

Gary Stu 381

Chapter 381

We Are Divorced Genevieve lowered her eyes and remained silent. “Genevieve, I’m selfish and revengeful,” Jack said softly. “Since you promised to marry me, I won’t let you go. You can only belong to me.” Genevieve closed her eyes and waited for her emotions to calm down. She grabbed his sweater and said fiercely, “Jack, remember what I said in the café that day. If you say or do anything, I will make you pay for it!”

“Don’t worry.” Jack smiled. “I always keep my word, especially to my wife.” Genevieve frowned, released her hand, and leaned back into the seat. “Genevieve”—Jack put his arm on the seat—“let’s have a wedding at St. Weiss Church in February next year, okay?” “Do what you want!” “Thank you.” Jack smiled brightly and gently as he fastened her seat belt. “Let’s go to Paragon Restaurant. The smoked duck there is pretty good.” Genevieve wanted to put her bag in the back seat, but Jack took it and placed it on his lap.

She pursed her lips and quickly started the engine. Inside an ordinary black sedan parked quietly on the other side of the street, with the rear window partially rolled down, was a woman with beautiful curly blond hair. She was wearing a pair of large sunglasses that covered almost all of her face. Below the sunglasses were bright red lips and a shapely chin, hinting at her classic beauty. Behind the huge sunglasses, the woman watched the car on the opposite side of the road and the Ghost leave before rolling up the window. “Let’s go,” she said to the driver in Granatanolan. The reporters could not wait to post the video of their interview with Jack online, and soon it became viral. The name Jack Valentine caused Twitter to crash several times. After Steven sent Armand back to the company, he went to investigate Jack non-stop, and soon saw the news on Twitter. He brought the documents to Armand and reported what he had found. “Jack Valentine is a high achiever. He graduated with a degree in film production from the University of Southern Saspiuburg.

He met Lilian, the daughter of the Helt family, when he first went to college, and they dated. After a year, the two got married...” As he spoke, Armand took the documents and started flipping through them. In the data, only Jack’s experiences after he graduated were mentioned. There was no information about who his parents were or where he grew up. Jack was now a member of the Helt family, and the godson of Foster, the largest local gang boss in Dartan, who had connections with both the underworld and the authorities. There was no one else who could marry the Duke’s daughter as he did and become the darling of the upper class. Jack was indeed clever. Armand closed the file, looked at Steven, and asked, “How did he meet Genevieve?” “I couldn’t find out about this.”

Steven shook his head. “I guess Mrs. Faulkner met Jack when she was studying in Dartan. When Jack went to study at the University of Southern Saspiuburg, he spent a period of time in Dartan, where she used to live. It’s in the same city as her school.” Armand fingered the document with a forlorn look in his

eyes. Steven watched Armand quietly for a while, then he asked, "Twitter is now full of posts about Mrs. Faulkner and Jack.

Do you want me to do something about it?" "We have divorced, Steven." It was just a short phrase, but Steven knew what he needed to do. As he recalled Armand's words in the car and the resigned expression on his face, Steven sighed. He had been Armand's driver and bodyguard from the time the latter was about twenty years of age. In the past twenty years, Steven had seen how much Armand had experienced and how much he had gone through. He hoped that Armand would find a good companion and soulmate. Nonetheless, life does not always turn out as desired.

Chapter 382 Morning Sickness Worsening After sending Jack away in the evening, Genevieve checked her phone and found out that her divorce from Armand was trending on the internet. Jack's interview video went viral, too. Most people like good-looking people. However, men rarely looked good with long hair. Jack, however, was an exception, as his classical, handsome look was pretty much the pinnacle of beauty.

There were a bunch of hashtags asking Jack to make his debut. Some extreme fans even cursed Genevieve, saying that she didn't deserve to be with Jack. Genevieve looked through the comments. If you lot can make Jack hate me, I'll call you all my savior! Reading those insults gave her an idea. She immediately contacted a few ghostwriters' agencies and asked them to praise Jack's beauty and curse herself even further.

Then she wanted them to highlight the pictures of the two of them walking out of the City Hall and hugging each other. Her request to them was to make it as extreme as possible, so much so that people would throw eggs in her direction when she walked out of her home. Those companies were flabbergasted when they heard her request. They had been in the business for a very long time, yet none of them had ever heard a request like Genevieve's. Still, she gave them a lot of money, so they shut up and did their job. The next day, what was trending became different. Her divorce with Armand was completely buried under news about how great Jack's directorial capabilities were and how handsome he was. Some of the netizens even intentionally made Genevieve's pictures look ugly to insult her. Genevieve was very satisfied with what the ghostwriters had done.

She told Jack that she was feeling unwell and that she would be staying in her home to rest for a while. That helped her avoid meeting him. Her plan was to just play pretend to rest in her home for a couple of days. However, her morning sickness worsened. She began to lose her appetite, and whenever she smelled something, she would feel the urge to puke. It got so bad that she would wake up in the middle of the night and retch. Despite ventilating her bedroom, she still could not take the smell. When the receptionist delivered her takeouts to her and saw her pale face, she couldn't help but ask, "Are you all right, Ms. Rachford?" Genevieve nodded. "I'm fine. I just need more rest."

Ever since she divorced Armand, she had been eating takeouts for all her meals. She would just call Golden Restaurant and order what she wanted to eat. Then, when her morning sickness worsened, she tried ordering food from other restaurants, but her condition didn't improve. That day, she tried ordering more soupy food to see if it would help, but the moment she took a sip, the sickness kicked in. She ran to the toilet bowl immediately and vomited. It was so severe that tears squeezed out of her eyes.

After she washed her face and mouth, she put her hand on her belly and muttered, "It's not even three months yet. Why is it so bad? If I keep having trouble eating, what should I do to keep them healthy?" She spent the next few days reading about pregnancy. When she learned that her bad mood and awful appetite might cause the baby to die, she couldn't sit still any further. Genevieve quickly changed into another set of clothing and drove to a private hospital. Upon arriving, the doctor learned of her recent struggle and couldn't help but smile. "If your reaction is this severe, it seems that your babies will be quite active when they're born."

Genevieve felt a little helpless. "You can eat some sour food to relieve the urge to vomit. It's very important for babies to get their nutrition right now. Even if eating nutritious food makes you want to vomit, you still need to eat them." Genevieve pursed her lips. "My previous pregnancy led to a miscarriage because I had an emotional breakdown.

Do you think it'll affect my current one?" "I don't think so as long as you remain positive." She thanked the doctor but was still worried, so she went upstairs for an ultrasound. The one working today was still the same female doctor from last time, Jermaine's sister. She gave Genevieve an examination and told her that her babies were doing fine. Only then did Genevieve feel more at ease.

Chapter 383 Getting Attacked On The Internet Genevieve poured a tablet of folic acid out of a bottle before putting it in her mouth. Just as she stepped out of the hospital, she saw a Maybach at the entrance. Armand was standing next to the car. He was wearing a black coat that made him look gentlemanly.

He was talking to a doctor. A few seconds later, he handed a couple of gift boxes to that doctor and then they shook hands. When Genevieve saw him, cold sweat ran down her back. She stuffed the pill bottle into her bag and turned around with the intention of hiding inside the hospital. Unfortunately, Steven caught her in his periphery. "Ms. Rachford." Genevieve had no choice but to turn around and smile at him.

After that, she slowly made her way down the stairs and headed toward them. When the doctor saw Genevieve heading their way, he turned to Armand. "I'll be leaving now, Mr. Faulkner." He then returned inside with the gifts. Armand glanced at Genevieve. She's gotten much thinner in such a short amount of time. Her jaw's getting sharper. She was wearing an almond-colored cotton jacket paired with jeans. Both her hands were shoved inside the pockets, and her fair neck was vaguely exposed. He asked in a deep voice, "Why are you here?" "I've not been feeling well these few days, especially my appetite. So I thought I would come here to see what's wrong with me," Genevieve lied. "What about you? Why are you here?" "I'm here to find someone to help me." "Then why didn't you go to General Hospital and ask Timothy for help? Why come to a private hospital like this?"

“He’s busy, and he may not be able to help.” Genevieve nodded. It was quite cold that day. Occasionally, a cold breeze would pass them by, making her shudder. “I’ll be leaving now, Mr. Faulkner.” Just as she was about to leave, Armand stopped her. He asked, “You left a few things in Swallow Garden. I think they’re skin care products. Should I throw them out or...” It was then she recalled she had brought some skin care products with her when she stayed at Swallow Garden. The face cream and body lotion were limited edition items that couldn’t be bought anymore. She quickly turned back and asked, “Are you available right now? I want to go back there with you to get my stuff. I’ll also be retrieving my clothes. If not, you can have Steven send it to me later tonight.” Armand replied, “I’m about to head back there to have lunch.” “Fine by me. I came here in my own car, so I’ll follow behind yours.”

Genevieve pulled up her coat and hurried to her car. After she left their sight, Steven commented, “Ms. Rachford looks much thinner compared to before. Recently, she has been getting attacked on the internet. People have been digging out her family background and editing her photos to make her look ugly. She didn’t go to the company or Specter Corporation. I believe she has been staying at home. It’s possible that she’s having trouble eating properly after reading all kinds of nasty comments on the internet.” Armand thought about Genevieve’s thinner face silently for a second before ordering, “Clean up the news later on.” Steven smiled. “Understood.”

Genevieve drove her car behind Armand’s and soon arrived at Swallow Garden. The housekeepers opened the door and were slightly stunned when they saw Genevieve at the entrance. “M-Mrs. Faulkner.” It was then the housekeeper who was speaking realized what she said. “I’m sorry. I forgot I shouldn’t—” “It’s fine.” Genevieve smiled. The house was a little hot due to the heater. However, since she was only there to grab her stuff, she didn’t take off her coat. After heading upstairs with Armand, she put all her skincare products into a bag, including all the clothes from her wardrobe. Armand pointed at the bed. “That too.”

Chapter 384 Not A Good Idea Genevieve saw that it was the plushy he won in the amusement park before. The plushy’s angry face was glaring right at her. She pursed her lips. “I have a lot of plushies already. I don’t need that.” Armand didn’t say anything and simply followed her downstairs after she took care of her things.

The housekeepers had already served lunch. Seeing both of them descending the stairs, the housekeeper asked, “Would you like to stay for lunch, Ms. Rachford?” Genevieve had been experiencing pretty horrid morning sickness. Every time she ate something, she would spew them out. The housekeeper had prepared a couple of dishes, one of which was sweet and sour pork ribs. When its aroma entered her nose, it aroused her appetite, making her pause.

However, when she thought about how she had spoken to Armand that night and that they had divorced, she didn’t find the idea to stay for lunch to be a good one. It was as though Steven saw her hesitation as he said, “You should go back after lunch, Ms. Rachford. You won’t need to buy takeout that way.” Genevieve turned to look at Armand. “I’m not that petty. It’s just one extra plate on the table,” he uttered plainly before heading to the dining room. A housekeeper approached her. “I’ll help you take your coat, Ms. Rachford.”

“Thank you.” Genevieve handed the bags in her hand and her coat to the housekeeper before sitting across from Armand in the dining room. She picked up a fork and ate the pork rib with it. The sweet and sour flavor really made her face brighten up as the meat melted in her mouth. It completely washed away the discomfort in her stomach. “This rib is very good,” Genevieve praised as she ate another piece. The housekeeper blushed slightly. “My family sent me a bag of cranberries that I thought were tasty, so I added them when I was cooking the rib. I’m happy that you like it, Ms. Rachford.” Genevieve wanted to say something, but when she saw Armand, she kept her mouth shut.

Suddenly, he asked, “Did you and Jack meet in Dartan?” Genevieve nodded. Armand’s eyebrows furrowed. “Then did you know he married the daughter of the Helt family, Lillian Helt, before? He may have divorced Lillian, but he’s still a part of the Helt family since he owns fifty-five percent of Helt Corporation’s share.” Helt Corporation was run by the Helt family, and its shares were split between its members. In just three years after Jack joined the family, he had practically become the owner of Helt Corporation.

Armand was a little perplexed as to why someone as calculating as Jack would come to Chanaea and insist on marrying Genevieve. Of course, Genevieve knew about that. Jack had told her many things in the café that day, including what was currently in his possession. If not because of that, I wouldn’t have... Genevieve lowered her eyes and nodded. “He told me all about it.” “You like him?” Armand asked. Silence filled the air before she replied, “He likes me. That’s why he traveled so far just to meet me. He wants me to marry him, so I accepted him.” Armand’s eyes darkened. He didn’t watch the movie, but he did watch the interview. Jack had said that the female lead of the movie was Genevieve.

Whenever Jack talked about Genevieve or looked at her, there was always an unbridled passion and gentleness in his eyes. He never tried to hide how much he loved her. Armand thought about their time in Springwyn. Genevieve had used to look at him with that look before. When he compared that look with her current look, it annoyed him. The housekeeper could tell that the atmosphere between them was getting awkward, so she quickly scurried back into the kitchen. Genevieve had been experiencing pretty severe morning sickness and couldn’t eat well. Since she loved the pork ribs and her body wasn’t rejecting it, she had been eating just that dish. When she saw him trying to grab a piece of it, she said, “Eat another dish, will you?”

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It made Armand speechless.

He had prepared meals for Genevieve before, so he knew she was picky with her food. She would only eat what she liked and wouldn’t even look at the other dishes.

Thus, he put the rib back down and grabbed another dish.

The frown on Genevieve’s forehead smoothed away.

After both of them finished their meals, the housekeeper served them desserts.

The pork ribs made Genevieve feel full for the first time in days. Her stomach felt quite comfortable, so she swiftly finished eating a small piece of cake.

When she went to the pantry, she found the housekeeper who prepared the meal and asked, "My stomach has been feeling quite uncomfortable these few days, but I heard sour food can help with a person's appetite. I'm wondering if you can sell me those cranberries."

"Sure." The housekeeper went back to the kitchen to grab a bag of it for her.

She pulled out two banknotes for the housekeeper, but the housekeeper refused to take them. "The cranberries aren't expensive. Besides, Mr. Faulkner gives me my wage on time every month. You can just keep it."

Seeing how the housekeeper insisted on not taking the money, Genevieve didn't force her to.

After Genevieve left the pantry, another housekeeper approached. "When I was putting the plates away earlier, I saw no cranberries or its sauce left. Since Ms. Rachford had so much sour stuff, does this mean she's... pregnant?"

"It can't be, can it?" the housekeeper mumbled. "If Ms. Rachford was pregnant, why did she divorce Mr. Faulkner? I think she's just having issues with her appetite and loves to eat sour food."

The other housekeeper eventually nodded in agreement.

Genevieve brought her bags back to Regality Gardens.

Once she had free time again, she pulled out her phone and checked Twitter. She found out that all negative comments about her were gone.

She immediately called the owner of the ghostwriter's company. "Didn't we say two weeks? Why aren't you guys doing anything?"

"The government has been cracking down on many entertainment websites and social media," the owner replied resignedly. "A lot of our accounts have been banned so we don't have the guts to keep doing it anymore for now. I'll return the rest of the money to you."

Genevieve was speechless.

She wasn't sure why it was happening so suddenly, especially when people had faced little consequences for insulting popular people before.

The cranberries she had gotten from the housekeeper in Swallow Garden made for great appetizers.

After she ate a few more in the afternoon, she didn't experience the urge to puke anymore. She even managed to finish her dinner.

That bag of cranberries had really helped reduce the severity of her morning sickness.

Since she had mostly returned to normal, she left her home to take care of her businesses.

Ever since she divorced Cooper, she hadn't been to Specter Corporation. Bertilla had been delivering documents to her after that. Hence, she felt somewhat estranged when she arrived at Specter Corporation.

When the employees there saw her, they greeted her. Bertilla came to welcome her personally.

After they got into the elevator, Genevieve asked, "Mr. Sutton hasn't come back yet?"

"He'll be here by noon." Bertilla smiled. "I'll take care of things here first before going to the airport to pick him up at ten."

Genevieve nodded.

She asked Bertilla to lead her to an empty office where she could read through the documents and do some menial work.

The important stuff was still going to be handled by Cooper and the other vice CEOs.

After entering her office, Genevieve ate a tablet of folic acid before checking her phone. She saw that Johanna had sent her a bunch of messages, asking if she was still cooped up in her house.

Genevieve replied: I'm at Specter Corporation right now.

Even though she had divorced Armand, she didn't feel appropriate going to Central

Group

Johanna swiftly sent another message: I'm your personal secretary! Wherever you go, I go! Once I'm done with the paperwork, I'll head to Specter Corporation tomorrow. How about I come to find you at Specter Corporation later for lunch?

Genevieve: Cooper's coming back today.

Johanna: So what if he's coming back? He's not your only ex-husband. How about we meet up for dinner instead? It's been a long time since I met you.

Genevieve rubbed her furrowed eyebrows when she read that message

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Bertilla brought Cooper back to the company at half past twelve.

The weather was getting pretty cold, so Genevieve didn't want to eat outside. Instead, she asked Golden Restaurant to deliver her takeout so she could eat it at the staff canteen with Cooper.

During their meal, she glanced at him and asked, "Your business trip this time was quite long. Was it successful?"

Cooper nodded.

Bertilla had told him everything Genevieve said on the way back.

He replied, "Summerbank's government is quite difficult to deal with. The discussion with them was longer than I expected. And because the branch company is still new, the employees there required time to settle into their roles. So I decided to stay there for a little longer."

Genevieve pursed her lips. "Thanks for your hard work."

Cooper shook his head. He thought about how he had been deceived and the Rachford couple's death and felt a little upset.

After lunch, Genevieve brought him to her office.

She pulled out a document and handed it to him. "Specter Corporation was founded by your father and my father. You've been contributing a lot to Specter Corporation over the years. Here, I want to split the shares of the company with you equally."

"It's fine." Cooper pushed the document back. "I want you to have the ownership of the company. As for me, I'll continue to stay as the CEO of Specter Corporation as long as you'll allow me to."

He owed the Rachford family too much, so much so that even offering his own life to Genevieve wouldn't be enough.

"The shares your father owned were kept by my father. It's only natural that I return it to you. Let's sign another contract. For the next twenty years, you'll have to work as Specter Corporation's CEO and member of the board. Also, you can't sell your shares to anyone else during this period."

Seeing how resolute she was about the matter, Cooper felt compelled to agree to her plan.

He contacted the other shareholders and went through the process with them before transferring half of Specter Corporation's shares to her.

Genevieve kept the share transfer document at a secure location before pulling out another document from the drawer and handing it to Cooper. "You can read it back in your office."

"Okay." Cooper then left with the document,

When he arrived back at his office, he read through the contents of the document. His indifferent expression tensed up, and once he was done reading, he was petrified on the chair. How can I be Samantha's son?

He dealt with his paperwork half-heartedly as he kept looking at the document and sat in his chair for a long time.

Bertilla went in and out of the office five times. She wanted to ask him what was going on but decided to zip her mouth in the end.

At half-past five, snow began to descend from the sky.

He stared at the snowy scene outside for a while before asking for Bertilla. It was then he learned that Genevieve had just left.

An idea entered his mind as he grabbed the phone on the table and made a call.

After work, Genevieve drove to Central Group to pick Johanna up.

“Why did you get so thin, Genev?” Johanna spoke with heartache when she saw Genevieve.

“Am I?” Genevieve touched her own face.

She rarely examined herself in the mirror, so she didn’t know how fat or thin she was. I probably lost some weight because of all the puking and my terrible appetite. Those cranberries really helped me out.

“Yeah! You used to look a bit plumper, but now you’re not.” Johanna gently rubbed her friend’s face.

“Did the negative comments online affect you? Netizens nowadays are outrageous! They’ll just type whatever is on their mind without thinking about how it affects the person reading them!”

Genevieve didn’t dare to say a word about it because she was the one who had caused it to happen.

Johanna brought Genevieve to eat fondue and ordered almost all the meat on the menu,

Once it was ready, she dipped some meat into the hot sauce before putting them on Genevieve’s plate.

Soon, a small mound of meat was formed on the plate.

Only then did Johanna start eating. “What’s going on with you, Genev?”

“What do you mean?” Genevieve raised an eyebrow.

“I mean you and Jack.” Johanna stuffed a piece of beef into her mouth. “I told you that you were the female lead of the movie. I was right, wasn’t I? Why didn’t you tell me you knew such an awesome, handsome director?”

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Genevieve glanced at her. “You met quite a lot of handsome men before too, no?”

“I did, but it’s the first time I’ve seen someone as handsome as him. He looks like an angel descended from heaven.”

Genevieve felt a little nauseated, so she pulled out a single cranberry from her bag and ate it.

“Why are you eating that? You should eat more meat!” Johanna used her fork to point at her friend’s plate. “You’re too thin right now. If you’re any thinner, you’re gonna be blown away by the wind! I can order something else if you don’t fancy having beef.”

“My stomach hasn’t been feeling well lately. I’ll eat them later. You should eat yours first.”

“Okay.” Johanna stayed silent for a while before starting again, “Didn’t you celebrate Mr. Faulkner’s birthday not too long ago? Why did you suddenly decide to divorce him?”

Genevieve lowered her eyes. “My marriage with Mr. Faulkner was only meant to achieve our personal goals. Now that the Wood family has fallen, he’s useless to me. So why stay married?”

That makes sense.

Johanna silently drank her juice.

Then she asked, "Why did you marry Jack, then? Do you like him?"

From what she knew about her friend, she didn't think Genevieve would like a man like Jack.

Genevieve's lips twitched. She wanted to say something but decided to say something else in the end. "He's handsome, rich, and he likes me."

"Mr. Faulkner is rich and handsome too..." Johanna mumbled.

Suddenly, she stared into her friend's eyes. "Is it because you want to be loved by someone, Genev? Did you divorce Mr. Faulkner because you think he doesn't love you enough?"

"Mm," Genevieve agreed with her friend's speculation. That was a part of it.

Johanna thought, I mean, he was nice to Genev. He intentionally went to Baykeep to

find her and protect her. Didn't he also ask someone to prepare fireworks for her? There was also that time when he hurriedly rushed to the mine when he heard that she got into an accident. Yet, I've never heard him say he loved her before. I guess that explains why she wanted to divorce him.

Johanna continued to grill the meat and said, "Mr. Valentine is pretty good. I notice that there's a gentle look in his eyes every time he looks at you. It's like you're the only person he can ever see. Who doesn't like to be loved in such an obvious way? Genev, no matter who you fall in love with, I'll support you! Even if you decide to marry ninety times, that is your freedom to choose. Ignore what anyone else says about you."

Genevieve's lips twitched. "Ninety times? Are you crazy or am I crazy?"

"Haha, why not? It's definitely possible if you put your heart into it!" Johanna grinned mischievously. "You can marry all the good men on this planet once!"

Genevieve rolled her eyes.

After she had the cranberry, her appetite became better. She picked up a fork and began eating the beef.

When the both of them wrapped up their meals, it was already eight in the evening.

Snow was still falling outside, making the scenery look beautiful. Johanna felt that her friend had been staying indoors for far too long, so she brought her to a bar.

Meanwhile, Cooper asked his assistant to come and pick him up at the bar two hours later. Upon entering the bar, he familiarly navigated to the private room he booked.

When he entered the room, he saw Timothy playing on his phone. "Where's Mr. Faulkner?"

"He got a dinner appointment tonight. I bet he's still keeping the bigwigs company." Timothy put away his phone when he saw Cooper walking in.

He poured wine into two glasses and gave one to Cooper. "Why do you look like that after two months? Does it piss you off so much to see your ex-wife marrying someone else?"

Cooper snorted, grabbed the glass, and sat on another couch.

“Hey, what was that?”

“Because you’re making fun of the wrong person.” Cooper took a sip of the wine. “The person who’s pissed off should be Mr. Faulkner.”

The room to the door was suddenly opened.

Armand stepped into the room with his coat hanging on his arm. He heard that last sentence and furrowed his eyebrows. “What am I pissed off about?”

Chapter 388 Do Not Get Me Involved

☒ Timothy immediately replied, “Genev’s marrying that guy, right? What was his name again? Valentine something? Cooper said if someone’s pissed off about it, it should be you.”

☒ Armand’s eyebrows became even more tightly furrowed when he heard that.

☒ He approached the couch and kicked Timothy gently, gesturing for his friend to scooch over. Then he sat and pointed at the table.

☒ Timothy pursed his lips and poured him a glass of wine.

☒ When Cooper almost finished his glass of wine, he turned to Armand. “Aren’t you quite good at schemes, Mr. Faulkner? Why are you divorced from her the moment I came back?”

☒ “Unlike you, we separated amicably.” Armand downed his glass of wine. “She likes Jack, so I let her go.”

☒ “Like hell she likes him!” Cooper cursed, his face clouded over. “I grew up with Genev. I know what kind of men who’s around her, and I’ve never heard of this Jack Valentine until now.”

☒ Timothy interrupted, “Weren’t you together with Erica before? When did you care about Genevieve?”

☒ Cooper’s eyes turned cold as he stared at Timothy. “I dare you to say that again.”

☒ “Hey, don’t take your anger out on me!” Timothy grumbled. “I didn’t make that up. Other people knew about it. They were saying—”

☒ Seeing that Cooper was about to throw his glass at him, Timothy immediately shut up and surrendered. That b*stard only knows how to use violence to scare someone! Still, he grew up with Genevieve. If he doesn’t know who Jack is, then this guy is pretty suspicious. Why did someone as high profile as Jack come to Chanaea to find Genevieve?

☒ Cooper poured himself another glass of wine and uttered coldly, “If I had known you were this unreliable, Mr. Faulkner, I would’ve made you divorce Genev before I left the country. I could’ve helped her do what she wanted.”

☒ Armand was enraged upon hearing that. He mocked, “Have you no shame? Wasn’t you the one who buried her bright future?”

☒ “You think you didn’t do anything wrong while I did?” Cooper sneered. “Didn’t you marry Genev for a specific purpose?”

- ☒ Armand's expression darkened, and he splashed his wine at Cooper.
- ☒ Cooper couldn't dodge in time, so his face and hair instantly became wet.
- ☒ He retaliated quickly and returned the favor by doing the same thing.
- ☒ Armand moved a little to the side, causing the wine to splash onto Timothy and only a little on his sleeve.
- ☒ Timothy appeared flabbergasted and aggrieved for receiving that attack out of nowhere.
- ☒ He pulled out a couple of pieces of tissue paper and wiped away the wine on his face. "If you guys want to pour wine on each other's faces, please don't get me involved. I'm not the one who's marrying Genevieve! You two should be looking for Jack instead!"
- ☒ "I should be, yes." Cooper wiped his glasses. "He doesn't deserve to touch the person I raised!"
- ☒ Armand raised his eyebrows. "Go to Dartan in a few days."
- ☒ "You can send your own people to do your investigations," Cooper uttered coldly. "You and I aren't familiar enough for you to order me what to do."
- ☒ "Aren't we cousins? Isn't that good enough?" Armand retorted with a half-smile.
- ☒ "What?" Timothy was shocked as his line of sight bounced back and forth between the two of them. "What did you just say, Armand? You two are cousins?"
- ☒ Armand nodded. "He's my Aunt Samantha's son."
- ☒ Timothy asked in puzzlement, "Didn't you say Samantha's son died in her womb when he was eight months old? How did Cooper become her son?"
- ☒ "I believe the doctor worked with my grandmother to lie to Samantha and then handed her child to Zachary."
- ☒ Cooper put on his glasses again and asked, "How much do you know?"
- ☒ "Only that you're Samantha's son. I made guesses about everything else with Genevieve. My grandmother has passed away, so the matter leads only to a dead end. No clues were left behind."
- ☒ Cooper took off his wet coat and threw it onto the couch. "I can't pry the truth out of a dead person's mouth, but a living person is another matter."

Chapter 389

She Is My Wife Armand was a smart man. He immediately understood what that meant. "I'll ask Steven to bring you information regarding all the housekeepers who served my grandmother before." He then took a sip of wine and asked, "How are you going to take care of it?" "If your entire family was burned alive when you were six, and you had the same agonizing nightmare every night, how do you think you'd feel? She killed my entire family and played me like a fiddle. I'll never let this grudge go. A life for a life."

Armand's eyebrows relaxed when he heard that. He poured Cooper a glass of wine. "You should go to Dartan and check if Jack was born there. Find out how did he and Genevieve meet. I have a feeling that he has a specific purpose for coming here." "No!" Cooper said. "You're a smart man. If you go to Dartan by using the excuse of a business trip, no one will suspect anything," Armand persuaded. "If I could leave, I wouldn't have discussed this with you." Cooper pointed at Timothy. "What about him?" Armand glanced at Timothy and snorted. "He's too stupid. Aside from being a doctor, there's nothing much he can do." Timothy was speechless. Armand pulled out a cigarette, lit it up, and gave it to Cooper. "Didn't you say you like Genevieve? Do you want to see Jack Valentine take her away?" A few seconds later, Cooper grabbed the cigarette and took a drag of smoke. "I'll go to Dartan, but only for Genev.

I want to see who exactly this Jack is too and why he showed up by her side." "Mm, if you need anything, just give me a call." Timothy laughed as he listened to their conversation. "You two are so hilarious! What if Genevieve marries another man after you two get rid of Jack?" Both of them shot daggers at him. "I'm sorry! I was wrong!" Timothy violently slapped his mouth and surrendered. There was no way he could win against those two. Right then, a server knocked on the door before coming in and approached Armand. "Ms. Rachford is in the bar, Mr. Faulkner." Armand furrowed his eyebrows. "Just her alone?" "No. There's another woman with her. They're currently at seat A88 drinking wine. I'm just here to let you know about it," the server said. Timothy speculated, "The other woman is probably Jojo.

She said she wanted to have fondue with Genevieve." "Isn't she Genevieve's secretary?" Cooper lifted his glasses when he heard how Timothy called her. "Are you familiar with Johanna?" "She's my wife. How can I not be familiar with her?" he innocently explained when he saw both men staring at him. "I wanted to tell you two about it, but you two are now single again, and I wasn't sure if I can bring it up without hurting both of you." Armand snickered as he looked at him. Timothy was familiar with the owner of the bar. Johanna had used her husband's connection to find the best seat in the bar. The hall was dimly lit and electronic dance music was being played in the background. The atmosphere there was lively, as there were a lot of people.

Johanna had asked for a few special cocktails and a fruit plate and had been dancing to the music. When she saw Genevieve asking for a glass of orange juice, she asked confoundingly, "I ordered a cocktail for you. Why are you drinking orange juice?" "My stomach's not feeling well right now. I can't drink much." Genevieve had not been eating well, and she was worried about the babies. She didn't want to make things worse by drinking alcohol. Johanna didn't try to persuade her friend and just drank the cocktail.

"Did Mr. Valentine visit you during your stay at home?" "No." Genevieve had purposely made herself look bad on the internet so Jack wouldn't want to visit her. It had made her feel quite happy for a period of time. But now, she was afraid that Jack would drag her to the City Hall once he got his residence permit.

Chapter 390

Stirring Up Trouble “You wouldn’t have been bullied online if not for him.” Johanna slammed her glass on the table furiously. “And he didn’t even visit you. What is his problem?” Just as Genevieve was about to say something, a few women stood next to their seats. Because the light there was quite dim, one of the women shone her phone flashlight on Genevieve’s face. “You’re Genevieve Rachford?”

The young woman with the flashlight was wearing a camisole top and a pair of hot pants. She gazed at Genevieve with disdain. “Heh. You only look like an inferior copy of Sylvie!” “That’s right!” another young woman added. “Sylvie looks so much prettier than you!” Genevieve stared at those young women who were talking about Sylvie. They were probably Sylvie’s fans. She knew how crazy fans could be, and she was concerned about her baby’s safety, so she didn’t engage in a conversation with them. Seeing that, the young woman got even angrier. “If not for Sylvie, do you think people will know who you are?”

Johanna couldn’t ignore the situation any longer. She piped up, “She’s just an actor. Do you know what an actor does? They take on a role and then play that role for everyone to see. Even the director admitted in the interview that Genev was the model for that character. I’ll just say it right now. If it wasn’t because Sylvie looked similar to Genev, the director wouldn’t have picked her! She’d have played a small, random role!” She was so thorough in her insult that the young women were at a loss for words. The young woman with the flashlight was purple with rage. “Have you no shame, Genevieve? You hooked up with one man after another. How can there be such a disgusting sl*t like you in our country? If I were you, I would’ve found a tree and a rope and—” Johanna splashed her cocktail on the young woman without hesitation.

“Did your parents give birth to you just to let you talk sh*t with your mouth? Genev is a hundred times better than you! If anything, you’re the sl*t! Look at how small your shirt is and how short your pants are! I can even see your underwear! Do you want all the men in this bar to leer at you?” The young women’s friends wanted to avenge her when they saw that she was drenched. While Johanna might look gentle, she was actually anything but. She immediately lifted the ice bucket on the table and poured them onto the young women’s bodies. Because the bar was hot, the women had all taken off their coats. They were only dressed in thin clothes. Therefore, when their clothes became wet, everyone could see what was underneath them. Genevieve turned on the flashlight on her phone and shone at them. The men around them whistled excitedly when they saw that. The women rapidly covered their chests and scurried away. Johanna returned to the couch and grumbled, “I thought they were going to be a problem when they showed up intimidatingly. Turns out they were lame as hell.

It even makes me feel a little embarrassed for scolding them.” Genevieve smiled. “Now I know there are some women who are pretty good at scolding people despite their cute appearances.” “Nah, I’m just a good citizen.” Johanna placed her arm around Genevieve’s shoulders and said aggrievedly, “I got into an

argument with someone because of you. Aren't you going to praise me for it, Genev?" "You're the best!" Genevieve clinked her against Johanna's. After they stayed at the bar for a while, she felt hungry and wanted to eat something. Johanna agreed, so she asked Genevieve to wait for her at the entrance first while she paid the bill with Timothy's card.

Genevieve wanted to eat another cranberry but realized there wasn't any left. When she raised her head, she saw a few people coming her way and blocking her path. She narrowed her eyes and saw they were the young women who had looked for trouble earlier. Not only that, there was a burly man next to them.