

Chapter 371 The Same Two Souls Genevieve walked out of the bedroom and noticed how clean the living room was. It was as if it had been freshly cleaned and there was an emerald vase on the dining table with a couple of ears of wheat in it. Genevieve took some soup and beef pie and began eating at the dining table. She looked up and saw the wheat again. She took a picture of it before sending it to Armand.

Genevieve: Were flowers all sold out? Why did you leave some wheat here? She put her phone down and had only drunk a spoon of soup when she felt like throwing it all up. She ran to the sink and spat the soup in her mouth. Genevieve rinsed her mouth with the water from the tap. She suddenly thought about the time when she had felt this same sensation. Momentarily stunned, she changed into a slim-fit sweater and a long skirt. Then she chose a specifically thick coat to put on before leaving with her bag. She hailed a taxi to a private gynecology hospital.

Since it was a private hospital, she knew there wouldn't be too many people there. Soon enough, Genevieve got her results. "Congratulations! You're pregnant." The female doctor handed the report to Genevieve. "If you're not in a rush, try to wait until you feel like going to the bathroom again and then go do an ultrasound on the third floor." Genevieve bought a bottle of mineral water and started drinking. Then she went to get her ultrasound done. She was completely distracted the whole time. "Wow! There's two of them!" the doctor said in surprise. "You're lucky! You have twins." Genevieve followed the doctor's hand and looked at the machine. She spotted two little dark spots, and she felt a strange emotion inside. After the check-up, the doctor reminded Genevieve to be mindful of a few things and asked her to take a few boxes of folic acid at the counter that the hospital was giving out for free. Genevieve thanked her and put her coat on as she walked out of the ultrasound room. She was still in shock and disbelief that she was pregnant again. She caressed her stomach through her coat and thought about that day when she had gone to the hospital.

She had wanted to get her tubes tied, but she had felt a heavy sense of regret when she sat outside the operating room. In the end, she decided to leave. She had never been a cruel person. Ever since Armand let her take over the company after he got into the car accident, and when he went into a frenzy trying to look for her during the collapse of the mining caves, she had noticed every single thing he had done for her. She had heard what he said last night, but she had pretended to be asleep. Even though she didn't want to admit it, she still loved Armand. But she owed Patrick a life, and she had even lost two children. There was no way she could forgive him so easily. However, she was pregnant now. To make matters worse, she was pregnant with twins again. She didn't know if it was the same two souls who had returned and decided to give Armand another chance. She was so distracted that she wasn't watching where she was going. She had just stepped out of the office when she nearly bumped into someone walking toward her and lost her grip on the report. "Be careful," the other person said as he knelt down and picked up the report for her.

When he saw the name on the report, Jermaine paused and looked at the woman in front of him after standing up. "Ms. Rachford." Genevieve took the report from him. "Who are you?" Jermaine chuckled. "I'm Timothy's junior, remember? I celebrated my birthday a couple of days ago. You came with Johanna." "I'm so sorry. My brain hasn't really been working the last few days." "It's all right," Jermaine said with a smile. He glanced at the report in her hand. "I accidentally caught sight of some words on the report just now when I helped you pick it up. Congratulations." "Thank you," she replied as she folded the report and put it into her bag. Then she asked Jermaine curiously, "I thought you were from General Hospital. What are you doing here?"

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Secret Jermaine pointed at the nametag on the door of the ultrasound room. "My sister is the one on duty today. I came here to get something from her." Genevieve looked at the nametag. She didn't think that the doctor who did the ultrasound for her was Jermaine's sister. Genevieve noticed that the nametag on the office didn't have the same surname as Jermaine, but since they weren't that familiar with each other, she didn't pry. She just nodded at him before leaving. Before she left, she suddenly turned back to Jermaine. "Dr. Sitler, could you please keep my pregnancy a secret?" Jermaine paused for a couple of seconds before nodding quickly. "Of course. This is your personal matter."

"Thank you." Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief. The pregnancy was too much of a shock and she hadn't even decided whether or not she wanted to tell Armand. She definitely didn't want Timothy to go off announcing it to Armand if he heard about it. Genevieve walked into the elevator and took her phone out after pressing the button for the first floor. She was all caught up with the check-up that she did not have the chance to check her phone. It was only now did she finally see the notification from Armand from an hour ago. Armand: Steven brought the wheat when he sent the beef over this morning, so I put it in the vase. Armand: I'll bring you some green roses tonight.

Genevieve suddenly remembered that wheat represented hope and fertility and how some countries in Epea would give newlyweds some ears of wheat at their wedding as a way to bless the couple with a child. She looked down at her flat belly and texted back: I want to have beef stew and some pesto pasta for dinner tonight. Armand: Okay. Genevieve pressed her lips together, trying to suppress a smile. She was about to text back when the elevator dinged. She slipped her phone into her pocket and suddenly saw a man when the elevator doors opened. The man was extremely tall, and he made the elevator look small as he stood in front of the doors. He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater with black pants and a black coat.

He was dressed head-to-toe in pure black. His long black hair lay smoothly on the back of his neck, but instead of looking feminine, it made him look even more mysterious. The only color he had on his being was his deep green eyes among his chiseled features. They were so green that they almost looked like two bright emeralds in his deep-set eyes. She felt as if she had breathing problems simply by looking at them for too long.

The elevator doors opened slowly, and he stared right at Genevieve. His deadly green eyes gleamed as he looked at her, causing her heart to beat wildly. "I've finally found you, Genevieve." Armand finally

finished working at around four in the afternoon. He lifted his hand and massaged his sore nose bridge. Remembering that Genevieve wanted to eat beef stew at night, he took out his phone to look for a recipe. He had only watched it for a few minutes when someone knocked on his door. Steven walked in and asked, "Mr. Faulkner, should we go over to the prison now?" "Sure." Armand put his phone into his pocket and picked up a coat from the stand next to his door before leaving the office with Steven. The prison in Jadeborough was located in the northernmost side of the state. It took them about two hours to drive over. Once Armand walked in, the guards immediately brought Marilyn out. Having been in prison for a long time and having to work hard with all the other inmates, Marilyn no longer looked as delicate and dainty as she had all this time.

She was dressed in an orange jumpsuit like all the other inmates and her hair was cut short, but she still retained some of her old, elegant aurae. When she walked into the visiting room and spotted Armand, she shuddered. She knew that she was sentenced to life imprisonment because of Armand. To make matters worse, she hadn't been allowed to be visited by anyone, not even her own brother, Xavier. The man in front of her was no longer the same man who would let her do anything she wanted. He was calm and collected as usual, but he could be ruthless if he wanted to.

Chapter 373 Have You Ever Loved Me Armand pointed at the chair on the other side of the table and waited until Marilyn sat down before he played a video for her. It was the surveillance footage of the conversation she had with Genevieve the other day outside the building. Armand paused the video at the part where Genevieve turned around to finish the conversation.

He looked up and right at Marilyn and asked placidly, "What did Genev say after she said about how long our relationship lasted? Why did she tell you to remember it well?" Genevieve had provoked Marilyn with her words and had spoken quickly, especially in the last part. Armand had had a professional lip reader look at the video, but even then, the latter could only decipher the first and last parts. Everything in between was unknown. Marilyn clenched her fists when she learned that was why Armand went to her.

It didn't take long before Marilyn looked up and right into his eyes. "She said that whenever she thought about our past relationship together, she would feel nauseated. It's the same feeling she had when she looked at your face. She also told me that she never loved you. The only reason she was with you was to exact her revenge against me, and she wanted me to remember that well." Armand narrowed his eyes. "Despite her speed, there is no way she can say that much within that time frame." Marilyn snorted. "If she truly loved you, would you really care about what she said back then? Armand..." She leaned in and worked hard to see through the man's exterior and find the truth.

"We've been together for years. H-Have you ever loved me?" Armand played with the lighter in his hand and remained silent. Marilyn stared at him for a while before she leaned back into her seat. Her lips curved into a self-mocking grin after that. "Of course not. You've never loved me. You've never asked

me about me being with Samuel and have never been angry about that.” When they first started dating, Marilyn was proud and delighted because she didn’t just attract a powerful in-law for her family; she also managed to get someone as amazing as Armand to fall for her. Unfortunately, she soon realized that Armand was boring. He would never turn her down and would give her everything she wanted.

He even attended every single one of her concerts when she was on tour. Yet, it was undeniable that the way he looked at her was passionless. One day, as she was performing at a concert, she shifted her view to Armand and caught him being absent-minded while watching her performance. It looked as though he was reminiscing about something. Armand’s boring nature and the fact that Marilyn couldn’t feel his love for her prompted her to turn to Samuel instead. It wasn’t until she saw the video Cooper gave her did she recall everything she went through when she was dating Armand.

She thought about the way his eyes shone without love, and everything made sense at that moment. She wasn’t the one who was there for him fourteen years ago. Hence, it was only natural that he wasn’t in love with her. The more Marilyn thought about it, the more upset she got. Her eyes turned bloodshot, and her gaze showed that she was burning with rage when she glared at Armand. “Do you realize how cruel you are, Armand? Why did you mess with me when you don’t love me? I met you at the hospital and dated you for so long. Yet, you never loved me. I only dated Samuel to get you jealous, but what did you do in return? You weren’t mad and watched as I married your brother!” At the mention of the hospital, Armand was reminded of the time when he was blind. It was a dark and daunting time for him. Or at least it was until a girl moved into the ward next door.

She would practice her violin on the balcony every day. Her performance wasn’t perfect in any sense, but it was like a ray of light and it drove away the darkness in his heart. Things had since changed. He now had a lot more burdens and someone to take care of. He no longer felt sad when he recalled that past. Marilyn’s accusation couldn’t do anything to him. He remained as calm when he challenged, “Marilyn, think about it. What have you ever done for me when we were dating? And what did you get from me during that period? It’s been years, and if it hadn’t been for me and my brother, your useless brother would’ve caused Wood Group to go bankrupt ages ago. Marilyn... I’ve never owed you anything.

” Armand checked the watch on his wrist and realized that it was getting late. I have to go home and cook dinner. He didn’t bother continuing that conversation with Marilyn and stood up. Marilyn watched as he left the room. Out of nowhere, she said, “You should go home and ask Genevieve what she was talking about in that video. If she refuses to tell you...” Marilyn trailed off and sneered, “Well, let’s just say that you’re one unlucky sap.”

Chapter 374 It Is Nice To Be Childless Armand paused for a moment before he walked right out. He paid a personal visit to the warden and asked the man to give Marilyn a private cell. He also asked him to perform a full body check-up on her every month and donated one hundred million to the prison on the spot. He also gave the warden thirty million. The warden was so happy that he was smiling ear-to-ear when he took the money.

He repeatedly promised to get everything done well. When Armand was on his way back, his gaze became less bright as he wondered about what Marilyn had said. What did Genevieve tell her that day outside the building? That was when a delivery man called Armand to give him an update. "Hello, Mr. Faulkner. The groceries you ordered have been delivered to the receptionist at your condominium." Armand's thought returned to the task he had at hand. He murmured an affirmative reply. Armand had been worried that he would be back late and wouldn't be able to get anything fresh. That was why he had ordered the groceries for dinner online about three hours ago. Arriving back in the city, he had Steven make a stop at the florist's.

He had called the florist in advance as well, and the florist dared not dawdle. She had asked him when he would be there, then told her people to go to the garden and pick the flowers. An enormous bouquet of green roses was wrapped beautifully before being placed in the car. The pleasant floral aroma filled the air in seconds. Steven snuck a peek through the rearview mirror and chuckled. "These are Mrs. Faulkner's favorites." Steven had been witnessing everything from the side after Armand survived that car accident.

The former realized that the latter had changed quite a bit after the accident, and Genevieve had become much nicer to him. It seemed that the huge rift between them was slowly closing up, and that was something Steven was happy to see. As Armand stared at the roses, he suddenly thought of something. "By the way, why did you also get us an ear of wheat when I sent you out to buy some beef this morning?" "Oh, that," replied Steven. He rubbed his nose when they were at a traffic light and seemed a little awkward. "Thing is, when I went to buy the beef, the stall owner's son had just come back. He told me that his son had just got married. His son bought some wheat and placed it at home, hoping to be blessed with a child soon. Before I left the place, his son gave me an ear of wheat because there were too many

. Unfortunately, I don't even have a girlfriend, so I thought I'd give it to you and Mrs. Faulkner. Who knows? Maybe she'll get pregnant soon." Armand's gaze darkened after he heard that. The silence lasted until the traffic light turned green, and Steven began driving again. Armand piped up, "She is not well enough to have babies. It's quite nice to be childless, actually." Hearing Armand's words made Steven realize that there might be something going on between Armand and Genevieve. However, he didn't say anything. He couldn't help sighing deeply when he thought about the past. Armand soon made it back to the condominium with that bouquet of flowers. There, he found Genevieve in a sweater and sitting with her legs up on the couch. She didn't turn on the heater, so the place was quite chilly. "Why are you sitting here in the living room? You didn't even turn on the heater," said Armand as he turned the heater on. Seeing that Genevieve did not respond, he entered the living room with those roses and crouched down before her. "I had a lot to do today, so I was late.

" After that, he presented the roses and said, "These are for you." Only when Genevieve heard his voice vaguely did she come back to her senses. She looked at the man before her and the roses in his hands. Her eyes glowed a little, and she accepted the flowers. Armand assumed that Genevieve was only upset because he was home late. He removed his cufflinks and placed them on the coffee table before rushing to make dinner.

The front desk had delivered the groceries some time ago, and Genevieve had left them all on the kitchen counter. The beef was fresh. Genevieve stared at the roses in her hands, then at the tall man busying away in the kitchen. Her eyes grew watery for a moment. Quickly, she pulled herself together, grabbed the document on the couch, and walked toward Armand. When she was close enough, she placed them on the kitchen counter. Armand was busy chopping some mushrooms when he saw Genevieve setting the document down. He shot a quick look at it, only to see the terrifying words right in front of him.<

Chapter 375 No Need To Stay Married Armand stopped what he was doing and turned to look at Genevieve, clenching his jaw. "Armand, let's get a divorce," said Genevieve calmly. "You can keep everything else, but I want this place." Armand seemed to have guessed why she was doing that, so he replied, "Darling, I will go wherever you want to go. We can stay there however long you like, and there is no need to get a divorce."

"I can travel on my own. I don't need you to come with me," said Genevieve expressionlessly as she leaned against the kitchen counter. "The Wood family has fallen, Marilyn is in jail, and I've avenged Patrick, so there is no need for us to stay married." Armand swallowed hard. His voice was a little soft when he asked, "What if I don't want a divorce?" "Why don't you want a divorce? Mr. Faulkner, have you fallen in love with me?" asked Genevieve as she leaned in closer to the man. She laughed aloud before he could answer her question.

"You were the one who proposed a collaboration back then, and I've kept the words you said in my mind this entire time." Genevieve tiptoed and tried her best to get as close to Armand as possible. "I was only nice to you to get my hands on your power and to destroy the Wood family. As for the sex... Well, didn't you say that everything comes at a price? I was just paying the price." Her words were cruel, and every single one of them was like daggers to Armand's heart. "You're hot, Mr. Faulkner, and you're really nice to your partner. I actually quite enjoy doing it with you." Armand took a deep breath and gripped Genevieve's arm before pushing her to the fridge. He was harsh and had a terrifying expression on his face. If he could, he wanted to squeeze her delicate neck. Genevieve frowned in pain. She looked up and asked, "Did I say something wrong, Mr. Faulkner?"

"No! You were right about everything!" answered Armand through gritted teeth. He had known what Genevieve wanted to do ever since he saw the change in her after she had a miscarriage. And he had allowed her to do whatever she wanted because he wished to make up for his mistake. He could never forget the night before when he lifted her veil. She had worn a wedding gown, and her beautiful eyes had glowed. He was all she could see. However, that was not her birthday gift for him at all! She had simply catered to his pleasure. Armand had always been calm. He even managed to keep his cool when he heard about his father's plane crash. Yet, he almost lost control after hearing those words from Genevieve that day. He closed his eyes slowly and took some time to calm himself down before he looked down at Genevieve and asked, "That day, outside the building, did you tell Marilyn that you feel

nauseated when you thought about how long she and I had dated? Did you tell her that you feel nauseated when you looked at me?

Is it true that you never loved me and are only ever with me to exact your vengeance on me and imprint the suffering in my mind?" Hearing those words allowed Genevieve to deduce that Armand had gone to talk to Marilyn and Marilyn had come up with that story to lie to him. There was a flicker in her eyes as she said, "How did you know that? Did you go through that surveillance footage again? It's true. Marilyn is into you, so using you to get to her is the best option there is. Seriously, Mr. Faulkner, if you hadn't promised to help me get back Specter Corporation within six months, do you really think I'd have married you? I have never loved you. What I loved is the power you have.

" Genevieve traced his face with her finger and chuckled. "I will say this, though. You truly are a handsome lad, Mr. Faulkner. Who doesn't want a rich and handsome husband? It's only natural that I fell for you... but that was only for a moment." Armand slapped Genevieve's hand away, his gaze becoming colder and colder as time passed. "I will give you one last chance, Genevieve," growled Armand as he glared at her. "Are you being truthful about everything you said?" "Why would I lie to you? Do I need to swear on my grave to get you to believe me, Mr. Faulkner?" "No," replied Armand coldly.

The warmth in his eyes had completely faded. He grabbed his pen and flipped to the last page of the document to sign his name.

Chapter 376 Finalize The Divorce Armand took off his apron, tossed it on the kitchen counter, and went to the bedroom. He packed his clothes and other things in a minute, then headed out. When he walked past the living room, he looked at Genevieve, who was still standing beside the kitchen counter, from the corner of his eyes. Shortly after, he went to the door and grabbed his coat from the rack.

"I'll wait for you at the entrance of the City Hall tomorrow at nine in the morning. We'll finalize our divorce right away." After saying that, he turned the doorknob and walked away. Once the door was closed, Genevieve felt as if every bit of the energy in her body had been drained out of her. She slid down slowly and leaned against the stainless steel kitchen counter. Thank goodness he didn't get me to swear on my grave, or things would be bad. She stayed there for a while, and when she finally regained some of her energy, she struggled to stand up. Her eyes stung a little when she saw Armand's signature on the document.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and wet the paper. She had planned on telling him about her pregnancy as his birthday gift, but the other man showed up and disrupted all of her plans. Genevieve was so depressed that she didn't have any appetite. However, thinking that she was pregnant and the baby needed the nutrient, she washed the vegetable and mushrooms Armand bought and made herself some pasta. She took a few bites and couldn't force any more down her throat. Her cooking was something she was rather confident in, but to her surprise, the food she made was downright disgusting.

She poured everything into the bin and opened a cabinet. It was filled with all sorts of snacks that Armand had bought for her. He wanted her to have something to eat in case she was hungry or was waiting for dinner. The bitterness in Genevieve's heart grew when she saw all the snacks there. She felt terrible, but she grabbed a packet of biscuits. Just then, the doorbell rang. Genevieve thought Armand had returned because he forgot something, so she hurried to the door and answered it. The one standing behind the door, however, was the receptionist in her uniform. She handed the takeout to Genevieve and said, "Here's the meal you ordered, Mrs. Faulkner."

"Thank you," replied Genevieve as she took the food. She saw Steven's name and the end of his phone number on the receipt. He had ordered spaghetti bolognese from Golden Restaurant. Genevieve had once bought spaghetti bolognese from that restaurant for Armand, and Steven was not aware of that. She opened the food container. The sweet and sour scent of the warm food brought tears to her eyes. She sat at the dining table and took one bite after another. It filled her stomach up soon after. Wanting to move her muscles a bit, she rolled up her sleeves to clean the kitchen counter. When she was done, she washed her hands and turned around. That was when she saw the document sitting there.

Her tears, that had dripped onto the paper, had dried up, and only a small mark left. She stared at it for quite some time before she grabbed her pen and signed her name on that document. After that, she put everything away and returned to her room to shower and go to bed. Perhaps it was because the weather was too cold, or perhaps because her pregnancy had drained her energy. Genevieve slept for quite some time. When she woke up, she grabbed her phone and checked the screen. It was over ten o'clock in the morning. Genevieve quickly freshened up and put on a high-collared knitted dress. As she made her way to the living room, she put on her earrings and asked, "Mando, why didn't you wake me—" That was when she saw how empty the place was. She had forgotten all about the divorce until that very moment.

Armand told me to go to the City Hall at nine in the morning. Genevieve checked her phone again. She had set the alarm to go off at half-past eight, and it had rung twice. However, she had hit the snooze button and continued to sleep. It's so late, but Armand didn't text me to ask me if I have reached the City Hall... Genevieve returned to her room and opened the drawer of the nightstand. Sitting in the corner was her marriage certificate. She grabbed it and put it into her bag with her ID card, then left the house.

Chapter 377 Explain Yourself Genevieve Inside the elevator, she sent a text to Armand: Are you still at the City Hall? She received a "yes" from Armand when she reached the parking lot. Mixed emotions burned in her when she saw that text. Suddenly, her phone vibrated. She pursed her lips when she saw that new message.

Quickly, she put her phone away and drove off. About ten minutes later, Genevieve arrived at the City Hall. The Maybach that Armand had always used was parked beside the place. The dark-colored car was

low profile, but it somehow also made it easy to spot. Steven was sitting in the driver's seat and had been looking around. When he saw Genevieve's car getting closer to the Maybach and her getting out of her car, he turned his head to talk to the man in the backseat. "Mrs. Faulkner is here."

Armand, who was reading some documents, closed the folder and placed it on the seat beside him. After that, he opened the door and got out of the car. He saw Genevieve approaching him while having a dark grey bag on her back. It was cold that day. Genevieve had wrapped herself up nicely, and her collar was pulled up to cover her lips. All Armand could see was her bright eyes. When she reached his side, she pulled down her collar and revealed her beautiful face. "Sorry, I accidentally turned off my alarm." Armand didn't have any expression on his face. "Let's go." "Okay," replied Genevieve. Feeling a little cold, she shoved her hands into her pocket and walked up the stairs with the man. Together, they walked into the City Hall. The place was rather empty at that time.

Genevieve made her way to one of the counters. The employee behind that counter happened to be the same person who had assisted them when they first got married. "Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner." The two of them are married. Yet, here they are again in the City Hall. This is not good... Genevieve nodded at the employee and fished her ID card and marriage certificate out of her bag. She placed everything on the table and said, "Please help us finalize our divorce." The second she finished speaking, the other employees working behind the other counters looked over.

They were surprised when Armand and Genevieve first got married. Who would've thought that their marriage would only last less than a year? Armand looked calm. He retrieved his ID card and marriage certificate out of his pocket as well. After that, he put them on the table. The employee followed the procedure and asked some questions. She asked if they were getting a divorce out of their own free will and if there were any disputes regarding their assets and debts. Both parties gave definitive responses, so the employee took their marriage certificates and issued them their divorce certificates. Genevieve felt conflicted when she left the City Hall with the divorce certificate.

From the corner of her eyes, she looked at Armand. She had something to say, but she ultimately decided to keep her words to herself. As they walked down the stairs together, Genevieve asked, "You left a few outfits in the closet. When are you going to take them back?" "I don't want them anymore. Just get rid of them," answered Armand as his gaze turned a little darker. Genevieve murmured a reply and walked down the stairs. She was about to head into her car when a black Rolls-Royce Ghost pulled over and stopped right behind her car. The door to the backseat opened, and a man got out. He seemed as if he couldn't feel the cold at all because he was only wearing a sweater and a windbreaker. The tall man walked gracefully forward like a prince who had just crawled out of a painting. His green eyes, which were filled with warmth, were on Genevieve the entire time.

Jack was quick to make his way to Genevieve. He grabbed her hand and placed it by his lips to kiss it softly. "Is everything done?" Genevieve tried to pull her hand back, but he was strong. "Yeah, it's done."

Armand opened the door to the car. He was about to get in when he saw another man approaching Genevieve and being sweet to her. He slammed the door shut and made his way to them. "Genevieve Rachford, explain yourself!" roared Armand, standing beside her and looking intimidating.

Chapter 378 I Should Give Her More Freedom "Perhaps it's best if I explain the situation." The tall man wrapped his arm around Genevieve and looked right into Armand's eyes. "I am Jack Valentine, the man Genev loves the most." Armand narrowed his eyes. Steven, who had been witnessing everything in the car by the side of the road, was utterly shocked.

He even leaned toward the passenger seat to get a closer look through the side mirror. When he saw that a young man was hugging Genevieve, he was a little upset. Why have I never seen this guy before? Jack ran his fingers through Genevieve's hair and played with it a little. He chuckled and said, "I've just arrived in Jadeborough, but Genev has told me everything about the two of you. Thank you for taking care of her all this time, Mr. Faulkner. Should you need anything in the future, please let me know. This is my number." He took a name card out of his pocket and handed it to Armand. It was a simple name card with gold ink.

The name of the company listed on the card was Genevieve Orsi Productions, and its logo was a golden Genevieve Orsi. Written in the center of the card were Jack's name and phone number. Armand's gaze swept past the name card, but he had no intention of taking it. He turned his attention to Genevieve. "Is this man the reason you want a divorce?" Armand knew about everyone Genevieve was in contact with, so it was strange that he was unaware of Jack, who appeared out of nowhere. Jack was holding Genevieve closely, and that made her stiffen. Unfortunately, she had no choice but to force herself to relax.

Her gaze shone emotionlessly when she looked at Armand and replied, "Mr. Faulkner, we're divorced, so you don't get to butt in on my matter." Armand looked at her for quite some time before calmly saying, "You're right. I have no right to ask questions anymore." With that, he turned around and left. When Steven, who had been watching the drama unfold, saw Armand approaching the car, he immediately straightened himself in the driver's seat. Once Armand got into the car, Steven quickly fired up the engine and left the City Hall. He shifted his gaze to the rearview mirror and snuck a peek at Armand.

"I've investigated Mrs. Faulkner's parents, extended family, and her friends, but I've never read anything about that man before. Is it possible that she hired him to get back at you, Mr. Faulkner?" That was a possible scenario because Armand had lied to Genevieve before. His actions had indirectly hurt her deeply. It had even caused her to lose two children. Hence, it was understandable that she hated him. "No." Armand lowered his head. They were both men, so Armand could tell how Jack felt about Genevieve. The passion and warmth in his eyes when he looked at her was not an act. Hearing those words troubled Steven even more. Wait, if she didn't hire that guy to get back at Mr. Faulkner, then

what is actually going on now? Is she really in love with someone else? Perhaps it was because the invisible pressure in the car was getting too much. Steven spoke again. "Mr. Faulkner, why did you agree to divorce Mrs. Faulkner? You even waited there for so long." In fact, Armand had asked Steven to drive him there at eight-thirty. Steven had even sensed an obvious discomfort from Armand when he told him that Genevieve had arrived.

It seemed as though Armand didn't expect her to actually show up. If Armand didn't want a divorce, then no attorney in the country would dare to take this case. Armand rolled down the window and let the icy wind sting his face. His gaze was calm, and it seemed to carry a heavy burden. Softly, he answered, "She's too young. I should give her more freedom. I've always been a lonely man, so why drag her down with me? If she's in love with someone else, then I'll let her go so that she can be with the one she loves."

Armand was born into a powerful family, so he was used to all the restrictions. Members of the Faulkner family rarely had any say in their marriages. His father, for an instant, had no choice but to marry three women for the sake of the family. When they ate together, Armand could see the loneliness in his father's eyes. He knew that was not the kind of life his father wanted, but the man had had no choice. It was his responsibility to do so. Armand was not a warm person, either. He had never loved anyone intensely before.

Chapter 379 The Marriage Registration Cannot Be Done The only time he was moved was when his car passed by the church a year ago, and he happened to see Genevieve. The woman's bright smile was deeply imprinted on his mind.

He dreamed of that pretty face many times in his dream, and he wanted to keep her by his side to comfort his loneliness. However, she was not meant to be his. She was young and had a bright future ahead of her, whereas he was no longer youthful and had not given her anything memorable. Genevieve stood there, watching as the Maybach disappeared from her sight. Her heart ached. Jack's hand slid from Genevieve's shoulder to her hand. He grabbed it and put it in his coat pocket. "Genev, let's go."

"How about another day?" Genevieve said, struggling. "I just got divorced..." "No. Today it is." Jack brushed away the hair from her face with his hand, and his eyes were filled with passion. His gaze was full of desires, which was rather frightening. However, his voice was low and pleasant. "The City Hall does not have a ruling that says that one cannot get married immediately after a divorce." Jack kissed her face tenderly. "I really want to marry you. It's only after marriage that you belong to me." Genevieve was speechless. Jack looked at Genevieve, whose lips were pursed and silent. His attractive eyes narrowed, and he whispered close to her, "Genev, have you forgotten your promises to me?" Genevieve went limp, like a deflated balloon. She let Jack lead her up the steps.

The staff of City Hall was all stunned when they saw Genevieve coming in with a long-haired, handsome man. Didn't she just get a divorce? Why is she here again? Jack took Genevieve to the marriage registration desk straight away and put their documents on a counter. "What is the procedure for us to

get married?" Goodness gracious! All the staff at the City Hall who heard him were dumbfounded. One of the staff had just poured himself a glass of water. But upon hearing Jack's words, he dropped his glass, which broke on the floor with a crash. Jack cast a sidelong glance at the man who had dropped the glass and tapped on the counter with his fingers curved, repeating what he had just said. His expression turned cold and hard as he faced the others. "We want to get married." The staff was a little intimidated by Jack. Rather shakily, he let them sit and handed them two forms. Jack took a pen for Genevieve and then he himself started to fill his. Genevieve looked at the form in front of her with complicated feelings. If she could, she would tear the form into shreds and throw it in Jack's face. What is going on? Jack had already finished filling out the form.

Seeing that Genevieve was still holding the pen, he said, "Genev, if you don't fill it in, I'll get really upset." Genevieve took a deep breath and lifted the pen to write her name on the form. The staff who was checking their forms suddenly asked Jack, "Mr. Valentine, aren't you a citizen of Chanaea?" "Mm, I'm from Dartan." The staff said apologetically, "Then please head over to the Department of Homeland Security and apply for a residence permit; otherwise, we cannot help you with the marriage procedures." The smile on Jack's face faded. "I'll send someone to get it done." He was new to Chanaea and was not familiar with the procedures for the registration of marriages.

"I'm sorry. You need to apply for the residence permit personally, and others can't represent you." The staff shook his head. "It will only take three to seven days. You can still register your marriage when you come here with all the documents." Since the marriage registration could not be done without the necessary document from Jack, Genevieve was relieved.

Chapter 380 What Do I Owe You Immediately, she put down her pen and said to Jack, "Let's go and get the residence permit, then. After that, we can come here again." Genevieve picked up her bag and ID card from the counter and got up to leave. Knowing that their marriage could not be registered that day and there was nothing that he could do, Jack kept his ID card and left the City Hall holding Genevieve's hand.

The moment they came out of the building, they were surrounded by news reporters who had been waiting outside. Cameras flashed non-stop, taking photos of Genevieve. "Mrs. Faulkner, why are you at the City Hall with another man? Are you and Mr. Faulkner divorced? Please explain to us." Jack pushed the microphone away from Genevieve's chin and hugged her protectively in his arms. "Yes, Genevieve has already divorced Armand. We have just entered the City Hall to register our marriage." The reporters immediately turned their cameras to Jack. A reporter quickly recognized him. Lifting his face from the camera, he cried out, "You're Jack Valentine!" Some time ago, a movie titled *For Elise* became a box office hit all over the world. Until now, the movie was still receiving excellent reviews on the internet on countless news and movie websites. It had garnered awards for best director, best screenplay, and several other categories, totaling more than ten awards at the Vertsilver Film Festival. Bruce Gable, who played the male lead, won Best Actor. Although Sylvie, who played the female lead, did not win Best Actress, she was nominated, so she, too, was recognized as a noteworthy leading lady. However, Jack, the director and screenwriter of the film, did not appear at the film festival, and the awards were all received by the assistant director.

When the film premiered in Bellridge not long ago, Jack appeared once. After the movie became the top box office hit all over the world, the public searched for Jack Valentine's name on the internet, but little was known about him. All they could find out about him was that he graduated with a degree in film production at the University of Southern Saspiuburg. After graduation, he made a short film and won several awards. This was the first time he had written and shot a feature-length film. In every aspect of directing, from casting to camera angles, he exhibited extraordinary skill which amazed his peers in the industry. For Elise was also the first movie in film history to gross three billion at the box office. Jack was a rare genius director. When the reporters realized that the man with Genevieve was the director of For Elise, they focused their cameras on Jack and took pictures of him frantically. They didn't expect that the director of this extraordinary movie was young and handsome! The reporters started asking questions in a frenzy. "Mr. Valentine, how did you get to know Ms. Rachford?" "Many say that Sylvie Clasen, the leading lady in For Elise is a doppelgänger of Ms. Rachford.

Was this a deliberate choice?" Jack looked down at Genevieve with a gentle smile in his eyes. "Yes, the heroine of that movie is Genevieve. She is my muse, and I have been looking for her. And now, I've finally found her." He distributed his business card to the reporters present and said, "In February next year, Genevieve and I will hold our wedding ceremony at St. Weiss Church in Xedells. I wish for you all to come." Hearing this, Genevieve suddenly raised her head and looked at Jack in astonishment. Quickly, she dismissed the reporters and dragged Jack away. Once they were inside his car and away from prying eyes, Genevieve turned to Jack and asked, "Isn't it enough for us to register our marriage?

We did not discuss the wedding ceremony, did we?" "Shouldn't a wedding be held when you're married?" Jack replied with a question. Angrily, Genevieve hit the steering wheel with her bag and stared at him with a gloomy face. "Jack, you're too demanding! What the f*ck do I owe you?" Jack leaned toward her. "You know best who owes me."