

Gary Stu 161

Chapter 161 How Do I Usually Feed You

When Armand saw that, he was so frustrated that he began to laugh. He pushed her arm up against the wall and loomed over her.

“Why do you dwell on such pointless things all the time, Genevieve? I’ve already told you that there hasn’t been anything between me and Marilyn ever since we broke up. You got hurt because of my negligence. I came to Springwyn looking for you because I was worried about you. I took you shopping because I could tell you were in a bad mood, not because I was trying to pay you back or something.”

Genevieve was baffled by his explanation. She wrote: Why would you be worried about me?

Armand was rendered speechless for a few seconds. He bent down and lifted her dainty chin. “We’re legally married with a certificate and everything. Shouldn’t I be worried about you?”

It was true that they had gotten a marriage certificate, but it was only because they were cooperating with each other.

She had not forgotten the reason why he had married her in the first place.

Genevieve lowered her head and typed: I think you’re lying to me. You care about Marilyn a lot, don’t you? I can tell from the look in your eyes...

In those photos, the look in his eyes was tender to the core as he gazed at Marilyn. There was a sense of indulgence.

That stare of his was like a sharp thorn deeply embedded in her heart. No matter how she tried, she couldn’t get it out.

He had offered Marilyn all the warmth he could give. When he was with Genevieve, on the other hand, his cold gaze never changed.

When she came back to her senses, she realized what she had written on her phone. She had completely exposed her own feelings.

In her panic, she covered the screen with her hand and erased all the words.

However, Armand had already read them while she was typing.

When he saw how she was frantically deleting the message, he let out a few low chuckles. “When I was dating Marilyn, I never ate any of her leftovers, nor did I ever feed her anything.”

Genevieve couldn’t help but refute: Maybe she’s a germaphobe.

“Is that so?” Armand murmured with a slight hoarseness in his voice. He leaned down even more and pressed his nose against hers. “I never let her take pictures of me for her to post online, either. I didn’t want people to see them. I never took her shopping for an entire day, nor did I take her to a night market. I never forced myself to eat such spicy pasta to help her get a single plushy. You said that you could tell from the look in my eyes. I’ll say it right now, then—I love Marilyn. What do you think? Is it true?”

Genevieve stared into his vibrant eyes, which were right in front of her. When he said those three words, his gaze didn’t waver at all.

For some reason, the things he had told her and that gaze of his were enough to dispel the frustration and unhappiness that had lingered in her heart for the past few days.

The corners of her lips began to curl up, but she quickly hardened her expression. Using her hands, she pushed him away and walked off with the cat plushy in her arms.

Thanks to Armand’s long legs, he could catch up with her in just a few steps. “Do you still want the candied strawberry?”

Genevieve shot him a quick glance and shook her head.

Armand finished the rest of the candied strawberry. With a frown, he said, "This is full of artificial sweeteners. You'd better not eat it next time."

Genevieve simply rolled her eyes in response.

When they returned to the hotel after they were done walking around the night market, it was already past eleven.

The jewelry and bags that she had bought in the mall had been delivered to their suite that afternoon. Boxes of all sizes were piled up in the corner of the living room.

Armand was sweating quite a bit after walking around the night market. The first thing he did after getting back was to take a shower.

Meanwhile, Genevieve sat cross-legged on the mat on the bedroom floor. She ripped off the plastic wrapping on the cat plushy and found that it was quite nice to the touch. It was soft, and she would love to hug it to sleep.

The image of Armand's sweat-covered forehead and flushed neck while he was eating the plate of Devil's Pasta surfaced in her mind.

Most people couldn't take more than a bite, but he had finished it all.

She figured that his stomach was probably having a hard time right then.

Thus, she took her phone down to the first floor of the hotel and asked the receptionist at the front desk, but they only had anti-inflammatory pills. She used her phone to search for nearby pharmacies thereafter and navigated there to get some antacids.

When she got back, Armand had just come out of the shower. The collar of his bathrobe was loose, which exposed his seductive, alluring naked chest.

Genevieve opened the pillbox and passed him two pills.

He had planned to tell Steven to get him some medicine once he was done with his shower.

Unexpectedly, however, she had already gone to buy them, which made him chuckle. He was in a great mood.

Why is he smiling when he's having a stomachache? Is he nuts?

Genevieve rolled her eyes at him and was about to shove a pill down his throat when he suddenly closed his mouth.

Genevieve: Aren't you going to take it?

Armand moved her hand away and looked down at her from above. In a scratchy voice, he asked, "How do I usually feed you?" Chapter 162 Am I Not Eating Two Pills Genevieve held back the urge to throw the phone to Armand's face as she typed: You forced me! It's up to you whether you want to eat the medicine or not. You're the one who has gastric pain! Putting the medicine on the bedside table, she took her nightgown and went to the bathroom to take a bath. After her bath, Genevieve blew dry her hair in the bathroom, assuming Armand had already taken the medicine.

However, when she came out of the bathroom and glanced at the bedside table, she noticed the medicine was still there. Not even one was missing. Meanwhile, Armand leaned against the other side of the bed, holding the finance book that she took with her when she went on business trips. Argh! This man! Taking a deep breath, she took two pills from the box and walked past the end of the bed, heading in Armand's direction. Biting the medicine in her mouth, Genevieve bent over and kissed Armand. Letting out a soft chuckle, Armand threw the book away and wrapped an arm around the woman's waist, pulling her toward him from the bedside. Then, he put the other hand on the back of her head and tightened his hold around her. Genevieve did not close her eyes, so she saw Armand's eyes right in front of her face. His gaze did not look passionate, but it was as deep as an endless hole and seemed to

have some kind of emotion. Widening her eyes, Genevieve stared at Armand. She opened her mouth slightly, letting Armand do whatever he wanted.

The small pill had shattered into powder in her mouth with their kisses. Genevieve tasted a faint sweetness, and she could even hear a soft gulping sound because the bedroom was quiet. The sound was a tad too lustful to hear, and a touch of light pink spread from her cheeks to her ears. Genevieve placed her hands on Armand's chest, trying to push him away. Armand retreated and breathed close to the corner of her mouth. "Am I not eating two pills?" Then, he picked up the small pill that fell on the bed, and he aggressively but gently put them into Genevieve's mouth, kissing her again.

It took ten minutes for Armand to eat the two small pills. When he finally let go of his hand, Genevieve's legs went wobbly, and she almost fell into his chest. Her blown-dry hair was also a mess. She vented her rage by hitting Armand with the pillow for a while. Then, she placed the other pillows on the bed, leaving only a space for Armand to turn his body. Genevieve typed:

This side of the pillows is my territory. I will kill you if you dare to cross the border. Armand looked at Genevieve's slightly swollen lips for two seconds before releasing a chuckle. "Well, everything will be fine if you don't come to my side after you fell asleep." Genevieve shot him a glare and replied: If I really do that, I'll consider myself a pig! After Armand read the words on the memo, she turned off the phone and threw it under the pillow. Then, she switched off the wall lamp and hugged the cat plushie.

This plushie is so soft. It must be stuffed with cotton. The cat plushie should not have a scent, but Genevieve smelled a faint wooden scent on it. It seemed to get the scent from Armand, and she felt calm smelling it. She was relaxed and fell asleep after a short while. Genevieve dreamed of the first time when Armand brought her to the Faulkner residence to visit Harriet. After that, Harriet's daughter, Samantha, came back and sat at the dining table to have a meal with them. Samantha would raise her eyebrows when she talked with Genevieve.

Soon, the scene changed. Genevieve was having a meal in a restaurant, and there was a gentle young man sitting opposite her. The man took off his glasses and wiped them with a cloth. While talking with her, he would look at her with a frown. The two faces were so shockingly similar. It was as if it was from a horror movie. Frightened, Genevieve instantly jolted awake. Looking at the starry night through the glass dome, she panted heavily. Armand was a light sleeper. The second he heard the woman's heavy pants, he opened his eyes and turned his head to look at her. "Genevieve?" His voice was deep. "Did you have a nightmare?"

Chapter 163 You Crawled Here Yourself

Genevieve subconsciously shook her head, but then she nodded when she remembered the creepy scene.

The moonlight peeked in from the glass dome, giving her a clear view of Armand, who was on the other side of the bed. She could see his face clearly.

Pursing her lips, Genevieve pulled the blanket higher to cover herself.

After a few seconds, she squirmed inside the blanket, slowly crawling toward Armand.

Genevieve took away a pillow in the middle of the bed and quickly crawled into Armand's blanket. When she hugged his strong waist with both hands, her restless heart finally calmed down.

"Hey, you crawled here yourself." Armand chuckled lowly before pulling the blanket down, revealing Genevieve's head so that she would not be suffocated.

He placed his fingers into her thick hair and massaged her scalp to make her feel more relaxed.

“Let’s sleep, piglet.”

Recalling how she typed she would consider herself a pig if she went to Armand’s side, Genevieve felt embarrassed, and she buried her head deeper into his embrace.

Perhaps Genevieve felt secure hugging Armand as a big pillow while sleeping. She slept until ten o’clock the next morning.

Armand had already woken up around seven o’clock in the morning. He was working in the living room. After Genevieve finished brushing up, he had almost finished his work. Armand brought her to have a meal in the restaurant and called the hotel’s chartered car to send them to the hospital.

The same doctor from last time gave Genevieve another CT scan for her throat. After a detailed examination, he said, “Ms. Rachford, there’s no problem with your throat. You may stop applying the medicine to your neck once the bruise is gone. Please eat clean during this period, and your vocal cord might be recovered in a few days.”

Genevieve thought for a moment before typing: Can I eat desserts? What about meatballs? Then, she showed the phone to the doctor.

“Of course you can.” The doctor nodded with a smile.

After getting the doctor’s permission, Genevieve kept her phone and raised her chin at Armand.

Looking at her smug face, Armand rubbed his temples and smiled helplessly.

After they left the hospital, Genevieve went to the dessert shop and bought some desserts. She even asked the staff to pack her a box of cream puffs.

When they returned to the hotel, Genevieve asked Armand to go back to the room with the other desserts while she went to the floor where Patrick lived, bringing the box of cream puffs along. Upon reaching Patrick’s room, she knocked on the door.

In no time, Patrick opened the door, holding a carving knife in his hand. “Genev, anything the matter?”

He quickly kept the carving knife in his pocket.

Genevieve held up the box of cream puffs and shook them in front of Patrick. Then, she showed him the phone with the text: I just came back from the checkup at the hospital and bought some desserts. Here. These are cream puffs. You should try them.

“Oh, okay.” Patrick took the cream puffs from her. When he noticed how the woman was in a much better mood compared to yesterday, his eyes dimmed slightly.

Genevieve wrote: Is Steven in the room?

“He went out this morning,” said Patrick. “Are you bored because Armand is busy working? How about—”

Genevieve shook her head before he could finish his sentence.

Lowering her head, she typed on the phone. A few strands of hair fell on her face. Patrick lowered his gaze and looked at the hair, having the urge to tuck her hair behind her ears.

Soon, Genevieve gave Patrick the phone. The latter took a glance at the phone screen, and his eyes darkened.

“Why do you want to check Ms. Samantha?” Patrick leaned his right arm against the door frame. With a frown, he thought for a moment. “I don’t know much about Ms. Samantha, but I heard Steven say that Old Mrs. Faulkner urged her to get married when Ms. Samantha was young. Old Mrs. Faulkner told Ms. Samantha to simply choose a husband, and she would not interfere with Ms. Samantha’s marriage, but Ms. Samantha is against marriages until now.”

Remembering the strange dream last night, Genevieve pursed her lips and typed: I want to know

something. Please help me check on it, and when you do, let me know.

“Sure.” Patrick did not ask further.

Before she left, Genevieve suddenly thought of something as she wrote: This is something I ask you to do, and it’s a secret between us. Can you not tell Mando?

Looking at her innocent-looking eyes, Patrick nodded. “I will not tell him if you don’t want to let him know.”

The woman replied: Thank you. I will ask Maria to cook pork ribs for you when we’re back in Jadeborough. Waving the phone at him, Genevieve turned around and left.

After seeing Genevieve enter the elevator, Patrick closed the room door.

He held up the cream puff box and noticed a cartoon drawn on the box. Besides, Genevieve even drew emotions on the cream puffs, making them look cute and energetic.

Patrick could not help but lower his head and kissed the cream puff box.

Chapter 164 She Likes Being Spoiled

At noon, Genevieve and Armand went to the hotel’s restaurant for lunch. Soon after they returned to the room, people came knocking on their door one after another. The people were all store managers from various well-known women’s clothing brands from Fullmoon Mall. The managers brought with them dozens of the current season’s latest pieces in Genevieve’s size; the styles ranging from evening dresses to casual wear. Some of the luxury brands had reached an agreement—any item that Genevieve set her heart upon would be removed from their stores nationwide. Genevieve spent her entire afternoon picking out clothes in the living room, occasionally leaving her seat to open the door for yet another store manager that came over with new pieces, while Armand moved his work to the bedroom. At six in the evening, Genevieve was giddy with happiness, having picked out thirty outfits in addition to six evening dresses. Putting on a green dress that she had brought earlier, she went to the restaurant with Armand. With square-cut emerald earrings on her delicate ears that complemented her green dress, Genevieve radiated a cool elegance on top of her usual beauty. “This green dress looks good on you,” commented Armand, thinking it was one of the new dresses she had chosen in the afternoon. He raised his hand to her earlobe, caressing it, pleased with its softness. His gaze then landed on her graceful shoulders and the small exposed area of her collarbones. “Perhaps I can buy you another one tomorrow?” Armand murmured. Freezing for a moment, she swatted Armand’s hand away, sensing his implication. Glancing at the man warily, she took a step away from him. Armand grinned quietly. Arriving at the restaurant, they took a table near the window, and Armand ordered their food after looking through the menu. Propping her chin in one hand, Genevieve looked out the window. The hotel had built a large outdoor swimming pool over almost three hundred square meters of land behind the building. Many hotel guests were at the swimming pool with their children, taking advantage of the setting sun and the mild temperature outside. Reminded of the swimsuits that she had chosen while picking out clothes earlier, Genevieve took her phone and typed: I want to go swimming after dinner. Following her gaze, Armand looked downstairs through the window and furrowed his brows. “We have a small pool in the suite. You can swim there later. It’ll be the same.” Genevieve shook her head in protest, typing: The one in our suite is way too tiny – I can’t even do a lap around it. Defeated, Armand rubbed his temples and signaled a waiter over, discreetly giving some instructions to the latter. Genevieve put her chin on one hand and gazed at Armand as he spoke to the waiter. I love the feeling of being spoiled, be it yesterday’s outing or picking out clothes in the hotel room today. Not only so, but

I've also started disliking sleeping alone after I fell asleep cuddling Armand for a few nights—it would feel as if something's empty. In his presence and his embrace, I feel safe. After sending the waiter off, Armand noticed Genevieve gazing at him. Looking up, he asked, "What's the matter?" Genevieve shook her head, the corners of her lips curling as she raised her glass to take a sip of water. After dinner, Genevieve eagerly went back to change into a swimsuit. However, since Armand vetoed her first choice—a figure-hugging white one-piece—she grudgingly put on a floral-patterned swimsuit that came with a skirt. To Genevieve's surprise, there was no one at the swimming pool when she got there. She recalled the conversation Armand had with the waiter during dinner. He must have told the staff to clear off the swimming pool. That is so unreasonable, but I enjoy it! Everyone enjoyed being doted on; Genevieve was no exception. Before stepping into the pool, Genevieve seemed to have thought of something as she approached Armand with a hair tie, turning her back toward him. Armand took it from her and swiftly put her hair up in a high ponytail.

Chapter 165 Childlike Genevieve

Once the man was done, Genevieve dove into the pool, swimming as effortlessly as a fish in the ocean. At times when she stuck her head out of the water, she saw Armand sitting in the rest area, speaking to Steven while Patrick was beside them.

Genevieve waved at Patrick, asking him to get into the pool, but Patrick shook his head in refusal. Some new hotel guests had arrived at the pool with a child clad in swimsuits, unaware that the outdoor pool had been booked out.

A member of the hotel staff stopped them from entering. "My apologies, madam, the outdoor pool is booked out for the day. We have an indoor pool on the twelfth floor—you may bring your child to play there."

"I paid to stay at this hotel, and you won't even let my daughter swim?" the woman grumbled.

Politely, the staff member explained, "Madam, the outdoor pool has a charge as well; it just happens to be booked out today. The gentleman who booked this pool has also booked out the indoor pool on the twelfth floor to let all other guests swim for free. You may go there if you wish."

Hearing that the other pool was free of charge today, the woman relented and started to leave, but her daughter refused to move.

The girl stared intently at the pool. "Mommy, this pool is huge! I wanna play in it."

"But this pool is booked out. I can't do anything about that..."

After doing two laps, Genevieve came up for air and noticed the staff member speaking to the woman. The little girl holding onto the woman was dressed in a cute swimsuit, looking longingly in her direction as though she badly wanted to play in the pool.

Pondering for a moment, Genevieve got out of the pool. Typing out her words, she showed the staff member her screen that read: It's okay. Let her in.

Genevieve waved at the girl, who immediately ran toward her.

These rich people are obnoxious! How can they book out the entire pool and bar others from entering? Disgruntled at first, the woman perked up after she heard Genevieve's offer. "So sorry for the bother. My daughter just insists on playing here!"

Genevieve smiled at the woman and led the girl to the pool. After jumping in together, they raced each other, enjoying themselves thoroughly.

Not long after, more guests brought their children to the pool. The children were adamant about staying there after they saw Genevieve and the girl playing with water guns in the pool. They stood in their places. Even the parents who were dragging them away were rendered helpless.

Genevieve decided to let the children in and instructed the staff member to allow entry to all children after that.

Soon, the pool that was initially booked exclusively for Genevieve was filled with children. The children splashed around with water guns in their hands, their laughter ringing throughout the space.

Too occupied with his matters, Armand failed to notice what was going on until he raised his head and was met with a pool packed with children.

One of the children was chasing another around with a water gun and accidentally splashed a stream of water onto Armand's pants.

"I'm sorry, Sir!" After apologizing loudly, the child pulled a face at him and ran out of sight.

Feeling his temples throbbing, Armand reached for some tissues and dabbed at the water on his pants while looking over at the pool.

He saw Genevieve playing with children of various ages, dodging attacks from their water guns and splashing water back at them.

Genevieve threw her head back and laughed when the children were drenched, her expression bright and childlike.

Putting a hand on his waist, Armand narrowed his eyes slightly and gazed at Genevieve.

A year ago, the car that was bringing Genevieve to her wedding crashed into his, and she hurriedly got out of the car to apologize. As the car could no longer function, she bundled up her wedding gown and set out to the church on foot. The wind caught in her hair as she looked back for a moment, and the smile under her veil was bright and hopeful as if she was on top of the world.

Tonight he saw her smile again, even brighter than before, with a hint of childlike innocence as though she had never grown up.

Chapter 166

Armand gulped as he strode down the stairs and squatted by the pool.

"Genevieve."

Genevieve had just finished swimming laps with several children. When she heard Armand's low voice, she emerged from the water and swam toward him.

With wet hair clinging to her cheeks, she raised her head and looked at Armand in confusion.

Armand's gaze swept across her features as he got down on one knee and bent down. Reaching out, he cupped the back of her head before lowering his head and kissing her gently.

"Ah!" the surrounding children exclaimed in surprise. Some even covered their eyes.

"Mom said that children can't watch adults kiss."

"That Mister is so shameless! He kissed her without her consent!"

"That's right! We have to call the police to catch him!"

At the rest area, Patrick reclined lazily against the chair as he listened to Steven talk when he saw Armand approach the swimming pool, lean down, and kiss Genevieve.

The intimate gesture was an eyesore to him.

Patrick got up from the chair, grabbed a glass of water from the table, and gobbled it down as he turned around.

Glancing at him, Steven looked toward the swimming pool.

Perhaps he had seen it too many times before, or maybe it was because he was getting old, but Steven was immune to such scenes. His expression remained calm.

"You're not young anymore." Steven thought Patrick was embarrassed. He tapped the latter on the shoulder with a document and said, "My friend's niece is one year younger than you. She graduated

from a prestigious university and is beautiful. I'll ask my friend to arrange a meeting for the both of you, okay?"

Patrick paused and pursed his lips. "Steven, don't worry about me. Look at yourself. You're in your thirties but still don't have a girlfriend."

"How could you talk to me like that!" Steven slapped the document on Patrick's shoulder harshly.

Patrick rubbed his shoulder with one hand to soothe the pain.

His eyes darkened when he caught a glimpse of Armand leaving the swimming pool with his arms wrapped around Genevieve.

Steven caught sight of them as well and started to pack up Armand's phone and belongings.

"Let's go. I'll speak to my friend later to ask for her niece's WhatsApp contact so you can get to know her."

"You should become a matchmaker, Steven. You'll be a popular one." Patrick snorted and grabbed his jacket from the back of the chair. However, he did not have a firm grip on it, and something small fell out of the pocket.

It bounced twice on the floor and landed beside Steven's feet.

Just as Patrick was about to reach out to pick it up, Steven had already done so. It was a small wooden figurine. The figurine had a detailed carving, and the girl's features were lifelike.

Upon realizing who it resembled, Steven was stunned, his eyes widening.

Before Patrick could take it back, Steven raised his hand and slapped the former across the face harshly. Patrick's face whipped to the side from the force.

Although Steven was strict with Patrick and had beaten the latter before, he had never been this harsh.

"Patrick, have you lost your mind!" Steven growled under his breath, feeling the urge to slap the other again. "Don't you know who she belongs to? How dare you harbor feelings for her! Are you crazy?"

Patrick wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth with his thumb as his lips moved. "I'm not--"

"Do you think I'm blind?" Steven interrupted with an ashen face. "I thought you were in a bad mood these few days because you blamed yourself for not protecting her well. I never imagined... You're really too bold! Go back to your room and pack your things immediately. I'll have someone send you back to Epea. You don't have to return to Jadeborough anymore." Steven took out his phone to make a call as he headed outside.

Hearing that, Patrick rushed forward and grabbed Steven's arm. "Steven, don't make me leave. I didn't do anything--"

Steven gave a backhanded slap on his left cheek and snapped, "You didn't do anything? Then, what are you planning to do? Do you want to wait for Mr. Faulkner to deal with you? Go to Epea. You're not allowed to come back until I say so!" Steven shook him off and stormed away.

Licking the blood from the corner of his lips, Patrick stood there alone with his eyes lowered.

Chapter 167 Remove It And Get A New Tattoo

Meanwhile, Genevieve pushed Armand away when they returned to the room and headed to the bathroom for a shower. Just as she finished drying her hair, Armand approached her.

Grabbing her waist, he placed her on the sink countertop.

Genevieve was only wearing a thin bathrobe. The cold from the marble countertop seeped through the clothes and made her shiver.

As soon as she frowned, Armand kissed her. The warmth of his body spread to Genevieve's palms, making her forget about the cold.

The kiss lasted for a long time. When Genevieve leaned back to get some fresh air, she watched Armand

take off his shirt in a daze. A faint spot of purple swayed in front of her eyes.

She suddenly came back to her senses. There was a light purple bellflower on Armand's chest, which was about the size of a thumb.

When Armand leaned in to kiss her again, Genevieve pushed him away forcefully and even used her feet to push him further away.

Armand followed her displeased gaze and lowered his head. He paused when he saw the tattoo on his chest, then uttered amusedly, "This tattoo is to cover the gunshot wound. It has nothing to do with Marilyn."

Genevieve's lips were still pursed in obvious disbelief.

Grabbing Armand's shirt and throwing it at his head, she jumped off the countertop and left the bathroom to change into a long dress.

When Armand exited the bathroom, she grabbed his hand and left the suite without a word.

Although she did not say anything, Armand could guess what she wanted to do. He rubbed his brows with his fingers but kept silent.

When they left the hotel, Genevieve happened to see Steven making Patrick get into the hotel's chartered car.

The corner of Patrick's lips was slightly swollen, and his gaze was dim. Genevieve could not hear what he was saying to Steven, but his gaze was pleading.

Genevieve approached them.

Spotting her over Steven's shoulders, Patrick quickly looked away and got into the car, while Steven turned around.

"Mrs. Faulkner, are you going out?"

Genevieve nodded. When the car behind Steven sped away, she took out her phone to type out a message: Why is Patrick leaving? Is he returning to Jadeborough first?

"Oh, that's not it. There are some issues with the company in Uron. I'm sending him there to help out."

Steven lowered his head, his voice as formal as ever. "He's rushing to the airport to catch his flight."

Really? Patrick seemed weird earlier, and there was blood on the corner of his lips. He looked as if he got punched.

Genevieve initially wanted to ask more. However, she thought it was normal for Patrick to deal with matters assigned by Steven since he was the latter's younger brother. Hence, she put her phone away. Steven called for another chartered car and personally opened the door for Genevieve and Armand to get on.

The driver asked respectfully, "Where would you like to go, Miss?"

Genevieve had opened WhatsApp to send a message to Patrick. At the driver's question, she exited WhatsApp and opened the map to show the driver her destination.

Fifteen minutes later, the car stopped in front of a tattoo parlor.

It was eleven o'clock at night. The tattoo artist had packed his things and was about to lock up when he saw a car stop in front of the shop. He recognized it was a chartered car from the most well-known hotel in Springwyn.

The tattoo artist perked up and opened the door.

When Genevieve got off, he welcomed her warmly, "Miss, are you here to get a tattoo? It's already late at night, so you may have to pay extra fees."

Genevieve nodded, indicating that money was not an issue. The tattoo artist immediately brought them into the shop.

He got them a drink and handed Genevieve two albums. "These are all the popular tattoo designs. Please take a look. Are you the one getting the tattoo? Or your boyfriend?"

Genevieve showed her phone to the tattoo artist with a text that read: I want to remove a tattoo.

Then, she typed another sentence: I want to replace one tattoo with another. Is that okay?

She found the tattoo on Armand's chest annoying. Hence, she wanted to remove it and replace it with another one that she liked.

chapter 168

When the tattoo artist noticed Genevieve was typing on her phone's notepad app, he instantly understood that she could not speak. After a brief pause, he replied, "It depends on the size of the tattoo. If the tattoo isn't big, we can draw another design on top of it." Genevieve nodded before turning to look at Armand, who was standing behind her. She then wrote: Are you going to take it off yourself, or do I have to help you? Armand was then reminded that he had said something similar to her back at the hotel. He did not expect her to return the favor this soon. A faint look of helplessness could be seen on his otherwise cold expression as he quickly took off his shirt. The tattoo artist took a good look at Armand's strong and muscular upper body. "Is your boyfriend a model? His body is amazing. I won't get to achieve this body even when I go to the gym," he said with a look of envy. Genevieve typed: Sir, I'm here for you to remove his tattoo. Not for you to look at his body. She then pointed at Armand's chest. The tattoo artist quickly spotted the thumb-sized light purple bellflower tattooed onto Armand's chest. "That's such a small tattoo. It'll only take a few minutes to remove it. Young lady, why don't you take a look at what tattoos you would like to be tattooed on your boyfriend?" the tattoo artist said as he gestured for Armand to take a seat on the chair. He then went to prepare his tools. Genevieve sat next to the coffee table and flipped open the book that contained pictures of tattoo designs. Every page had a large tattoo pattern. There was even a drawing of Jesus. Armand tilted his head to the side slightly as he remained seated in the chair. When he saw Genevieve flipping through the book of tattoo designs, his eyes twitched. "This tattoo really does not have anything to do with Marilyn," he explained once again. Genevieve looked at him as the doubt in her eyes grew stronger. She then replied: Don't you know that the more you explain, the more it seems as if you're trying to cover something up? Armand fell silent. "Choose whatever you wish," he stated in the end. When Genevieve noticed the helpless look on Armand's face, she quickly held up the book to cover her face so that she could smile secretly. After the tattoo artist cleanly removed the tattoo from Armand's chest, Genevieve passed a drawing over to him. There was a small, light green flower drawn on it. "Isn't this a Genevieve Orsi?" The tattoo artist was able to recognize the drawing just after a glance. "Is there even a green one?" Nodding, Genevieve typed: There isn't one now, but there will be after you tattoo it onto him. The tattoo artist instantly understood. "There are hundreds of couples who come to get tattoos from me. Most of them only tattooed each other's faces, names, birthdays, and more. Your choice is particularly unique, young lady!" he commented with a smile. Genevieve tapped her cheek with her finger as she smiled, remaining silent. Of course my choice is unique. I drew it myself! Genevieve requested for the tattoo to be about the size of a thumb, as long as it was able to cover the muzzle of the gun on Armand's chest. However, because the Genevieve Orsi had a lot of petals stacked on top of one another, it took the tattoo artist a long time to get it done. As he drew, he chatted with Genevieve, "Why don't you get a tattoo as well, young lady? What about something like your boyfriend's zodiac sign, or even birthdays and initials if you're looking for a smaller tattoo?" Genevieve glanced at the tattoo needle vibrating as it jabbed in and

out of Armand's chest. Breaking out into a cold sweat, she shook her head firmly. She then typed: No, thanks. She did not have as much willpower and endurance as Armand had. Armand's expression did not even change as he sat there getting the tattoo. Genevieve was afraid of pain. If that tattoo needle ever came into contact with her skin, she would probably scream so loud that glass would shatter. After more than an hour, the tattoo artist was finally finished. "Done," he announced as he wiped the sweat off his forehead. The Genevieve Orsi was indeed very small as it covered the muzzle of the gun. Its green color was also very faint. It was nearly invisible if seen from afar. Not only that, but the tattoo artist was highly skilled. The small flower looked almost real. Genevieve lightly touched the flower with a finger. She felt as though she was the one growing on Armand's chest instead. A feeling of satisfaction welled up within her. It did not matter what tattoo he had before this, or if it was done because of another woman. Right now, there was a Genevieve Orsi tattooed on his chest—a one and only green Genevieve Orsi.

Chapter 169 Such A Coincidence

Genevieve's finger moving across Armand's chest tickled him. He grabbed her hand and looked down at her, noticing that her eyes were bright, seemingly contented. Armand chuckled. "Are you satisfied?" he asked in a deep voice. Genevieve looked at Armand with a quirked eyebrow as though he asked a ridiculous question. When it was time to pay, Genevieve tipped the tattoo artist an additional five hundred. The said artist was ecstatic. The tattoo artist personally sent them off and reminded Genevieve that she could come and find him whenever she wanted to get a tattoo, promising that she would definitely be satisfied with it. When Genevieve and Armand finally returned to the hotel, it was already one in the morning. It was dark and quiet outside. Genevieve, however, was not sleepy at all. She went to the bathroom to do her skincare. Once she was done, she walked out and climbed onto the bed. Genevieve fell into Armand's embrace and rested her head on his arm. She lay flat on the bed so that it was easy for him to read what she was typing on her phone. She queried: How did you and Marilyn meet? "Why do you love to ask questions like this?" Moreover, Armand had started to realize that after every time she asked, she would overthink and end up getting into a small fit. Rubbing her ears gently, the man mumbled, "Let's sleep." Genevieve suddenly turned around to face him before writing: Not talking about it means that you're still thinking about the past. She looked at him with doubt in her eyes. Armand stared at her, speechless. "I met her at the hospital," he finally answered in a low voice. Genevieve: Why was it at a hospital? The woman blinked her eyes curiously. Then she typed out another question: Marilyn was probably already pretty well-known in the music industry when you two met, right? Did you happen to recognize her at the hospital and got together after finding an opportunity to talk to her? "No." Armand did not want to talk about the past, but he was afraid that if he did not, Genevieve might bother him about it the entire night, and she might even start overthinking. Therefore, while playing with Genevieve's long, black hair, he calmly replied, "Back then, I had sustained an eye injury that forced me to stay in the hospital. Marilyn was staying in the ward next to mine. During that time, I didn't know that she was talented in music because back then... She wasn't that good at playing the violin." Huh? When Genevieve heard that Armand's eye had been injured, she was suddenly reminded of something. A long time ago, she was admitted to the hospital because of tonsillitis. There was an older boy staying in the ward next to hers. He had thick layers of gauze taped around his eyes as though they were severely injured. However, Genevieve did not believe in such a coincidence, so she brushed it off. She continued to type on her phone: You must not know how to appreciate talent, then.

Even I heard of the few classical music pieces that Marilyn performed when she first entered the music industry. Everyone praised that her playing was heavenly. Although Genevieve did not take a liking to Marilyn, she had to admit that the latter was indeed incredibly musically talented. Marilyn was hailed as a once-in-a-lifetime prodigy in the music industry. With her in the industry, no one dared to claim themselves to be number one. Upon reading that, Armand released a chuckle. "Although I never listened to any classical music back then, I was still able to tell if someone's skills were great or not. At that time, she was playing like a rookie who just started learning. It was only after that I found out she had been admitted to the hospital because of a hand injury." It was because Marilyn's wrist had been injured that she did not dare to use so much strength in playing the violin, which led to her playing out of tune. When Marilyn was practicing in the hospital, other people probably said that her playing was unpleasant to hear. However, at that time, Armand had thought that it sounded heavenly. The melody was quick and a little bit out of tune, just like a burst of spring water that washed away every bit of tiredness and confusion that he had been feeling. When Armand was in the hospital, he would go out onto the balcony every morning to hear her play the violin next door. It had seemed like in order to practice, Marilyn always patiently played the same song over and over again. Armand would listen to her quietly. Until now, he still liked that song a lot. Sometimes, he would notice that her playing was off. Armand would realize that Marilyn was getting frustrated, and he would comfort her. However, she would never reply and instead continue to play the violin. After that, however, it sounded better. Since their rooms were near to each other, their balconies were basically stuck together. Marilyn would sometimes sit on the balcony and eat there when she was tired of practicing. She would also share her food with Armand. There were snacks like sweet mangoes, crackers, macarons, and fruit gummies. Aren't these snacks that someone around the age of seven would have? She's already a teenager. Why does she still like this so much? was what Armand thought when he opened the gummies' packaging.

Chapter 170 Must You Torture Yourself

Hearing what Armand said, Genevieve frowned slightly.

Armand would not know, as he was an amateur. A musician's hands were even more precious than any instrument. Their hands were as important as their lives. If they injured their hand, they would definitely rest and recuperate. They would not keep practicing and risk losing the ability to play for the rest of their lives.

Does Marilyn not cherish her hand?

Genevieve thought miserably. When she inadvertently lifted her head, she noticed the profoundness in the man's gaze. He seemed to be reminiscing about the past, and there was a hint of faint gentleness in his eyes.

A sense of jealousy filled her heart immediately. She squeezed Armand's face and stepped out of his arms, taking a blanket and wrapping herself in it.

Looking at her throwing a tantrum, he said resignedly, "Isn't this what you asked me?"

Genevieve extended her leg and kicked him. Then, she handed him her phone from inside the blanket with a text that read: I was just asking how you got to know each other. Did I ask you to go into such detail? The situation happened a long time ago, but you remember it clearly. How amazing you are.

Armand was speechless when he read the message.

After a while, he reached out his hand to pull the blanket that was covering Genevieve. Seeing how she refused to let go out of spite, he moved his hand in from the corner of the blanket, touched her waist, and tickled her. Genevieve, who was under the blanket, began to dodge his hand.

Before long, she could not take it anymore and pulled down the blanket while laughing. Her hair was

strewn across the pillow.

Armand leaned forward to kiss her, swallowing her heavy breathing.

He only kissed her briefly before restraining himself and letting her go. Caressing her hair to help her relax, he uttered, "We'll sleep now, okay? Our flight back tomorrow to Jadeborough is at ten in the morning."

Genevieve nodded. As he lay back down, she nuzzled into his arms again, waving her phone at him. There was a typed message: Which hospital was it? Was it in Xedells?

Armand gave her a sidelong glance but ignored her. Pressing her head against his chest, he took her phone away from her grasp. "Are you trying to torture yourself?"

The more he resisted saying anything, the more Genevieve insisted on knowing. She grabbed his arm and shook it while staring at him.

The shaking made him agitated but helpless. "If you know which hospital we met at, are you planning to destroy it so it'll be out of sight and out of mind?"

Genevieve nodded before pulling out her phone, typing: If you financially support it, yeah, I'll destroy it. She had no idea when it started that she had a sense of possessiveness; she only wanted Armand to be hers alone.

The thought of him having been in a long-term relationship with another girl, pouring a lot of enthusiasm into her, and displaying a gentle gaze when thinking about their past made her feel uneasy. Armand glanced at the phone and raised his hand to touch her earlobe. "You can't destroy General Hospital even if you have the money. You can destroy me, though."

General Hospital?

Genevieve was stunned for a brief moment. Then, she took Armand's arm and shook it before asking: The one in Jadeborough?

"Yes." Armand smelled a faint pomegranate scent from her body and felt his own body heating up, which was slightly torturing.

His breathing became irregular, but he controlled himself in the end.

When he yanked Genevieve's phone away, she turned around and sat on him. Her hair slipped from his cheeks and eyes as she lowered her head slightly. It was slightly ticklish.

Genevieve's gaze moved across Armand's face as if she was looking for something. A surprised look flashed past her eyes.

She recalled how Armand had just mentioned that he was admitted due to an eye injury.

At that time, Marilyn already had some fame in the music industry. However, the violin sound he heard sounded like a beginner, and it was also in Jadeborough's General Hospital.

The past that she had almost forgotten became vivid in her mind all of a sudden.