through the thin fabric, his hands could feel the warmth radiating from her soft skin, and her waist was so slender that he thought he might break her if he exerted just a bit more force. How is it possible for a woman to have such a slender waist? As Genevieve was carried onto the dining table and locked by the kiss, she was on the passive end. Armand's intense and cold aura encompassed her like a net. After much struggling, she finally found the chance to take a breather and used her sharp teeth to bite his lips. "Mr. Faulkner! What's wrong with you!" Genevieve's body backed away and increased the distance between her and the man. She added furiously, "Who allowed you to kiss me? Didn't we agree that I only needed to please Old Mrs. Faulkner after marriage? Sleeping together is not part of the deal!" Upon looking at her trying to catch her breath, Armand placed his hands on the table and leaned toward her, closing their distance. "Do I need to remind you what you did that night at Lovely Heart Hotel after you were drugged and came to me?" Genevieve bit her lower lip and rebuked coolly, "You said it yourself—I was drugged. I wasn't in the right state of mind. I'm not going to make a fuss over that night." "You sure know how to play games with your words, Genevieve." Armand chuckled. He was a tool that night to help her. Nonetheless, she took his help for granted and acted as if she was not being calculative over it. What a joke! "Humph!" Genevieve shifted toward the edge of the dining table, wanting to get off. However, Armand stretched his arm around her waist, threw her over his shoulders, and strode toward the bedroom. "Put me down, Armand!" After realizing his motive, Genevieve used all her might to struggle while feeling frustrated. "If you do not get my consent, it's illegal! So if you don't let me go, I'm calling the cops!" she screamed while she continued struggling. As she was yelling, Armand found her bedroom and put his body on top of hers after throwing her onto the bed. He held her hands down. "I'm Mr. Faulkner when you need me. When you don't need me, I'm just a tool?" "I didn't say that!" Genevieve tried to pull her wrist out from his hands. "Let go of me! You didn't say this was part of the deal when we negotiated. Can you blame me for being like this?" "We're already married. Do I need to remind

you?" Armand played with his words since she was doing the same thing. "Should I also remind you of how you previously stripped naked in front of me?" His body bent down, and she could feel his breath on her lips. "Which part of your body have I not touched before?" Genevieve did not expect the usually aloof man would behave like a hooligan and wriggle his way around with his words. Her angry face reddened. "I don't want to do it today!" After a long argument on the bed, Genevieve was out of breath. A strand of black hair stuck to the corner of her lips and made her appear more alluring. Genevieve said, "Even escorts get their days off. Can't I get one?"

Chapter 125 Letting Go

Armand's gaze fell upon Genevieve's lips as she licked the corner of her lips and accidentally got her hair into her mouth. He felt his lower body warming up and lowered his head to kiss her.

Not wanting to lose, Genevieve continued struggling. Nevertheless, the difference in strength between a man and a woman was far too great. After a few seconds, her clothes were disheveled.

"Don't touch me, Armand!" Her face buried into the snowy white pillow as she turned sideways and glared at the man.

Since she could not fight against him using force, she started scolding him, "Aren't you embarrassed for taking advantage of a girl like me at your age? Let go of me! Are you deaf?"

Upon seeing her response and hearing her words, Armand frowned. "I'm merely nine years older than you. You're saying as if I'm fifty years old."

Genevieve smirked. "If you were that old, you'd be considered a beast. I'd also have to call you an elderly."

Armand was dumbfounded.

"You can look for Marilyn or anyone else to satisfy your biological needs, so don't touch me!

Disgusting!" Genevieve sneered, "Anyhow, we'll just call off this deal! There are plenty of other people that can help me!"

Armand's eyes darkened while looking at her fair-skinned back and cold, stubborn face.

She's right.

There were many other leading companies in the business world. Other than the business world, many others were powerful in the political scene. After living a mundane life, some would lust for young girls' bodies.

Genevieve was just like a budding flower, fresh and alluring. Many would stretch their hands at her at a word from her.

Armand forcefully turned her head for her to look at him while he continued to pin her down by her wrist. "In your opinion, we are not husband and wife even if we've registered legally. However, the marriage certificate is real and legally binding. I'm faithful to my marriage. I've neither touched any other women in the past nor present. Since you know Marilyn, you should know that I've broken up with her many years ago."

Friction continued between Armand's fingers and Genevieve's wrist. "I can let it go when the situation calls for it."

Although Marilyn cheated first, Armand broke off all ties with her after ending their relationship.

If Armand had not sworn to fulfill Samuel's request when Samuel was on his death bed, Armand would not have allowed Marilyn to come to Jadeborough and comply with her requests.

Genevieve did not expect Armand to tell her these and was stunned momentarily.

Yet, some memories played in her mind like a film reel and settled the hint of hesitance in her heart.

Genevieve smirked. "What's the matter? You two can still get together after breaking up. Moreover,

Samuel died long ago. There are many cases where a younger brother marries their sister-in-law.”

“Genevieve, my morals are not that distorted.” Armand took a deep breath to appease the impending anger that the woman was creating.

“If you are behaving so willfully because of the incident at the Faulkner residence the other day, shouldn’t you already be appeased by the presents you’ve received for the past few days? Moreover, my grandma slapped me too!” Armand always abided by the principle that actions spoke louder than words.

He was the kind of person who did not want to create trouble and was too lazy to explain too much. Hence, it was the first time that he was explaining in detail to a woman and said more words than he had said in meetings at work.

The frustration in Genevieve’s heart dispersed after hearing Armand patiently explaining to her. She lay still and stopped struggling.

“I received them as presents. I did not accept them as an apology.” Genevieve pouted. “It’s your grandma who hit you. If you’re unhappy, you should speak to her about it!”

Armand chuckled in a deep tone. “Are you changing your mind after accepting the gifts?”

He could feel that Genevieve was not as stiff anymore. After chuckling, he lowered his body and kissed her.

This time, their lips connected, and they had no intention of separating.

Chapter 126 Mourn Your Dead Love

Armand had only ever touched Genevieve a few times.

There was one time they were interrupted by Steven at the most crucial part as he knocked on the door in Swallow Garden, and another was at Lovely Heart Hotel.

Genevieve was under the influence of the medication then. The two were not exactly making love, and he was more of a tool.

However, Armand could feel her skin’s warmth and tenderness this time, which was fragrant and smooth like butter.

She smelt like milk and was not overly sweet.

After a while, the sky outside the window had turned dark, and it started raining heavily. The raindrops pattered on the window.

Under the dim lights of the room, the large soft bed was a mess. The air conditioner was running, but the air had a stickiness to it.

Genevieve was slightly curled up and lying on Armand’s side. Her hair was damp from the sweat and a few strands stuck to her face. She appeared to be exhausted with her eyes half-open.

After a few seconds, Genevieve suddenly got up and straddled Armand, both hands supporting herself with his head in between them.

Her jet black hair fell onto Armand’s bare chest, causing him to feel itchy.

He looked up at her, and his eyes darkened, asking, “You’re not tired?”

Armand had not forgotten how she cried and scolded his entire family a while back.

“I’m tired, but I have a few questions to ask you.” Her voice was a little raspy, and she gulped before continuing, “You dated Marilyn for thirteen years?”

Armand frowned slightly and replied, “Why are you asking this?”

“This is not some secret, so why can’t I ask?” Genevieve retorted. She lowered her head and pressed, “Hurry up and tell me. Yes or no?”

Armand toyed with a strand of her hair with his fingers and responded, “Yeah. Thirteen years.”

"That's a long time." Genevieve sighed and asked, "In that case, have you slept together?"

"No. We may have been together for a long time, but we seldom met." Armand's voice was deep as he said, "I'm often running in between Xedells and overseas. After that, I came to Jadeborough."

Genevieve expressed her disbelief and remarked, "I heard from Grandma that you always made it on time to Marilyn's performances when she was overseas. But you didn't lay a hand on her?"

"Every time I met her, I only stayed for a short while. Perhaps after two hours, I would already be on the plane back to Xedells." Armand paused, "Why are you so insistent on knowing about this?"

"I'm helping you mourn your dead love." Genevieve tilted her head sideways, exposing her fair neck, and said, "How about I perform a song that can help you move on next time?"

Her long hair brushed against his chest when she moved. It felt prickly and numb.

She had no clothes on, and her skin was dazzlingly fair under the light.

Armand lowered his head, his breath became heavy, and he brushed against her fair skin. He grabbed her arm, and they exchanged positions.

"What are you doing!" Genevieve kicked him and fumed, "I have to go to work tomorrow!"

"I'm giving consent for you to skip work."

She was at a loss for words. He's pretty good at abusing his authority!

The next day, Armand found out that he had slept till nine in the morning when he received Steven's phone call.

The blinds were not closed, and the sun shone through the windows. However, the sunlight did not shine on the bed because of the direction of the morning sun.

Genevieve was curled up by his side, deep in her sleep.

That was the first time he slept till late with a woman beside him.

"Mr. Faulkner?" Steven asked on the other end of the phone when Armand did not respond. "Do you need me to pick you up?"

Armand glanced at the woman beside him. His voice was raspy but cold and stern as he said, "Postpone everything till afternoon. Send some clothes to me."

"Okay."

Steven hung up the phone at Swallow Garden and called out to Patrick, who was going out, "Patrick, you don't have to go to Mrs. Faulkner's place for a few days. I'll inform you when you need to go."

Patrick was changing his shoes and paused when he heard that. He swung his coat onto his shoulder and said, "All right."

"Also, hurry and decode the email I sent you and send it to me," added Steven. When Steven raised his head, the door slammed shut.

He was at a loss for words and frowned.

Chapter 127 Why Are You Still Here

It was already past eleven when Genevieve woke up. She was shocked when she saw the time on her phone but relaxed when she recalled that Armand had helped her apply for leave. Genevieve did not see anyone in the room and assumed Armand had left. She put on a sleeping robe and walked out barefooted. Before she could reach the living room, Armand walked out of the pantry. He was wearing a white shirt and black pants. Armand looked fresh, and there was a satisfied look on his face. "Why are you still here?" asked Genevieve subconsciously. Armand's gaze swept across her and paused on the collar of her sleeping robe. "Your house is mine, so why can't I be here?" Genevieve was at a loss for

words. She recalled that the house was bought using his card, and she indeed could not make him leave. Genevieve licked her dry lips and walked past him. She went into the pantry and poured herself a glass of orange juice. Armand did not leave and leaned on the door, saying, "Make me lunch after you go back to the room to change your clothes." "I don't know how!" Genevieve drank the orange juice with her back facing him and said in annoyance, "Order some food delivery. The receptionist will send it to the door." Her legs were still sore, and she did not feel like cooking for him. "I saw that your cooking looked good the other time at the Faulkner residence." Armand stepped in and stood behind her. He bent down and said, "I won't complain even if it's not good. What do you say?" Genevieve's hand trembled. The glass in her hands almost smashed onto the counter when she felt his breath on the back of her neck and heard the tone of his voice. Seeing that, Armand chuckled and teased, "I haven't even touched you, and you're already trembling?" Genevieve could hear the smirk in his tone, and the tips of her ears flushed. She turned around and pushed him away with all her strength. "I'll go and make lunch, all right? Hurry and leave once you're done eating." Armand laughed when he saw her leaving angrily and stomping on the ground. He found that she had a temper, and teasing her was fun. Why didn't I notice this before? Genevieve went back to the room and changed into long-sleeved pajamas. She stood in front of the fridge and looked at the variety of ingredient inside it while biting her fingers. Genevieve had only learned how to make stir-fried beef and salmon from Maria. Moreover, she had made those two dishes more than ten times, asking Maria and the rest to test the taste. However, the fridge did not have the main ingredients she needed to make those two dishes, and she did not know how to make anything else. After standing there for a while, Genevieve instinctively picked a few ingredients. I'm not the one who wants to cook. Armand is the one who wants me to. When it was lunchtime, Armand had already settled some stuff and conducted a virtual meeting. He put his phone down and went to the tiny dining area when the food was ready. His gaze swept across the table, and the veins on his forehead throbbed when he saw the odd-looking dishes. "You're the one who said that you won't mind." Genevieve placed a bowl of pasta before him and said, "I simply made something." Armand was at a loss for words. He recalled the things he said half an hour ago and gulped. Armand pulled out a chair and sat down. He lifted his fork with a heavy heart. The dishes might be a weird combination, but the taste was okay. Armand ate quite a bit in the end. After eating, Genevieve placed the dishes into the dishwasher and glanced at the time on her phone. She instantly ran into the living room to look for him. "Mr. Faulkner, it's already one in the afternoon." Armand could hear the excitement in her voice. She was undoubtedly chasing him away. He got off the couch and went to take his coat, but Genevieve had beat him to it and walked to the entrance. Armand was rendered speechless, and he calmly walked toward her. He took his coat and saw her bare feet on the wooden floor. Her fair toes curled up, and she appeared thrilled. Genevieve pulled open the door and waited for him to leave. However, Armand closed the door and unbuttoned his shirt, saying, "The weather forecast said there will be torrential rain today. It's the same if I work from home." "No..." Genevieve was dumbfounded. Before she could say anything, Armand bent down and kissed her. Around two in the afternoon, the sunny skies suddenly darkened, and it started pouring. Armand turned on the lights in the living room for some light. He did not return to the room but stayed in the living room, hugging her as they enjoyed the rainy scenery.

Chapter 128 Men Are All Sweet Talkers

In the end, Genevieve was so tired that she could no longer tell whether it was afternoon or night. She even got up two times and ate some light snacks.

When she woke up again, she hurriedly packed her things and went to work at the company.

A meeting was held that morning.

Since it was a small group meeting, there were six other colleagues with Genevieve. The atmosphere was also not too serious. Genevieve, who was sitting at the table, had her head lowered and was in deep thought.

Genevieve was wondering why she blindly believed Armand's random explanation. She then blamed it all on his strong masculine urges. This thought process made her lose some brain cells.

Now that Genevieve was clear-headed, she knew that Armand's explanation was full of holes.

"All right! Let's have a short break, everyone. We'll continue the meeting after ten minutes." The team leader took the remote control, paused the slide on the LCD screen, and went outside to drink some water.

One of Genevieve's colleagues gave her a look. "Genevieve, you kept your head down the entire time. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking about the team leader's question." Genevieve flashed her colleague a smile and gave a simple explanation.

When Genevieve saw that there were only a few of her colleagues left in the conference room, she pulled out her phone.

Genevieve had joined a lot of group chats that loved to gossip. However, she was blocked in all of them. Since she was currently in a bad mood, she joined a new group chat and planned to vent her frustrations there.

Genevieve accidentally tapped on the screen mirroring shortcut. Since the popup disappeared instantaneously, she did not notice what she had done.

Genevieve saw that someone was complaining in the group chat about her boyfriend not letting her check his phone. The person also said that her boyfriend never replied to her messages at night. Since they were in a long-distance relationship, she believed that he had found another girl.

The people in the group chat quickly answered that the person's boyfriend had definitely found a new girlfriend.

Genevieve glanced at the group chat. She sent: If your husband explained to you that he had broken up with his ex-girlfriend a long time ago and said that he doesn't miss her, then it's fine. However, there's a picture of her in the locket he's wearing. What does that mean?

As soon as she sent her message, a swarm of responses filled the group chat.

One of the people in the group chat responded: Men are all sweet talkers! I think your husband gave you that deliberate explanation because he knows how easy you can be coaxed!

Another person wrote: That's right! If your husband doesn't have any other girl in his heart, then I'm in menopause!

Genevieve thought about it and realized that she was quite easily coaxed.

When she was at the Faulkner residence that day, Armand thought that she had pushed Marilyn after only exchanging a few words with others. She then believed she should cut all ties with him and just be used.

Genevieve decided to compare Cooper with Armand. If she were with Cooper, she would have slapped him before he could even finish his sentence.

When Armand gave his explanation and coaxed her, she did not do anything at all.

Genevieve once again posted in the group chat: The necklace is a matching set for couples. His ex-girlfriend wears it every day, and so does he.

Someone posted: Miss, do you want to find out if you're with a cheater or not?

Another person sent a teasing message: Miss, is your husband handsome?

Genevieve thought for a bit before replying: I think he's handsome.

The women in the group chat instantly went wild. One person wrote: Hurry, miss! Send a picture here, and let's have a look at him! If he's not handsome, then we'll teach him a lesson together with you! Genevieve was puzzled. I asked that question so that you guys could give me your suggestions. Why are you guys suddenly asking for Armand's picture?

Of course, Genevieve remembered what happened while she was playing on her phone last night. She saw Armand coming out of the shower. His body under the warm lights looked very masculine, and she secretly snapped a picture of him.

Genevieve opened the gallery app on her phone. She found the picture and uploaded it to the group chat.

The group chat was silent for two seconds. Then, a swarm of messages flooded the group chat.

Genevieve's eyes could hardly keep up.

One of them sent: Girl, is he really your husband? He has such a good body!

Another woman wrote: What in the world! Is your husband a male model?

One other comment read: Honestly, I would never get mad at my husband if he looked like this! I'd even invite his ex-girlfriend to dinner!

Someone texted: I've zoomed in on every part of the girl's husband and can say for sure that he's also blessed down there!

Another person sent: Holy moly!

Chapter 129 You Are Projecting Your Phone Screen

Genevieve swiped down and looked at all the messages from the netizens. She sighed inwardly. Looks really are everything. They look at how handsome Armand is and instantly forgive him for what he did. Although, of course, Armand does have a nice body...

Genevieve stopped looking at the messages in the group chat. She put her phone down on the table. When she raised her head, she noticed that her colleagues had already returned and were staring at her.

Genevieve placed her hand on a glass of water but did not pick it up. She asked a little hesitantly, "What is it?"

"Genevieve, you're projecting your phone screen. Are you not aware?" said a woman who was sitting next to Genevieve. She pointed to the LCD screen hanging on the wall.

Genevieve's phone screen was still on. The apps on her phone were also projected on the LCD screen in the conference room.

"My bad! I didn't notice." Genevieve quickly turned her phone off. She then picked the glass of water up and drank the water forcefully.

The meeting continued when the team leader returned. No one brought up the fact that Genevieve's phone was projected on the screen earlier.

Genevieve thought that her colleagues had come in late and did not see anything. She breathed a sigh of relief in secret.

However, she was simply too naïve.

While Genevieve had typed her messages earlier, a few of her colleagues had already entered the conference room. Someone had recorded the whole group chat conversation and forwarded it to the company's group chat.

By the time Genevieve found out about this, the news of her screen mirroring mishap had spread throughout the company.

Genevieve really wanted to give herself two tight slaps across her face. Why did I have to get so bored and write messages to gossip group chats on Twitter! Why didn't I notice that my phone screen was being projected! This is so embarrassing!

Also, because Genevieve took the picture from such a good angle with good lighting, someone in the Twitter group chat downloaded that picture and shared it on Twitter with the hashtag:

MaleModelsEyeCandy.

The picture immediately reached second place on the trending list after being shared for a few minutes. A good amount of people were frantically clicking on the picture.

Steven was heading toward the CEO's office to hand him some documents. He ran into the secretary and inadvertently looked at all the gossip that she was swiping through on her phone. When he saw the picture, the corners of his mouth twitched.

The tattoo on Armand's body was so iconic that it was impossible for Steven not to recognize it.

"Who posted this picture?" Steven asked.

"I heard it was Genevieve from the translation department," replied the secretary, who could not help but smile. "I heard that when Genevieve attended a small meeting, she accidentally projected her phone screen and showed herself talking bad about her husband in a Twitter group chat. Not only does all of the employees of the company know about this, some even shared her husband's picture on Twitter. The picture instantly went on trending."

Steven was speechless.

When Steven reached the CEO's office, he handed over the urgent documents. He also gave a separate file to Armand. "Mr. Faulkner, the thing that you requested to be investigated hasn't had anything turn up yet. However, there's something else that I found..."

Armand heard how serious Steven's tone was. He put down the ink pen in his hand and opened the file. Armand's eyes swept across the contents inside the file. He stopped at a point and narrowed his eyes suddenly. Then, he slammed the documents shut. "Who did you entrust to investigate this?"

"It was Patrick," Steven said in a deep voice. "I told Patrick to decipher the documents, and he did just that. You know how unstable Patrick can be. If he had read the documents' contents, he'd have asked me about it immediately."

Armand's eyebrows relaxed, and he let out a sigh.

He put the documents directly into the shredder beside him and watched them turn into countless white strips in a few seconds.

He asked, "Is Cooper going to be released soon?"

Steven responded, "He'll be released the day after tomorrow."

"Go and remove the people planted at Specter Corporation as well as those who are spying on him."

Armand narrowed his eyes and ordered, "I want to meet him at the Faulkner residence in Xedells."

Chapter 130 Felt Rather Guilty Somehow

"Understood." Steven glanced at Armand. "Mr. Faulkner, there're two trending topics about you. Do you want them to be removed?"

Armand frowned. "What's happened?"

"It is the result of Mrs. Faulkner accidentally projecting her phone screen at a group meeting..." Steven coughed and told Armand everything he had heard from the secretary.

Frankly speaking, it was also the first time for Steven to see a photo of Armand's body spreading across the internet.

While Steven was explaining the situation, Armand browsed through Twitter and saw the topic of

Genevieve complaining to others in the gossip group. Armand instantly laughed in exasperation. He rubbed between his eyebrows. "Remove them, and delete the videos in the gossip group of the company as well. You don't have to come back after sending the stuff to Rising Group. Drive the car straight to Swallow Garden."

Steven instantly understood Armand's instructions. He obeyed and left the office.

Since Genevieve was always on Twitter, she certainly noticed the two trending topics. She could already imagine how embarrassed she would be if her other colleagues came across them.

Luckily, the subject matter showed up on trending only for a while before its related topics disappeared altogether.

When Genevieve finished work, she received a message from Armand on WhatsApp: Steven took the car out to run some errands. Wait for me at the parking garage. I'll go back with you.

Genevieve somehow felt rather guilty to see his message.

She was afraid that Armand was going to condemn her for projecting her phone.

But on second thought, she supposed he had no time for silly gossip in the company since he had to deal with a lot of things.

Moreover, her photo only showed his body without revealing his face, so other staff in the company should not realize that it was him.

With a bunch of things on her mind, Genevieve packed her things and went to the underground parking garage.

She was bored while waiting in the car. Therefore, she looked through the gossip group on Twitter and noticed that many girls were still discussing the photo that she had sent.

Quite a few people also tagged her: My friend, do you have any other photos of your husband?

When Genevieve was left speechless, she caught a glimpse of a slender figure by chance who was walking in her direction. She immediately turned off the phone.

Armand opened the door of the passenger seat. He bent over and got in the car.

"Let's eat at Golden Restaurant. I've made a reservation," he said to Genevieve while taking his tie off and casually putting it into the storage box beside the seat.

With his shirt unbuttoned and his clavicle exposed, he seemed to appear more worldly.

"Sure." Looking at Armand, Genevieve reckoned he was busy that day and should not have come across any gossip. She secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Ever since Maria went back home to visit her grandson, Ryan, Genevieve made two meals.

To be honest, she did not understand why Armand could finish the food that she cooked, even when she found them unpalatable.

Golden Restaurant was a famous restaurant in the city that served all kinds of delicious cuisine.

Since Genevieve had barely eaten anything for the past two days, she had a bowl of pasta at Golden Restaurant without a scruple about her body figure.

After they finished eating, Armand noticed that Genevieve appeared to be stuffed. Therefore, he offered to drive the car.

"This is not the way to Regality Gardens." Genevieve looked out the car window. She shoveled a candy into her mouth. "I'll drive back on my own after we reach Swallow Garden."

Genevieve loathed Swallow Garden as she knew from Patrick that Marilyn arranged for one of her informants to be there.

"Lostaria Musical Group from Petalgrove is on tour in Yaleview and is holding a musical at Grand Theater by eight o'clock tonight." Armand drove steadily. "Steven got two tickets for me. I'm bringing you

there.”

Genevieve turned around to look at Armand’s side profile.

Armand’s bringing me to a musical?

The tickets for the performance of Lostaria Musical Group at Grand Theater in Yaleview were launched last month and were sold out in just three days.

Genevieve did not realize it as she was caught up with too many things.

Armand had entrusted Steven to get the tickets, which were of perfect seats in the middle. However, Genevieve was not in the mood for music with too much on her mind.

After the musical was over, it was already eleven o’clock at night when they returned to Regality Gardens.

Genevieve was in the pantry while Armand went for a shower in the bedroom. He did not see her in the bedroom when he finished his shower. When he came out, he spotted her still standing in the pantry room.

Even taking a glass of water took her a long time.