

Chapter 21

“Dr. Jensen.” Steven helped Maria to sit on the hospital bed. “This lady sprained her waist. Please take a look.” “Hey, I’m a neurosurgery doctor, not an orthopedic. You’re just like your boss...” Timothy complained. Then, he hung up the phone and asked, “Whose relative is she?” “She is Ms. Rachford’s housekeeper.” Steven pointed at Genevieve. Then, he walked up to Timothy and whispered into his ear. The next second, Timothy looked up at Genevieve in surprise. His gaze brought goose bumps to Genevieve’s arms. After rubbing her arms to calm down, she said politely, “Dr. Jensen, please take a look at my housekeeper’s injury.” “Okay. How can I ever refuse a beautiful lady’s request?” Timothy replied cheekily. After that, he retracted his curious gaze, put on a pair of medical gloves, and started examining Maria’s waist. Timothy softly pressed Maria’s waist a few times. All of a sudden, there was a soft crack, and Maria could straighten her back again. Maria stood up and walked a few steps before she said in surprise, “Wow! My back doesn’t hurt anymore. You’re pretty good.” “Of course. You need to have skills to be a doctor.” Later, Timothy went to his computer and gave a prescription as he chatted with Maria. Within a few minutes, he managed to get close to Maria and even made her laugh. Seeing that, Genevieve was slightly speechless. In her eyes, Timothy did not look like a doctor. Instead, he looked like a nightclub’s top escort who was skilled at pleasing women. After they left the office, Timothy smiled and said, “Madam, please follow this man downstairs to pick up your prescription. I have something to discuss with Ms. Rachford.” “It’s okay. You two youngsters can chat as long as you want. I can go back myself,” Maria said with a laugh as she sized up Timothy like a mother looking at her son-in-law. Then, she pulled Genevieve close and whispered, “Ms. Rachford, this doctor is a good man. You should consider dating him.” “Maria...” Genevieve was nonplussed. The pain that Cooper gave her had shattered her heart. She only decided to get married to Armand in the hope that he could help her seek revenge. She did not have the luxury to think of anything else. After Maria left, Genevieve turned to Timothy. “Dr. Jensen, is there anything I can do for you?” “How smart.” Timothy snapped his fingers and led her to the blood test department. “Steven told me that Armand wants to marry you. Now that you’re in the hospital, I thought it would be good for you to do a blood test to check your health condition. You don’t mind, do you?” “No.” Genevieve shook her head. Then, she bit her low lip and said, “However, can you be the one to draw my blood?” Upon hearing that, Timothy pretended to be curious and asked, “Ms. Rachford, are you sick?” “No, my blood is special. More importantly, I have... blood coagulation disorder.” After a moment of hesitation, Genevieve added, “Besides that, I don’t want anyone else in the hospital to know my blood type.” She was worried that if the word got out, some doctors would ask her to test for new drugs. “What?” Timothy suddenly turned to Genevieve and asked seriously, “You have a blood coagulation issue?” Genevieve nodded and saw the strange look on his face. “Yes. Why?” Even though she suffered torment from two women during the time she was detained, her wounds were treated before she went to jail. Thus, she did not bleed a lot and managed to survive. “Oh, nothing.” Timothy soon recomposed himself and walked side by side with Genevieve. “Okay, I’ll help you draw your blood.” As he toyed with the coin in his hand, his expression grew increasingly grim. I only gave Genevieve a simple check-up back at Swallow Garden. I never thought... After they arrived at the blood test department, Timothy went inside and talked to his colleague for a moment. Then, he personally drew Genevieve’s blood and put it in the blood analyzer. “We’ll need to wait for a few minutes before the results come out. You should sit here and wait.” As Timothy turned

and left, he pulled out his phone from his pocket. After sitting for a while, Genevieve suddenly felt thirsty. She walked toward the water dispenser and fetched herself a glass of cold water. Before she got up, she heard a familiar female voice say, "Darling, don't worry. After we finish drawing your blood, I'll take you home." Genevieve turned to the source of the voice and saw a woman walking toward the blood test counter with a little boy in her arms. Although the woman was wearing a face mask and cap that covered her appearance, after taking a look at her figure, Genevieve instantly knew that it was Erica.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Second Marriage After Half A Month

The little boy looked pale and sick. When the nurse poked his finger with a needle, he immediately burst into tears. Seeing that, Erica felt distressed and kept coaxing him as she held him in her arms. Erica cared about her son a lot. It was obvious that she loved Cooper deeply. When Genevieve saw Erica take off her mask, she quickly suppressed her emotions. After that, she pulled out her phone, clicked on the video-taking button, and aimed her phone at Erica. Meanwhile, Erica was so focused on her son that she did not notice Genevieve at all. She left as soon as she received the blood report. Not long after, Timothy returned. He printed Genevieve's blood report and took a look at it before he handed it to her. "Your platelet count is a little low, but everything else is fine." "Thank you," Genevieve replied politely. When she took the report from Timothy, she accidentally caught a glimpse of the pile of blood test report copies on the table. On the top report, the patient's name written on it was Leroy Sutton. Genevieve remembered that nobody else came over for a blood test after Erica left with her son. She had good vision, and she quickly scanned through all the information on Leroy's report. When she glanced at the blood type column, her eyes widened in shock. She wondered, "The child's blood type is..." "Ms. Rachford, what's the matter?" When Timothy saw that Genevieve was staring at the pile of reports, he hummed in understanding. "Don't worry. I didn't upload your blood test report into the hospital's system." Genevieve snapped back to her senses and shot him a smile. "Thank you, Dr. Jensen. Is there anything else you need?" Hearing that, Timothy bit his lip and pondered for a moment before he replied, "Nope. You're free to go." "I'll treat you to a meal next time." "Okay!" Later, Timothy stood at his spot with his hands in his pockets as he watched Genevieve enter the elevator. He was on the phone with Armand a while ago to tell him about Genevieve's health condition. "With her condition, she can't donate blood. Armand, doing so will put her life at risk." The man on the other end of the phone went quiet for a few seconds before he replied coldly, "I just need her to do a small favor." Upon hearing that, Timothy felt speechless. "How is that any different from ending her life?" "I made a deal with her. If I help her get her company back within six months, her life belongs to me." Timothy understood what he meant, so he said nothing more. Armand proposed a deal, and Genevieve could've rejected him. However, since she has agreed to the deal, she will have to bear the consequences herself. Genevieve was in a hurry to send Maria to the hospital to check on Maria's waist injury, so she did not grab her household registry. Hence, after she sent Maria home, she grabbed her household registry. Seeing that, Maria asked curiously, "Ms. Rachford, what do you need your household registry for?" At that moment, Genevieve decided to tell her the truth. "I'm going to City Hall to register something with a man." "What?" Maria's eyes widened in shock. She thought that she had misheard Genevieve. "I told you that Dr. Jensen is a good man because I wanted you to consider dating him. A-Are you already getting

married to him?" "I'm not getting married to him." Genevieve was nonplussed at her words. When she saw that Steven was calling, she knew that she did not have time to tell Maria the details. "Maria, I'll explain everything when I have the time. I have to go to City Hall right now." With that, she left in a hurry and left Maria standing there, dumbfounded. Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at City Hall. After Genevieve got out of the car, she immediately saw Armand standing by the trash can with a cigarette between his fingers. "I'm sorry, Mr. Faulkner. Something happened at home..." "It's okay. Steven told me everything." After that, Armand put out his cigarette, turned around, and entered City Hall. After taking a deep breath, Genevieve hurriedly followed behind him. As soon as Armand stepped into the lobby, a staff recognized him and greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Faulkner." When the staff saw Genevieve standing next to Armand, his eyes immediately widened, and he wondered, "Isn't she the girl from the Rachford family?" He was not the only one. When the other staff working behind the desk saw Armand and Genevieve standing together, they were all stunned. Two weeks ago, news about Genevieve sleeping with a man at a hotel had spread through the internet. Thus, all the staff at City Hall saw Cooper drag Genevieve in to file for a divorce. They never thought that in just two weeks, Genevieve would be together with the son of the Faulkner family, one of the most powerful families in Jadeborough. Seeing their surprised gazes, Genevieve was unfazed. She pulled out her household registry calmly and put it together with Armand's household registry. "We would like to register our marriage." "O-Okay." After the staff recovered his senses, he handed them the forms. Then, they filled in their information and took a picture. In less than three minutes, Genevieve and Armand received their marriage certificates. Genevieve opened the marriage certificate in her hand and saw the photo of her standing next to Armand. Armand's expression was cold, and she was smiling awkwardly. I can't believe I got married for the second time two weeks after my divorce. Furthermore, the man I married is the famous Armand Faulkner...

Chapter 23 Got Married Three Minutes Ago

Genevieve snapped back to her senses as soon as she noticed something on the marriage certificate. She turned to Armand and said, "Mr. Faulkner, y-you're older than me..."

"Yes. By nine years," Armand added with a cold expression.

Genevieve stared at the age on the marriage certificate as she recalled the incident on the night half a month ago in the hotel.

What a shameless man he is! He's a grown man. Even if he was tricked that night, he wasn't drunk. He could have just pushed me away.

Seeing that Genevieve seemed a little upset, Armand asked with raised brows, "What? You got something to say?"

"No. I'm just a little surprised," Genevieve replied as she dismissed the complaint she had in her mind. She figured that their age difference did not matter anyway since they were not a real couple.

The two then walked out of the City Hall side by side.

Suddenly, a thought struck Genevieve, and she pursed her lips. "Mr. Faulkner, I—"

However, Armand leaned in before she could get her words out. With his breath on her skin, he said, "I'm sorry, I might have to kiss you."

What?

Before Genevieve could realize what was happening, Armand held her chin, forced her head up, and planted a warm kiss on her lips.

Genevieve froze.

The kiss was not just a light peck on the lips. Armand pried open her teeth and deepened the kiss. His masculine scent filled her entire oral cavity, and her legs became jelly.

The kiss went on for a whole minute before it ended. Armand kept his hand on Genevieve's tiny waist to keep her from falling.

Genevieve's eyes were red as she tried to catch her breath while leaning against him.

Right then, a middle-aged man with a slick hairstyle, who seemed like a butler, approached them and greeted Armand with a smile, "Mr. Armand."

Armand nodded. "Why are you here, Frankie?"

"I came to the City Hall to collect something," Frankie replied and noticed the woman in Armand's arms. "This is?"

Armand pulled Genevieve closer. His expression softened as he said, "This is my wife, Genevieve Rachford. We got married three minutes ago."

Frankie chuckled. "Congratulation, Mr. Armand. Old Mrs. Faulkner will be thrilled when she finds out."

"We just got married. She might need some time to get used to it. I'll bring her to see Grandma when she's ready," Armand said.

"All right, then. I shouldn't bother you two anymore," Frankie said and left.

Even though Genevieve's legs felt a little weak, her mind was clear. After listening to the entire conversation, she guessed that Armand must have kissed her to show Frankie.

Then again, considering his age, she could understand how anxious his grandmother must be for him to get married and have kids.

At the same time, she realized that Armand did not lie to her.

"Are you okay?" Armand asked as he lowered his head to look at her.

"I-I'm fine," Genevieve replied as she tried to get out of his arms. However, her legs were still weak, and she almost fell down the stairs.

Armand caught her in the nick of time and pulled her into his arms. In the end, he picked her up and walked to their car. "How can your legs give way just because of a kiss? Was your marriage with Cooper just a show?"

Genevieve knew he was mocking her. She refuted, "Yeah. I'm not as experienced as you, Mr. Faulkner."

In reality, she had let go of her reservations and tried many times when she was with Cooper. However, Cooper would always use work as an excuse to reject her. Even when they did kiss, it was always just a peck on the lips.

She only found out later that Cooper had only stayed with the Rachford family for revenge and felt disgusted to touch her.

Armand's face turned grim. He glared at her, and she lowered her head without uttering a single word.

On the road, a Bentley sped by.

Cooper, who was in the back seat, ordered the driver to slow down when he noticed the figure by the road.

When the car slowed down, Cooper turned his gaze to the side of the road and saw Armand carrying a woman down the stairs and that the woman was wrapping her arms around his neck obediently with flushed cheeks.

Cooper's face clouded over when he learned that it was the City Hall up the stairs.

He had had someone follow Genevieve, and they had found out that she had got into Armand's car after she left the dinner banquet. Now, he even saw them at the City Hall!

He realized then that Genevieve might not just be Armand's date.

Chapter 24 Unless That Kid Is Not Theirs

At that moment, the manager from the Public Relations Department called and said anxiously, "Mr. Sutton, a video of Ms. Hall carrying a boy to see the doctor at the hospital was exposed on the internet. Someone has also uploaded a video from the dinner banquet, and it has gone viral on a few sites."

"Do I need to teach you how to deal with these kinds of news? You are fired if you can't settle this!" Cooper said coldly as he pulled his tie in frustration.

His rage continued to rise after he hung up the phone. A few seconds later, he called Erica.

"Coop..."

"You can get the family doctor to the house or tell the help to bring Leroy to the hospital if he is not feeling well. Did you bring him outside yourself because you think I don't have enough on my plate? The whole internet is filled with the video of you and the kid right now!"

Erica was flustered on the other end of the phone when she heard Cooper's words. "I didn't expect that someone would follow me..."

"This is the first and the last time. Specter Corporation is my sweat and blood. I will send you and the child abroad if there's anything that affects Specter Corporation again," Cooper warned.

Why can't we take down the news? Who's going against me?

Cooper pondered with frustration and looked across the road again. Armand had already gotten into his car, and Cooper's gaze darkened at the sight of that.

Is that woman going to accept anybody's help for the sake of taking revenge?

Meanwhile, Armand placed the marriage certificate into the storage compartment under the armrest by the driver's seat without much thought. Then, he asked calmly, "What were you trying to say when we came out of the City Hall just now?"

Genevieve pressed her lips together and said, "Are we going to hold a wedding, Mr. Faulkner?"

"Up to you. I will ask Steven to arrange it if you want," he answered even though he was slightly surprised by her question.

"It's fine. Let it be, then, if it's up to me," Genevieve quickly said.

The fact that Armand did not want to hold a wedding was just exactly what she wanted.

She was worried that she might pass away just like his previous wives if they did hold a wedding. She thought she might live longer if they kept their marriage a secret.

Armand could tell straight away what Genevieve was thinking from the slightest change in her expression. He was amused, and the corners of his lips curled up into a faint smile.

"Mr. Faulkner." Still, Genevieve seemed to have something else on her mind.

"Now that we're married, you calling me Mr. Faulkner sounds a little distant. I'm the fourth child in my family, and they usually call me Mando. So you can call me Mando or Armand," Armand said casually as he lit up a cigarette and rolled down the window.

"Mando, then," Genevieve replied. She chose that because, for some reason, she could not bring herself to address Armand by his real name.

She pondered for a moment and continued, "The housekeeper who sprained her back is called Maria. She has been working for the Rachford family for twenty years and watched me grow up. Now that Maria is getting old, I'm worried that Cooper might give her a hard time. Could you get Maria to move to Swallow Garden to take care of me?"

"Have you forgotten what I said yesterday? Now that we're married, you're Mrs. Faulkner and the lady of Swallow Garden," said Armand as he glanced at her.

Feeling relieved, Genevieve smiled and said, "Thank you, Mando."

Armand had initially planned to get the marriage certificate in the morning. However, he ended up having to handle some matters. Adding on to that was Maria and her sprained back. Thus, he and Genevieve had been busy running around in the morning to deal with their businesses. Because of that, it was already about four in the afternoon when they finally got the marriage certificate.

Armand called the secretarial department to tell them to move everything to the next day and followed Genevieve back to Swallow Garden.

At night, they had a sumptuous dinner, and Genevieve was in a very good mood.

Since Genevieve found out that Armand was not as cold as she thought and was easy to talk to based on the conversation they had earlier in the car, she could not help but strike up a conversation with him.

“Mando, do you think two people with blood type B could have a child with blood type A?”

“It’s possible under one condition. The kid is not theirs,” Armand replied nonchalantly. He seemed to know what she had seen.

Instantly, Genevieve knew what he meant.

At the hematology department in the hospital a few hours ago, she had clearly seen that Leroy’s blood type was A. However, she knew that both Cooper and Erica had blood type B. Thus, their kid should have the same blood type.

Worried that she might be wrong, she had even searched online when they were on their way to the City Hall.

She had never thought that Leroy was not Cooper’s child.

Chapter 25

Armand lifted his eyes to look at Genevieve, and his thin lips curved upward slightly. “To know how to record such interesting footage with your phone this time – looks like you’re pretty smart. I’ve relayed the order that the video shall remain on every major media platform for a week. No matter how much money Cooper spends, he won’t be able to get rid of it.”

“Mando, so you were the one helping?” said Genevieve, surprised. “I was wondering why that video from the banquet disappeared so quickly, and today’s video spread so quickly on the internet...”

She had initially thought that Specter Corporation’s Public Relations Department was not taking enough effective measures. Lo and behold, it was actually Armand taking action.

As if not thinking much of it, Armand merely let out a hum of acknowledgment and said, “Consider it as my wedding gift to you. Well then, Mrs. Faulkner. I’ll leave it to you to deal with the rest.”

Hearing him call her “Mrs. Faulkner” made Genevieve’s heart skip a few beats. She nodded and answered, “All right.”

Since the opportunity presented itself at her door, it was needless to say that she would take hold of it.

The next morning, Steven sent Armand to the office while Genevieve went to Maria’s to inform her about her marriage.

Maria’s expression instantly changed when she received Genevieve’s news. “Ms. Rachford, I heard that Mr. Faulkner brings death to the women he marries. His previous two wives died because of him, so why did you marry him? I still have some money; it’s enough for the both of us for a long time. You don’t have to put yourself through such pain.”

“What exists between us is a transaction. If I marry him, he’ll help me take back the company,” explained Genevieve in a calm tone. “As long as I can have my revenge, I’m willing to sacrifice my life.”

“If your mother knew about this, she’d definitely hope that you do no such thing,” said Maria with a sigh.

After all, Genevieve was the only person left in the Rachford family.

Genevieve's eyes grew dim, but she soon smiled and comforted Maria, "It's all right, Maria. Who knows? Perhaps my luck would be very good. The curse might end when it's my turn to be his wife."

Maria sighed again. "I hope so..." Seeing that Genevieve had already made up her mind, she did not say anything further.

Once they returned to Swallow Garden, Genevieve led Maria into the house while carrying some items. Seated in the living room was a short-haired teenager, who was playing games on his laptop while eating some fruit.

As soon the young man saw Genevieve, he threw the pear in his hand away and stood up. "Hello, Mrs. Faulkner. I'm Patrick Sullivan. Steven is my older brother."

"Your brother has already informed me before he left this morning." Genevieve nodded and sized Patrick up. "I'm just a little curious; you seem to be the same age as me, and you don't look like Steven..."

Patrick chuckled and replied, "Of course, we don't look alike. Steven picked me up from the trash."

"I'm so sorry..."

The young man waved his hand dismissively, totally unfazed. "It's fine. It's not like it's something embarrassing! Back when Armand wasn't around, it was just me and my brother living here. I'm sometimes straightforward as I'm used to it, but I'll make sure to be mindful next time."

Seeing as he was so bubbly and easy to talk to, Genevieve smiled in response. "It's fine. Make yourself at home."

After all, Swallow Garden belonged to Armand, not her.

Genevieve knew that Leroy was not Cooper's flesh and blood, but she lacked the means to get close to Cooper to get their hair for a DNA test. The only way she could make a move was through Erica.

Patrick was very efficient. Within half an hour, he cracked Erica's phone.

Even though she had been very careful and had deleted some of her chat histories, Patrick could easily restore them.

"So, the child's biological father is him..."

Upon seeing the thousand-odd intimate messages that went on between Erica and Leroy's biological father, as well as some information that they revealed in their correspondence, Genevieve felt that Cooper was being seriously cheated on.

In fact, she felt rather sorry for her ex-husband.

Noticing Genevieve's tone of speech, Patrick asked out of curiosity, "Who is this man? Do you know him, Mrs. Faulkner?"

The woman smirked. "Not only do I know him, but I know him very well!"

Half a month ago, Cooper had utterly tarnished her reputation with the ploy he crafted. It was an unforgettable event for her.

This time, she was going to return him the favor with an unforgettable surprise as well.

Due to what Patrick managed to find out, Genevieve was in an extremely good mood. She even followed Maria into the kitchen and asked the latter to teach her how to cook mushroom soup.

Armand did not seem to be busy and coincidentally came over at night.

During dinner, Genevieve served a bowl of mushroom soup diligently to him. She grinned widely while saying, "I prepared this soup. Give it a taste."

Armand's gaze raked over her beautiful, slender fingers, causing the man to pause before taking the bowl of soup.

He took a sip and, within less than a second, spat the soup into a tiny bowl. Then, he took a napkin and wiped his mouth. Armand even sneered coldly as he said, "You might as well just feed me arsenic."

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

Chapter 26 Come Upstairs

"Armand, you're so mean! Your wife made that soup herself." Patrick had mingled with Genevieve for a few days and got along well with her, so they were almost best friends at this point.

Thus, Patrick took a huge gulp of the soup as a gesture of his support for Genevieve. His facial expression then became contorted.

"Since you like it so much, you can finish it." As if he did not notice Patrick grimacing, Armand added, "You're welcome."

"Is it that bad?" Genevieve muttered with dissatisfaction.

Hence, she took a sip of the soup as well and almost died from the peculiar taste.

Patrick remained courteous; he bit the bullet and swallowed the mouthful of soup. "Mrs. Faulkner, you should leave the cooking to the housekeeper. Cooking doesn't seem to suit you, so you shouldn't enter the kitchen anymore."

Genevieve did not dare to take action against Armand, so she decided to bully Patrick instead. "Are you treating me with disdain while drinking the soup I cooked? Finish this whole pot of mushroom soup tonight. Otherwise, I'll take it as you're looking down on me!"

With hopelessness written all over his face, Patrick turned to look at his brother, saying, "Steven, end me now!"

"End yourself," replied Steven without a shred of concern.

The atmosphere at the dining table suddenly became lively. There was even a hint of a smile on the face of Armand, who was usually frosty and distant.

Soon, Armand finished his dinner.

When he pushed away the chair to go upstairs, he uttered to Genevieve, "Come and look for me in the master bedroom later."

What?

Genevieve was stunned.

She had only ever entered the master bedroom that belonged to him that one time. After that, he stayed in the master bedroom while she resided in the guest room. Why is he asking me to go to his room during his visit here this time?

"Mrs. Faulkner, you should hurry up and eat, then go upstairs. Mr. Faulkner might need you," commented Steven.

Genevieve remained silent.

She did not know whether what Steven was implying was the same as what she was thinking. Regardless, after dinner, she went up to the second floor.

When she discovered that the door of the master bedroom was slightly ajar, she became even more nervous.

Genevieve pushed open the door and entered. The room was filled with warm yellow light, yet Armand was nowhere to be found. However, the light in the bathroom was turned on, and there was the sound of water flowing inside. A shirt and pants were strewn in front of the bathroom door as well.

Although he said that he's not interested in my body, I guess men have their needs at times too...

While walking toward the bathroom, Genevieve kept consoling herself. It's not like I've never slept with this man before. Moreover, I've already shown my naked self to him last time. There's nothing to be shy about!

After taking a deep breath, Genevieve entered the misty bathroom and saw Armand lying in the bathtub. His muscular body was on full display for her, and his long legs were spread wide open in the water.

Such a bold scene caused her face to flush beet red.

Armand heard the door creak open. His eyes were cold and stern as he looked at Genevieve, inquiring, "Why did you come in?"

Weren't you the one who told me to come upstairs?

After a moment of speechlessness, Genevieve quickly walked over, picked up the showerhead hanging on the wall, and knelt beside the bathtub. "I'll help you wash your hair."

The man did not reject her offer. He lay in the bathtub with his eyes shut.

Genevieve had been the pampered young miss of the Rachford family for twenty-three years. It had always been the housekeeper serving her, so she never served others.

Now, she had to help Armand. The woman clumsily took the showerhead and wetted his hair, then squeezed some shampoo onto his head. Due to her blunder, she almost massaged the shampoo into his eyes.

In the bright, luxurious bathroom, only the sound of their shallow breathing could be heard.

Armand lives the life of a king! To have someone serve him like this... Does this mean that I'll need to be the proactive one as well in bed later?

Out of the blue, the man asked, "What did you study?"

"Do you mean my specialization? I did Simultaneous Interpretation." Genevieve pursed her lips and answered, "I went to study in Dartan in Year Twelve. I'm fluent in six foreign languages, and I obtained a Ph.D."

If Specter Corporation needed to send someone for overseas negotiation, she would be their representative.

"Mrs. Faulkner, it looks like you're not entirely useless. You actually have some presentable skills," said Armand with a chuckle.

Genevieve fell silent. She could not tell whether he was praising or mocking her.

The woman was somewhat befuddled. When she turned on the showerhead and aimed the water at his scalp to rinse the shampoo off, the icy water flowed into his eyes along with the shampoo foam.

She frantically turned off the showerhead.

"I'm so sorry!" Genevieve hurriedly wiped the foam away from the man's eyes while apologizing. Nevertheless, her lips were curved slightly upward, which revealed her true feelings.

Armand could see the tiny change in her expression within a single glance. He stretched out his arm and pulled her into the bathtub unexpectedly.

Landing on his chest, Genevieve was now completely soaked.

"Mrs. Faulkner, it seems that you're having fun, aren't you?" Armand pinched her chin and lowered his head, and his breath fell on the woman's cheek.

"Not at all," denied Genevieve, who tried her best to retreat backward. However, his aura totally enveloped her, causing her heart to beat wildly. "I really didn't do it on purpose just now."

"Does that mean you're intentionally playing hard-to-get with me?"

Chapter 27 The Pendant With A Secret

Genevieve felt the heat under her palm was getting stronger, and she started to feel uneasy. "Y-You can think so if you want."

She thought sleeping with Armand was not a big deal since her life belonged to him.

Looking at Genevieve closing her eyes and her long eyelashes trembling, Armand was amused. The faint tea scent made him breathe in deeply.

After a few seconds, Armand moved away and let go of her hand. "You may leave."

Genevieve was stunned for a moment. Seeing Armand not making the next move, she hastily got out of the bathtub. Her heart was still pounding rapidly after she closed the bathroom door.

She thought Armand wanted her, but it turned out it was not what she had thought.

Genevieve stepped on the pants on the carpet when she was about to go out. She picked up the clothes, and a necklace dropped out from the shirt.

It was a Tiffany's necklace. She still thought it was a gift from Cooper that day.

Genevieve never thought it was Armand's.

The necklace dropped to the floor, and the pendant was opened. When Genevieve picked up the necklace, she saw a photo of a person in the half-opened pendant.

Feeling curious, she wanted to open the pendant. Suddenly, someone snatched the necklace away.

Armand came out of the bathroom. His lower body was wrapped with a towel, and there was water dripping down his hair. His expression was gloomy.

"Get out!" With a cold voice, Armand ordered Genevieve to leave.

"I saw it fall out, so I wanted to pick it up..." Genevieve explained. Seeing how intimidating Armand looked, she quickly put down the clothes and scurried off.

She had worn the necklace by mistake last time, but Armand only took it back after seeing that. However, he seemed to have lost his temper this time.

Genevieve wondered what was inside the necklace.

The next morning, Genevieve went downstairs to have breakfast. Seeing Armand's darkened expression, she thought he was still mad about what had happened the night before.

"I'm sorry, Mando." Genevieve quickly apologized after pulling the chair and sitting down. "I saw the necklace fall to the floor... I didn't mean to look at it."

Armand raised his head and looked at her, then he said indifferently, "No next time. Please don't simply go into the master bedroom without my permission. Otherwise, I'll ask Steven to arrange another place for you to stay."

After hearing his words, Genevieve mumbled, "You asked me to go upstairs last night. It's not like I broke into the room."

Besides, the necklace isn't broken. Why is he so angry?

Even though Genevieve mumbled softly, Armand still heard her. His face darkened, and he said, "I asked you to come into the master bedroom. Did I allow you to walk around?"

"Was entering the bathroom also considered as walking around?" Genevieve could not help but retort, "How could I serve you if I didn't enter the bathroom?"

“Wow!” Patrick, who was eating the oatmeal, raised his head with an innocent look on his face. Is it appropriate for me to be here and listen to their conversation? Then, he showed a terrified expression and said, “Armand, you’re flirting with your wife at the dining table this early morning. Is this suitable?”

Armand shot Patrick a cold glare, then he put the fork on the table. “Mrs. Faulkner, Cooper wouldn’t have ruined your family if you have a silver tongue earlier.”

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

Armand’s cold mockery stabbed Genevieve like a dagger. She lowered her head and pursed her lips.

She knew she was foolish and was blinded by love back then, making her lose everything after being schemed by Cooper. However, there was no need for Armand to keep reminding her of that.

Armand’s cold glare turned soft after he saw Genevieve’s pale face. He pushed the chair and stood up.

Taking the coat from the housekeeper, he took out a black card from the coat and put it on the dining table. “This card has no limit.”

“It’s okay.” Genevieve shook her head. “I don’t use much money—”

However, Armand cut her off before she could finish her sentence. “As the saying goes, you can ask anyone to do anything for you with money. Moreover, I don’t want the outsiders to think my wife is poor.”

While Genevieve was still in a daze, Armand had already stretched out his arms and put on the coat.

The pants that were made of high-quality fabric covered his slender legs. Coupled with his noble and cold aura, he looked just like the rich heir from a wealthy family.

While buttoning the enamel buttons, Armand said in a cold voice, “Central Group is recruiting people now. The translation department is in shortage of people. You can prepare your resume and send it to Steven if you want to give it a try.”

Then, Armand glanced at Genevieve and continued, “You can also choose to stay in Swallow Garden.”

“I want to try!” Genevieve quickly answered.

She had thought a lot these two days, and she knew she could not always rely on other people. Besides, she did not want to stay in Swallow Garden all day.

Genevieve had gone to the master bedroom the night before with the intention to find a chance to talk about this with Armand.

Chapter 28 What Else Do You Think It Is

Suddenly, Genevieve seemed to recall something. She stared wide-eyed at Armand. “Did you ask me to go to the master bedroom last night because of this?”

“What else do you think it is?” Armand flashed a half-smile and asked, “Do you think I called you to wash my hair?”

Genevieve was tongue-tied.

The scenes in the bathroom the night before flooded Genevieve's mind. She had even wondered if Armand would wait to be served on the bed too. Embarrassed, all Genevieve wanted was to bury herself in a hole.

No wonder he asked me what my profession was. He was trying to arrange a job for me...

"Armand, you're not a good CEO." Biting the cream rolls, Patrick said in a muffled voice, "Why are you arranging for your wife to work in the company? You can just get her a job in the company through connections. Why does she need to be interviewed? The domineering CEO in the novel is better than you!"

Armand sneered. "It's useless to use connections if she's not capable. She'll be kicked out of Central Group in less than three minutes."

"It's just a normal interview. I can handle it," said Genevieve. Remembering Armand's mockery last night, she added, "I'll get a job in Central Group and prove that I'm not incapable."

Genevieve knew there were a lot of talented people in Central Group.

However, she did not waste her time studying in Dartan for a few years.

Armand's thin lips curled into a smile when he saw her confident look. Soon, he left with Steven.

After having breakfast, Genevieve sat in the living room, holding a notebook.

She drafted her resume and proofread it before letting Patrick take a look at the resume.

"Here." Patrick pointed at the marital status column and said, "Write Armand's name on the husband's detail. He's currently the director and the CEO of Central Group. His net worth is hundreds of billions..."

Speechless, Genevieve rolled her eyes at him.

After spending more than two hours amending her resume, Genevieve was finally satisfied with it. After that, she sent it to Steven's WhatsApp.

Patrick, who sat opposite Genevieve, had also finished his work. He handed a phone to Genevieve and said, "I've already hacked into Erica and her secret lover's phone. Besides, I've reprogrammed the WhatsApp and calling system."

"Thanks for your help." Genevieve took the phone and soon logged into Erica's phone application.

After asking Patrick to check on Erica and her secret lover, Genevieve had a clear plan in her mind. She wanted to let Erica know the feeling of being caught red-handed for cheating.

Genevieve could not wait for the show to start that night.

"You're welcome!" Patrick rubbed his palms and stared at the black card on the coffee table intently.

"Mrs. Faulkner, you can just simply buy me some presents as a reward!"

Then, Patrick complained, "You have no idea how stingy Steven is. He's holding my bank card, and he won't give me extra money except for the pocket money every month."

He paused for a brief moment before continuing, "He said he was helping me to save money to get married. However, he's in his thirties, but he isn't married yet. The audacity of him to interfere with my matters!"

After hearing his words, Genevieve felt Patrick was quite pitiful. "Okay. You can choose whatever you want!"

"Wow, you're a good person, Mrs. Faulkner!" Patrick flattered Genevieve, and he pushed the laptop toward her. "I want to have this helicopter. You can get a ten percent discount if you buy this month!"

Genevieve was at a loss for words.

Looking at the expensive price of the helicopter, she immediately put the black card on the coffee table into her pocket as if worrying that Patrick would snatch it away.

Patrick's face fell when he saw Genevieve's reaction. "Mrs. Faulkner, didn't you say that I can have whatever I want?"

"It's a two or three hundred million aircraft. How can I let you choose as you wish?"

"Is two or three hundred million a lot?" Patrick mumbled, "Armand said this card he gave you doesn't have a limit. You can even buy ten aircraft."

Annoyed, Genevieve kicked him away and said, "Why don't you ask Steven to buy it for you if it's cheap..."

Suddenly, she stopped as if she remembered something.

When Armand gave her the card, he said the money could make anyone do anything. Initially, she could not fathom the meaning behind his words, but she seemed to understand them now.

Genevieve immediately took Patrick's phone from the coffee table. She opened WhatsApp and clicked on the friend adding list.

Chapter 29 Toe The Line

Genevieve contacted the person during working hours, and the person quickly approved her friend request.

She said nothing and sent over two videos and some photos.

It did not take long for the other person to reply to her.

After chatting for a bit, Genevieve used a computer to wire the money to the person. After having reached an agreement, she heaved a sigh of relief. However, she soon felt a chill down her spine.

Armand must have known what I was about to do when he gave me this card. Come to think of it, Steven showed up promptly when I was hit by a car, and also, I humiliated Cooper and Erica during the dinner with the video...

She could not help but feel like Armand had already anticipated her every move.

"P-Patrick, have I offended Armand in any way?" Genevieve stuttered.

Patrick thought for a moment and nodded. "Yeah. Remember when you guys were having breakfast in the morning? Didn't you guys quarrel for a bit then? I noticed that Armand was quite mad at you."

Genevieve recalled what had happened and grew exasperated at herself as she felt like slapping herself hard across the face.

That man is frightening. I have got to toe the line and refrain from talking back to him.

After having lunch at home, Genevieve and Patrick went out at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Patrick heeded Genevieve's instruction and drove to the mall. As he accompanied her shopping, he could not help but ask, "Mrs. Faulkner, we're out to watch some drama, right? I thought we were going to witness a homewrecker's life crumble before her? Why are we out for... clothes shopping instead?"

"No rush. I heard that Cooper is working outstation at Feston, and he's only coming back tonight."

Genevieve entered a boutique and did some window shopping. "This drama is not going to be good without him."

Patrick was rendered speechless.

"Old lady, we are a high-end boutique, and one set of our suits costs at least two hundred thousand. Please do not touch our suits if you can't afford them!"

Genevieve heard a shop assistant's disdainful remarks as she talked to Steven.

She traced the direction where the voice came from and noticed that a shop assistant was carefully brushing through a suit with gloved hands. There was a scornful look on her face.

Opposite the shop assistant stood a white-haired old lady in a modest outfit.

There were wrinkles around the corners of her eyes, and there was a serene vibe to the old lady. It was as if her age had made her all the wiser.

The old lady was not infuriated by the shop assistant's derisive remarks. Instead, she said calmly, "I'm just trying to feel the fabric."

"As I've mentioned, we are a high-end boutique. Of course, our clothing uses nothing but the best quality fabric!" The shop assistant glanced at the old lady's outfit and chided even louder, "Old people like you always have a peculiar smell! How am I going to sell these if the suits are stained with those smells?"

The old lady put her hands behind her as her face fell.

It was not uncommon for shop assistants of luxury boutiques to look down on others. Genevieve would not have cared to interfere back in the past.

However, she had just lost her own grandmother, and she could not bear to see the old lady being humiliated.

She passed the things clutched in her hands to Patrick and headed toward the old lady and the shop assistant.

"This suit's fabric is quite nice," Genevieve said as she approached the shop assistant. "Could I have a look?"

When the shop assistant saw Chanel's latest piece of the season on Genevieve, her eyes glinted. She hurriedly handed over the suit in her hand and said, "Miss, we are the most prestigious brand in Irushea. Hence, we use only the most exquisite fabric for our pieces. Please, have a look."

Genevieve did not take over the suit. Instead, she frowned and said in a displeased tone, "Why are you wearing gloves? Are you disrespecting me?"

"No, of course not. That's not what I meant." The shop assistant hurriedly took off her gloves afterward.

"This, and this... I think they're quite to my liking. I'd like to take a closer look." Genevieve pointed at the suits and appeared to be quite interested in them.

The shop assistant was overjoyed, as she thought she had scored a big client. She hurriedly took the suits and passed them over to Genevieve.

Genevieve put on a disdainful look and mocked, "Didn't you claim that you're a high-end boutique that uses only the best fabric? You eat, drink, and go to the toilet using your hands. God knows how many germs you've got on them. Are you trying to pass on the germs to me? Ew, that's so gross."

With a wave of her hand, Genevieve said, "I don't want these suits anymore!"

All colors drained from the shop assistant's face as Genevieve mocked her. She could not help but retort, "Miss, are you doing this on purpose? My hands are clean. There are no germs on them."

"This old lady here is clean as well. Why did you claim that she had a peculiar smell to her?" Genevieve crossed her arms over her chest and shot the shop assistant a frigid look.

"Even if this is a high-end boutique, you're only a shop assistant. What makes you think you're superior to the others? How dare you look down on your customers?"

Chapter 30 Help Me

The old lady, Harriet Clarke, stood aside as she looked at Genevieve with an approving smile on her face.

She actually recognized Genevieve right away when the latter approached them.

Frankie had brought along Genevieve's information and recent updates on the girl when he came over to make his reports to Harriet the other day.

Even though Harriet wished that Armand would get married as soon as possible, the Faulkner family was still a respectable family after all. Genevieve did not come from a reputable family, nor did she have a good reputation. Hence, Harriet had good reasons to doubt Armand's choice.

She was about to ask Armand to bring Genevieve back home so that she could scare the latter off.

However, Harriet did not expect to bump into Genevieve when she was picking out a suit for her grandson. Genevieve's actions had made Harriet change her mind.

It seemed that Armand had truly looked for a decent granddaughter-in-law for her this time.

Patrick came over, clutching Genevieve's things, as the latter argued with the shop assistant.

He recognized Harriet right away and nearly choked from the surprise. "Mrs—"

Harriet shot a look at the man and shook her head, signaling him to keep the revelation to himself.

Thus, Patrick could only swallow his words.

Genevieve heard the man and assumed that he was addressing her instead. "Patrick, what's the matter?"

"Mrs. Faulkner, you're so awesome!" Patrick said in an attempt to cover up his blunder. "How dare these shop assistants look down on other people! It's time they learn their lesson!"

Genevieve smiled and held Harriet's arm. "Let's go, madam. I think there are other stores selling suits on this floor. Let me show you around. We don't have to stay here and be humiliated by the others."

"Will it cause you trouble?" the old lady asked with an amicable smile.

Genevieve somehow felt that the old lady resembled her grandmother for a split second. She felt tears brimming in her eyes as she replied tenderly, "Of course not. I'm only out for window shopping today."

Harriet nodded and said, "Okay."

Patrick tailed behind Genevieve and Harriet as they headed out of the boutique. Then, he hurriedly sent a text to Armand.

Meanwhile, at Central Group, Armand was having his first meeting with the top management of the group after coming back from overseas.

Over forty people from the top management occupied the spacious conference room. A senior executive was making his reports as Armand, who was presiding over the conference room, flipped through some documents. The air in the conference room was filled with tension.

All of a sudden, the phone on the table vibrated.

It was a text message from Patrick that read: Armand, something happened! I accompanied Mrs. Faulkner to do some shopping, and we bumped into Old Mrs. Faulkner!

Armand furrowed his brows after reading the text from Patrick.

When he was getting the marriage certificate with Genevieve the other day, it was the call from the Faulkner residence claiming that Harriet had fainted while having lunch that made him leave Genevieve and rush back home.

Armand still vividly remembered the pale and sickly look on Harriet's face as she lay on the bed. It seemed as if she would be bedridden for months.

The old lady even talked to him as if she was heaving her last breaths, "Armand, I'm afraid I cannot hold on much longer. I won't be able to leave in peace if I don't see you get married and have kids..."

Hence, Armand was befuddled by the fact that Harriet was spotted shopping at the mall.

When Armand thought of the negative news about Genevieve recently, his eyes darkened as he texted Patrick: Think of a way to separate them. I'm going to ask Frankie to go pick my grandmother up.

He reckoned that Harriet must have known something already by then. Hence, Armand knew that his grandmother would not have fancied Genevieve.

However, he still needed the woman.

Just when Armand was about to contact Frankie, Patrick sent him another text message that read: Wow, Old Mrs. Faulkner is holding Mrs. Faulkner's hand. It seems like she adores Mrs. Faulkner!

Armand was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, back in the mall, Genevieve held Harriet's hand as they chatted away. Genevieve could not help but address Harriet as "Grandma" endearingly.

Then, Genevieve realized that it might have been inappropriate for her to do so and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, madam. My grandma just passed away. She was about your age. I just can't help but see her in you and keep calling you Grandma..."

"It's okay," Harriet said warmly and patted Genevieve's hand. "I like that you're calling me Grandma. You may continue to do so."

Pleased with the old lady's generosity, Genevieve smiled. "Grandma, who are you picking out suits for?"

"It's for my grandson," Harriet said before glancing at Genevieve and continuing, "He's really busy at work, and he has no one to care for him. So, he's only got a few sets of suits. Miss, why don't you help me pick out two sets?"

"Sure." Genevieve nodded. "I was in the boutique to pick out two sets of suits for my husband as well."

She actually planned to return Armand's courtesy in getting her a wedding gift by getting him two sets of suits. Nonetheless, she did not expect to bump into the shop assistant humiliating the old lady.

"You're so sweet," Harriet said smilingly.

Genevieve took Harriet into another boutique and asked for the latter's grandson's size.

The old lady pointed at Patrick and said, "He's about the size of this man."

Patrick could not help but roll his eyes silently. Armand is bulkier than me, and he's not even as handsome as well. How could we be the same?