

Chapter 131 Would Not Have Picked It Up Otherwise

Armand narrowed his eyes and returned to the bedroom to take something. He then walked into the pantry. Standing behind Genevieve, he dangled the necklace right under her nose.

Genevieve took a glance at the open locket. Slightly annoyed, she frowned. "Just treasure it yourself. Why're you showing it to me?"

Armand reached out and took the photo out of the locket. He then flipped the photo.

On another side of the photo, Genevieve could see a young man with a gentle smile and features somewhat similar to Armand's.

"He's my brother, Samuel." Armand pointed at the man who was in the photo. "This necklace also belongs to him."

Genevieve's mind went blank for a moment. She looked at the photo and then turned to Armand.

"Samuel and Marilyn bought this couple's necklace after they got married." Armand lifted his hand and rubbed Genevieve's soft chin. "Samuel passed this necklace to me before he passed away. He wanted to put the photo of him with Marilyn in it and keep it with me at the same time. After the photo studio had sectioned the photo according to the measurement inside the locket, I asked the person in charge to put it in."

"In that case, this necklace should be handed over to Marilyn. Why is it with you?" Confused, Genevieve narrowed her eyes. "And you're wearing it every day..."

She could still remember how Armand's face darkened long ago when she had merely touched the necklace.

Could it be... A bold idea crossed Genevieve's mind. The way she looked at Armand slowly changed. Armand comprehended the expression in Genevieve's eyes. He fleered and slightly increased the force in his hand, which was pinching her chin. "Don't overthink things. If I were not wearing this necklace, you wouldn't have picked it up at the hotel that day."

If she did not pick up the necklace, their paths would never have cross.

Therefore, the necklace was like a lucky charm.

Genevieve felt rather perplexed. Baffled, she asked, "It's not my necklace, so what does it have to do with me?"

Armand did not answer her question directly. Instead, he deepened his voice and said, "When I saw the messages that you posted in the gossip group, I knew that you didn't take my explanation on that night to heart. Now I've explained about the necklace. If you don't feel like seeing it, I'll ditch it into the drawer later. I had entrusted Steven to find out what you like, and he told me that you like Lostaria Musical Group, so I made him buy the tickets for me so that I could bring you to the musical."

Armand noticed that Genevieve had been zoning out during the musical and appeared in a bad mood after they returned. Instead of getting irritated, he patiently explained everything to her.

He would be fine with her having any fit of the sulks and could tolerate her indefinitely.

Genevieve previously rejoiced that Armand did not know about the gossip, so she felt rather guilty to hear him. "You've seen it all?"

"Yes. I've finished looking through your colleagues' recordings and the trending topics about it." Armand moved his hand to her earlobe and fondled it affectionately.

Armand's calluses were dry and warm. Genevieve felt inexplicably comfortable with an itchy sensation from him caressing her earlobe.

Therefore, without shaking his hand away, she mumbled, "I was bored during the group meeting at that

time, so I simply browsed through Twitter and goofed around in the gossip group. I didn't expect to have pressed the screen mirroring button..."

"Did you have to send the photo once they asked you to do so?" Armand raised his eyebrows. "Should I be grateful that my face isn't in the photo that you took?"

Genevieve thought about it for a moment. Luckily I didn't. Otherwise, you'd have become the main character on the cover of countless illicit websites.

"It's because I think your body figure's not bad, so I send the photo to make them jealous." Genevieve poked at Armand through his shirt. "I've never seen you go to a gym, so how is your figure so excellent?" Armand caught a glimpse of an exposed region of Genevieve's skin at her neckline when he lowered his head. With his eyes darkened, he held the back of her neck and pulled her into his arms.

"Only my body figure's good?" Armand asked in a deep voice, "Nothing else?"

His husky voice stimulated Genevieve to the point that her ears were tingling. She suddenly recalled a message that one of the girls had sent to the gossip group on Twitter after the girl saw the photo.

"Well?" Armand bent over to a very close distance from Genevieve.

While Genevieve warned herself to not invite trouble and wanted to push Armand away, she seemed to hear herself gulping. Being honest with herself, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Chapter 132 Earn It With My Effort

Genevieve was unsure how she got back to the bedroom. Armand's body temperature was so high that it felt like she would get burnt whenever she touched his skin.

The phone on the bedside table had been vibrating with a few occasional breaks for two seconds.

However, it soon started to buzz frantically as if the other party would never give up if the call were not answered.

Armand's arm was on Genevieve's waist. She unintentionally saw the caller's name when she tried to get up.

Suddenly, she became slightly irritated and started to avoid Armand's kisses. Genevieve reached out, switched off the phone, and threw it into the drawer. Then, she lowered herself and kissed Armand.

Armand saw her actions, but he didn't comment about it. Instead, he lightly bit her plump lower lip and let out a chuckle.

The next morning, Genevieve woke up when the alarm went off.

Genevieve did not feel cold even though the temperature in the room was slightly low, probably because their skin was in contact with each other. She did not feel hot as well. She leaned lazily on the man's chest, feeling a sense of attachment toward him.

Genevieve never knew she could sleep so well while hugging a man.

Genevieve leaned closer toward Armand's chest and closed her eyes. Then, she remembered there were quite a several tasks awaiting her. So, she pulled Armand's arm away, which was around her waist, got out of bed, and went to wash up quickly.

Genevieve could not care less about Armand because she knew Steven would come and pick her up on time.

Genevieve let out a sigh of relief as she saw there were no obvious marks on her neck when she changed. Then, she quickly walked out of the room while putting on her earrings.

Genevieve was stunned when she walked through the living room and saw the person who was busy working at the kitchen island.

"Maria?"

Maria was making burgers and was shocked when Genevieve suddenly called her. She turned to

Genevieve and asked, "Ms. Rachford, why are you up so early today?"

"I have lots of work that needs to be done, and I need to go to the office to settle them," answered Genevieve. Then, she walked toward Maria and hugged her from behind affectionately. "Maria, I thought I told you to spend more time with your grandchild at Feston? Why are you back so soon?" "I'm worried that you might not be able to take care of yourself properly," Maria replied while she continued working on the food. "You don't know how to cook, and takeouts are bad for your health." Genevieve mumbled, "I didn't order takeouts every day. I've even cooked for Mr. Faulkner twice!" "Seriously?" Maria stared at her and praised, "Mr. Armand is quite picky about his food. I guess your cooking skill improved if he ate what you made."

She continued, "Oh, right. I saw Mr. Armand's coat and leather shoes outside. Is Mr. Armand still asleep?"

"Let's leave him alone." Genevieve's back still hurt from the previous night. She said in an annoyed tone, "Just make me breakfast."

Maria knew she was angry, and she chuckled. "Ms. Rachford, I made your favorite beef burger. I think you wouldn't gain much weight from having it for breakfast. Wash your hands and have a seat. It's almost done."

"Maria, you're the best!" Genevieve nuzzled against Maria's shoulder and said in a cute tone, "When I earn enough money, I will buy a condominium here as a gift to your grandson!"

Except for her mother, Maria was the person Genevieve relied on most.

At that moment, Genevieve only had one family member, Maria. She wanted to give Maria everything she had to express her gratitude toward her.

A flicker of light flashed through Maria's eyes, who had her back against Genevieve. Her hand trembled slightly as she heard Genevieve's words.

At that moment, Armand's soft voice sounded. "When I looked at the bill the other day, if I didn't see it wrongly, you bought this place for eighty million."

Armand wore a shirt and a pair of trousers, accentuating his tall figure. His aura was aloof.

Armand asked Genevieve calmly as he walked into the pantry, "When are you going to be able to earn eighty million?"

Genevieve let out a light snort. "Of course, I will earn it with my effort. Is eighty million even a lot?"

Chapter 133 Just Wipe It Away Next Time

Before the downfall of the Rachford family, Genevieve would never hesitate when she bought a piece of jewelry for a few million at a jewelry auction. Besides, she had a black card with no credit limit.

Therefore, she was not money-conscious.

Armand came out with a glass of soda water and stared at Genevieve, "Add up your salary for the whole year and let's see how long it takes for you to save eighty million."

Genevieve subconsciously started to count her yearly salary after hearing Armand's words.

Genevieve had recently joined Central Group, and she was paid at the rate of an intern. Even if she got a permanent post after a few months, her yearly salary and bonus add up to less than three hundred thousand.

Stunned, Genevieve froze after she had done the calculation. She thought her mathematics must have gone wrong somewhere. "Is money so hard to make?"

Armand's lips curled into a smirk. "What do you think?"

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

"Ms. Rachford, go wash your hands." Maria had made a beef burger and served it on a plate. Then, she

continued, "Mr. Armand, I'll make pancakes for you. Is that all right?"

"Sure," Armand replied flatly as he walked to the dining table and took his seat.

Genevieve was deep in her thoughts while she washed her hands. However, when she returned to the dining table and saw the beef burger with a thick patty, her appetite was triggered and increased.

Genevieve took a huge bite of the beef burger. Then, she thought for a while and mumbled to Armand while she still had food in her mouth, "I can't earn... ninety million with my effort... But wait until I get the company back..."

If my company earns money, isn't it a piece of cake for me to earn ninety million?

Genevieve was in a hurry when she ate the burger and took a huge bite. Some white-colored salad dressing dripped down from the corner of her lips. She seemed to feel something at the corner of her lips, so she stuck out her tongue to lick it.

It was only a simple movement when she ate, but Armand felt a lump in his throat when he witnessed the scene, and his eyes darkened.

Armand took a piece of tissue out of the box, reached out, and helped her wipe off the salad dressing on the corner of her lips. "Next time, use a tissue to wipe it away. Why did you stick out your tongue?"

"I'm eating my breakfast. Isn't it normal for me to lick my lips?" Genevieve felt he was being ridiculous, but she soon noticed the change of expression on Armand's face.

Genevieve almost choked on her burger, and she stared at him. "What nonsense are you thinking? It's early in the morning."

"What am I thinking?" Armand gazed at her lips but quickly looked away. His voice was deep and husky.

"I'm only reminding you to be careful when you eat."

Genevieve was speechless.

Genevieve had a great appetite. She thought she could finish the entire beef burger by herself, but after she had that conversation with Armand, she had a weird feeling when she stared at her burger.

Genevieve frowned and put down her burger on the plate. "Maria, did you prepare some oatmeal?"

"Yes." Maria gazed at the kitchen island. There was a bowl of oatmeal on the table. Judging by its appearance, it seemed like it had been left there for quite some time.

Maria looked at the bowl of oatmeal again, and her expression contorted after having some conflict in her mind.

In the end, Maria grabbed a small bowl and wanted to prepare another bowl of oatmeal. However, Genevieve had already stood up and taken the bowl on the kitchen island.

"Ms. Rachford, this... I prepared this earlier today. Let me make another one for you." Maria quickly stopped her.

"It's okay. I can just have this," Genevieve mumbled as she stirred the oatmeal with a spoon and took a bite.

The consistency and taste of the oatmeal were perfect.

"This oatmeal today is not bad. It's sweet." Genevieve took another bite and stared at Maria. "Maria, did you put sugar inside?"

Maria wiped her hands on her apron. "Nope, I've changed to another brand of oat."

"No wonder. It's nice." Genevieve took the bowl and walked to the dining area.

Genevieve watched Armand take the burger on her plate and take a huge bite while he stared at his tablet.

Genevieve choked on her food again. "I only had two bites of that burger..."

Chapter 134 Just Kill Her

Armand did not look up and said in a low voice, "You're already eating oatmeal, so you won't eat the burger anymore. It sure isn't easy for Maria to make breakfast."

Genevieve went silent. Why didn't he say that about the housekeepers in Swallow Garden who make breakfast?

Her ears turned red when she saw him take another bite of the burger.

After she ate half a pancake and a bowl of oatmeal, she went to rinse her mouth and put on lipstick. Subsequently, the two of them went out together as Armand also finished his meal.

They walked so close that Genevieve could see Armand turning his phone on and countless missed calls popping up in an instant.

His phone was lagging due to the constant incoming text messages and WhatsApp messages.

Genevieve saw that the caller named Marilyn had made over ninety calls since last night.

However, Armand did not check the missed calls and text messages, but he directly clicked on WhatsApp and entered the group for executives.

Seeing his indifferent approach and thinking about how she turned his phone off before putting it in the drawer last night, as well as the nearly hundred missed calls he had received, she was happy for a moment.

After arriving at the garage underneath, Genevieve saw the Maybach that Armand often rode.

It was Steven who came to pick him up.

"Mr. Faulkner, I'll go first." Genevieve's car was right next to them. She took out the car key and pressed it. When she was about to go around the car to the driver's seat, Armand stopped her.

Pulling the back seat of the Maybach, Armand took out two books and handed them to her.

The books were as thick as a brick and so heavy that her hands moved down.

She lowered her head and glanced at it. They were finance books.

"I've to go back to Xedells. You need to finish these books in the next few days. I'll check you when I come back." Armand pointed to the books as if he was instructing her a usual thing.

Genevieve was stunned. "How long will you stay in Xedells?"

"Four days."

"You want me to finish such thick books in four days? Are you kidding me?" The corner of her mouth turned downward.

When she used to go abroad for Specter Corporation to discuss partnerships, she was just a senior interpreter, and the materials for both parties were prepared by a special team.

Hence, she did not have to worry about that and never entered the financial field.

Yet, Armand gave her two finance books and asked her to finish them in the specified time. She felt that it would be better to just kill her.

Looking at her angry face, Armand said calmly, "You can read it at night if you can't finish it during the day. When Specter Corporation is back in your hands, you won't have time to learn this. Specter Corporation is a listed company and a cake in the eyes of the capital. What if I got it back for you, but you know nothing? You can be a puppet for those directors since you're pretty." His cold gaze fell on her.

Hearing that, Genevieve was silent.

Genevieve had actually been working hard all this time to improve her abilities and prepare herself to take back her company in the future.

Nonetheless, she forgot that having the ability and managing the company were two different things.

Although his speech was harsh, he really cared about her and wanted her to understand finance and learn to be a manager.

She did not expect that he would talk about this to her.

Genevieve felt warm in her heart, but the heavy things in her hands brought her back to reality. "I haven't even entered the financial field. I don't know how much I can remember since you suddenly ask me to read these kinds of books."

Abruptly, she ran up to grab his neck and kissed him deeply.

Maple-colored lipstick was then printed on his thin lips.

"I'll read the books as much as I can. Thank you, Mando!" Genevieve opened the door nimbly and started the car after kissing.

The swiftness with which she drove out of the garage was breathtaking.

Chapter 135 When Are You Coming Back

Seeing them talking and kissing next to the car, Steven could not help seeing everything, even if he wanted to treat himself as a transparent person.

After Armand closed the door, Steven could not help laughing when he saw the bright color on the former's lips from the rearview mirror.

Steven then coughed hard to hide his laughter and said, "Mrs. Faulkner has been quite lively recently."

Steven was the one who settled things last time. He watched Genevieve emerge from the despair of the Rachford family's bankruptcy and the tragic death of Winifred. Later, she had been very cautious while living in Swallow Garden.

It seemed that she became lively and much happier since she moved to Regality Gardens. Her relationship with Armand also seemed to be on good terms.

Steven did not know how to express what he saw.

In the past, they lived under the same roof, but they were like a boss and a subordinate. But now, Genevieve is treating Mr. Faulkner with intimacy, as if they were equals.

"Do you want me to nag you early in the morning?" Armand raised his eyes and gave him a cold look.

"No." Steven put away those thoughts and drove seriously.

Leaning in the seat, Armand saw a lot of messages from Timothy right after he opened WhatsApp.

Timothy texted him: The family doctor told me that Marilyn cried all night yesterday. The child in her stomach had a shock. The doctor is afraid that her baby will be in danger and he would also be in trouble if this continues. He wants to tender his resignation. What the heck did you do?

Seeing Timothy's first message, Armand was annoyed, and his face was gloomy.

He then texted Timothy: Send another doctor over to save the baby.

Timothy replied: It depends on the pregnant woman whether the baby can survive. Don't you know that pregnant women can have miscarriages because of mental stress?

Armand frowned again. When he was about to reply to the message, he received a phone call.

He looked down at his phone and let it vibrate.

The other party kept calling, and the phone vibrated for more than ten minutes, making his face even more gloomy.

When the phone rang again, Armand answered impatiently, "What's the matter?"

"Mando..." The woman was crying.

Subsequently, Armand put the phone to his ear. The woman on the other side cried and said a lot of things that were heartbreaking to hear.

Nonetheless, Armand looked out the window indifferently, his eyes full of disgust.

Only when the woman was tired of crying and her voice was hoarse did Armand say, "I'm busy, and I don't have time to go over there. I'll ask Timothy to bring something over."

After saying that, he hung up the phone and opened WhatsApp.

He texted Timothy: Bring your friend to Marilyn this afternoon. Don't let her get emotional again. Do a blood test for Genevieve again after half a month.

After a while, Timothy replied to him: I'm so f*cking unlucky to know you!

Upon arriving at the company, Genevieve was so busy that she wanted to beat herself for asking for work from Jenny before.

After lunch, she wanted to flip through the two finance books during her lunch break to mentally prepare herself, but she really could not stand it. Hence, she read it at night when she got home.

After opening the book, she realized that there were many notes written on it, with business terms circled and explanations written next to them.

"Is this written by Armand? Or is it a finance book with notes bought specially from a professional?" Genevieve muttered.

She lay in her chair and looked at the book full of notes; her mood suddenly improved a lot.

She even felt that finance was not that difficult.

Armand went to Xedells on a business trip while Genevieve worked during the day and stayed up late at night reading books, so she did not have time to talk to him.

Four days passed, and Genevieve had finished a book and remembered quite a lot of content.

After relaxing, she realized she had not contacted Armand all this time.

He should be back from his business trip soon.

After thinking for a while, she texted him: Mando, when are you coming back?

Chapter 136 At A Loss At His Indifference

Harriet called Genevieve again a few days ago. As they chatted, Genevieve learned a few dishes Armand liked to eat from Harriet. She practiced with Maria at home for a long time and felt that the taste was rather good. If Armand comes back to Jadeborough in the afternoon, I can cook those dishes for him to try in the evening. She rubbed her finger against the edge of her phone, looking at the message she had just sent. As she was immersed in her thoughts, she suddenly heard someone calling her. "Genevieve." She looked up and saw Jenny coming to her station. Putting the phone on the table, she stood up and asked, "Ms. Griffin, what's the matter?" "Mr. Leigh from a subsidiary company at Baykeep called and told me he was taking his team to Bera to discuss a project. However, his interpreter suddenly got the stomach flu when waiting for the plane." Jenny rubbed her temples and said helplessly, "He had to be hospitalized after being sent to the hospital for surgery." She continued, "Besides the Baykeep subsidiary company, you're the only one who can interpret Beranese. Get ready to go to Bera with Mr. Leigh and his team. Your daily salary will be tripled for this business trip, and all the flight tickets and accommodation will be reimbursed by the Baykeep subsidiary company." Since the head of the company personally called to talk to Jenny, and it was a transnational project, Genevieve could only agree. "Has Mr. Leigh and the others already left?" "They flew to Bera shortly after sending the interpreter to the hospital." Jenny nodded and said, "You just have to book a flight for tomorrow morning. Do you have a visa?" "I had it done before. It shouldn't have expired yet." She flew all around the world before and had visas for almost all countries in Epea. "Good." Jenny patted Genevieve on the shoulder. "Thanks for this." Genevieve was about to make a polite remark, but when she opened her

mouth, she felt a dull stinging pain in her throat. She quickly took the coffee on the table and drank two mouthfuls. After the coffee went down her throat, the slight tingling sensation soon disappeared. Jenny frowned at her and asked with concern, "Genevieve, are you okay?" "Yeah, my throat just felt uncomfortable. Maybe it's because I didn't drink enough water in the hot weather." Genevieve smiled. Since the day before yesterday, she occasionally felt a piercing pain in her throat, but it only lasted for three or four seconds. She went to the hospital for a checkup, but the doctor did not find anything wrong. "Take care of your throat and drink more water." Jenny chatted with Genevieve a while longer before going back to her office to work. After Genevieve sat down, she picked up her phone on the table and saw that Armand had replied to her. He said: I'm not finished with my work, so I'll stay in Xedells for a few more days. She replied: Oh. Mr. Leigh's team from the Baykeep subsidiary company is going to Bera for business. Their interpreter can't go, so I'm taking his place. He texted: Ok. Ok? That's it? Sometimes, I feel like this man is very cold, but he talks a lot and is very patient when explaining things to me. The longer we get along, the more his indifference makes me feel at a loss. She felt her heart itch and sent another message: We haven't contacted each other for so long, and I'll be flying abroad for a business trip tomorrow. It may take about a week before I come back. Is 'ok' all you have to say to me? After sending the message, she calmed down and carefully scanned her words. Then, she felt like she was pushing her luck a little, so she quickly deleted the message. She sent five emoticons in a row, bumping the "Message Deleted" text bubble to the top of the chat so that the man would not see it. I deleted it fast enough that he didn't see it, right?

Chapter 137 Pick Up The Delivery Downstairs

As Genevieve contemplated, she saw the "Typing..." message in Armand's text box, and he soon sent a message that read: Tell Patrick to go with you.

That means he didn't see my message, right?

She breathed a sigh of relief and sent an "ok" back to the man. As soon as she did, he replied: Pick up the delivery downstairs later.

The next second she read the message, she got a call from an unfamiliar number.

"Hello?"

"Hello, is this Ms. Genevieve Rachford?" the man on the phone asked politely. "There's a delivery for you. Are you in the company now?"

"Yeah, give me a moment." She pushed her chair out and hurried out of the office.

When she reached the first floor, she soon saw a young man wearing the uniform of a courier company standing at the front desk. He held a beautiful shopping bag in his hand.

She walked over to him. "I'm Genevieve Rachford. Is there a package for me?"

"Oh, yes." The courier hurriedly handed her the shopping bag and two delivery forms. "Take a look and sign here, please."

Genevieve had just received the message from Armand and knew that it was sent by him, so she quickly signed the delivery form.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome." The courier was still in a hurry to deliver the packages to other places, so he took the form and left.

After leaving the building and getting into the car, he suddenly remembered something.

The two packages were not sent by the same person, but because one of the packages was smaller, he placed it in the larger shopping bag. Regardless, they were both for Genevieve.

He wanted to call her and tell her about it, but a customer suddenly called him, asking when the

packages would be delivered.

He hurriedly drove the courier car to continue his deliveries.

Those two gifts are both quite expensive. Ms. Rachford should know who sent them, right?

Genevieve went back to the office and put the parcel in her drawer. Then, she went downstairs and bought a variety of desserts and coffee from a desserts store not far from the company building and personally brought them to the technical department.

There were very few women in the technical department. Everyone was overwhelmed with emotion when they saw Genevieve deliver high tea.

She left the dessert and coffee on a station for everyone to help themselves and took a box of cream puffs from the batch.

"Where does Patrick sit?"

"Over there." A staff member from the technical department pointed to the corner of the office while biting into a croissant. "I don't know what's up with him, but he's been in a bad mood these days."

Genevieve looked in the direction the man pointed and vaguely saw a man lying on the workstation.

After Maria came back, Genevieve once asked Patrick if he wanted to come over for dinner, but he said that Steven had a job for him. Furthermore, she was also busy, so they rarely got in touch.

She held the cream puffs and a cup of coffee. When she came over, she saw him holding a piece of wood in one hand and a knife in the other, as if he were carving something.

Patrick had a keen sense of smell. When someone approached the glass partition, he immediately noticed her and suddenly looked up.

When he saw Genevieve, he was stunned and fumbled to throw the wooden carving and knife into the drawer.

"Genev, why are you here?" His voice was a little unnatural too.

Genevieve thought she disturbed him and apologized. Then, she put the cream puffs on his desk and said, "I know you don't like sweets, but you like to eat cream puffs."

He looked at the box of cream puffs, and his throat bobbed. "Thanks."

"There's no need to thank me." She rolled her eyes at him and propped one hand up on the glass partition. "Your colleague said you were in a bad mood these days. What happened? Did you do a bad job and get scolded by Steven?"

Although Steven was very polite to her, she had occasionally seen him discipline Patrick. Steven was rather stern.

Chapter 138

"Yeah. Sort of," replied Patrick perfunctorily.

He did not raise his head and look her in the eye. Feeling bored, he opened the box of puffs and stuffed one into his mouth.

"I haven't been feeling the best for the past few days too. Mando had given me two finance books which are as thick as bricks. Other than work, I've only been reading them," stated Genevieve.

"Finance books? Did you start learning about finance?" Patrick was stunned upon hearing what she said.

"Yeah. Mando said that it's best for me to study right now. Otherwise, I wouldn't have the time once I get the family's company back," she responded.

At that moment, his eyes accidentally met hers, and he quickly lowered his head.

Patrick had known Armand for a long time and knew that Armand was not a patient man. Judging by Armand's gestures, Patrick could tell that Armand was looking out for Genevieve and was devoted to her.

That's great...

"Patrick?" Genevieve called him when she saw him lowering his head. She began to wave her hand in front of him as if he did not hear her.

"I beg your pardon?" Patrick seemed lost as he looked at her.

"I said that the company is sending me on a business trip to Bera, and I want you to come along with me," she uttered.

She thought for a while before she went on, "Why are you in a trance? Did you think about the task Steven told you to handle? I can go by myself if you're busy."

I guess it's no big deal. I can meet up with Mr. Leigh's team once I set foot in Bera.

Patrick went quiet before asking, "When are you leaving for Bera? I've done everything Steven told me to do."

"Tomorrow morning."

"All right. I'll get the HR department to prepare my visa, and I should be able to get it tomorrow morning."

Genevieve felt hungry as she watched him eating the puffs continuously. So, she reached for one and popped it in her mouth. "I'll head over to Swallow Garden with you after work. You can go ahead and pack your stuff and stay at my place tonight. Then, we can head to the airport together tomorrow morning. Oh! Maria made some good soup for tonight."

"Wow! That's great! I love Maria's cooking." His eyes glistened as soon as he heard her words.

She let out a sigh of relief when she noticed his change of mood.

"Maria is like my nanny. I shall allow you to come to my place often to have meals since you're such a sweet talker. All right, then. Enjoy the snack. I'll leave now to get some work done."

Subconsciously, she licked her fingers after eating the puff and recalled Armand's warning. Quickly, she grabbed a few pieces of tissue from the tissue box.

Abruptly, she stopped in her tracks and turned around after taking only a few steps.

At that moment, Patrick was staring at her and was caught off guard. "W-What... What are you doing?" he stammered.

"Let me ask you something. I saw you carving something earlier? What is it?" she asked, pointing at his desk.

In response, he pursed his lips. "It's nothing. I was just doing it for fun," he replied.

"Okay, then." With that, she left the room.

As soon as Genevieve returned to her office, she checked for flights to Bera for the next day and bought tickets for her and Patrick.

Just as she finished sipping her water, Jenny came in to speak to her about work.

After returning to Regality Gardens with Patrick and having dinner, only then did she have time to unbox her parcels.

There was a beautiful green silk dress in the shopping bag which was in season.

Other than that, there were a pair of precious emerald earrings in another box that was light green in color.

It was from one of her favorite brands, and the earrings were stunning. There was no doubt that they would become the objects of her affection.

She immediately put them on, took photos, and sent them to Armand, praising him that he knew her best.

Chapter 139 Does It Matter To You

Genevieve took a few pictures of herself and sent them to Armand. After noticing that he had not responded, she thought he might have been busy with work.

Taking the earrings off, she headed into the bathroom for a bath. After she dried her hair, she picked her phone up from the nightstand.

Armand texted her: How many books have you read?

She jumped onto her bed and sat down comfortably. She replied: I've just finished a book, and I memorized a ton of details.

She wanted to tell him that he could test her when he returned. However, he was one step ahead and responded to her text. He texted: Remember to finish up the second book when you're on your business trip.

She would have hit him on the head if he was standing in front of her then.

She used to be an interpreter back then and knew how tiring the job was.

Genevieve: I won't have time to read on a business trip.

Armand: You can always pull an all-nighter.

She read his texts and glanced at the earrings on the bedside table. Then, she set her alarm clock before going to bed.

The next morning, Genevieve and Patrick took a cab to the airport after packing.

When they were on the highway, he noticed a Bentley following them. It would occasionally speed up and also tailgate them. Hence, he found the situation rather odd.

He remained silent as he reached out for a cold item from his bag and placed it around his waist.

Shortly afterward, they arrived at the airport.

Genevieve got out of the car and inadvertently glanced at the Bentley that stopped in front of them. It was then she noticed a slender figure.

The man was tall and had a refined appearance. Nevertheless, there was a glimpse of tiredness in his eyes.

He had his eyes fixed on Genevieve as he strode toward her.

Patrick collected their bags and immediately stood in front of Genevieve to protect her from the man.

Then and there, Cooper was staring Genevieve straight in the eye.

"Are you going on a business trip?" he asked, his voice sounding hoarse.

"Does it matter to you?" replied Genevieve, expressionless.

She hated this man to the core. Nevertheless, it was an undeniable fact that he was not a useless man.

When he was detained, he still managed to get his job done. Previously, he even managed to collaborate his business with an international company, raising Specter Corporation's stock prices.

He did not realize the cold reaction from her was enough to make him suffocate until now.

"We can talk when you return." He removed his sunglasses and fixed his eyes on her.

He noticed how pale her skin looked in the green dress.

Perhaps she put on the emerald earrings just to match the dress. Regardless, she was radiating an innocent aura that made her look perfect.

He knew that she would fall in love with the dress the moment he laid eyes on it.

It was only when he bought the dress did he realize he remembered many things about her.

He recalled that she loved the color green and that she hated carrots and some other vegetables.

Back then, she would pick carrots out of her food and hand them to him.

His mother would ask her why she did that when she could have left the carrots on her own plate.

As a response, Genevieve would say that she hated seeing carrots on the plate. Then, she would smile and look at him as she said, "Cooper, you'll finish them up for me, right?" Nevertheless, he had lost her in the end.

Chapter 140 It Will Only Disgust Me

The more Cooper thought of the past, the worse the pain in his chest was. His voice was low when he asked, "Genev, please?" "What's there to discuss?" Genevieve sneered and fixed her hair which was messy from the wind. "About how you killed my parents? Or about how you stole Specter Corporation from me?" Cooper was silent, although he wanted to add something. He pursed his lips and felt a bitter taste in his mouth. The reason why we are now like this is my fault. I deserve this. "Cooper, please don't call me by that name anymore. It will only disgust me." Genevieve looked at him with cold eyes, then took her luggage and left after telling Patrick, "Let's go, Patrick." Patrick took the other luggage and hurried behind her closely. Meanwhile, Cooper remained rooted at the spot silently. He watched as Genevieve cold-heartedly entered the airport and disappeared from his sight with a bitter smile on his face. Unexpectedly, he was reaping what he sowed. Christopher, Cooper's assistant, waited for a while longer before he pushed the latter's luggage forward and informed cautiously, "Mr. Sutton, your luggage is here." "Okay. Call me if there's an emergency at the company." Cooper's voice was hoarse as he took the luggage, his eyes behind his glasses devoid of emotions. Christopher eyed Christopher and hesitated. "... Yes." After passing Cooper the coat, Christopher could not hold it in and said, "Mr. Sutton, should I go to Xedells in your stead? I heard from others that Mr. Faulkner is still there, and Xedells is under the Faulkner family's influence. If you're there, Mr. Faulkner will receive news." When he heard the reminder, Cooper lifted his head and glanced at Christopher. "Do you think Armand won't know I met that person? He has eyes everywhere, so he can get information easily." "Then... Why do you insist on going to Xedells?" Christopher was confused and reasoned, "This isn't the first time you had a scandal. If anyone releases pictures, our publicity team can suppress them. Eventually, everything will be forgotten since Ms. Hall is dead..." Christopher knew and kept in mind that Cooper wanted to find Erica. Therefore, he sent more people to different states to search for Erica. Unfortunately, she was dead by the time they found her. A little while after that, someone found Cooper and showed him a few photos. From them, it looked like he obtained many benefits from Erica's death. Therefore, that person wanted to make a deal with Cooper. Christopher could not help but say, "Mr. Sutton, that person is related to the Faulkner family. It'll be akin to making Mr. Faulkner your enemy if you meet them." "I'll handle these matters. You don't have to worry about them. Just take care of the company in my stead." Cooper sounded solemn and impatient when he snatched his coat from Christopher's hand. Chills ran down Christopher's spine, and he did not dare to utter any more words. After sending Christopher away, Cooper pushed his luggage into the airport. Once inside, he had an airline worker send it to the VIP lounge. He found a seat beside the window while waiting to board the plane. Cooper took out his phone and saw a beautiful smile greeting him once unlocking his screen. The female in the picture was smiling in the direction of the camera. Her eyes crinkled from the smile, and they were twinkling with stars. When Cooper hired people to take care of the Rachford family, all items related to Genevieve were disposed of back then. However, he had been searching for them like crazy ever since he came out of the police station. Nevertheless, everything related to the Rachford family, including Genevieve's things, was sent to the junkyard and incinerated. The picture he had now was one she took with his phone during their engagement. It had remained in his old phone's storage and was the only thing left of their

relationship. While he stared at that smiling face, he deftly touched the edge of the screen. The longer he stared, the more agony he felt, and remorse filled his mind. He understood what Christopher meant and knew evidence from a dead person was invalid. However, he did not want Genevieve to see those photos. Perhaps it was because of his selfishness that Cooper wanted to cooperate with that person. Maybe when Armand is ruined, Genevieve will come back to me.