

Chapter 151 Unless You Want Me To Help

Steven fell silent for a moment before replying, "Mrs. Faulkner, I've been working for Mr. Faulkner for a long time, so I know about the matter between him and Ms. Wood. Please believe me that Mr. Faulkner doesn't mean to give in to her sometimes. In addition to being the third daughter-in-law of the Faulkner family, her family is also one of the four prominent families in Xedells. Now that Mr.

Faulkner is the head of the family, he won't be able to hold Ms. Wood accountable no matter how many times she messes up. If he does, the outside world will look down upon the Faulkner family. Moreover, she's currently pregnant. Mr. Wood will not let it slide if he finds her daughter suffering at the Faulkner residence." Steven had always thought that Armand was still in love with Marilyn, and that was why Armand had been so indifferent when he reported to him what he had found out about the matter from more than ten years ago.

However, after accompanying Armand to Xedells, he realized that he was wrong. There were many situations when Armand had no choice. While he was talking, he lifted his gaze and took another glance at Genevieve. Steven had been working for Armand since the latter first got together with Marilyn. He discovered that although Armand had been with her for over ten years, he had treated her differently from Genevieve.

Moreover, with Armand's personality, if he and Genevieve merely had a cooperative relationship, he would've instantly shoved her away should she dare to throw a tantrum. He wouldn't have immediately put off all his work and traveled to Springwyn to accompany her upon learning that something had happened to her. Hearing Steven's words, Genevieve lowered her gaze and her expression darkened. Indeed. When the Rachford family still existed in the past, I was already no match for Marilyn.

I have nothing left now and have to rely on Armand to get my revenge. Just then, a waiter brought the menu, which Steven handed to Genevieve. "Have a look and see what you'd like to eat, Mrs. Faulkner." Genevieve merely shook her head before pushing her luggage back into the room. Upon returning to the living room, she noticed Armand sitting on the couch with a laptop on the coffee table in front of him and his phone to his ear. He seemed to be talking to someone. He also had a cigarette between his fingers.

"Leave this matter for now. I'll handle it when I'm back. And leave the rest of the matters to the other deputy CEOs..." The man's tone was calm and cold as usual. He took a puff of the cigarette, and upon looking up and seeing Genevieve standing two meters away, he paused before stubbing out the cigarette butt in an ashtray. Armand put the phone away from his ear and glanced at her. "Go back to the bedroom and change your clothes stained with disinfectant. Take a nap if you're tired. I'm handling some matters. Okay?" Seeing that she was still rooted to her spot, the man arched his brow.

"Unless you want me to help you change?" Meanwhile, at Central Group, the secretary who was talking to Armand had placed her phone on speaker, so that the other employees of the secretarial department could also listen to the man to ensure smooth communication. Although their boss had moved his phone away and lowered his voice, his words were still audible. Upon hearing the last part, everyone in the secretarial department blushed. Is this something meant for our ears?

Never had Genevieve thought that the man could say such daring words with a stoic face and a deep voice. She shot him a glare before pushing her luggage into the bedroom. She peevishly refused to change her clothes and lay down on the bed. Turning on her phone, she noticed many WhatsApp messages from the company group chat, including one from Patrick. Patrick wrote: Genev, does your throat still hurt?

Ever since waking up in the hospital, Genevieve had only seen him delivering her breakfast once. However, she could not speak to him because of her throat condition. Seeing his message, she quickly replied: It hurt a little when I first woke up, but it doesn't anymore. If you hadn't come in time, I'd have been dead.

Thank you. Patrick texted back: There's no need to thank me. It's obvious that I failed to protect you... Is there anything you would like to eat? Genevieve wrote: I wish to eat Maria's cooking. I want to go back to her place in Jadeborough. She did not wait for his reply but turned off the phone and placed it on the side of the pillow. She slid down and wrapped herself in the blanket. Since I was a child, I grew up being pampered and could be as willful as I wanted. But now the Rachford family is no more, and my parents are gone. The only person who can comfort me now is Maria...

Chapter 152

Genevieve closed her eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep.

In a room downstairs, Patrick stared at Genevieve's message while rubbing his fingers against the edge of his phone for a while. Then, he leaped up and picked up the ID card on the table before leaving the room.

Just as Genevieve was in a deep slumber, she vaguely felt someone removing her clothes and landing his dry, warm fingers on her.

The faint scent of ebony wood lingered in the room. It smelled so good that she coveted it.

With her eyes closed, Genevieve reached out and grabbed a corner of that person's clothes. She tightened her grip and leaned her head over.

That person cradled her in his arms and held her hands, soothing her anxiousness.

In a low voice, he said, "Once upon a time, there was a lovely little girl who liked to wear the red velvet hat that was given by her granny. Everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood."

Genevieve listened in a daze, thinking she had never liked fairy tales since she was ten. However, her tense body gradually loosened up at his low and warm voice.

The man's voice continued to echo in her ears. "One day, Little Red Riding Hood went to visit her granny, but the evil wolf had already eaten her granny. Little Red Riding Hood then used the wolf to lure all its partners over. After killing them with the hunter's gun, she happily made some wolf coats for herself."

Didn't the hunter kill the wolf to save Little Red Riding Hood?

Sensing something was off with the story she was listening to, Genevieve woke up in shock and found that the glass dome in the bedroom was left open.

As the starry sky came into her sight, she felt the stars were so close that she could reach out and grab them.

It's so beautiful...

Genevieve got out of bed after gazing at the stars for some time. Only then did she realize the light

green spaghetti-strapped night dress on her.

It was not a dream! Armand did come and help me change when I was asleep.

After casually finger-combing her hair, Genevieve walked out of the room barefooted and saw Armand coming in from the main door with a food jar in his hand.

“You’re awake.” Armand swept his gaze across her.

Since the room was carpeted inside and out, the surface was soft to step on, and he needed not worried about the barefooted Genevieve catching a cold. He walked over to hold her hand and headed toward the couch.

After sitting down, Armand opened the food jar. As the hot steam escaped out of it, the room was instantly filled with the waft of fragrant meat.

Genevieve gave it a whiff and recognized it was the smell of Maria’s cooking. Her eyes instantly lit up.

“I called Maria to simmer the broth and asked Patrick to make a trip to Jadeborough for it.” Armand glanced over and saw Genevieve’s expression when he poured the broth into a small bowl.

“Do you want to eat by yourself, or...” the man trailed off. “Do you want me to feed you?”

Genevieve thought of his barbaric behaviors at the hospital earlier that day and glared at him. Picking up the bowl, she scooped up a spoonful of the broth and blew on it to cool it down before drinking it.

The broth was simmered with meat, and its thickness was just right. Having one spoonful of it made Genevieve feel warm.

Maria’s cooking reminded her of home.

When Armand saw that Genevieve’s mood had improved and that her two shallow dimples were showing from time to time, the frown on his forehead smoothen.

While enjoying the broth, Genevieve, who had let her hair down, would eat the hair beside her mouth. Seeing that, Armand went to the bedroom and found a hair tie from the bathroom. When he returned, he forced Genevieve to turn over a little and gathered her hair in his hand.

Genevieve stopped having her broth, and her thoughts ran wild. Did he help Marilyn tie her hair in the past, too?

The more she thought about it, the more uncomfortable she felt.

Armand could not see Genevieve’s expression. After pulling her hair together, he struggled to tie it with the hair tie. “I’ll take you out for a stroll tomorrow and to buy some things that you like, okay?”

Genevieve put down the small bowl and picked up her phone. In no time, she handed it to the man behind him. The text wrote: I don’t owe you anything, Armand. I want a divorce!

The agreement they had signed earlier stated that Armand had to help her get back Specter Corporation within half a year, and she only needed to deal with Harriet for him. However, she had gotten injured several times before he could fulfill his promises.

Since I don’t owe him anything, why can’t I ask for a divorce?

Chapter 153 I Beg You To Divorce Me

Armand glanced at the phone while keeping his hands busy with her hair. “I don’t like to give up halfway and more so when I’m working with other people. Let’s talk about this when the time comes.”

Genevieve was dumbfounded.

Isn’t he a man who does things at the drop of a hat? What does he mean by that?

Armand furrowed his eyebrows again, as he still couldn’t tie Genevieve’s hair after a long time. “I still can’t tie it properly. Is there a problem with this hair tie or what?”

Genevieve was frustrated by his movement, too. She turned around and grabbed the hair tie from his hand before giving it a look.

To her surprise, the hair tie was not only in good condition but also unused.

Does he not know how to put hair up with a hair tie?

Genevieve glanced at the man with disdain. Then, she gathered her long hair with both hands and wrapped the hair tie around her hair, tying it into a low ponytail.

Armand pondered for a moment and reached out to pull off the hair tie. "Do it again. Let me take a closer look."

Genevieve felt like throwing her phone in his face when she showed him the message: Are you insane? "You did it too fast just now. I didn't even get a good look at it." Armand's expression remained unchanged as he placed the hair tie in her hand. "Just show me one more time, and I'll probably know how to do it myself."

It took great effort for Genevieve to hold herself back. Finally, she put down her phone and tied her hair while having her back facing the man for another time.

Perhaps she had slowed down this time. Armand eventually got to see how she did it clearly and no longer caused her trouble. He pointed at the small bowl on the table and asked, "Are you done?"

Genevieve: I don't want to eat anymore!

It was then that she saw a message from Maria asking how her business trip was going. She withdrew her legs and nestled into the couch while replying to Maria's message.

Meanwhile, Armand poured the remaining broth from the food jar into the small bowl and dug in. All of a sudden, his phone on the desk rang.

He raised his head and took a glance at the phone. Then he took the phone over and switched it off.

As for Genevieve, she had her attention on her phone and wasn't looking in his direction.

After eating, Armand cleaned up the table and moved to the same couch as Genevieve with a small box of ointment prescribed by the doctor in his hand. "Come here. Let me apply the medicine for you."

Genevieve looked at him and showed him her phone. She wrote: There's no need for that. I can do it myself with the help of a mirror later.

Armand stared at her quietly. His eyes darkened.

Being stared at made Genevieve feel a little uneasy. She pursed her lips and intended to snatch the ointment from his hand so that she could do it herself in the bathroom.

But before she could do it, the man grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms. "Can't you behave yourself?"

Genevieve rolled her eyes and showed him her words that read: I can't! I am who I am. I beg you to divorce me the soonest and get yourself a lady who will behave herself.

Armand chuckled in exasperation and said more seriously, "If you refuse to behave yourself, I have no choice but to tie your hands up."

Genevieve: I dare you!

"Since I have the guts to feed you, what else do I dare not to do?" Armand took the tie he had thrown on the back of the couch in his hand, looking as though he was ready to capture the woman before him anytime.

The duo stayed unmoving for some time until Genevieve gritted her teeth and leaned toward Armand, exposing her neck.

Armand gave a small smile. He slowly removed the gauze around her neck, revealing the deep bruises underneath.

It was a ghastly sight.

If the person had strangled Genevieve a little longer, she could have lost her life.

Armand felt his heart wrenched at the sight of the bruises around her neck. A cold hostility emerged from his eyes but soon dissipated.

He dipped his finger into the light yellow ointment before spreading it on the bruised areas around Genevieve's neck. His voice was low and seemed to carry some kind of emotion as he said, "The bruises will get better tomorrow after this."

When Armand lifted his head, he noticed the corner of her mouth was glossy. It was the stain from the broth she had just eaten.

He wiped the stain off with his thumb and reminded, "Be careful when you wash your face later."

Genevieve slapped away his hand. When she was about to leave with her phone, she suddenly picked up a pillow and hit him a few times before rushing back to her bedroom in a rage.

Armand could not help but laugh when he heard her slamming the door shut.

She has quite the temper, huh?

Chapter 154 Are You Still A Kid

Genevieve went back to the bedroom to brush her teeth and wash her face before lying on the bed. Recalling the fairy tale she listened to during her naptime in the afternoon, she searched it on the internet.

About an hour later, Armand entered the bedroom.

After he was done taking his shower, Genevieve handed him her phone with a message that read: Did you read me a fairy tale when you changed my clothes?

Armand stopped ruffling his hair and said, "Are you still a kid? Do you think I will do that to you?"

Genevieve remained silent upon hearing that.

She glanced at Armand in doubt and took back her phone. Yeah! Armand doesn't look like a man who will put someone to sleep by telling fairy tales.

The version of "Little Red Riding Hood" that was read to her was darker and crueler. One could not sleep and would have nightmares after listening to the story.

Armand seemed to have nothing to do after that. After drying his hair, he climbed onto the bed and covered his body with a blanket.

The bed was huge and had enough space to accommodate five adults.

Sleeping at the other end of the bed, Genevieve placed a bolster between her and Armand, as she did not want him to come near her.

She warned: I said I wanted a divorce. If you dare cross over this bolster, I will sue you for sexual assault!

Armand read the message on the phone and could not be bothered about it. He turned his back to her, closed his eyes, and slept.

Genevieve looked up at the sky full of stars through the glass dome above her. Her eyes felt sore after staring fixedly at the night sky. Under the moonlight, she turned around to look at Armand, who was lying beside her, and saw that he had fallen asleep.

An unfathomable emotion rose within her, and she turned away from him.

Genevieve could not sleep well that night. Once she shut her eyes, she would recall the man's ruthless eyes and see herself suffocating in the reflection of his eyes.

Shrouded in fear, she frantically tugged at her blanket and mumbled, "No..."

She did not want to die, as she still had things she wanted to accomplish.

"N-No..." she whimpered like a kitten that was on the brink of death. She curled herself into a ball, desperately wanting to look for a sense of security.

I-I haven't told Armand...

Armand had not fallen asleep. Hearing her low cries, he opened his eyes and lifted the bolster between them before inching closer to her.

"Genevieve?" He moved her hands that were grasping the blanket away, then wrapped his arms around her.

Remembering the method that Timothy had taught him, Armand ran his fingers through her hair and massaged her head. Sensing this, Genevieve relaxed and leaned against his body like a baby.

Perhaps she did not have any nightmares after that because she only woke up when the sun was up. As soon as she opened her eyes, she looked at the middle of the bed. Seeing that the bolster was still there, she sighed in relief.

Hmm, looks like Armand didn't cross the line.

Armand walked out of the bathroom at this moment and noticed that Genevieve had woken up. He strode toward her and bent down to examine her neck.

The ointment the medical staff had prescribed was effective. The bruise on her neck had become lighter after a night.

"Go wash yourself up. We'll go out to get breakfast and have a walk," Armand said in a low voice, reached out, and caressed her chin.

Genevieve slapped away his hand and rolled her eyes at him.

She had thought she could settle the business deal earlier and have fun for a few days while working in Bera. Hence, she had brought along a few sets of clothing. However, she did not have the opportunity to put on the casual wear she had brought; she only had the chance to wear office attire instead.

She was clad in light blue jeans and a crop top with a black letter print, revealing her tiny waist and bony shoulder.

The entire look accentuated her youthfulness, and she looked fresh and sweet.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she noticed that there was still a faint bruise mark on her neck.

She looked for a scarf and grabbed her coat and handbag before leaving the bedroom.

In the living room, Armand appeared to be instructing Steven on something. At the sight of Genevieve, he narrowed his eyes and stared fixedly at her.

"Mr. Faulkner, I'll do it right away!" Sensing the air around him getting tense, Steven hurriedly left.

Armand rubbed his temples and looked at Genevieve. "Don't you have any other clothes?"

Noticing that his expression went dark, Genevieve challenged: Yes, I do. But I only want to wear this set. I won't go out if you don't allow me to wear this.

Chapter 155 In The Arms Of Other Men "Change your top to a short-sleeved T-shirt. Something that can cover your waist," Armand said. Genevieve: I'm not going, then. I don't feel like going out anyway. She pursed her lips and turned around, wanting to return to the bedroom. "There's a Van Cleef & Arpels store at Fullmoon Mall," Armand said. "Aren't you in love with their planet series? Coincidentally, Neptune, the only stock left in their headquarters in Frosa, will be imported by air at eight in the morning."

Genevieve flinched and stopped in her tracks. The planet series of Van Cleef & Arpels was limited edition jewelry, and she would try her best to obtain it every time it launched a new one. She had collected three sets a few years ago. However, Cooper had taken the sets of jewelry away when he had someone clean up the Rachford residence. "It's scorching hot outside. You'll easily get sunburn if you wear only a crop top." Armand glanced at her waist again. "Change your clothes. A short-sleeved shirt is better." In reality, he did not want everyone to look at her waist when they entered the mall. Genevieve touched

her hand and felt the ring on her finger. Her expression darkened, and she quickly went back to the bedroom. She was in a black short-sleeved shirt when she came out a few minutes later. After stepping out of the house, Genevieve took a cap and mask from her bag to cover her face, afraid that the others could see her.

Armand simply ignored her when he saw that. The bruise on her neck had become lighter. Worried that her throat was still uncomfortable, Armand ordered a bowl of oatmeal for her at the breakfast shop and did not allow her to eat pretzels. Fullmoon Mall was the largest shopping center in Springwyn. It had luxury brands from all over the world, and people often went there to shop. Hence, it had a lot of foot traffic every day. There was already a crowd when it was only around ten o'clock. Genevieve followed Armand and entered the elevator. Then she stepped back, keeping a distance away from him. When the elevator reached the second floor, a crowd rushed in. Armand had a tall figure, around one hundred and ninety centimeters, and a perfectly sculptured face. The people couldn't help looking in his direction when entering the elevator, easily recognizing him given his cold aura and the fact that Genevieve was standing a distance away from him. "Oh, wow! I think he's the boss of Central Group, right? I've seen him in a finance magazine." "He's so handsome!"

"Is that his wife?" Hearing the women in front of her gossiping in a low voice, Genevieve pulled up her mask and moved further away from them. Armand rested his hand on her waist and pulled her closer to him. "There are a lot of people in the elevator. Do you want to bury yourself in the arms of other men?" Genevieve was struck speechless. The elevator door opened. Genevieve elbowed and pushed Armand away before walking out with her face clouded over. "Good afternoon, Mr. Faulkner!" Seeing that Armand and Genevieve were walking toward their store, the brand manager of Van Cleef & Arpels hurriedly went forward to greet them and led them to a VIP room in the store. After entering the room, the manager grabbed a jewelry box, opened it, and placed it in front of Genevieve. The jewelry box was a set with a necklace, and its design inside the box was unique. Upon opening the box, one could see a galaxy of stars, and the planet in it was the necklace named Neptune. Genevieve could not help but fall in love with the necklace upon glancing at it. The design of Neptune was more beautiful and pleasing to the eyes compared to the previous series. Armand smiled when he noticed how interested she was in the necklace. He instructed the manager, "Take out all the pieces of jewelry with emeralds and let her choose." "Yes, Sir!" The manager immediately did as ordered.

A few minutes later, necklaces and rings that had emerald were displayed before Genevieve. She did not restrain herself from choosing the jewelry. Instead, she swept her hand across the rows of jewelry placed in front of her and picked some necklaces and bracelets. Then, she took out her phone and typed: I won't feel bad about it because this is what I deserve. If not for Marilyn, who had plotted against her, she would not have almost died and would not have nightmares every night.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 155 She thought she needed to comfort herself mentally by purchasing the jewelry. "Okay." Armand picked up an emerald bracelet and put it on her wrist. "You can pick and buy whatever you want. I'll ask them to send the ones you chose to the hotel." After seeing an opportunity to ask Armand to leave, Genevieve told the manager: The ring is stuck on my finger. She reached out her hand with the ring to the manager and typed: Can you please remove it for me?

Chapter 156 Overthink

The manager glanced at her finger and said, "Please wait for a moment. I'll go get some lubricating oil."

So I couldn't remove the ring because I didn't use lubricating oil?

Thinking that the ring would be removed soon, Genevieve felt a bit better. When the manager returned with the tools, Genevieve immediately sat upright on the couch.

The manager applied the lubricating oil on Genevieve's ring finger and the gap between the ring and her finger. He tried for a while, and the friction made Genevieve's finger red, but he still could not take off the ring.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Faulkner. This wedding ring fits your finger too well," said the manager helplessly.

Genevieve wanted to deny her identity as Armand's wife, but she could not speak and it was inconvenient for her to type on her phone at that moment. She could only glower at the wedding ring.

The ring indeed fits my finger. I don't feel pain when wearing it, but I can't take it out!

Returning after signing for the jewelry, Armand saw that Genevieve's ring finger was red. Something flashed across his eyes, and he asked casually, "Are we going to check out another jewelry store or buy some clothes?"

Genevieve looked daggers at Armand and stormed off.

She visited every jewelry store on the current floor because she was unhappy, picking every piece of jewelry once she had her eyes on them.

Armand followed quietly and paid all those with his card.

There were many people in the shopping mall. A lot of guests who were looking at the jewelry were surprised when they saw Genevieve splurging on the jewelry. Some recognized Armand and secretly took pictures of Armand and Genevieve before posting them online.

Soon, the pictures online sparked frenzied comments from the netizens.

One commenter wrote: I thought people with high status live a different life from us. Looks like they also have to accompany their wife to go shopping after getting married.

Another wrote: Look at someone else's husband! He's handsome, he accompanies his wife shopping, and he pays for them for his wife with his card! My husband looks as if he's dying when he follows me to go shopping!

Someone wondered: Who exactly is Mrs. Faulkner? I really want to know.

And a commenter replied: I heard she's Mr. Faulkner's first love from the Wood family. Could it be her?

The netizens had a heated discussion online to find out the identity of Armand's wife. At that moment, as if intentionally, Genevieve went to the floor that sold handbags and picked from one store to another after finishing buying the jewelry.

She knew men detested wasting their time shopping with women. They would find a place to sit and play with their phones instead of accompanying their partners.

Once Armand grew impatient, Genevieve thought she could argue confidently with him. It would be best if he signed the divorce agreement and threw it at her, telling her to leave.

But Armand followed behind her and remained calm all the time. He did not show a hint of impatient. It was Genevieve, however, who hissed in pain when her heels bled after she walked in high heels for a long time.

Armand went to the nearest shoe store and bought her a pair of slippers.

When he returned, he kneeled in front of Genevieve on one knee and put on a band-aid on her bleeding heels.

“Don’t go out tomorrow.” Armand slightly bent down and put on the slippers on her fair feet. “I’ll ask Steven to get brochures from every brand in the mall. Just get them to send the items to the hotel directly if you have your eyes on anything.”

Armand did not scold Genevieve for walking in high heels for a long time. Instead, he was worried that she was tired from shopping and did not want her to go out again.

Lowering her head and looking at the top of Armand’s head, Genevieve felt bitterness slowly fill her mouth.

She had never figured out why Armand was sometimes so indifferent and sometimes so nice to her.

It was until moments earlier that she found out the reason. Whenever Armand was nice to her, it was because of Marilyn.

The first time she went to the Faulkner residence, her legs were scalded severely due to Marilyn’s scheme. Armand had asked Steven to send her a lot of gifts. He had even gone to Regality Gardens to accompany and coax her.

The second time, Genevieve was almost strangled to death in the shooting club by Marilyn’s men. Armand had rushed to Springwyn. Not only did he take care of her gently, but he even went out shopping with her.

Genevieve had wanted to ask Armand about the scars on his back only out of concern back then. Yet he had said impatiently, “You should go on with your own life. You don’t need to put your focus on me constantly.”

Genevieve thought Armand was gentle to her because he loved her.

Yet little did she know that she had been overthinking the entire time.

Genevieve guessed that Armand refused to divorce her and let her go because she was not from a prominent family and hence she wouldn’t dare to make a move on Marilyn. Plus, Harriet favored her.

It was tough to find another woman again who fit those conditions.

Chapter 157 Coax Her A Little

When Armand put on another slipper for Genevieve, he could feel her body stiffen. He raised his head and saw Genevieve staring at him.

A few strands of hair fell in front of her face and covered her eyes.

“What is it?” As though noticing Genevieve was displeased, Armand lowered his head and glanced at the slippers on her feet. “Is it the slippers? Wear them for now. You can pick another one later.”

Genevieve could not reply with her damaged vocal cord. Wearing the slippers, she stood up from the chair and headed straight toward the elevator.

Armand put her high heels into the shoe box and held it before following Genevieve in large strides. After entering the elevator, Genevieve pressed the button to level one and had no intention to shop anymore. Armand only snuck a glance at her calmly.

When Genevieve was shopping in the mall, she was unaware that time had passed. The sky had already darkened when they came out of the mall.

They had spent almost a day in the mall.

There was a night market beside Fullmoon Mall. The market was well-known in Springwyn because famous delicacies from all over the country could be found there.

The foot traffic at the market was greater than that in the mall once it opened at night.

Not wanting to return to the hotel, Genevieve followed the people and entered the night market in her slippers.

Once she stepped into the alley, she saw that on both sides were stalls selling various types of snacks and trinkets.

Some vendors were standing in front of their stalls, raising their voices to attract tourists. The scent of many types of snacks vaguely filled the air.

Genevieve was slightly depressed after coming out of the mall. But now that she had stepped into the night market, her spirits lifted as she smelled food.

“Come, take a look! Candied fruit! Delicious candied fruit!”

Hearing the shouts of the vendor, Genevieve hastily ran to the stall.

There were candied strawberries and many types of fruits on the glass display counter. They looked appetizing.

Swallowing a lump in her throat, Genevieve poked the glass and looked at the vendor.

“Do you want a candied fruit?” The vendor instantly understood her meaning. He was about to get one when a tall figure stood behind Genevieve.

“No, she can’t have it.”

Exasperated, Genevieve typed in the notepad of her phone: My throat doesn’t hurt anymore. It’s fine if I take small bites.

Armand was very tall. Thus, he could read the words on her phone when he slightly lowered his head.

“Your throat is seriously damaged. It won’t recover in just one day. This type of sweets is harmful to your throat. You can’t have it.”

Genevieve: It’s fine as long as I can speak in the future. Besides, I don’t rely on my voice to earn a living! Ignoring Armand, Genevieve pointed at the glass counter again, signaling the vendor to bring her the candied fruit.

“Well...” The vendor felt immense pressure as the man behind Genevieve exuded an imposing aura. He stuttered, “M-Miss, your throat is not well, so just forget about it. Your husband is doing this for your own good. After your throat recovers, I’m sure your husband will allow you to have as many as you want.”

Genevieve’s face fell. She showed the vendor her phone with a message that read: He’s not my husband! I don’t know him!

She used an exclamation mark at the end of her sentence. It was clear that she was furious. Seeing that the vendor refused to sell the candied fruit to her, Genevieve pulled a long face and left in a huff.

“Did you two get into a fight?” The vendor talked to Armand, who had not left yet. “My wife also acts like that. It’s my fault when she doesn’t sleep well. It’s also my fault when she’s annoyed. No matter what she does, it’s always my fault. I can only coax her. Your wife can’t talk because her throat is not well. It’s natural for her to have a bad temper. It will be fine if you coax her a little.”

Armand listened and thought the vendor was right.

Genevieve was still happy when she was choosing the jewelry in the mall. She even told me that she deserved them. But she got mad again after her heels bled because of her stubbornness.

Chapter 158 Just A Small Bite Armand stared at the candied fruit through the glass display. “I’ll take a candied strawberry,” he said in his deep voice. “Oh, okay.” The vendor hurriedly took a candied strawberry as he had requested and packaged it before handing it over. “If your wife can’t eat it, maybe you can just let her have a bite to see how it tastes.” “Sure. Thank you,” Armand replied while throwing a hundred in cash on the counter. He then took the candied fruit and turned to leave. “Sir, your change!” “It’s fine.”

Naturally, the vendor was overjoyed to get a hundred by selling a single candied fruit. While putting the money into a drawer, he poked his head out and watched as Armand walked away. There was a frown on his face as he muttered to himself, “Why does he look so familiar? I feel like I’ve seen him before...” Meanwhile, Genevieve had her eyes down as she stared at the slippers on her feet. They were floral-patterned ones that were made for the beach, and the soles were incredibly soft. Her steps felt both light and comfortable. As if she wanted to vent her emotions, she kicked the ground.

She didn’t care if the slippers were worn out. In no time at all, Armand caught up with her and showed her the candied fruit. Genevieve immediately stopped in her tracks as she stared at the candied strawberry, then shifted her gaze to the man beside her. Didn’t he say he wasn’t going to let me have any? “This kind of sweet stuff is bad for your throat, you know,” he nagged while tearing the wrapper open, the fruity smell of the candied fruit wafting out. “Just take a bite and have a taste. Don’t swallow it, okay?” Genevieve looked away and ignored him, continuing to walk forward with her hands clasped behind her back. “Are you really not going to eat it?” She heard his deep voice from behind.

“There’s a trash can right here. I’m going to throw it.” Genevieve had barely taken a few steps. She instantly turned around and walked back over. She took the candied fruit and brought it to her mouth, chomping down on it. Armand, however, quickly pushed her head back to stop her from doing so, which caused her to take a few steps backward. “Just a small bite.” At that point, she was so mad that she couldn’t help but shoot him a glare. She loudly declared that she wasn’t going to eat but got greedy when she caught a whiff of the strawberry scent. Thus, she made her mouth smaller and took a tiny bite out of the candied fruit. The taste of strawberry exploded in her mouth, which tempted her to swallow it. Genevieve narrowed her eyes. With both hands behind her back, she continued stepping forward.

Upon seeing her relaxed movements, Armand knew that she was feeling better. He smiled without making any noise. Her emotions came and went like the wind. There were far too many things to do and eat in the night market. The more she walked, the more dazzled she was. She ended up buying quite a few trinkets. However, because her vocal cords were injured, Armand refused to let her eat any of the snacks that she saw. She was only allowed to eat two meatballs, and even then she could only take a

small bite. She watched as he finished the rest of the meatballs, and envy flashed in her gaze. Genevieve: Just you wait. Once my throat is healed, I'll buy ten meatballs and eat every single one of them right in front of you. Damn you! Armand took note of the exclamation mark at the end of her sentences and responded, "Okay.

I'll be waiting." "Come on and check out this place. You can win amazing prizes by eating pasta!" a staff yelled from a nearby pasta shop. "As long as you finish this challenge, we'll give you a one-of-a-kind prize!" Genevieve noticed that there were quite a few customers in front of a shop, so she strode over to join in the fun. There was a notice taped to the glass door on the right, which said that the shop served a kind of pasta called Devil's Pasta. Most people would faint after taking a single bite of it. Whoever wanted to participate just had to order a single plate of Devil's Pasta. As long as one could finish the whole thing without taking a single sip of water in between, they would get a unique plushy. One of the customers asked, "What kind of plushy is it?" "It's the one that's been hung up here on this wall," the staff answered as he pointed toward the inside of the shop. There was a white cat plushy on the wall that was around one meter tall. It was even wearing a collar with the words "you got this" on it. The expression on its face was absolutely adorable, too.

"This pasta is our shop's signature. Our boss came up with it himself," the staff stated with a smile. "We have a hundred branches all over the country, but we only have that cat plushy at this specific location. There's only a single one." Some of the kids who had gone there with their families were desperate to get the plushy, so their parents wanted to give the challenge a try. Shrieks of pain could be heard from the shop.

Chapter 159 It Is Just A Plushy

"Did he really just faint after taking such a small bite?"

"My throat is burning just by watching them..."

When the parents saw the people in the shop trying the Devil's Pasta challenge and passing out after a single bite, they started trembling in fear. They hurriedly took their kids and ran away, and the other customers outside the shop took a few steps back as well.

There were tons of onlookers, but hardly any of them actually stepped forward to give it a try.

The staff noticed how Genevieve was eyeing the plushy, so he approached her. "Would you like to try, young lady?"

Genevieve turned around and saw that Armand had caught up with her.

Armand glanced at the notice, then at the cat plushy hanging on the wall. With a frown, he stated, "It's just a plushy. We can go get one at the claw machines."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to get this plushy from a claw machine, Sir," the staff said with a grin. "This is a limited edition plushy from our shop. It's one-of-a-kind."

"How much do I have to pay for it?"

The staff shook his head and politely explained, "I'm sorry, Sir, but it's a prize. It's not for sale. If you succeed in completing the Devil's Pasta challenge, we'll give you the plushy."

Armand wasn't interested in trying any pasta. He pulled out a card from his pocket and said, "I'll give you a hundred thousand."

The staff and all the other customers were stunned by his offer. It was the first time anyone had offered such a high price for a single plushy.

If I were the boss, I would sell that plushy for a hundred thousand in a heartbeat, the staff thought.

Unfortunately, he wasn't.

“This isn’t a matter of money, Sir. You could offer two hundred thousand, and it wouldn’t change anything,” he uttered helplessly. “The only way you can get that plushy is by completing the Devil’s Pasta challenge.”

Hearing that, Armand didn’t try to bargain with him any longer. He shifted his gaze to Genevieve and said, “Let’s walk around a bit more.”

Genevieve remained frozen in place. She took out her phone and showed him her screen after typing: I want that plushy, so I’m going to try the challenge.

Armand narrowed his eyes. “Are you trying to ruin your throat?”

With a determined look, Genevieve typed: You do it, then. I’m not leaving unless we get that plushy.

“It’s just a plushy. What are you even going to do once you get it?” Armand was at a loss for words.

Genevieve didn’t even bother to reply. All she did was stare into his eyes for two seconds before turning around and walking into the shop.

Once she scanned the QR code on the wall, she ordered one plate of Devil’s Pasta.

The shop wasn’t very big, and there were only a few customers at the bar counter. Two of the men were participating in the Devil’s Pasta challenge.

Devil’s Pasta was definitely not to be underestimated. After taking one bite of it, the two of them were so overwhelmed by the spiciness that they began gulping down cold water. One of the challengers who had passed out had woken up and was frantically drinking water as well.

There was an open kitchen behind the bar counter, and there were a few chefs in uniform who had their hands full.

In no time at all, a plate of Devil’s Pasta was served to Genevieve.

The pasta had beef, radish slices, and other kinds of vegetables. The sauce was thick and white, and it didn’t look spicy at all.

One of the challengers who was sitting near Genevieve looked at her. While trying to catch his breath, he warned, “Listen, young lady... Argh... Don’t eat it. It’s too spicy...”

After gasping for air a few more times, he started pouring water down his throat again. His face was flushed red.

Genevieve glanced at the pasta on her plate, wondering if it was really that hot. She had only just picked up her fork when a pair of hands snatched the plate away from her.

Armand sat down next to her and took her food away. There was an icy look on his face as he said, “I’m only doing this because your throat is in a bad condition, Genevieve. No more next time.”

Genevieve bit her lip as she observed how the other challenger was still furiously gulping down water with one hand on the table. Then she looked back at Armand.

He had already picked up a forkful of the pasta and bit into it with his head lowered. The spicy taste of it spread through his mouth instantly, and his tongue was already going numb.

He furrowed his brows together into a tight knot, then had another forkful of pasta.

“Whoa!” The other challengers were all stunned.

They couldn’t even handle the spiciness of a single bite and had thus given up instantly. Armand, on the other hand, had taken another bite without even flinching.

Chapter 160 Is That Not The Case
The man who had spoken to Genevieve earlier rushed over as well. His eyes were wide open as he stared at how Armand ate the pasta. “You’re insane, dude! I was the state champion of the spicy food competition, and I can’t even stomach a single bite of this. But you’re already on the second bite...” Genevieve had purposely lured Armand into the shop with the intention of making things difficult for him. However, the moment she heard what the man said, her body

straightened up. Armand wasn't a picky eater, but he didn't have a freakishly high tolerance for spicy food, either. The other challenger had gotten first place in a spicy food competition, yet he didn't even dare to take another bite.

She couldn't figure out how Armand was doing it. Beads of sweat began to form on his forehead, and his neck was becoming red. It was obvious that he was trying his best. Genevieve couldn't quite explain the feeling in her heart. She reached out to snatch his fork away, but he gripped it tightly and refused to let her do so. He turned his head away and let out a cough. "I'm almost done. It'd be a shame to give up now." Upon hearing that, she pulled out her phone as fast as she could and typed: Your voice has already become hoarse. Stop eating! If you faint, I won't be able to carry you back. "It's just a plate of pasta," Armand persisted. Despite the hoarseness of his voice, his tone was as bland as always.

"If I really can't take any more, then I'll give up." He stared at the remaining pasta and gulped, then had another forkful. Since the day the pasta shop opened, there had been over a thousand people who had tried to challenge the Devil's Pasta. Even so, all of them couldn't go any further than a bite or two. Right then, however, there was a challenger who still remained totally expressionless even after taking multiple bites of the pasta. Not only the staff, but the onlookers outside the shop were getting excited.

They completely surrounded Genevieve and Armand. Soon, Armand finished the entire plate of Devil's Pasta. The look on his face was still as icy as ever. He took two pieces of tissue paper to wipe his mouth, then turned to the dumbstruck staff beside him and asked, "I don't have to finish the sauce, do I?" "No," the staff mumbled in response. "Get me the prize, then," Armand said. While speaking, he suddenly turned to the side and let out two coughs. Genevieve hurriedly opened a bottle of water and passed it to him. The moment he took it, he tipped his head back and swallowed a few mouthfuls. Genevieve noticed that his forehead was completely covered in sweat. Even the back of his shirt was soaked.

"Here you go, young lady. This is your prize." The staff took the cat plushy down and passed it to Genevieve. "Nobody has ever succeeded in the Devil's Pasta challenge since the day we opened our shop. Your boyfriend is the first! He's amazing!" Genevieve held the plushy in her arms and looked at Armand's drenched shirt. Her eyes flickered, and she couldn't put her feelings into words.

Armand finished the bottle of water. With the shoebox in his hand, he walked out of the pasta shop with Genevieve. At that moment, it was already past nine at night, so it was rather cold outside the shop. On their way out, she accidentally bumped her head into the glass door, which caused her hair tie to become loose. Her hair cascaded down her shoulders and down her back. Armand picked up her hair tie and dusted it off. He pulled her to the side of the shop, gave her the shoebox and the candied fruit, and told her to turn around. Genevieve did as he said. Once she had her back facing him, she could feel his fingers brush past her ears as he picked up her thick and heavy hair. He proceeded to tie her hair up into a secure ponytail using the hair tie. After doing so, he even tugged on it to make sure it wouldn't get loose again.

He seemed to be very proud of himself. When he wanted to take the shoebox back from her, she looked up at him and typed out something in her notepad to show him. Genevieve: You don't have to show me this much care, Armand. You have your own work to do. You've already done a lot to compensate me for this injury, so I don't have any complaints. Of course, it'd be best if we could get a divorce. He read through what she had typed two times and frowned as if he had suddenly come to an understanding. "Do you think that I came all the way to Springwyn looking for you and brought you shopping because I

wanted to compensate you for the fact that the person Marilyn hired nearly got you killed? Is that why you've been throwing a tantrum?" Genevieve typed a single "You" on her phone but quickly erased it. Instead, she wrote: Is that not the case?