

Gary Stu 351

Chapter 351 Did Not Know That He Has Been Abused

Armand watched everything unfold happily.

He grabbed Genevieve's bottle of lemonade and tossed it into the trash can. Holding an umbrella up with one hand and grabbing her hand with the other, he entered the amusement park.

He asked in a deep voice, "Darling, can you call me again?"

Genevieve ignored him.

After they got their tickets checked and entered, Armand took a map from the stand at the entrance. It displayed the map of the amusement park, including the most popular attractions.

Armand had never come to an amusement park before. Seeing all the kids around, he was not particularly excited.

However, to ensure that Genevieve would have fun, he accompanied her from attraction to attraction.

During the roller coaster ride, Genevieve kept screaming in excitement. On the other hand, Armand gripped her hand tightly and was still frowning after they got off the ride.

She opened a bottle of water and passed it to him. "Are you afraid of heights? Seems like you're very scared of roller coasters."

"It's not a fear of heights." Armand turned around. When he saw the roller coaster zooming past, his face paled. "I was kidnapped a long time ago. To extort money from my father, the kidnappers tied my limbs and left me on a roller coaster. For every minute that my family was late in paying the ransom, they would activate the roller coaster..."

Genevieve froze in the middle of drinking water and glanced at his face.

Although sitting on a roller coaster once sounded fun, it would be a different story if someone was tied to it for a long period of time and was thrown around constantly by it. Besides, if those kidnappers stopped the roller coaster in the middle of the sky as a prank...

That traumatizing fear could never be forgotten.

Regret engulfed Genevieve. Pursing her lips, she said, "I'm sorry..."

She did not know that he had been abused like that before.

"There's no need to say sorry between us. This has nothing to do with you, anyway." Armand stroked her cheeks. "What do you want to play next?"

Genevieve looked into the distance and asked hesitatingly, "What about bumper cars?"

Armand looked back at her exasperatedly. "I told you why I don't like roller coasters honestly because you asked me. I don't want you to become so careful around me all the time."

"Bumper cars are quite thrilling too." Genevieve grabbed his hand and dragged him over.

After they were done with the bumper cars, Genevieve spotted a stall where they could fish for dolls.

The top prize was an adorable doll.

They could only win the top prize if they managed to catch twenty dolls within ten minutes.

The metal pieces on the dolls' heads and the magnet on the fishing pole were extremely small.

Furthermore, the dolls kept spinning around on the machine, which made it difficult to catch them.

Genevieve only caught a doll after ten minutes. She was so frustrated that her expression turned grim.

Armand laughed. "Should I do it?"

"If you want to play elsewhere, just go ahead. I want to catch the dolls myself. I refuse to believe that I can't do it!" Genevieve scoffed coldly before changing a fishing pole and focusing on catching the dolls.

Armand's eyes glinted when he saw how focused she was.

She was no longer the same person who would ask him for help whenever she faced a problem.

Regardless of whether it was for work or games, she was more inclined toward handling it herself. Genevieve kept trying again after each failure, spending an hour on that stall. In the end, she finally found the right technique. In addition to her quick reaction, she managed to catch twenty dolls in ten minutes. When she succeeded, she raised her hands up like a child and cheered. The boss grabbed two dolls and passed them to Genevieve. Smiling, he said, "Since you spent so much effort catching the dolls, I'll give this flippable octopus to you for free!"

Chapter 352 You Look Good In A Sack

Genevieve had spent so much money on the game that she could actually buy a few bags of dolls. "Thanks!" She took the two dolls. The blue octopus initially had an angry expression. However, if it was flipped over, it would become a pink octopus with a smiley face. Genevieve thought that it was very fun. When they went rafting, there was a child who had spent quite some coins on a water gun beside the railing. Wherever the raft floated, he would dash to the nearest water gun and spray the passengers while laughing. Being the smart woman that she was, Genevieve wore the raincoat the other way around so it covered her face and hair when she was on the raft. However, as the raincoat was too thin, she became wet after moving slightly. Even though Armand shielded her in his arms, her hair still got wet after being sprayed by the water gun. When the child went rafting with his sister, Genevieve did not show him any mercy. She inserted a coin into every water gun in the row. When the raft with that child appeared, she aimed the water guns and sprayed at him. He yelled out loud and hid in his sister's arms. Having taken revenge, Genevieve felt extremely pleased and burst out laughing. When she noticed Armand staring at her, she admitted, "What? That child deserved to be taught a lesson! The foundation on my face probably costs a few hundred every time I use it. I've gone easy on him by only spraying him once." Suppressing his laughter, Armand nodded. "Yeah, I saw. That naughty child started it." As Genevieve's shirt was drenched, it stuck to her skin and revealed a faint outline of her bra. Armand spotted a female tourist walking past who had a flannel jacket tied to her waist. He bought it from her and made Genevieve wear it. Genevieve pushed his hands away. "It's hot today, so my shirt will dry soon. It's weird wearing this." "It's fine. Your face is so pretty." Armand flicked her hands away and buttoned the flannel jacket completely. "You'd look good even in a sack." Genevieve was speechless. Other than a few dangerous attractions, Genevieve brought Armand around to all of the other attractions. She even wanted to go for those meant for kids. Knowing why Genevieve did that, Armand kept smiling. They only left the amusement park at four in the afternoon. It was time for dinner when they arrived at the shopping mall. Following Genevieve's wishes, Armand went to eat barbeque with her. He opened the movie app and scrolled through it. Glancing at Genevieve, he asked, "There's a cinema on the fourth floor. Why don't we watch a movie after dinner?" Raising her head, Genevieve looked at him in surprise. "Don't we have a home theatre?"

“Since we’ve already come out to have fun, let’s enjoy to our heart’s content before going back,” replied Armand. “Besides, the atmosphere in the home theatre is different from the cinema’s.”

He passed his phone to her so she could pick the movie she wanted. Since the summer holiday had passed and it was not a festive period, the movies available were not that great.

Her fingers slipped and she accidentally left the app. Suddenly, she realized that the wallpaper was her own selfie.

To avoid blocking her face, he combined all his apps into two groups and placed them on the top left and right corners of the screen.

For some reason, she found that quite amusing.

After she stopped smiling, she raised her head and passed the phone back to Armand. “There’s nothing that I want to watch.”

“What do you want to watch?”

“The Conjuring.”

When Armand searched the movie title that Genevieve said, he realized that it was rated extremely terrifying.

Since he did not want Genevieve to be scared by the movie, he wanted to suggest that they go home after eating.

However, when he scrolled through some of the comments, a glint flashed across his eyes. He placed his phone on the table and said, “Okay, I’ll go up and ask later.”

Chapter 353 Can I Sleep In The Master Bedroom Tonight

After eating barbeque, Armand brought Genevieve to the cinema on the fourth floor.

Although it was the weekend, there were not a lot of people in the movie theater as there were no great films screened.

The ticketing staff heard that Armand wanted to book an entire theatre and screen a movie of their choice. Since the price of booking a theatre was extremely high, the ticketing staff agreed excitedly before even informing his manager.

Soon, he led both of them to a couples theatre.

It was exquisitely decorated with a beach theme. They could choose to lie or sit on the chairs. There was even a round table at the side for them to place their popcorn or drinks.

Genevieve lay down on the chair and glanced at Armand. “Is it the movie that I mentioned earlier?”

Armand replied, “Yeah. Would you be scared?”

“What’s there to be scared of? Those movies are filmed by people, anyway.” Even though Genevieve tried to sound nonchalant, she couldn’t help but feel anxious.

The movie had been released for a long time. However, as everyone kept saying that it was scary, she did not dare to watch it.

But since there was someone accompanying her that day, she thought that it would be fine.

Soon, the lights in the theater were turned off and the screen lit up.

Initially, Genevieve was still staring at the screen. Gradually, everything around them turned pitch black except for the dim light coming from the screen. In addition to the musical effects, she felt so scared that her hair stood on its ends.

The male lead finally appeared in the movie. Sensing that someone was behind him, he glanced back slowly.

Taken aback, Genevieve sent the popcorn in her hands flying in the air. She hugged Armand’s arm tightly, her nails digging into his skin.

Noticing her trembling, Armand could not help but ask, "Why don't we stop watching?"

"It's only a movie. What's there to be scared of?" When Genevieve heard his deep voice, her fear dissipated slightly.

After the movie finally ended and the lights turned on, she quickly dragged Armand away.

"Darling, how did you do it?" asked Armand as he tried to control his laughter. "You're afraid, yet you still like to watch horror movies."

Genevieve glared at him. "I'm afraid because I'm showing it due respect because it's a horror movie! Now that I've left, I'm not scared anymore."

Armand chuckled. When they returned to Regality Gardens, it was already past eleven at night.

Armand brought Genevieve's bag to the master bedroom's closet. Just when he was about to leave, he glanced at Genevieve. "Darling, can I sleep in the master bedroom tonight?"

Smiling, she opened the door. Armand fell silent and left obediently.

After returning to the adjacent room, he took out his phone before showering and clicked on the website. He directly reported the netizen who commented on the movie.

He claimed that her girlfriend was so scared that she kept hugging his arm and needing him to coax her. What nonsense!

After Genevieve finished watching the movie, she still chased him away ruthlessly.

After Armand left the website and was about to place his phone down, Steven called. "Mr. Faulkner, I've got some updates..."

When Armand heard that, his grip on the phone tightened. "Where is she?"

"She died thirty-two years ago." Steven continued in a deep voice, "Old Mr. Faulkner is hiding it deliberately, so he ordered someone to seal all information regarding her. I can't even find out what her name is. So far, I've only managed to get my hands on a photograph of her."

Armand instructed, "Send the photograph to me."

Leaning against the closet, he soon received a photograph from Steven.

The woman in the photograph was extremely gorgeous for her time. Just by looking at the photograph, her elegant demeanor was enough to make one fall in love with her.

It was his first time seeing her, but she shared such an intimate connection with him—she was his mother.

Chapter 354 Do You Need Me To Help You

Armand had too many questions. However, the woman in the photograph died more than thirty years ago. Everything about her, including her name, had been erased by Ayden. His father had died too. The only person who would know anything about this woman was his adoptive mother, Isabella.

When Armand stared at the photo on his phone and fell into a daze, Genevieve messaged him.

Genevieve: Come to the master bedroom and enter the bathroom.

A look flashed across Armand's eyes as he walked to the master bedroom with his phone. When he opened the bathroom door, he saw Genevieve crouching on the floor with her hair wet.

She raised her head and glanced at him. Her face was also wet, giving her an indescribable sense of vulnerability.

When Armand saw that her wet hair was making her shirt wet, he asked, "Why are you crouching here? Why aren't you bathing?"

"The bathroom is too big and quiet." Genevieve got up and entered the shower. Pointing at the door, she ordered, "Stand here and hold the shower head for me."

Armand fell silent in exasperation before walking over and holding the shower head.

Just when Genevieve bent down to wash her head, she closed her eyes and remembered something. Shuddering, she got up, causing her hair to whip Armand's face. It was quite painful. Only then did Armand realize that she was actually feeling scared. He chuckled silently. Dragging Genevieve out of the shower, he instructed her to sit on the edge of the bathtub. Taking the shower head above the bathtub, he knelt beside it and washed her hair for her. "Didn't you say that you're showing the horror movie due respect? Are you feeling scared now?" teased Armand as he smothered the shampoo over Genevieve's hair. Genevieve grabbed the shower head at the side, turned it on, and aimed it at his face. Immediately, Armand's hair and clothes were drenched. She then placed the shower head down and snorted. After washing her hair, Armand took a dry towel and bundled her hair up. Looking at her wet shirt, he asked hoarsely, "Do you want me to take it off for you?" "No thanks." Genevieve jabbed a finger at the entrance, wanting to chase him out. However, she changed her mind and said, "Stand at the door with your back facing me." "Why don't I just leave?" Armand was watching her bathe, but he could not touch her at all. It was too torturous for him. "Stand there." Armand ruffled his wet hair before standing at the door obediently. The bathroom was very quiet. He could hear the sound of her clothes being tossed in the laundry basket while the air was filled with her fragrance. His throat became immensely dry. Suddenly, everything turned dark. Armand thought that he had lost his vision again. Nonetheless, he did not panic. Just then, he heard Genevieve yelling in shock, "Armand, did you turn off the lights?" "No. It's probably a blackout," said Armand. "Don't be scared." After a few seconds, his vision adjusted to the darkness and he could see much clearer. He walked to the basin slowly, fumbled around for his phone, and shone the torchlight at the shower. Genevieve was cowering against the wall, her skin fairer than the light. Armand gulped before lowering his head and staring at his phone screen. "I'll use my phone's flashlight first. You can continue bathing and I'll call someone to ask about the blackout." The bathroom was completely dark except for Armand's phone. Remembering the horror movie she had just watched, Genevieve was in no mood to bathe anymore. After asking Armand to come over, she grabbed his arm and walked out of the shower. Soon, the maintenance staff picked up the phone. He apologized to Armand profusely, saying that there was a problem with the power line and the technician was trying to resolve it as quickly as possible. He then told him that the electricity would return in around ten minutes. Genevieve was furious. Hugging Armand's arm, she told him to bring her out. Armand took a few steps before stopping in his tracks. "The bedroom is much bigger than the bathroom. There's not a lot of light that the floor-to-ceiling windows will let in. Are you sure that you want to go out?"

Chapter 355 Why Wait For The Electricity

"It's probably still bright outside at this timing, right?" asked Genevieve hesitatingly.

"Let me bring you out to take a look."

Just when Armand was about to leave, Genevieve suddenly stopped him. She said in a trembling voice,

“Then we’ll just wait here till the electricity returns. Give me my phone. I’ll look at the news to calm my nerves.”

“There’s no need to look at the news. There’s another method to calm your nerves.” Armand chuckled. He passed Genevieve the phone before grabbing her waist and lifting her to the basin. He even placed a towel on it so she would not get cold.

He then shoved Genevieve’s hand, which was holding onto the phone, aside and kissed her.

He’s such a pervert! He keeps kissing me in various ways. But it’s effective, though.

As he kissed her, Genevieve was less fearful of the dark. Enveloped in his gentleness, she subconsciously wrapped her long legs around his waist.

Suddenly remembering something, Armand froze. He rested his nose against hers and panted slightly.

Genevieve mumbled unhappily, “Why did you stop? Hurry up...”

Armand chuckled and kissed her lips. “Let’s continue in the bedroom after the electricity returns.”

“Why must we wait for the electricity to return? You can’t do it?”

“That’s what men hate to hear the most.” Armand bit down on her lip angrily, causing her lip to feel numb.

“It’s not here in the bathroom.”

Genevieve finally understood why he suddenly stopped. “It’s fine. I won’t get pregnant, anyway.”

Armand remembered what Timothy had said in the office a long time ago and his throat went dry.

However, Genevieve hugged his neck and kissed him.

She lost her grip on the phone, sending it tumbling down the basin.

It fell on its back, blocking the light.

The bathroom was pitch-black again, and only Genevieve’s soft voice was left.

When her fingers were becoming weaker and she was losing her grip on his neck, the bathroom turned bright again.

Genevieve closed her eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness. She complained weakly, “Is the blackout only for five minutes? This is so humiliating for you, Mr. Faulkner.”

Armand laughed. After bathing themselves, he carried her out.

Genevieve realized that there was something on Armand’s chest.

She pushed his hand away and realized that there was a huge Genevieve Orsi tattooed on his chest, almost covering his entire heart.

Her initials and birthday were even tattooed beside the flower.

“Are you crazy?” asked Genevieve after a moment of surprise. “Why did you tattoo this? Aren’t you afraid that Timothy and the rest would see it if you join them for swimming?”

“I’m not so bored that I’ll swim with him.” Armand helped her wear her pajamas.

After Genevieve wore her pajamas, she noticed the black tattoo on her waist. She lowered her gaze and said, “It’s too painful to remove a tattoo. I can’t endure the pain. Otherwise, I would’ve removed it a long time ago.”

If she had not been so reckless back then, she would not have made the tattoo so big.

After a moment of silence, Armand suggested in a deep voice, “I’ll get Timothy to ask his friends if there’s a painless way to remove tattoos. If you don’t want it, just remove it.”

Genevieve mumbled a reply. She then saw that underneath her initials, there was a string of characters that spelled out “NGC2244.”

She pointed at the characters and asked Armand, “What does this mean?”

“The tattooist probably added it because it looks nice,” answered Armand nonchalantly as he glanced at

the characters.

However, Genevieve did not believe him. If Armand did not agree to it, the tattooist would definitely not add a random string of characters to his body.

However, since Armand did not seem willing to explain, she stopped asking.

Chapter 356 Knows How To Cook

After the two-day break, Genevieve fully devoted herself to work.

Since Johanna was added to the company's gossip chat, she always scrolled through it. She would see messages that mocked Genevieve for only relying on Armand.

Johanna let Genevieve read those messages.

Raising her brows, she said, "They're not wrong. I am relying on Mando."

"So what if you're relying on him? They can't even do that even if they want to!" scoffed Johanna.

"Genev, I saw online that there's a restaurant with amazing pork cutlets. Why don't I order it for lunch?" Genevieve paused in the middle of drinking coffee. "Mando said that he got someone to deliver lunch to me."

Johanna was stunned. "Mr. Faulkner knows how to cook?"

"Yeah! His food is quite yummy too. He was the one who cooked all the dinners for this week."

Although Armand only cooked two dishes each meal, they were delicious. Sometimes, she suspected that he had invited a chef to teach him how to cook when she was gone.

After all, it was impossible for someone to cook such delicious food just by following the recipe without any training.

Johanna glanced at Genevieve and laughed mischievously. "No wonder your clothes seem really tight when I altered them according to your measurements. You must have gained weight from eating so much!"

Genevieve moved her arms and realized that her shirt did indeed become tighter.

I mustn't eat dinner anymore.

Genevieve scribbled on a post-it note and passed it to Johanna. "When you're free, help me check what this number is."

When she was sleeping, she would keep thinking about that number. However, she could not remember anything related to it. This only piqued her curiosity further.

"Sure." Before Johanna left, she turned around and looked at Genevieve. "Genev, there's a movie that's screening this Friday. Do you want to watch it?"

"What's the genre?"

"I heard from my colleagues that it's a romance movie. "

"Forget it, you can go alone." Genevieve waved her hand. She had no interest in those artistic romance movies.

Recently, Genevieve had heard that Wood Group had successfully bid for the land at Willowbank. After securing two companies' investments that amounted almost to five hundred million, the entire Wood Group was immersed in joy.

Genevieve laughed secretly. She wanted to see how long more Xavier could be happy.

A few days later, a movie that had just been released for three days took the world by storm. All the media outlets, both locally and internationally, were discussing it.

The movie could be seen everywhere, from Twitter to Reddit.

Genevieve went to the office in the morning, planning to finish all the remaining work and handle a project at Sirmoor in the evening.

Johanna knocked on the door and entered to deliver some documents.

When Genevieve raised her head and noticed that Johanna's eyes were red, she asked with a frown, "Why are you crying? Did someone bully you?"

"No one bullied me. I was just crying after reading the movie's reviews."

Genevieve was speechless.

Sniffing, Johanna continued sadly, "It's the movie that I mentioned to you earlier. I thought that all romance movies will end up with a happy ending, but this movie was sad throughout. It only has a short part in the middle that's borderline happy. I cried my lungs out."

"You're so dramatic." Genevieve passed two pieces of tissue to her. "So many days have passed. And you're still sad about it?"

Johanna nodded. "When I dreamed about the main characters leaving each other, I would feel so horrible! For the past few days, tens of thousands of netizens surged to the movie's official Twitter account and demanded that the director film a sequel where both of them reconciled..."

She glanced at Genevieve and exclaimed in surprise, "Oh, right! Genev, the main female character is played by Sylvie Clasen. She looks very similar to you!"

After searching for a picture of the actress on Twitter, she passed the phone to Genevieve.

Chapter 357 You Are My Rosette Nebula

Genevieve tapped on the first photograph in the set and brought it into focus.

The young woman featured in it was dressed in a black woolen coat and had a red scarf wrapped around her neck. Standing in the wintry landscape in front of her was a snow-covered but nonetheless majestic-looking church.

Florets of snow continued to descend from the sky upon the woman's flowing raven locks while she prayed in the direction of the church with her palms clasped together.

Sliding over to the next photograph, Genevieve saw that it was a picture of the young woman bounding along. Her coat billowed with the rising winds while her hair danced alongside. From amidst those whipping tresses, a face emerged. She was smiling from the heart.

Be it the profile or the front, the woman in the two photos seemed to share some degree of likeness with Genevieve.

Lowering her head to peer at the photographs and then at Genevieve, Johanna concluded, "I really feel the resemblance between the two of you to be quite uncanny, Genev, only that you're much prettier than her!"

"A little, perhaps." Declining to browse further, Genevieve returned the phone back to Johanna and thought very little of it. "There are so many people in this world that it would be hardly surprising if we should chance upon someone who looks like ourselves. Wasn't there a child who looked exactly like the richest man in Sirmoor as a kid?"

Johanna thought her counterpart might have a point there.

Scrutinizing Genevieve's face, she remarked coolly, "I still think that you are the lead actress in this movie."

"Don't be ridiculous." Genevieve rolled her eye at her. "I've never been interested in performing, and besides, being as wealthy as I am already, why would I need to get myself involved in the entertainment industry?"

Concurring, Johanna grunted and then quipped chirpily, "Yeah, that's kind of true. The celebrities may look glamorous and all in public but we all know that it is the capitalists like yourself who are really calling the shots behind the scenes."

Taking one glance at her phone to check the time, Genevieve then got up onto her feet. "Send me to the airport."

"Are you flying off somewhere for work?" asked Johanna as she followed her out of the office.

Genevieve grunted in affirmation. "There are some issues with one of the projects over in Sirmoor. I'll be taking Steven there to look into it."

"How long would you be gone for?"

"Two days."

"Oh, that is way too long." Giving Genevieve a side glance, Johanna smiled wryly. "That means I won't be able to have lunch prepared by your precious Mr. Faulkner for these next two days!"

In response, Genevieve slapped her over her noggin. "Tease your boss one more time, and I'll dock it from your paycheck."

Steven came down to the parking lot after he was done with his work, and it took Johanna's fast driving down the highway to get them to the airport within half an hour.

When Genevieve alighted, Johanna was reminded of something.

Poking her head out the window, she said to Genevieve, "I've got something on that string of numbers! It is for the Rosette Nebula, one of the many stellar nurseries in the galaxy."

So, it's the designation number for a stellar nursery... It was no wonder Genevieve was not able to find anything on it before.

Suddenly, that whole affair lost its appeal to her, and without listening to whatever else Johanna had to say, she went on into the airport's terminal with Steven.

Johanna texted Genevieve just as the latter set her bags down inside the VIP lounge.

The text read: I didn't manage to tell you the rest of it since you've left too quickly, Genev. In romantic language, that string of numbers means to convey: You are my Rosette Nebula. Mr. Faulkner's the one who sent it to you, wasn't he? Tsk, tsk. He's quite the romantic, don't you think?

Following that, Johanna sent over an image.

Opening it up, Genevieve saw a countless array of planets in the form of dazzling stars the size of sesame seeds, interspersed against the pitch dark backdrop of the Milky Way. Centered upon those clusters of starlike planets was a strikingly beautiful rouge-colored cloud.

The layered fringes of the cloud resembled the flower of a rose.

As she gazed upon that image of the Rosette Nebula from the Milky Way and considered its significance, Genevieve's heart skipped a beat.

It got her hot and bothered, but she quickly regained her senses and settled down when an air stewardess came over to lead them to the boarding gate.

Chapter 358 Why Is Mister Faulkner Being So Cheeky

Their plane touched down at Sirmoor an hour past noon.

Genevieve and Steven were received by the CEO of the branch company personally. En route to the office, the latter passed along all the documents relevant to the project over to Genevieve and also asked if she wanted to have lunch before they got started.

"We've already eaten on the flight, so that won't be necessary." Genevieve smiled coolly before she turned her attention back to the files.

When they arrived at the branch office, the CEO had all the teams responsible for that project called into the meeting room. Discussions continued past six in the evening before they managed to identify and address all the problems.

Half expecting to spend at least another day there, Genevieve did not anticipate that everything would

be settled within a couple of hours.

As it was getting late and with concerns about the toil all the flight hopping could have on Genevieve, Steven suggested spending the night at a hotel before returning to Jadeborough in the morning.

By the time they got to the hotel, it was already eight o'clock plus in the evening.

Steven went to the front desk to check in while Genevieve waited by the lounge at the side.

At that moment, a group of young women entered the hotel with their own luggage. As there was only two personnel manning the front desk, that group lined up behind Steven and chatted while they waited.

For some reason, one of the women started whispering to her companions after she glanced in Genevieve's way. Afterward, the lot of them swarmed over to the latter.

"Could you be Sylvie Clasen?"

"That movie you starred in is so heart-wrenching that it made me cry for days afterward, Sylvie."

"Could you ask the director to have a sequel made?"

"Can I have your autograph, Sylvie? Pretty please?"

The boisterous girls crowded Genevieve, and some of them even produced some pens and notebooks from their bags.

Genevieve took two steps back and removed her shades. "You all have the wrong person."

The girls gasped when they saw the extravagantly exquisite visage underneath and were consequently left rooted to the spot.

Those brows of Genevieve's were perked up at the moment, adding an element of sternness to it. A veneer of calm permeated those luscious eyes.

This woman looks so much like that movie star Sylvie Clasen, only much prettier.

Having completed the registration process, Steven came over to look for Genevieve who politely asked for herself to be excused. She then passed between the girls with her luggage in tow.

One of the girls remarked awkwardly, "S-She looks so much like Sylvie..."

"Oh, I remember now!" Another one of them squealed, "She's Genevieve Rachford, and the man next to her is Steven Sullivan from Central Group..."

"Well, f*ck me. Could it be possible that she might be Sylvie's sister? The resemblance is simply uncanny!"

The group of girls was all fans of that movie for which they had shed many tears and were under the impression that they had lucked out by running into the show's star on that fateful trip to Sirmoor. Never did they expect that the woman they chanced upon was an even bigger deal than that movie star herself.

Some of the nosier girls swiftly sourced Genevieve's photo online and made a composite of it, side by side with Sylvie's, which they then posted on Twitter.

Very quickly, their post went viral.

Noticing the headline article while she was sorting out some work back in the room, Genevieve opened up the link.

Inside, she saw that there were netizens drawing comparisons between the movie's lead actress and herself, with some speculating whether the two of them could be biologically related.

Initially, Genevieve wanted to have the staff from the company shut the news down, but when she considered how much publicity that massive interest in this issue had brought to the company, she thought the better of it.

Browsing through Twitter two minutes later, Genevieve found that all of the news about her and Sylvie

that was trending earlier had disappeared, alongside everything else concerning the movie itself. With blistering responsiveness, Johanna swiftly texted via WhatsApp: Did you get someone to do that, Genev? I was looking for reviews on the movie on Twitter, but everything's gone now.

Genevieve: It wasn't me.

It then dawned upon Johanna immediately and she texted: I suppose that must have been Mr. Faulkner then. I reckon that he doesn't like it that there is someone else who looks like you. Why is he being so cheeky? Even all the related terms had been blocked on Twitter. It's practically driving all the fans crazy. In Genevieve's esteem, the only person with the power to erase everything pertaining to Sylvie and herself could only be Armand, as Central Group held a thirty percent share on Twitter. That left her nonplussed.

Chapter 359 Late Night Supper Delivery

Genevieve wanted to text Armand but discovered that she was unable to find his contact. Thinking about it, she was reminded that she already had his number blocked for some time now.

During that period, Armand had always reached her via short messaging.

Finally, Genevieve removed the man from the blacklist and sent a text over: They would need to make a living from making movies. How are they going to do that if they cannot even get any traction on the mentions of their actors?

Armand: Who might you be referring to, specifically?

Genevieve: Sylvie Clasen. There was a trending Twitter thread discussing our physical likeness. Were you the one who shut it down?

Armand: No. I don't pay any attention to this sort of entertainment news at all.

In spite of his denial, Genevieve was convinced that it was him though she did not press on. Placing down her phone, she collected her nighties and went on to freshen up in the washroom.

After stepping out of the showers, she saw that Armand had sent her another message.

Armand: Had dinner yet?

Genevieve: No. I'm on a diet.

Her clothes had been reworked by Johanna's clever hands and looked even better than they were previously. In order to put on those nice threads, she could not allow herself to gain weight.

Declining to continue that conversation with Armand, she switched off her screen with the intention of getting in bed earlier. That way, she would not grow hungry.

In the end, she did lay in bed, but without a hint of drowsiness.

In recent times, she had grown accustomed to falling asleep inside Armand's arms, and would still be able to doze off by using his pillow even if the man had been shooed off to the guest room.

This time though, her brain cells were in overdrive mode, as though they had been supercharged by caffeine.

That got her thinking about how many an insomniac needed to rely on sleeping pills and how she could really use some at this very moment herself.

Then, her phone screen lit up.

She groped for it and read Armand's message. Come and get the door.

Genevieve was momentarily stumped.

Seconds later, she slid into her slippers. Pulling open the door, she was greeted by the sight of Armand's towering frame outside. Dangling in his right hand was a food jar.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was concerned that skipping your meals might upset your stomach." Armand walked in and closed the

door behind him in stride before he led her over to the counter.

Checking the time, Genevieve realized that it was close to an hour past midnight.

So, he had already gotten on the plane from Jadeborough while I was struggling to sleep?

Pursing her lips, Genevieve settled herself into the chair at the counter.

Watching Armand open up the food jar roused a warm and fuzzy feeling from inside of her. "It's already so late. Eating now is going to make me fat," she protested.

"I got you pierogies and braised beef," said Armand. "I know that these aren't that caloric dense because I've looked it up myself. And why are you so obsessed with your own figure? It's not like you're some movie star or anything like that."

"It's for the sake of wearing nice clothes," Genevieve replied with a snort. "Have you ever seen any fancy clothes that are offered in plus sizes?"

Worth noting was the fact that she had been the type to have her weight show up on her cheeks first ever since she was a child. Hence, she was customarily averse to putting on too much weight.

Genevieve could smell the fragrance of the meat inside the braised beef when it was liberated from the food jar. That made her mouth water a little. "Did you make this yourself?"

"Yeah. It's not that hard to do, really." Armand picked up a morsel of beef and brought it toward Genevieve who pliantly took it into her mouth.

The flesh was chewy and scrumptious, better than any that she had ever tasted before.

"Say, Mando, why don't you become a chef instead?" Genevieve said as she savored the pierogi he fed her. "You have a real gift for this."

Armand's brows raised marginally. "Aren't I already your own personal chef? One who cooks expressly for you?"

Indeed, over that period, Armand was the one who had her three square meals covered.

"I got fatter because of all the food you make me eat every day," Genevieve fumed. "From now on, I may have to dine at the staff canteen in order to be selective about what I eat."

That elicited a soft chuckle from Armand.

Turning around to blame me for the improvement in her appetite? Such an ungrateful woman, she is. While they chatted, Armand had already had the plate of pierogies and braised beef funneled into Genevieve's belly.

He drew a napkin and helped the woman wipe off the corner of her lips. "Have you had enough?"

Fattening her up before devouring her was his habitual approach.

Genevieve dangled her legs while the man carried her to the bedroom. One of the slippers was left behind, exposing one fair foot of hers that had its toes slightly curled up.

"My feet are tired after wearing heels all day," Genevieve griped.

"Let me help give them a massage latter."

Chapter 360 Like Throwing Sheep To the Wolves

Aware that Armand was there, Steven quietly checked out of the hotel and returned to Jadeborough first thing in the morning.

Armand did not wake Genevieve either. He waited for her to rouse on her own with everything packed.

All that was left to do was to have breakfast at the hotel's diner before they headed to the airport.

While waiting for their flight, Armand passed his phone along to Genevieve.

On it was a message sent to Armand from the relevant authorities. It conveyed to him that the free-trade zone slated to be extended to Willowbank was to be demarcated to Quoicester instead.

That meant to say that plans for the high-speed train system and airport that were to be built in

Willowbank would also be shifted to Quoucester accordingly as well.

A cold glint flashed across Genevieve's eyes while she sniggered inside. "The whole of Wood Group was over the moon in the belief that they had hit the jackpot. Now, that piece of land they are sitting on would be worth nada."

What is the point of Xavier buying up that plot to build a film studio there? Without the infrastructural support like the high-speed train around it, there's no way that's going to fly. Xavier is surely going to lose the Wood family's entire fortune on this big gamble.

After landing in Jadeborough, Genevieve still had some things she needed to see to at the office. Hence, she asked the driver to send Armand home first.

Going through the newsfeed, she saw many media outlets following the Wood Group's land acquisition with keen interest. Prior to that, the Wood Group had borrowed several billion's worth from the bank. Should the banks realize how worthless that plot of land was and how far the Wood Group was in debt, they would surely press Xavier for payment.

While this was happening, both the Wood family and Wood Group remained none the wiser.

When the car arrived at Central Group's building, Genevieve was about to step inside when a silhouette rushed up and grabbed her by the arm.

Forcefully, Genevieve jerked her arm free. That was when she had a good look at the woman in front of her.

Although Marilyn looked a shade of her former self, that air of arrogance had not deserted her. She had a lightly insulated coat on despite it not being an especially hot day.

With the buttons on her coat undone, Genevieve was able to see the flatness of Marilyn's abdomen at a glance.

What happened to her baby?

Brushing off the area Marilyn grabbed her before, Genevieve asked blandly, "Is there something I can do for you, Ms. Wood?"

Regarding the charmingly delicate Genevieve, Marilyn's eyes narrowed to a squint. "Where is Armand? I need to see him."

"Why are you asking me that for? If you need to talk to him, go on and call him yourself."

With a smirk, Genevieve turned around to make her way toward the revolving door.

Marilyn came up and blocked her advancement, her lips pursed. "I couldn't get through to him via his phone, Genevieve, so help me pass on a message. I'd like to get him to invest in the Willowbank project."

"If this concerns the project, then there's no point talking to him," Genevieve said, "because right now, I am the CEO of Central Group, and I have no interest in this particular piece of investment."

"It'll be a profitable venture. You'd be able to recoup your investment after three years once we are able to get it off the ground," said Marilyn zealously.

She was, however, unable to resist taking a potshot at Genevieve either. "Did you really think that you had been carrying your own weight since becoming Central Group's CEO? It was the board members who have been helping you! What do you know? You don't even have the faintest idea how finance works!"

Genevieve laughed it off. "It's true that I don't understand finance, but I could still tell when I'm throwing money at a gold mine or a bottomless pit."

Seeing that Genevieve was leaving, Marilyn came up again. Only this time, she exercised greater restraint. "Could you tell Armand to lend me one billion? I promise to pay him back once Xavier got his

returns.”

“What makes you think that I’d lend you anything in light of reports of the banks pressing the Wood family for money all over the news?” Genevieve said in amusement. “He doesn’t have that much to lend, to begin with, so ask your brother to get it from his future father-in-law.”

Marilyn silently gnashed her teeth.

Xavier and Jane are only dating each other. Were Peter to find out about the Wood family’s problems, never mind extending a loan, he would be more likely to cease whatever few ongoing collaborations he had with us.

The Wood family had basically emptied out their own coffers. If they were unable to find a new investor, secure an influx of capital, or somehow convince the bank that there would be no issues with that project, the Wood family might have to auction off all their assets and Xavier might face the prospect of serving time behind bars.

Hence, Marilyn came over to Central Group in a hurry seeking Armand.

Unfortunately for her though, she had forgotten that the sitting CEO was now Genevieve, who had the final word on whether or not they would invest, and also, whether she would be able to borrow from them.