

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 410-412

Chapter 410 Could Not Afford To Take The Risk After leaving the hospital, Jane was about to bring Genevieve to breakfast when her father, Peter, called. Jane asked, "Genevieve, do you need me to give you a ride back to the hotel?" "No need." Genevieve shook her head. "The hotel is in the opposite direction of your house. I can take a taxi." Jane took off her gloves and offered them to Genevieve. The latter was pregnant and had to keep warm. Genevieve hailed a taxi by the road and headed back to the hotel. A short while later, the taxi rolled to a stop when the light turned red.

Without warning, a brute man wearing a beanie scurried toward the taxi. The driver realized that he didn't put up the hired sign and immediately did that. He also wound the window down and waved at the man. "I'm occupied!" he declared. Before the driver could say anything else, the man pulled a gun out of his clothes and pointed it at the driver's head. As he released the safety, the driver paled in horror. Genevieve was glancing out of the window when she realized something was wrong. Her entire body stiffened. The doors were locked, so she couldn't get out. She spotted two men coming over to stand on both sides of the vehicle. The person who was pointing the gun at the driver's head cocked his head and ordered, "Get out!" As his life was at risk, the driver had no choice but to raise his hands as he got out of his car.

The men standing outside immediately got into the backseat, so Genevieve was stuck between them. There was no way for her to escape. The man wearing a beanie pocketed his gun and got into the driver's seat. He floored the accelerator, and the car sped off. It only took them thirty seconds when the light was red to hijack the taxi and drive away. Knowing that they were targeting her, Genevieve kept her cool. None of them uttered a word. The taxi sped all the way out of town before the man sitting on Genevieve's left broke the silence. "Do you know that your dad owes us a lot of money?" "My parents died over a year ago," came Genevieve's answer. "I think you got the wrong person." The man snorted and fished out a photo from his pocket to show it to her. "Your dad gave us this photo. He also told us you are in this taxi and asked us to get the money from you. If he wasn't your dad, why would he know your whereabouts?" It was indeed Genevieve's photo, but she had no idea who knew her whereabouts this well. The man showed her another IOU.

"Your dad borrowed a total of eighty million from us. He wrote this himself. If he can't pay us back on time, we can take you as collateral." Genevieve saw Yorick's name on the IOU. Even though Johanna acted ruthlessly, he still refused to change and continued gambling. A leopard cannot change its spots, huh? I should've taken action and sent him to the police station. The man observed Genevieve and flashed

a devious smile. "You're prettier in real life. You should be worth around eighty million." Genevieve initially wanted to say that she didn't know who Yorick was. However, she was scared that the men might realize she was Armand's ex-wife if she were to tell them her real name.

They might take her life, as they were afraid Armand would take revenge on them. Even if they only had the notion of killing her, she couldn't afford to risk herself and her children. After contemplating briefly, Genevieve looked down. "He is addicted to gambling for a long time, so our family is in poverty. I can't give you eighty million at once..." "Fifty million will do," the man told her. "You can pay off the remainder within a week. That's the best we can offer. Otherwise, we'll sell you off to get the money back!"

Chapter 411 The Reason Genevieve Went There He left no room for negotiation. Genevieve's voice trembled as she said, "I shall call my friend for help..." The men were holding her hostage. They were sure she wouldn't play any tricks and so they allowed her to make the call with the condition that she had to put the call on speakerphone. Genevieve called Steven, but he didn't pick up. She then called Bertilla. Fortunately, Bertilla answered her call. Hastily, she pleaded, "Bertilla, I need fifty million now. Can you lend me the money?" On the other end of the line, Bertilla answered reluctantly, "I run a pretty small company, and I have a few debts that I haven't collected yet this month. Where do I get fifty million to lend you?" "Please figure a way out.

Please!" Genevieve pleaded. The man on her left warned her to tell her friend to transfer the money to an account in three minutes, or they would sell her off. Genevieve had to call Bertilla again to urge him. After finishing her business at home, Jane told her driver to bring her to the restaurant. On the second floor, she saw Armand sitting by the window. A delicious spread was served before him, but he didn't touch any of it. "Mando," Jane greeted him and coughed softly. She shrugged out of her jacket and placed it on the couch before sitting down. Snapping out of his reverie, Armand took his coffee and sipped on it.

"The Wood family rose from the ashes, so Uncle Peter needs their help to gain a firm foothold in Faulkner Group. Thus, he still needs Xavier to be his son-in-law." Jane's eyes dimmed after she heard his words. Her father had summoned her home earlier to talk to her about that. "My dad said there's no need for me to get engaged to him, for we'll be getting married right away." Jane pursed her pale lips and added softly, "We'll be getting married on New Year's Day at St. Weiss Church." She struggled hard for so long and wished that she could live happily before dying. Alas, she couldn't even decide her own future. Armand glanced at her and put his coffee back on the table. His voice was cool as he said, "I don't know who is helping the Wood family, so I dare not take action against them recklessly.

I'll ask someone to help you in secret by claiming that it isn't proper to get married on New Year's Day. That way, your wedding will be postponed." Jane's eyes lit up at once. She then thanked him sincerely. "Thanks, Mando!" The Faulkner family was huge. Cesar alone had many children. Jane was Armand's cousin, and they weren't really close to each other. Previously, her father had even tried to take Central Group for himself. Jane knew Armand had only agreed to help her because he had asked her to give Genevieve a Christmas present in his stead. He was merely returning the favor now. Armand hummed in acknowledgment and picked up his fork. After taking a few bites, he asked nonchalantly, "Did you go to Marie Hospital this morning?" Jane bobbed

her head. "I felt unwell this morning and asked my driver to bring me there." "Did you run into Genevieve there?" "Yes, I did." Jane admitted to it. "Mando, how do you know that?" Armand's gaze turned wintry. A while later, he answered, "I broke Jack's ribs last night, and Steven sent him to Marie Hospital.

This morning, Steven happened to see you two there." Jack had drugged Genevieve, but she didn't even blame him after waking up. Instead, she had gone straight to the hospital to visit him. It felt as if Armand had ruined their good moment the night before. How ridiculous I am. Despite her curiosity, Jane didn't dare ask questions, as she felt that Armand wasn't about to elaborate on the matter. The temperature dropped drastically as silence ensued. Mando's angry. It's pretty obvious why he got upset. Jane parted her lips, intending to tell him that Genevieve had not gone to the hospital because of Jack. However, she couldn't tell him that Genevieve went to the hospital to check on her babies. If he were to find out the truth, Jack would most probably lose his life instead of suffering from a few broken ribs.

Chapter 412 Fear As Jane seemed hesitant, Armand asked calmly, "What do you want to say?" "Nothing." Jane shook her head. Right then, Armand's phone rang. Seeing it was Cooper, he answered the call. Once the call was connected, Cooper growled, "Armand Faulkner, what is going on? Isn't Xedells your territory?" "What's wrong?" Armand's brows snapped together. "Bertilla just called me. Apparently, Genev called him urgently and seemed to be out of sorts. She might've been kidnapped.

Find out where she is!" Cooper revealed hastily. Armand's expression changed abruptly. He hung up the phone and immediately called Steven. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that someone would try to harm Genevieve in his territory! Seeing his reaction, Jane asked carefully, "What happened, Mando?" "It seems that Genevieve is in trouble." Armand grabbed his jacket and got up to leave. Before leaving, he questioned, "Did you leave the hospital with her?" "Yes." Jane nodded. "Dad asked me to go home, so Genevieve took a taxi. She didn't want me to give her a ride." When Genevieve left, Jane had happened to turn at her shoulders and spotted the taxi's license number. She promptly told Armand about it. Steven answered his call right at this moment. "Mr. Faulkner, what is it?" Armand told Steven the taxi's license number that he had gotten from Jane so Steven could locate the taxi driver and find out the route that the taxi had taken. Shortly after, Steven found the driver, who recounted the entire incident to Armand. A few minutes later, Steven reported the taxi's whereabouts to Armand.

"There is an ongoing construction on Saint Street, so all vehicles have to take another route out of the city. However, the facilities on the road are incomplete. The surveillance cameras have been installed, but they aren't plugged in yet." It meant that they had lost sight of the taxi. Genevieve's phone number was from her country, so it was difficult to get her GPS location. It would take at least one day to

get that done. Bertilla sent news that he had transferred the money to an overseas bank account and couldn't find out who the recipient was. Armand's face was as dark as thunder. The men are armed, and they dared to take her hostage in the city area. What if they want Genevieve dead? His

fingers gripping his phone trembled slightly. Soon, he calmed himself down and ordered, "Steven, speed up. Find out who the men are.

Send more cars to search the roads without surveillance cameras, including highways and the suburbs." Without hesitation, he drove his car along the route that the taxi had passed through while trying to figure out where they would go. A light blue taxi was speeding along an empty road in the suburb. In the backseat, the man stared at his phone until he received a text from his companion. He immediately told the driver, "We received the money. It was deposited within three minutes." Genevieve said softly, "You've received the money, so can you release me now? I'll try my best to get the remainder for you when I get back home..." The man on her left was about to say something when the car screeched to a halt. "We got the money, so we'll definitely be releasing you." Hearing his words, the man with the phone got out of the car.

"Get out!" Genevieve glanced out and realized they were in the middle of nowhere. There were no cars in sight. She wouldn't be able to last here for a few hours, as she didn't even have a down jacket with her. Thus, Genevieve tried to reason with them. "Can you give me a ride back to the city? I can give you more interest." "We can do that, but we need something in return," the man outside told her as his gaze darkened. As Genevieve didn't move an inch and seemed to have agreed to the deal, the man bent down to get back into the car.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 413



Chapter 413 Do Not Sleep Before the man could get in, Genevieve grabbed her phone and scrambled out of the vehicle.

Before leaving, " u1662949045021i="We'll get the remainder from you three cursed inwardly. Nevertheless, she was terrified that they might change their mind and quickly ran away from the road to find shelter. It was only after the taxi disappeared from sight that Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief. She removed a glove and was about to make a call when she realized there was no signal. Glancing around, she discovered she was in a desolate area without any shelter around. In order to not freeze to death, Genevieve had no choice but to walk around aimlessly to try to get a signal. She would fish her phone out occasionally to try to

make a call. Genevieve wore only a silk nightgown and a wool coat when she came out of the hotel, so she was shivering in the cold now. Fortunately, Jane had given her a pair of gloves previously. Otherwise, her fingers would've been frozen by now. She tried walking in several directions but failed to get any signal. The chilly wind penetrated her coat and chilled her to her bones.

She was so exhausted and cold that she could barely walk. A while later, Genevieve fished her phone out and saw there was a signal. Excited, she ran ahead. When there were two signal bars, countless missed calls and text messages popped up on her phone. Genevieve was about to make a call when someone called her. She answered it hastily. "Genevieve, where are you?"

Armand demanded. Hearing his voice made her feel wonderfully alive. Her voice choked as she answered, "I-I'm at... I don't know where I am." Tears streamed down her cheeks as her teeth chattered. "I'm freezing. My legs are going numb." Hearing her

sobs, Armand wanted nothing more than to fly to her side right now. Yet, he could only comfort her over the phone at that

moment. When she finally calmed down, Armand told her to see if there were any buildings or road signs around. He also

wanted to know if there was anything ahead of her.

Genevieve glanced around and told him everything that was in her sight.

“Genevieve, if you can't find a shelter, don't just stand there. Move around,” Armand instructed her. “Don't take deep breaths or

panic. I'll find you.” He gave her his word. “Does your phone still have battery?” he asked. “I think there is still around thirty

percent left,” came Genevieve's answer. She remembered that her battery was at forty-eight percent before she answered his

call. She glanced at the screen to check the battery level, but her phone powered off suddenly. Despite trying a few times,

Genevieve failed to switch her phone back on. She belatedly realized that her phone was icy cold. Perhaps the battery drains

quickly in the cold weather. Pulling her coat tighter, Genevieve paced around and breathed slowly to warm herself up. However, that wouldn't work for long. Time ticked by. Soon, she was freezing again. Despite wearing fleece gloves, she could feel her hands going numb. She was worried that the cold would affect her children. Later, Genevieve got so cold that she started losing consciousness. When she finally collapsed to the ground, she saw a car appearing ahead of her. A black figure dashed out of the car and ran toward her. "Genevieve? Genevieve! Don't sleep. We're going to arrive at the hospital soon. Open your eyes and look at me." Genevieve heard Armand talking to her, but his voice was muffled. She couldn't hear him clearly and felt warmth spreading across her limbs. Failing to open her eyes, she passed out in the comfortable embrace.">one man waved goodbye to her. "Gorgeous, prepare the money. ">days later." F*ck you! Genevieve

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 414



Chapter 414 Not Expecting To See Him When Genevieve regained consciousness, she realized she was in the hospital, wrapped up comfortably in a thick blanket. She had just sat up when Jack came in with a food jar. He hurried into the room when he realized she was awake. Reaching out, he touched her forehead and confirmed she wasn't running a temperature.

“Genev, do you feel unwell?” Genevieve shook her head. She didn't expect to see him after waking up. “How did I end up in the hospital?” “Someone left you in the suburb, and you passed out from the cold. Your limbs were freezing, and you also had a fever after being admitted to the hospital,” Jack revealed. Genevieve was taken aback to hear that. I thought I heard Armand's voice before I fainted. Turns out it was Jack who found me first? Recalling her babies, Genevieve scrambled out of bed. Jack knew why she panicked and pushed her back into bed. “Lie down and don't move. Your babies are fine. The doctor didn't

prescribe you any medicine that would harm your babies when you had a fever.” He poured her a glass of warm water and fed

her with a spoon. After Genevieve drank some water, Jack took a piece of tissue paper and wiped the water away from her lips.

As her body tensed up, he chuckled. “Genev, you're my wife, so your babies are also mine. I love you all, so I don't mind that

you're pregnant. I don't want you to go through another pregnancy in the future, so I shall leave everything I own to them.” Fear

clawed up Genevieve's throat when she heard his words. If he is responsible for bringing up my babies, they will grow up to be

more extreme than him. Jack opened the food jar and poured some chicken oatmeal out. He fed her the food slowly. “I've found

the men who kidnapped you in the city. After some questioning, they told me why they kidnapped you. I also found Yorick at the

casino,” he told her. Genevieve knew he was capable enough of tracking down anyone he wanted. “Did you bring them to the

police station?" "Why would I do that?" Jack narrowed his emerald eyes. In his deep and charismatic voice, he added, "The police would most probably give them a warning and release them. That would be too light a punishment." As he seemed calm, a sense of foreboding rose in Genevieve's heart. "What did you do to them?" Jack chuckled. "They like gambling, right? I asked my men to have their bodies drained of blood before sealing their bodies in cement. I then told my men to bury their bodies beneath the casino. That's a great idea, right? They can still do what they like after death. Yorick can even see people gamble all day." Genevieve wanted to teach those men a lesson, but Jack's actions were too cruel. A chill ran down her spine as she protested, "You could've beaten them up to teach them a lesson. That's so cruel of you!" "How could you say that, Genev?" Jack caressed her face, seemingly upset by her words. "They left you in a desolate area, so it's obvious they wanted you dead. They deserved

to die. An eye for an eye. I didn't do anything wrong. You're my wife, my only hope in life. I will never let those who harmed you off the hook." After a pause, he seemed to remember something. "Oh, by the way, I have something to show you." With that said, he picked up the remote control and switched on the television to watch the news. The headline read: Cesar Faulkner's wife, Isabella Rudler, slit her wrist and took her own life at home last night. Genevieve was certain that this was also Jack's doing. He's smart not to cause a car accident twice, so no one would suspect him. Jack watched in amusement as the reporter read the news. "My men told me that they pinned Isabella inside the bathtub and used a sharp blade to slit the artery on her wrist. The blood didn't splatter around, so she died in a nicer way than the previous woman."

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 415

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 415 If You Love Me Genevieve couldn't tamp down her disgust anymore. She proceeded to puke out everything she ate earlier.

Some of her vomit splattered on Jack's pants. Her stomach was empty by the time she was done. Jack hurriedly poured her a glass of water so she could gargle her mouth. "I forgot you're pregnant and can't listen to gory stuff. I'll keep that in mind next

time." He then went out and summoned the cleaner to clear the mess up. After the cleaner left, Jack's men showed up with

another bowl of chicken oatmeal. Jack wanted to feed her, but she refused to part her lips. "The doctor drew your blood last night

for a blood test. Your blood sugar is low, and it might affect the children's growth. Do you want to lose them?"

After a few seconds

of stalemate, Genevieve took the bowl from him and said hoarsely, "I'll eat it myself." Tamping down her

discomfort, she ate the

oatmeal slowly. Jack suffered from broken ribs, and his chest was bandaged. His entire body was aching by now.

Thus, he

leaned back in his chair to rest. Resting his chin on his palm, he said, "There is one more person left. After dealing with that person, I'll leave everything to my subordinates so we can go back to Dartan. How does that sound?" Genevieve focused on her food and didn't respond to him. In the Faulkner residence, no one knew that Cesar's second wife, Isabella, would die days after Mavis was buried. Armand was so busy dealing with those matters that he didn't even have time to go to the hospital. Isabella's death took him by surprise. During Mavis' funeral, he had talked to Isabella briefly and asked to meet her at Christmas so they could talk about his biological mother. Isabella had agreed to his request readily. He had just sent Genevieve to the hospital when he received news that Isabella had slit her wrist at her house. Steven came into the study only to see Armand wearing a grim expression. He felt his scalp tingle at the terrifying sight. Offering Armand a file, he said, "I sent someone to search Mdm.

Rudler's room. We pried open the floor underneath her bed and found these.” Armand opened the file. There were a few wornout papers and photos inside. Isabella seemed to be in her twenties in the photos. Someone had taken photos of her leaving the hospital with a baby. The worn-out papers were the birth record of the baby girl. There was something else in the file, so he poured it out and discovered that it was a small flash drive. Armand's gaze darkened. He got his laptop and stuck the flash drive into his laptop. There was only one audio recording inside, and he clicked into it. Soon, Isabella's voice rang out. She seemed to be arguing with a man. “Cesar, did you tell the driver to drive slowly and cause Ellen to die in the car?” she screamed. “She has pneumonia, so it is torturing for her to remain alive.” “It's just pneumonia, not an incurable disease! Cesar, how could you do this to her?” Isabella's voice was trembling. “She's your daughter!” Cesar said indifferently, “I have more than enough daughters. I

don't need you to get another one elsewhere.” Isabella howled at him furiously, “You brought Armand back so I can bring him up!

Why did you dote on Armand but refuse to let a one-year-old girl live? I can't give birth to children. Is it wrong to wish to have

more children?” “If you want a child, my brothers have plenty of them. I can ask them to give you one,” came Cesar's icy answer.

Isabella gave him a slap out of fury. “You brought Armand back, but you love him more than Sam and the rest. Is he your son

with another woman?” she demanded. Cesar fell silent for some time before responding, “You have Armand, and that's enough.

When I die, the Faulkner family belongs to you and Armand.” “You refuse to spill anything, huh? So that means you're admitting

it.” Isabella let out a bitter laugh. “My aunt introduced me to a few men, but I told her I wanted to marry you. I knew you were

married to Mavis, but I thought I was fine with it as long as you could love me.” She added bitterly, “How could you make me

bring up your son who was given birth by another woman? You also killed the child I brought back home. You never loved Mavis, me, and the others, right? Cesar Faulkner, you're a monster! Just you wait. Retribution will be brought upon you and your son!"

Her voice was laced with hatred.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 416

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 416 Nothing To Do With You The audio recording ended right there, but Isabella's hatred seemed to loom in the study.

Steven couldn't believe his ears. Armand hung his head low silently. He was still young when Ellen was born, so he didn't

remember much. All he remembered was that Ellen was born with pneumonia. She was barely one year old when she had an

attack. On the way to the hospital, she passed away.

Back then, he recalled seeing Isabella crying with Ellen's corpse in her

arms. A tense silence ensued in the study, and Steven could barely breathe. A long while later, he broke the silence. "Mr.

Faulkner, this has nothing to do with you." Armand responded, "It was Father who brought me back, resulting in the following

tragedies." When Armand was young, he couldn't understand why Isabella had hated him and treated him harshly. All the while,

Isabella had treated his brothers and his cousins better than him. She would never give him any presents on his birthday. In fact,

she couldn't be bothered to wish him a happy birthday.

As Isabella had done a one-eighty after Ellen's death, he had thought she

had been too upset by her daughter's death. Now that he finally got to hear the audio recording, he realized why she had acted

that way. It took Armand a while before he snapped out of reverie. He then put the photos and flash drive back into the file. "Has

Genevieve regained consciousness?" he asked. Steven said hesitantly, "Yes, Jack is taking care of Ms. Rachford now." "Mm.

You don't have to go to the hospital anymore.” Armand's voice sounded tired. “You may leave now. I'm tired, so I'd like to take a rest.” Steven parted his lips, intending to say something, but he eventually decided against it and left as told. Initially, Genevieve planned to head back during Christmas so she could spend the day with Johanna and the rest. However, she was forced to remain in Xedells after the kidnapping. A day before New Year's Day, Genevieve and Jack went back to Jadeborough. Johanna had no idea what had happened to Genevieve in Xedells. After learning of her return, she invited Genevieve to have dinner before counting down to the new year together. Jack tagged along. Johanna loved the movie directed by Jack. She nearly fainted in excitement to see her favorite director. Jack beamed and played along when she asked to take photos with him and get his autograph. Soon, Johanna realized Genevieve seemed out of sorts. She then whispered something in Timothy's ear. The

four of them were having dinner when a bunch of girls rushed into the restaurant. The girls then surrounded Jack and screamed so loudly that the rest nearly went deaf. Johanna took advantage of the commotion and dragged Genevieve away to have a private talk with her. Once they fled the scene, Johanna told her, "I realized you seemed out of sorts during dinner as though you didn't want to spend time with Jack, so I told Timothy to inform Jack's fans that we're having dinner at this restaurant." "No wonder so many of them rushed into the restaurant all of a sudden..." Genevieve did not expect that her friends were behind this. "Thanks." Johanna gave a dismissive wave. "Didn't you marry Jack? Why do you look awkward with him? Is he too possessive?" she asked curiously. Genevieve didn't want her to worry and shook her head. "He's too handsome, so I sometimes find it annoying." "Genev, that's too funny!" Johanna burst out in giggles. Genevieve and Johanna were having barbecued food in a

restaurant beside the mall when Jack texted her. He claimed that he couldn't get rid of the fans. After reading his text, Genevieve reminded him to head home after escaping from his fans. She also told him that she was having dinner with Johanna and would go home herself. Genevieve was much more relaxed when Jack wasn't around. After dinner, she followed Johanna to the central square.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 417

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 417 What Did You Call Him The streets were busy on New Year's Eve, and a large crowd gathered in the central square.

Instead of the usual advertisements from major brands, the electronic screens in the central square played a New Year's Eve celebration TV program and filled the surrounding with melodious songs. Initially, Genevieve did not think much when she saw

Johanna walking closely with Timothy. However, she was stunned when Johanna hugged Timothy and called him “Hubby” while asking him to buy a bubble machine.

Genevieve thought she had misheard. Thus, she pulled Johanna close and asked, “What did you call Timothy?” “Hubby,”

Johanna said. “What is wrong with that?” Genevieve looked at her, dumbfounded. “How can you say there is nothing wrong? Why

did you suddenly call him Hubby?” Meanwhile, Timothy had bought two bubble machines, and he happened to overhear their

conversation. He tapped Johanna's shoulder and said, “Did you forget to tell Genev that we have registered our marriage?”

Johanna exclaimed and turned to Genevieve. “Genev, have I not told you about this?” Genevieve was rendered speechless. “In

that case, I will announce it again. Timothy and I got married!” Johanna wrapped her arms around Timothy's waist and giggled.

“Quick! Congratulate me!” “Congratulations,” Genevieve replied weakly. She could not recall ever seeing Johanna showing

interest in Timothy. Yet, it turned out they got married. The central square was too crowded. Genevieve was concerned about her pregnancy, so she rested on a bench at the side after walking for a while. Soon, Johanna came to her with two steaming baked potatoes. "I asked Timothy to get drinks." Johanna took a seat beside Genevieve and ate a baked potato. "Men are still quite useful sometimes." Genevieve could not help but chuckle as she listened to Johanna's musing. However, she recalled what Jack had done and felt troubled again. "Jojo, I need to tell you something." Johanna turned to her. "What is the matter?" Genevieve looked down and said, "Your father borrowed a large sum of money from loan sharks again. He targeted me as soon as I reached Xedells, and he told the creditors to kidnap me and make me pay..." Johanna was stunned and asked urgently, "Genev, are you okay?" "I am fine." Genevieve shook her head and said guiltily, "I planned to hand over your father to the police, but Jack

went overboard and beat him to death... Jojo, I'm sorry.”
“I should be the one apologizing,” Johanna replied quickly. “I didn't expect him to dare to cause trouble even after losing his fingers! Furthermore, he has ceased to be my father since the day he sold me to the club.” Then, Johanna hugged Genevieve tightly. “I'm sorry, Genev... If anything happened to you, I wouldn't let that man go even if Jack did not kill him!” Genevieve was relieved to hear Johanna say that. After New Year's Day, Genevieve informed Jack that she felt unwell and went to the hospital alone for a health checkup. She made an appointment with a random department at General Hospital and sneaked into the cardiology department. When she saw Jermaine in his office, she knocked on the door. “Dr. Sitler, may I ask for your help?” Genevieve returned from the hospital in the afternoon and quietly made arrangements. She wrote a letter in advance. As she wrote, she wondered when Cooper would receive the letter after she was

gone. However, she felt at ease knowing Cooper was managing the company. Melissa knocked on the study's door when

Genevieve had just turned off her laptop. "Ms. Rachford, Mr. Faulkner is here." Although it was Steven who had arranged for

Melissa to work there, Armand and Genevieve had divorced for a long time. Since this was Genevieve's residence, Melissa could

not let anyone in without Genevieve's permission.

Genevieve left the study after hearing Melissa and went to the doorway to

open the door. Armand stood outside, dressed in a woolen coat. His expression was stern as usual, but Genevieve could see a trace of loneliness in his eyes.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 418

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 418 Not Everything Is Repairable Genevieve tightened her grip on the doorknob and asked, "Mr. Faulkner, is something

the matter?" "I'm here to deliver something," Armand answered in a raspy voice and opened the violin case he was holding. It

contained a reddish-brown violin.

The violin looked new at first glance, but one could see crack lines on a closer inspection. The crack lines had been skillfully

drawn over with beautiful patterns. This violin was a gift from Genevieve's father on her birthday. However, she later smashed it.

Armand took out the violin from the case, presented it to Genevieve, and said in a low voice, "I found the best luthier and had this

violin repaired. I know I have wronged you in the past, but I hope you can give me a chance to make it up to you." Then, Armand

gulped and looked at Genevieve. "I'm not sure how to express my feeling, but I hope you can remain by my side." He continued

to hold the violin and kneeled on one knee. "Darling, can we reconcile? I will give you anything you want."

Genevieve and

Armand had been together for a long time and had been through a lot together. She had witnessed his uncaring side and his

wretched state. Furthermore, he always seemed dignified, as if he never had to concede or bow down. Yet, he humbled himself and kneeled before her. Genevieve felt an ache in her heart. Tears began to gather in her eyes as she felt an irresistible urge to pull him to stand. Thus, she closed her eyes and suppressed her complicated emotions. "Although you have repaired the violin, it can't produce beautiful music," Genevieve said. "Not everything is repairable." Then, she stepped back and closed the door slowly. She watched Armand through the door gap. His usually indifferent gaze had turned dull with despair. Genevieve quickly closed the door and could not stop trembling. Melissa saw Genevieve come in and noticed her sullen mood. Thus, she slipped into the laundry room. The following day, Genevieve got ready and messaged Jack, asking if he was busy before inviting him to lunch. That afternoon, Jack came to Regality Gardens and asked, "Genev, you never allowed me to come here before." "Am I not

allowed to invite you here now?" Genevieve's expression turned sullen. She pushed him out of the house and threatened to close the door. "You can leave if you don't wish to stay here." "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that." Jack smiled and ushered her into the house before closing the door. Genevieve went to the pantry and prepared coffee. She put in a high dose of sleeping drug before serving the coffee. Then, she chatted with Jack and watched him finish the coffee gradually. A few minutes after finishing the coffee, Jack said he was tired and fell asleep on the couch. Genevieve waited for a while before approaching Jack and patting his face. "Jack, would you like to nap in the guest room?" Seeing Jack soundly asleep, Genevieve immediately went to her bedroom and took the bag containing her identification documents. Then, she went to the laundry room and said, "Melissa, he had consumed a sleeping drug and is now asleep. Can you watch him for me? You can return to Swallow Garden in an hour."

Melissa was shocked to hear what Genevieve had done, but she nodded obediently. After Genevieve left, Melissa planned to load dirty laundry into the washing machine before returning to the living room. Suddenly, a folded paper fell out as she removed clothes from the laundry basket. The paper unfolded by itself as it fell. Melissa saw the words “pregnancy test” on it as she picked it up. She took it and saw that it was a pregnancy test report. It stated Genevieve's name and gestational age. Melissa looked at the gestational age and remembered something. Wasn't Ms. Rachford still married to Mr. Faulkner when she was two months pregnant? No wonder Ms. Rachford asked me for cranberries. It turns out she is pregnant. Then, Melissa recalled what Genevieve had done and felt something was wrong. She believed she had to inform Armand about Genevieve's pregnancy. Thus, Melissa put the folded paper in her pocket and rushed out of the laundry room.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 419



Chapter 419 You Win However, she noticed Jack missing from the living room. She rushed to the doorway and found his shoes

were no longer there. Melissa realized Jack could have left on his own and panicked.

Thus, she ran out of the house and called Genevieve on the phone. However, Genevieve had turned off her phone. Huh? Didn't

he consume a sleeping drug? How could he still get up and leave? Then, Melissa called Steven urgently. "Mr.

Sullivan,

something bad happened. I don't know what Ms.

Rachford is up to, but she drugged Mr. Valentine with a sleeping drug and

asked me to watch him. However, Mr. Valentine

disappeared when I went to check on him." Steven

asked, "Where is Ms.

Rachford now?" "I don't know. She took a bag and left in a hurry..." Melissa recalled the pregnancy test report she

found in the

laundry bag and wanted to tell Steven about it. However, a large and intimidating man suddenly blocked her way.

The man

raised an index finger and made a shushing gesture. Melissa was stunned by fright and nodded before ending the call.

Meanwhile, Genevieve got into a hospital van with the help of Jermaine and his sister and headed toward Baykeep. She was anxious throughout the journey. It was only after she boarded the plane at Baykeep Airport that she could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Baykeep was a long distance from Jadeborough. She believed her plane would have already taken off by the time Jack reached Baykeep. Once her flight landed, she planned to board another flight so that no one could trace where she went. At this moment, passengers continued to board the plane and walked past her seat. Suddenly, Genevieve sensed someone sitting down in the seat beside hers. She smelled a familiar sea salt scent, prompting her heart to thump anxiously. Jack leaned closer and placed his arm around Genevieve's shoulders. "Genev, are you heading to Dartan in advance to surprise me?" Genevieve

turned to him and became tense. "How did you..." "How am I not asleep for a few hours? Is that what you want to know?" Jack chuckled. "I forgot to tell you that I used to take sleeping pills frequently. Sleeping drugs don't work on me anymore." Genevieve opened her mouth and suddenly felt dizzy and sleepy. She slumped against his embrace and fell asleep. It was the fourteenth of February. Many reporters gathered outside St. Weiss Church in Xedells on this Valentine's Day. They still remembered Jack, a genius film director, had mentioned he would marry Genevieve this Valentine's Day. However, Jack had rarely appeared in public in the past two months. The reporters saw the outside of St. Weiss Church decorated with bell orchids. Furthermore, a priest waited patiently on the tall altar. However, the bride and groom were nowhere to be found. As the crowd was perplexed, a Rolls-Royce Ghost stopped before the church entrance. Then, Jack stepped out of the car, dressed in a black tuxedo. His long hair

cascaded down his shoulders, and his face was so breathtakingly beautiful that it rivaled many women's. However, only Jack got out of the car. Seeing that, the reporters surrounded him and questioned him about Genevieve's absence. Still, Jack responded with a smile, "Initially, Genev and I planned to get married here today. However, she discovered she was pregnant soon after returning to Dartan with me. Since it is unsuitable for her to travel a long way, we will postpone our wedding. Thus, I came here to ask the priest to bless Genev and the baby." Jack entered the church as he spoke and went to receive the priest's blessing. It was such astounding news that the reporters and audiences watching the live stream were in disbelief. Furthermore, it turned out that not only did Jack and Genevieve register their marriage suddenly, but they were even expecting a baby. The shocking news spread throughout numerous media outlets. Even Armand, who rarely checked his phone, could not avoid seeing them. He sat

before his desk quietly and stared at the video set on replay. After a long time, Armand opened the desk drawer and found a ring that looked just like the one he was wearing. Harriet had given the rings to Genevieve and him in the past. Later, Genevieve had said she had lost it. However, Marilyn had asked to meet him half a month ago and revealed Genevieve had given it to her. Furthermore, he had heard many things from Marilyn. Thus, Armand took off his ring and placed it in the box with the other ring.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 420

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 420 A Pale Imitation Time flew by, and seasons passed. It was now the snowy winter. It felt like things had changed, but somehow, nothing seemed to have changed. There was a gathering of entrepreneurs in Deux Banquet Hall at Lovely Heart Hotel. The event was called “Spring Rain Charity Night”, and it was an event held in the collaboration of Spring Rain Foundation,

Future Foundation, and Central Group Foundation. However, this banquet was secretive and low-key. There were no reporters, and none of the guests accepted interviews. Furthermore, there were fewer than two hundred guests.

Most of them were prominent individuals in the business sphere. The guests trickled into the banquet hall and sat at their assigned seats. At the same time, the screen on the stage played a short clip produced by Spring Rain Foundation. Soon, a young female host walked onto the stage and thanked everyone for attending the charity dinner. Then, she said, "We are honored to have Ms. Genevieve Rachford here to give us an opening performance for this charity dinner. Later, her violin will be a part of the items for auction." After the host left the stage, the guests wondered amongst themselves. Who is this Genevieve Rachford? Could it be someone else of the same name? Everyone snuck a glance at one of the tables. It was a table closest to the stage. People who had the privilege of sitting there were bigwigs in their industries. One of the men seated there was

Armand. He wore a black suit and had a mature charm as he conversed with the people beside him. Although he smiled politely and seemed mild-tempered, others could vaguely sense the coldness and heartlessness beneath his amicable demeanor. There was only one woman at that table, and she sat beside Armand. She wore a white strapless dress and a luxurious diamond necklace. No matter how many times Armand changed his female companions in the past four years, she was the only woman who attended various events with him. That woman was called Sylvie Clasen. She was a top actress in the entertainment industry and had an unshakable status. The crowd glanced at Armand and turned to look at Sylvie. Sylvie was beautiful, and her face resembled Armand's ex-wife. At that moment, the lights on the stage gradually went out before a cluster of lights shone on it. The stage curtains remained down, but the guests could hear someone playing a beautiful piece of Sonata in E minor behind

it. The music was soothing, and everyone gradually relaxed and winded down. Then, the curtains parted, revealing a woman in a black long gown who stood quietly on the stage. The close-fitting fabric wrapped around her graceful figure, complimenting her snow-white skin. She stood under the stage lights and played the violin without a care for her surroundings. Her figure glimmered like a mirage under the lights. It seemed as if she could disappear at any moment. Soon, the music came to an end. The audience was still mesmerized by the lovely tone of her violin and only began clapping when she bowed, filling the banquet hall with the noises of their applause. Then, Genevieve got off the stage and handed the violin to one of the staff. Later, a company director seated with Armand noticed Genevieve searching around for a place to sit and called out to her, "Ms. Rachford." He pointed to the empty seat beside him as Genevieve approached the table. "Thank you. If you hadn't offered me a seat, I would've

had to stand awkwardly over there.” Genevieve smiled at the director and took the offered seat. The director smiled. “You're most welcome.” The guests at the table finally saw Genevieve up close. They looked at her eyes, which were shining like crystals, and her exquisite facial features. There was not a flaw to be found. Her high birth gave her a uniquely elegant presence. On the other hand, although Sylvie resembled Genevieve and was beautiful, she looked like a pale imitation of Genevieve when the latter showed up beside her.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 421

❓ ❓ ❓

Chapter 421 Should Not Be Asking Sylvie, too, had noticed that the bigwigs were staring at her. Her eyes glinted, but she

retained her composure. Having been in the entertainment industry for as long as she did, she was one who had learned how to

manage her own emotions well. Genevieve was feeling a little hot, and her cheeks were flushed from performing on stage for some time.

Picking up the flask from the revolving tray, she went on to pour herself a glass of water and started chatting with Jan beside her.

Shortly into their conversation, Jan could not help but ask, "Aren't you going to say hello to Mr.

Faulkner?" Then, he pointed to her right. As though she had just noticed his presence, Genevieve said

apologetically, "I was busy drinking and didn't notice that you were there." "It's been a while, Mr.

Faulkner." When she extended her hand, the jasmine bracelet around her wrist got dislodged, and she quickly bent down to

retrieve it. As she did so, a few locks of her raven black hair brushed against the man's suit pants. Armand was able to feel the mildly ticklish sensation that resulted when her hair swept over the fabric that lay atop his thigh. Then his leg twitched.

It felt as though he had stepped on something. Pulling aside the pristine white tablecloth, he reached toward the floor to pick up the bracelet, which he then passed along to Genevieve. "Thank you." Genevieve received the floral accessory from him and redonned it. That bracelet had been personally placed around their wrists by representatives of the charitable foundation at the doors.

She still needed to keep it on as there would be a group photo-taking session afterward. "You're welcome."

Armand's demeanor

was passive, and his tone lukewarm with a degree of politeness. It was as though they were previously unacquainted. His words

were met with a shrug from Genevieve.

She then looked past the man toward Sylvie.

"What a lovely coincidence that you're here too, Ms. Clasen.

I saw that you have another movie that is going to be released soon." "A real coincidence indeed." Sylvie nodded, smilingly. Over

the past four years, Sylvie was able to tap on Armand's vast networks to produce one film each year, all of which were helmed by famous directors, and with each and every production, clinching quite a few awards for themselves. To date, she had snagged two best actress awards and generated more income from the movies than she could ever hope to spend, so unlike other celebrities, she no longer needed to tire herself out by taking on endorsement deals. "I'd definitely attend the premiere and show my support if I'm able to," Genevieve said. "Then thank you in advance, Ms. Rachford." Taking a sip of water, Sylvie then asked, "Did you return here on your own?" Genevieve leaned back into the chair and smiled subtly. "I should be back here, seeing that this is my hometown, after all. Why would I need an entourage following me about? Perhaps you've already grown accustomed to having your makeup artist and assistant around, being a star and all, but personally, I prefer having my own freedom." Sylvie's expression stiffened for a moment.

Then, she smiled faintly and said no more. The rest seated at the table were all men who were relatively more klutzy in comparison.

As such, they thought that the two ladies were merely chatting, unable to tell that the pair were trading barbs between the lines.

One by one, the dishes were served, and Genevieve continued to engage Sylvie while she ate.

“I’ve often come across articles written about you.

According to them, women around Mr.

Faulkner come and go, but only you have been a constant at his side.

Is what they say true? That you've been married to each other for a while already?” Had Armand been absent, Sylvie might be

more open to speaking, but given the extenuating circumstances, she merely cast a glance his way and held her silence. “What's

wrong? Is this a question I shouldn't be asking?” Genevieve looked at Armand with her brows raised. Jan, who had called on

Genevieve to join them earlier, interjected in good humor, “They're not.

How could I not have known if Mr. Faulkner was married?”

“Not yet?” Genevieve sounded quite surprised.

“Then, what about kids?”

Jan took a peek at Armand.

“None...

I suppose.” In truth, they did not know the answer to that either. Even paupers desire to produce their own progeny, so that went

without saying for a tycoon like Armand, who had a hundred billion worth of assets to his name. If he were to have no heir, the

massive fortune of the Faulkner family would wind up in the hands of others. However, Armand was already thirty-seven that

year.

Never mind children, in spite of Sylvie having been by his side for as long as she did, he did not seem to regard her as anything

more than a female companion or someone he had any intention of marrying.

❓ ❓ ❓

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 422

❓ ❓ ❓

Chapter 422 The Seafood Allergies Raising the glass to shield her own curled-up lips, Genevieve desisted with her own

nosiness. Soon after, the server brought up a plate of crab. From the looks of it, Genevieve adjudged that it must be rather

delectable.

Yet, she demonstrated no intent to tuck into it.

Incidentally, Jan noticed that.

He took it upon himself to say, "Would you like me to deshell it for you, Ms.

Rachford?"

"No, it's fine." Genevieve shook her head smilingly.

"That sort of stuff will only be enjoyable when it's done by one's own beloved." Eyeing the crab on the plate, Sylvie became

tempted to prove a point to Genevieve.

She leaned close to Armand and said, "I'd like to try the crab, Mr.

Faulkner, but my nails are too long.

Would you be so kind as to help deshell one for me?" In the last four years, it had been common knowledge within the business

circuit that not only did Armand have Sylvie brought along for events of all sorts, but he would also be very obliging toward her

every whim. Word had it that Armand had once splurged eight hundred million for a diamond necklace the minute it caught

Sylvie's eye at an auction. As such, how could he possibly refuse to help her with something trivial as the deshelling of a crab?

"Sure." Expectedly, Armand did not turn her down. The man was about to gather up a crab from the plate when he paused and gently said, "You're allergic to seafood.

Remember the last time when you almost went into shock from having that chowder?" Astonished, Sylvie wanted to point out

that she had no such allergies, but the sternness in Armand's eyes sent a chill down her spine, prompting her to bottle up

whatever she intended to say. "Oh, are you allergic to seafood?" One of the directors kept looking at Sylvie before he spoke

hesitantly, "I saw that you've nearly finished your bisque, Ms.

Clasen...

Are you going to be all right?" Exhibiting great thoughtfulness toward Sylvie, Armand immediately summoned the server

and asked him to purchase some medication for seafood allergies. None of that eluded Genevieve.

She set her glass down on the table heavily, and there was a rather sullen expression on her face. There were dance performances on the stage while everyone dined. The ceremonial usherette had the items for the first round of the auction

brought on stage when the performances ended, after which the compere would proceed to introduce them. The bigwigs were

mostly at that banquet to raise their own profile and were not really all that interested in the wares that had been made available

for bidding. As soon as the auction began, everyone started to raise their bidder cards.

Predictably, the prices kept climbing because all the money would ultimately go to a charitable cause. Very quickly, the violin that

Genevieve had performed with previously also became available. Competition for that violin was fierce, but in the end, Jan, who

shared the same table as Genevieve, won it at a price of twenty million. The masses turned toward that table in astonishment.

That bigwig is wild! Doesn't he know that Genevieve is Armand's ex-wife? To think that he'd sit at the same table as Armand

himself and acquire the violin that was used by his former spouse at that sort of price point! It got everyone wondering whether

he was really splashing out all that dough for the sake of charity. Paying no heed to the curious looks others were giving them,

Genevieve regarded Jan warmly.

“Thank you, Mr.

Wasco, for your kind contributions to charity.” Jan seemed to have wanted to say something, but in the end, he decided against it

and merely nodded in acknowledgment. Armand was also quite generous himself.

As a joint organizing partner for the foundation this time round, he had spent some forty million to acquire an emerald. At the conclusion of the auction, the compere thanked the attendees, bringing the event to a close. The guests were then ushered by the staff to take to the stage for a group photography session. When the turn came for those at Genevieve's table to go forward, Genevieve accidentally knocked over a saucer of seasoning, spilling its contents onto her white dress. It left a very visible stain on it, prompting her to head to the lounge to get changed up in a hurry. While Jan was making his way to the stage alongside Genevieve, he could not refrain from asking, "May I have a few minutes to speak with you after the phototaking, Ms. Rachford?" "Sure," Genevieve smiled and assented, as she had already noticed Jan wanting to do so at the table just now. Initially, Genevieve wanted to stand at the side after she ascended the stage. After following the crew's lead, though, she found herself positioned just a little to the right of the center, with Armand standing directly to her left. There was a subtle scent of cigar emanating off his body which smelled very pleasant and soothing. The man

himself, though, seemed oblivious to whoever was beside him.

He appeared assured and affable while he posed with a hand gesture representing the charitable cause for the cameras.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 423

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 423 His Kisses Came Fast And Furious After she was done with the photography session, Genevieve went off to the

lounge and waited quietly at the side. Less than two minutes later, Jan came over to her. "I've bought that violin for my daughter, who is also fond of the instrument," said Jan to Genevieve. "That being said, I was wondering if you would be willing to become my daughter's music teacher?" "I'm not a professional violinist, Mr.

Wasco." Not expecting that he meant to put forward such a request of her, Genevieve shook her head and declined, "With your reputation, you could practically hire any internationally renowned music teacher you want." Jan smiled bitterly.

“I did try that before, but the teacher gave up after two days, refusing to do it again for any amount of money.” “Is your daughter very mischievous?” Genevieve asked. “No.” Jan fell silent briefly and then sighed, “My daughter is severely autistic.”

That daughter of his was an only child and one whom he had begotten late in his life.

He had not planned for his wife to conceive again owing to her poor constitution, and it came even less expectedly to him that

the girl was afflicted with such a condition. Seeing how fond his daughter was of the violin, Jan sought to find her a music teacher

to instruct her in the proper use of the instrument.

Unfortunately, she kept driving her teachers crazy, time and again. Being a mother herself, Genevieve understood how dear

children were in the eyes of their own parents, so she asked Jan for a name card.

“I’ll contact you when I’m available, but no promises whether or not your daughter would drive me away.” Jan’s lips broke into a wide smile.

“Thank you for this.” By the time they were done talking, Genevieve realized that there were not that many guests left inside the

banquet hall. Seeing that Armand and Sylvie were not around, she assumed that they had already left. While Genevieve walked, she griped quietly to herself about how Armand got through the entire evening without looking at her once. Boy, was he quick to slip away with his lover the minute the banquet ended! While waiting for the elevator, Genevieve ran into two girls who were in the uniforms of the hotel's waitresses.

A peculiar look washed over their faces when they saw her. Both followed her into the elevator, and when the door closed, one of them told Genevieve, "While I was downstairs, I overheard Mr.

Faulkner confirm with his secretary that he'll be staying over at this hotel tonight.

Suite 8888.

Everything has been prepared, so are we to proceed in accordance with your plan?" Unable to make any sense of that, Genevieve turned to ask one of them. In response, that waitress fished out a bottle from her pocket and sprayed its content

in Genevieve's face, and soon after, Genevieve saw the room spin around her... After he was done sorting out his affairs, Armand

dragged his weary body back to the room that he had booked.

After he swiped his card and entered the doorway, the lights in the living room automatically lit up by themselves.

While pulling

off histie and making his way into the bedroom, he discovered that someone was lying on her side on the large and cushy bed.

In these recent years, his counterparts from the corporate world had often seen him cavorting in the company of women.

Hence, every once in a while, there would be some amongst them who would get funny ideas and start sending women straight

to his bed. Sylvie, too, might be even more creative than they ever were in that regard. Armand's expression darkened, and he wanted to turn around.

That was until he spied that the woman in the bed was wearing a black dress. Beneath the hem of her dress, a pair of fair,

slender legs were left exposed.

The slightly curled-up toes on them were exquisite and so very alluring... The man stood there quietly and briefly.

Then, he reached for the switch on the wall to turn the light off. As soon as the entire room darkened, the light from beyond the

floor-to-ceiling window came flooding in, partially illuminating the room and that marvelous body that lay on the bed. Armand

walked over to the bed and removed the bindings covering the woman's eyes. Genevieve's head still felt woozy.

Forcibly taken to

that room by the two waitresses, she was cuffed around the wrists and bounded around the eyes before being left on the bed.

She had positively no idea how long she had been lying there. Lifting her head to survey her surroundings, she found the room

unlit and extremely dark, so much so that she was not able to make out the man's features. She could only work out who the man

was by the subtle fragrance of cigars that she was able to pick up on him. With great difficulty, Genevieve sat up from the bed.

She only discovered that her mouth had been gagged when she wanted to talk to him. Propping up Genevieve's chin with his

fingers, Armand reeled her in and said gently, "Switching up your approach again today?" Genevieve was taken aback as soon as

she realized that he had mistaken her for Sylvie.

She became so upset that she quivered all over and let out two muffled grunts to try to get the man to remove her gag. Reaching

around to the back of Genevieve's head, Armand undid the lacy strap.

Genevieve took the opportunity to spit out the gag and try to say something, only to have the man lean in with a kiss and pin her down onto the mattress. His kisses came fast and furious, snuffing out any openings she might have had. He was not gentle in any way imaginable and, in compelling her to reciprocate, left her without time to even catch her own breath. In the darkness, she could hear the sound of fabric ripping.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 424

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 424 Keep The Change After an undetermined amount of time had transpired, the first light of dawn rose beyond those darkened windows, illuminating the dusky bedroom. On and off the bed, it was the same state of disarray. Lowering his gaze, Armand regarded the woman who had been using his arm as a pillow. She was sleeping soundly with her slender brows bunched together, and her body was covered with marks from the neck down. Soft and supple skin, with long and luscious

raven-black hair, it has been so many years, yet she still looks like a young girl.

From her eyes to her body, nothing about her has changed. Armand pulled the comforter over to cover the woman with it.

Spotting that black tattoo on her hip, he ran his fingertips over it a few times. In the midst of her slumber, Genevieve moaned and

snuggled herself into his arms although her body needed her to. It took Armand quite some time to slowly settle his own

emotions.

Then, his gaze reverted to the way it usually was.

Withdrawing his arm from Genevieve's head, he casually laid the comforter

over her body and then got up to head inside the

bathroom. The doorbell sounded around the time Armand was done showering,

Having received instructions, Steven purchased two sets of clothing of the appropriate sizing. When Armand opened the door to

collect the clothing, Steven appeared to want to say something, but in the end, he decided to keep his thoughts to himself. The

timing at which Armand brought the clothes into the bedroom coincided with the moment of Genevieve's rousing. Placing the

long dress down on the bed, he removed his bathrobes and changed into a pairing of shirt and dress pants. Sitting up,

Genevieve waited for a while to sober herself up.

She licked her own lips only to discover that her lower lip had been bitten. Meanwhile, Armand straightened out his own attire.

He reached for his cuffs from the side table and put them on unhurriedly.

Turning toward Genevieve, he asked in a lukewarm voice, "By check, or something else?" The man's words jolted Genevieve out of her trance.

Only then did she recall what had happened between them the night before. Clambering up in a state of agitation, she seized the man by the collar and pulled him toward her.

"Are you blind, Armand Faulkner? Do I look like Sylvie Clasen? How could you have mistaken me for her?" The thought of being

turned into another woman's substitute for no good reason riled up such a fury within her that it threatened to consume her from

the inside out. "F*ck you!" cussed Genevieve angrily.

Armand lowered his head to look at her. Picking up the checkbook from the

table, he wrote down a substantial figure on it.

Then, he tore it out to pass it along to her.

“I wasn't paying attention as the light inside the bedroom wasn't on last night.

Will this be enough to serve as compensation?” Subjected to insult on top of injury, Genevieve was so upset that she could only

glare at him straight in the eye. Snatching the check from the man, she tore it into pieces and hurled them into his face.

Then she grabbed the undergarments and dress off the bed and proceeded to put them on. Sylvie might appear to be more well-endowed

than she was, but those clothes nonetheless fitted her very well. Once she was done changing, Genevieve took her high-heeled shoes with her and stormed off.

However, she did not go very far before she realized that her handbag had been left inside the room and hence returned to look

for it. Pouring out all the cash in the bag, she used them to pelt the man.

“Keep the change!” Armand's eyes glinted as he watched her depart from the rear. Some time passed before he squatted down

to pick up the remnants of that check and also make his own exit from the room. Genevieve hailed a ride back to Regality

Gardens. Before she left, she had given Cooper the combination for the electronic lock to her condominium and asked him to look after it.

On his part, Cooper would have part-timers come by to tidy up the place every week. Hence, the interiors of the condominium looked as though she had never left. Aside from the clothes left in the cabinet previously, Cooper also hired someone to purchase the seasonal collections of clothes and bags released by major designer labels every year, which were then arranged and placed inside. After taking a shower, Genevieve used some concealer to hide the love bites on her body. Following that, she went out to grab some quick breakfast before she headed over to Specter Corporation. For a moment, the employees at Specter Corporation did not know how to react to Genevieve's presence as they heard that Genevieve had migrated to Dartan with Jack and had not returned since. In the entertainment industry, there's a woman, Sylvie Clasen, who looks uncannily like Genevieve... The staff at Specter Corporation, though, found the woman before them to possess a much more compelling presence and also much prettier than Sylvie. As such, they did not think that she resembled Sylvie at all. In spite of that, no one dared call out to her for fear of making a mistake.



My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 425



Chapter 425 Scumbag “Good morning, everyone.”
Conversely, it was Genevieve herself who greeted the employees she encountered while she made a beeline toward the front desk. “Has Mr. Sutton come in yet?” she asked the receptionist. “He has. As it's Monday, he should be in a meeting.” The long-serving staff who manned the front desk at Specter Corporation was able to recognize Genevieve the moment she heard her speak and thus handed the executive pass to the latter. After Genevieve left, the two receptionists huddled together to gossip. “It really is Ms. Rachford. She looks even more stunning than she did four years ago. Her skin is so fair!” “This means the one standing beside Mr. Faulkner at that charity event last night must have been Ms.

Rachford herself.” Although Spring Rain Charity Night kept a low profile and did not accept interviews from the media, the staff

from the Spring Rain Foundation had inserted the group photos taken of the bigwigs at intervals within the writings that summed

up the events of the day. Sylvie, who was then considered a top female celebrity, had garnered for herself an astoundingly huge

following. They started retweeting the moment they saw the photos from the charity gala.

Sylvie was in great form last night.

That black spaghetti strap dress is a real killer! Sylvie and Mr.

Faulkner look so good together that they should just hurry up and get married! Her legions of fans spent good money to get that

photo trending on several different platforms. It was at that moment that Genevieve, who had been inactive on Twitter for four

years prior, retweeted that group photo with the caption: Sorry, the person in the photo is me, not Sylvie. Netizens who were

enjoying the show from the sidelines were wildly entertained.

They commented about how Sylvie's fans were wasting their own money to have her trending, only to realize that the person in

the photo was not who they thought she was. Things got awkward for Sylvie's fans, but soon after, they found ways to attack

Genevieve from other angles by chiding her for standing alongside Armand.

Don't you know that Sylvie and Mr.

Faulkner are dating? Almost constantly keeping tabs on the comments, Genevieve responded to all of those people's accusations: It was the staff who arranged for me to stand there, so what's wrong with that? I genuinely didn't know that

Ms.

Clasen and Mr.

Faulkner were dating.

Did any of you? Sylvie's fans were dumbstruck. All these years, even though Sylvie had been around Armand and had been

frequently brought around to attend various functions alongside him, he had also been in the company of numerous other women

besides her. In addition, Armand had never publicly made any affirmative statements about his relationship with Sylvie. A netizen

observing the spectacle thus commented: Isn't Armand Faulkner Genevieve Rachford's ex-husband? From the looks of it, it

would seem to me that Sylvie is riding on Genevieve's fame by hanging around him.

Wasn't her resemblance to Genevieve the very reason Mr.

Valentine chose her to be his lead actress on her debut? Doesn't that mean Sylvie probably has Genevieve to thank for being able to become so popular? That comment was swiftly liked until it got bumped up to the number one spot, shutting up all the fans from the opposite camp. As details about that could be searched up easily online, they were left with no means of retorting.

Genevieve was waiting inside the CEO's office for Cooper. Coming across that trending topic while browsing Twitter, she could not resist retweeting it and making Sylvie's fans eat the

words they hurled at her. Seeing that netizen's comment made her feel much better, but it also had her thinking about the incident from the night before. Yesterday, Armand asked me why I'd switched up my approach so quickly again.

Seems to me that he and Sylvie often engage in such games.

Scumbag! If it was not bad enough that he bedded her, he even mistook her for another woman. Genevieve took one large gulp

of coffee to quell her own anger.

When she placed the cup back down, the door was pushed open. In strode Cooper. Dressed in a gray-colored suit with a

matching vest and wearing a pair of silver-trimmed glasses, he evoked a picture of elegance. Placing a file down on the desk, he

also left the tie he had removed there.

Following that, he rolled up his sleeve as he made his way over to the couch. Then, he plonked himself down in the seat next to

Genevieve. Genevieve picked up the pot and poured him a cup.

“How is it that you don't seem surprised at me showing up here after four years?” “You've stated back then in the mail that

you'd be back whenever you feel like it,” said Cooper with a laugh before he took two sips from his cup.

“How has life overseas been treating you?” Genevieve casually placed her hand on the armrest of the couch.

“It was all right, I guess.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 426

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 426 Did It Have Something To Do With Her In truth, Cooper had not been able to dig up much information on Jack using

the connections Armand had provided during his trip to Dartan. Knowing that the Helt family was extremely powerful, and with

Jack being the head of the Helt family and Dartan his own domain, Cooper understood that it would be easy for the latter to

erase whatever information he wanted. Without waiting for Genevieve's reply, Cooper got up to walk toward the desk and

retrieved a photograph from the bottom of the drawer. He then passed that along to Genevieve.

"Did it have anything to do with her?" After his return from Dartan, Cooper told Armand everything he had learned, save that

photo, which was almost completely burned, that he did not pass along. Even through the murkiness of the photo, one could still

vaguely tell that it featured a very attractive young woman. Peering down at the photo, Genevieve laughed.

"You're sharp, Coop.

I'd give you that.

Didn't expect that you'd be able to figure out this much based on this one blemished photo, despite not knowing anything about it

to start with." "The timing isn't right at the moment, though," Genevieve continued, shaking her head.

"I'll explain everything after I've finished sorting things out." "Okay." Seeing that she was reluctant to divulge,

Cooper did not want

to press any further. The two continued to converse over coffee.

Cooper told Genevieve that the Helt family had an unusual connection with the investment firm behind the venture that revived the Wood Group.

It turned out it was Jack's ex-wife, Lillian, and not Jack himself, who was the driving force behind them. They were unable to figure out why she wanted to help the Wood family as well, considering that the latter two had no ties to each other whatsoever.

Lilian might be rich, but Xavier had no obvious talent for business at all. It took only a single ploy set up by Cooper and Armand to completely run the entire Wood family into the ground, after which all of the profitable businesses to the Wood Group's name became swiftly snapped up by Specter Corporation.

Cooper glanced at Genevieve and said, "There's something else you should know.

Through some unusual means, Jack has managed to acquire a considerable stake in the Faulkner Group. Last year, he had already become its largest shareholder. Now, Samantha has to call him ahead of time to consult him before she could execute anything she wanted to do."

Genevieve pursed her lips.

"Yeah.

I knew about that.” She went on to tell him about her intention to use Jack as part of her plans for seeking revenge, why she had spent the last four years in Dartan, and how she had not been idle during that time either. While Genevieve was telling

Cooper about the things that had happened during her prolonged period of absence, someone else's name also came up. “How

is Jane doing?” “Are you referring to Armand's cousin?”

Cooper thought about it, then said, “Wasn't she going to marry into the

Wood family? All these years, Armand had been secretly preventing that from happening.

He had her brought to Jadeborough after her father's sudden passing in an accident as things had been a little chaotic for her at home.

I was the one who sent her to Yartran last year to treat her heart condition when he wasn't able to, but it didn't prove to be

effective at all.” “The last time I dined out with Armand, I saw that she was extremely frail and coughing every few steps...”

Cooper continued as a look of pity appeared on his face.

“Seems even more painful to have to carry on living that way.” Similarly, Genevieve felt sympathetic toward Jane, who was

intelligent and beautiful, only to be cursed with a constitution like that. "She previously helped me out once, so do try to lend a hand if she asks you for anything.

Just think of her as your sister as well." "For your sake, I will, but I want nothing to do with the Faulkners," Cooper said passively.

He did not much care about his ties to the Faulkner family as he had not forgotten how the rest of his own family died. Taking a

quick look at his watch, Cooper got up from the couch.

"Since I don't have much to do in the morning, let's go for a drive, and we can have lunch together after." "Perhaps tomorrow.

I want to go for some barbecue with Jojo today," replied Genevieve as she reached for her phone. Half an hour had passed since

she last texted Johanna, but the latter had yet to reply. She had seen Johanna around in the secretarial department on the way to the CEO's office.

When the latter did not respond to her greeting earlier, she simply assumed that it was because the woman was busy. Surely,

she can't be so busy that she has no time to check her phone at all? "And I thought that I was the one you wanted to see in the

office after returning here..." Cooper exhaled.

Then, he waved his hands to shoo her out of the office to grant himself some peace of mind.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 427

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 427 Do Not Tell Armand When Genevieve reached the secretarial department, she saw Johanna working at her desk

and asked, “Wanna go eatbarbecue?” Without looking up, Johanna replied, “I'm not free.

Go ahead without me, Ms.

Rachford.” Genevieve had an ominous feeling when she heard the woman's tone. As such, she reached out and tugged on

Johanna’s arm before saying softly, “Is work really more importantthan me? Is our friendship worth less than your few hours of

pay? We hadn't seen each other for four years! I missed you so much.

Didn't you miss me too?” Johanna looked up and glared at Genevieve before replying, “And you have the nerves to say that?

Backthen, you left after sending me a note and ended up being away for four years.

Genevieve, don't you think that's too much?" "Yes, it was my fault! Please forgive me just this once?"

Genevieve pleaded.

"Let me treat you to something good, okay?" Initially, Johanna had intended to ignore Genevieve as she was indeed outraged.

However, it wasn't convenient for them to talk about personal affairs in the secretarial department as the other employees might

return at any time. After letting out a snort, Johann grabbed her bag and left with her friend. As it was only around ten in the

morning and not lunchtime yet, Genevieve took Johanna to a cafe in a nearby shopping mall and ordered two cups of coffee. In

an attempt to appease her friend, Genevieve told Johanna that she had only kept all those things from her because she did not

want to implicate her. Back then, Genevieve had already made all the arrangements and had boarded the plane.

However, Jack saw through her plan and stopped her.

After that, she was brought to Dartan and forced to stay with Jack.

Johanna was downright confused after listening to Genevieve's explanation and asked in a clueless manner, "I don't understand what you're saying at all."

If you don't want to be with Jack, why did you marry him?" "Because..." Genevieve ended up telling Johanna the entire truth.

Johanna stared at Genevieve with her eyes widened after listening to the woman's clarification.

Seeing that, Genevieve let out a chuckle and said, "I've kept this bottled up for a long time.

I feel much better now after sharing it with you." "Why didn't you tell Mr.

Faulkner about this?" Johanna asked. Just then, two cups of hot coffee were served to them. Genevieve took a sip of her coffee

and replied softly, "You should have seen the news previously.

He already has enough things to deal with...

Besides, Jack is crazy.

Not only that, but he also controls Helt Corporation.

He will do anything for revenge.

Since I did not have any bargaining chips at that time, marrying him was my only option in order to save my children." Johanna

was shocked when she heard that.

"Does that mean your children belong to Mr.

Faulkner?" "Yup." Genevieve nodded with a smile. She opened the photo album on her phone and showed

Johanna pictures of her two children.

"I gave birth to twins.

One boy and one girl.

It definitely wasn't an easy pregnancy.” Johanna took the phone from her and beamed in excitement when she saw the adorable little girl, who looked just like a princess. “Oh my! Is this really your daughter? She's so cute...” Johanna continued scrolling through the photos.

When she saw the little boy in the pictures, she said to Genevieve at once, “I can totally imagine what Mr. Faulkner looked like when he was a kid just by looking at your son!” “Mando is so much better than him.” Genevieve said in a slightly exasperated tone, “That little brat is too cold and aloof.” “You could give him to me!” Johanna suggested immediately.

Genevieve chuckled and replied, “Sure! I'll bring them back after I finish settling things, and I'll let you have my haughty son.”

“Forget it.

Even if you are willing to let me have him, Mr.

Faulkner would never agree to it.” Johanna shook her head and continued, “I shall settle for being their godmother instead! You

don't have to buy them any new clothes anymore.

I shall be in charge of doing that! I want them to be the most good-looking kids in town wearing the clothes I bought!”

Although Genevieve was amused by Johanna's antics, she did not forget to remind the latter, "Johanna, you have to keep it to yourself.

Don't tell anyone else about the kids yet."

"Including Mr.

Faulkner?" Johanna asked curiously. Genevieve nodded, and a glint flashed across her eyes as she said, "I made a bet with

Jack.

I have to keep the children's identities a secret.

Don't worry, I'm able to support them myself." After listening to what Genevieve told her, Johanna could guess what sort of bet

she had made with Jack. "Armand is a lucky man." Johanna fiddled with her coffee cup before continuing, "To be able to meet

such a good woman like you who is willing to share his burdens.

It's been four years.

You even gave him twins." "Love takes two to work."

Genevieve knew that Armand had done a lot for her as well.

???

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 428

???

Chapter 428 Why Are You Buying Him Perfume Genevieve took a sip of coffee and cupped her face with her hands before

asking Johanna, "What about you and Timothy? You guys have been married for a few years.

Do you have any kids yet?" "Not yet." Johanna shrugged and said nonchalantly, "We're still too young to be parents." After saying

that, the woman looked at her friend and smiled devilishly.

"Now that you've given me a godson and a goddaughter, I don't feel like having kids of my own anymore!" "Too young to be

parents? If I remember correctly, Timothy is already thirty-two this year, right?" Johanna said, "Is thirty-two considered old? Look

at your Armand.

If you didn't get pregnant, he would still be childless even at thirty-seven!" Genevieve was at a loss for words when she heard

that. Johanna glanced at the time on her watch and got up, saying, "I'm famished! Let's go eat barbecue now.

If we go any later, we might have to queue to get a table.

We can continue chatting while we eat." "Sure."

Genevieve left with Johanna after footing the bill. Johanna blabbered on and

on while they ate, telling Genevieve how angry she had been when the latter left back then.

She was upset as she thought their friendship wasn't important to Genevieve at all and had planned to ignore her forever.

However, she ended up making up with Genevieve over a free barbecue meal. Genevieve told Johanna that there were

some things she had found out during the past four years when she was in Dartan.

She also told her friend about her plans after returning to the country. Johanna took out a few pieces of tissue to wipe away her

perspiration before asking worriedly, "What if you lose the bet?" "That won't happen," Genevieve answered confidently. However,

she added after taking a pause, "But I've already made arrangements for my two kids in case I end up losing the bet.

Besides, with you and Cooper taking care of them, there's nothing for me to worry about." "You are not allowed to keep anything

from me anymore!" Johanna glared at her friend angrily before saying, "Otherwise, I'll marry your son and drive you mad!"

Genevieve looked at Johanna, feeling speechless.

"I never knew you were so evil!" After chatting for a while more at the barbecue restaurant, the two women left and shopped

around the mall. As it was a weekend, and a celebrity was there for a promotional event, the mall was exceptionally crowded that

day. Genevieve told Johanna that she could choose any clothes or jewelry she liked and offered to pay for all her shopping expenses.

The two of them hung out at the clothing department for a few hours and emerged with their hands full of shopping bags. When

they went downstairs, Genevieve headed to the perfume section to choose a perfume. The moment the two women walked into

the shop, a sales assistant approached them.

After taking a look at Genevieve, she greeted her with a smile, "Welcome, Ms.

Rachford."

Genevieve glanced at the lady and arched her brows.

"How did you know that I'm Ms.

Rachford and not Sylvie?" "You and Sylvie do look alike, but there are still some differences." The sales assistant let out a smile

before explaining, "Besides, she's our spokesperson, and I've seen her before.

You're much prettier than her, and your demeanor is very different from hers too." Genevieve felt a flicker of irritation

after listening to the woman's clarification. In other words, she and Sylvie did not look that similar, but that man had still failed to

tell them apart! F*ck! To think that he still wrote a cheque and humiliated me! Johanna noticed her friend's glum expression and

seemed to have understood what was going on.

“Judging by your expression, I'm guessing that you met Mr. Faulkner after you came back, and he mistook you for Sylvie?” she asked gloatingly. “Nope!” Genevieve snorted, not wanting to

make a fool out of herself. After finding the perfume she wanted, Genevieve handed her card over to the sales assistant. Johanna pouted.

Feeling slightly angry, she said, “Genev, seriously, if you are upset with him, why are you still buying him perfume? You could buy

for me instead!” “These are all high-end perfumes.

Pick whatever you like then,” Genevieve replied. Even though the perfume that Armand was currently using smelled good, she did not really like it.

Since she happened to be shopping that day, she decided to buy him a bottle of perfume and give it to him another day. “B*tch!”

Johanna rolled her eyes at her friend. After paying for the perfume, Genevieve and Johanna headed downstairs.

Just when Genevieve was about to say something to Johanna, she saw a familiar figure in the lipstick section. Slowing down her steps, Genevieve looked toward the lipstick section and asked, “Jojo, isn't that your hubby?” Even before Johanna responded to her, Genevieve could already discern that the man was Timothy. Timothy had a towering figure and still kept his ponytail even after four years, looking rather unruly. At that moment, the man was standing behind a young woman, and the sales assistant was promoting a few different lipsticks to her.

☐ ☐ ☐

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 429

☐ ☐ ☐

Chapter 429 Who Are You With Genevieve made her way over while having her head held high. She reached out and tugged at

Timothy.

“So, Dr.

Jensen, who are you with?” Timothy turned around. He heard, via the news, that Genevieve had returned, so he wasn't surprised to see her there.

However, he never expected her to hang out with Johanna. Timothy felt strangely guilty when he saw Johanna there.

“This is my friend.

I ran into her while shopping.” He was only there to get some stuff and didn’t expect to run into his friend. The friend turned

around when Genevieve and Johanna showed up. The young lady had a stunning face with bright eyes and looked as though

she was still a teen. She inched closer to Timothy and asked timidly.

“Timothy, who are they?” Genevieve rolled her eyes when she saw her terrible acting. She scoffed, turned to Timothy, and asked,

“Dr.

Jensen, aren't you going to introduce us?” Timothy massaged his head a little.

Exasperated and left with no choice, he replied, “This is my friend, Denise Wallowitz.” After that, Timothy turned to Denise and

said, “This is Genevieve, and this is Johanna, my wife.”

Denise looked surprised and troubled when she heard that. She quickly

turned to Johanna and explained, “Hi, I-I didn't know you'd be here, too.

Please don’t think too much about this.

My friend canceled on me last minute, and I happened to run into Timothy here.

We chatted and ended up here somehow.” Johanna bit her lip a little, but she didn’t say a word. Genevieve, on the other hand, grinned and asked, “Uh-huh, so what were the two of you going to do if you hadn't run into us? Are you going to have dinner together? Maybe even go somewhere private after that?”

“Hey, Genevieve. Stop it,” said Timothy. He couldn’t help voicing up.

“I am simply keeping her company as she shops for lipstick. Also, it doesn't matter even if we plan to have dinner together afterward. You have no right to question me.”

“You’re right. I'm in no position to ask any questions,” replied Genevieve while nodding.

After that, she pointed at the lipsticks the sales lady was holding and demanded, “Those lipsticks you have with you are nice. I'll take every stock you have, including the ones on display.” “Okay,” replied the saleslady before she hurried off with Genevieve’s credit card. Denise could tell that Genevieve was angry, so she kept her head down and muttered, “I promise I will never get close to Timothy again, so please, ladies, don't be mad.”

You don't have to buy so many lipsticks..." "I can buy however many lipsticks I want to.

Heck, I can throw one out every day if that is what I wish," replied Genevieve harshly.

"Also, why would I be mad at a nobody like you? My, you sure know how to twist the truth, huh? Are you studying performance arts? If not, you should really switch majors.

It'd be such a waste because you will surely win an acting award or two." Genevieve's words made Denise feel even worse.

The latter tilted her head even lower and intertwined her fingers.

Her shoulders trembled as she sobbed. Timothy couldn't stand it anymore, so he shouted, "Hey, Genevieve.

You're crossing a line here!" "She spoke to me, and I replied to her.

What's so wrong about that?" challenged Genevieve.

"Also, your wife is standing right here.

Yet, you are ignoring her and protecting some other woman.

My gosh, Timothy.

You really are an a*shole!" It didn't take long before the sales lady returned with the packed lipsticks.

She handed them and the credit card to Genevieve. Denise shot a look at the bag Genevieve had with her and meekly asked,

“Will you sell me lipstick number 144? I'll pay extra for it.”
“No!” replied Genevieve before she dragged Johanna along to leave.

Denise was standing in the way at the time, so Genevieve bumped into her using her shoulders. It was just a soft bump when their shoulders met. Yet, Denise acted as though she lost her balance and fell backward, right toward the glass display.

Fortunately, Timothy was standing right beside her. He reached out immediately to hold her arm and steady her, so she didn't fall. He waited until she was fine before putting on an evil look.

After that, he made his way to Genevieve and pulled her to force her to turn around.

“Apologize to Denise, Genevieve!” Genevieve was wearing a pair of high heels at the time, and Timothy's powerful pull made her

slip, causing her to fall right onto the floor. She hurt her hand and hissed in pain. “Genev!” shouted Johanna who went to help

Genevieve up right away. The former saw how the latter's hand was shaking in pain, and that infuriated her.

Johanna turned around and mercilessly slapped Timothy right across his face. He was stunned for a few seconds and stared at

Johanna in disbelief.

“Did you just slap me?” Timothy had never been slapped before. “Yeah, I did, and so what?” challenged Johanna. The smile she had on had faded, and all that was left was hostility.

She stared right into Timothy’s eyes.

“If you even think about hurting Genev again, I will go all out against you.” Johanna usually behaved as though she didn't have a temper at all.

She was cheerful and cute and would hug and then kiss him endlessly while calling him “Hubby”. Hence, that was the first time

Timothy saw Johanna glaring like that. He stood there numbly, even after Johanna had helped Genevieve up and had left.

It seemed he couldn’t register what had just happened.

???

My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 430

???

Chapter 430 I Am Waiting For Someone It didn't take long before Denise made her way to him and spoke in a meek tone.

“I’m so sorry, Timothy.

I’m the reason your wife is angry...

I-I'll apologize to her." A hint of distaste and annoyance welled up in Timothy's heart when he saw how pretentious she was.

However, he soon thought about how she was the only girl left in the Wallowitz family, and that made it impossible for him to stay mad at her.

He simply massaged his numb face. "There is no need to apologize for anything because it has nothing to do with you." Timothy retrieved a cash card from his pocket and handed it to Denise.

"Go buy anything you want.

I have to hurry back to the hospital because I have a night shift." "Okay," replied Denise.

She nodded obediently and left with the card. Johanna helped Genevieve out of the shopping mall and was surprised to see

that it was raining. Worried, the former held the latter's hand and asked, "Genev, are you okay?" "It's fine.

I didn't fall that hard," answered Genevieve.

Her hand no longer hurt.

"Do you know that girl from earlier?" Johanna shrugged and replied in a nonchalant tone.

"He has dozens of friends, so it's not strange that I don't know all of them.

Still, I am surprised to see him hurt you like that.

That is so mean!” Johanna wouldn't care, even if Timothy stayed out all night every day, but she would not stand idly by if he were

to hurt Genevieve. If it hadn't been for Genevieve, I wouldn't even be here now. Genevieve draped her arm over Johanna's shoulders and sighed.

“At first, I wanted to give you some advice, but my love life is in a mess as well, so I have no idea how to help you.”

“Why would I need help?” said Johanna as she smiled.

“That is how love is, right? We get together if we're a good match, and we fall apart if we're not.

Divorce is not the end.

In fact, getting a divorce might be a good thing.

Who knows? Maybe the next guy will be nicer.” “You are much more rational than I am,” commented Genevieve.

“You have always been this way and are decisive.

I'm kinda jealous about that.” Genevieve suddenly realized that she was too emotional.

Letting her heart roam freely had caused her too much pain. “Actually, I envy you, Genev,” replied Johanna.

She pursed her lips a little and sounded genuinely envious when she said those words.

“At the very least, someone loved you with all his heart.

I don't even have that.” It didn't matter if it was

Genevieve's parents, who had passed, or Cooper, or Armand.

Everyone loved her dearly. Genevieve knew all about Johanna's unfortunate past, so she was heartbroken for her.

Hence, the former teased, "It's fine.

I'll love you from now on.

If things between you and Timothy really are that bad, then how about you get a divorce and wait fourteen years?

My son will be

an adult and you know...

it'd be kinda nice to have you call me "Mom".

"Pfft. No, thank you.

I'd rather stay single," replied Johanna as she rolled her eyes at Genevieve.

The former fished an umbrella out of her bag after that.

There were two floors reserved for underground parking, but it was huge,

Making it difficult for an owner to locate his or her parked car.

That was why Genevieve parked her car in the outdoor parking lot when they arrived that morning. Johanna held the umbrella

and was walking toward their car when she saw a black Maybach parked at the side. Something about the car looks familiar...

Johanna checked the car plates and gestured with her chin to get Genevieve to turn her attention to the car.

"Look! It's Mr.

Faulkner's car." Genevieve shot a look and realized that Johanna was right.

Troubled, she asked, "What is he doing here?" "He must be waiting for someone.

He won't park his car here just to show it off, right?" said Johanna.

She winked at Genevieve, then put her hand out. "What?" asked Genevieve curiously. "Gimme your car keys.

You don't expect me to hail a cab, do you?" replied Johanna in exasperation. "I never said I'd let him give me a ride home." "Oh, puh-lease.

You always say stuff like that, but you won't actually be thrilled to see some other woman in Mr.

Faulkner's car," teased Johanna before she giggled and fished the car keys right out of Genevieve's bag. After that, she dragged

Genevieve toward the Maybach and knocked on the car's window. It took some time before the window was rolled down, and a

handsome face wearing a warm smile showed up. His gaze was oozing tenderness when he scanned ahead and asked, "Is

something wrong?" "It's raining heavily, Armand, and we can't hail a cab," said Johanna as she shoved Genevieve toward the car and smiled brightly.

"Please take Genevieve home for me." Armand checked his watch and politely declined.

???

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 431

are waiting for won't show up for the time being, so it's probably fine for you to come back

"Come on, Armand.

you won't abandon his wife's BFF, right?"

Without saying another word, Armand got out of the car and waited

Steven some instructions.

"It's not safe for Johanna to hail a cab all on her own and

Johanna getting into trouble or anything, but he didn't say anything.

left, Johanna received a phone call.

"Steven, my friend is waiting

just to leave quickly.

She waited until Steven was no longer within earshot before she called the person

the call and was in a daze for a moment, but she regained her footing quickly.

on the zebra crossing.

The Maybach was driving down

wipers clearing the raindrops away.

Genevieve leaned

the steering wheel, was wearing a rather unique watch.

I think that is the watch I gave him

a melodious voice from the other end of

when he came to the mall."

Armand murmured a reply before saying, "I was going to pick you up,

She didn't ask any other questions, either.

"Okay.

earlier.

hired a celebrity to promote its product in the mall that day.
Huh, who would've thought that the celebrity

more than a simple friend! She'd be the

After that, she asked, "Why didn't you tell Ms.

that she'd get jealous?"

"She's not that petty, so there is no need to share an insignificant detail

bothered hanging out with this a*shole if Johanna hadn't pushed me earlier.

"Ms.

Clasen is so beautiful and understanding.

You must be very happy, Mr.

Faulkner," commented Genevieve through gritted teeth.

out the window.

It didn't take long before the car made its way into the

me run in the rain.

Genevieve didn't hurry out of

a housekeeper to cook and keep the place clean.

call an HR company.

to implicitly turn her down.

"The people they send are not half as

that.

"Come on, I am your ex-wife.

sake? I will be the one to pay the housekeeper's

before she sat right on top of his lap.

Putting her hand on

She never blinked, either.

watched as he swallowed hard.
Armand, on the other hand, sat there quietly.

eyes.
Genevieve held his muscular hand and made his fingertips trace her
Faulkner, so tell me.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 432

she put her hands on the back

up.

his eyes remained clear.

away.

Unfortunately, she would not relent and crawled back onto him

last night and made it impossible for me to even put on

said Genevieve as she wiped his blood from her lips.

“Have your housekeeper come to me tomorrow.

her wandering hands away and replied, “If you

Faulkner.

she grinned.

She opened the door and

he couldn't help chuckling a little in exasperation.

He

brand he used.

Armand put the cologne on the armrest box.

something underneath the pedal.

that it was Genevieve's, and it

made some sandwiches for breakfast the

house's cleanliness from now on," said Steven, introducing Genevieve to the lady beside

so she had Rosa make her some

to the living room when she sensed that he had something to tell her. She even made some tea and poured

chance to catch up with you.

replied Steven.

Genevieve knew that Steven was a few years older than

some stuff."

Steven kept quiet for a moment before he said, "Genevieve, I pray

advice, but please.

me a favor for old time's sake? Will you

You loved Mr.

Genevieve left without looking back and Jack announced her pregnancy in the loudest way.

Steven had to watch as

truly worried that Armand would die in his sleep.

Things didn't turn for the better until that very year.

seemed he had let go of the past.

That allowed Steven to sigh a breath of relief, but then Genevieve

She bit her lip a little.

long time before he put his cup down and

"I pray that you will keep your word.

her smile turned upside down right

She sighed internally.

life or his marriage, but if he were to remarry, then he and I will have truly come to

Rachford," shouted Rosa who was in the dining room.

"Breakfast is ready.

hurried to the dining room.

"You don't need to work so hard.

Please sit.

dining table and picked up her fork to chow down on the

work at Swallow Garden?"

"Three years," answered Rosa

replying, "No.

He always comes home alone.

when he was out on his

heart finally faded away.

Genevieve's guess was that the women

Rosa continued by saying, "I have, however, heard Mr.

Sullivan say that Mr.

Faulkner often has dinner with Ms.

Clasen.

for too long..."

Genevieve suddenly found the food to be bland,

Sylvie.

When Rosa met Genevieve, she immediately put two and two together and realized that

Rachford?"

"No, it's not that.

I simply feel unwell," replied Genevieve.

clean the place.

Genevieve suspected that Armand only saw Sylvie as a substitute when she first learned that Sylvie had been

looked too similar.

However, spending the last

her room to change into a formal outfit.

later, she arrived at Twilight Tower.

When Jack produced For Elise, he bought a domestic production company and renamed it.

He might

so the company's growth had attracted many's attention.

Before Genevieve returned to the country, she asked

occupied floors thirty-one to thirty-six.

When Genevieve

show up.

It didn't take her long before she realized that the woman standing before her was even more beautiful

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 433

long time before he put his cup down and

"I pray that you will keep your word.

her smile turned upside down right

She sighed internally.

life or his marriage, but if he were to remarry, then he and I will have truly come to

Rachford," shouted Rosa who was in the dining room.

"Breakfast is ready.

hurried to the dining room.

“You don’t need to work so hard.

Please sit.

dining table and picked up her fork to chow down on the

work at Swallow Garden?”

“Three years,” answered Rosa

replying, “No.

He always comes home alone.

when he was out on his

heart finally faded away.

Genevieve’s guess was that the women

Rosa continued by saying, “I have, however, heard Mr.

Sullivan say that Mr.

Faulkner often has dinner with Ms.

Clasen.

for too long...”

Genevieve suddenly found the food to be bland,

Sylvie.

When Rosa met Genevieve, she immediately put two and two together and realized that

Rachford?”

“No, it’s not that.

I simply feel unwell,” replied Genevieve.

clean the place.

Genevieve suspected that Armand only saw Sylvie as a substitute when she first learned that Sylvie had been

looked too similar.

However, spending the last

her room to change into a formal outfit.

later, she arrived at Twilight Tower.

When Jack produced For Elise, he bought a domestic production company and renamed it.

He might

so the company's growth had attracted many's attention.

Before Genevieve returned to the country, she asked

occupied floors thirty-one to thirty-six.

When Genevieve

show up.

It didn't take her long before she realized that the woman standing before her was even more beautiful

outfit that day, and the aura she exuded

quickly recognized Genevieve and realized that the latter was the new

to the conference room.

Every employee had already

Genevieve getting an update on the progress

TV series?"

Sylvie rose to fame after For Elise was produced.

if she were to get involved in a TV series, the

fans and would be trending even before the series made it on screen.

projects.

"Uh, she is rather busy since she has to shoot

"She is featured in a single movie every year.

year long."

Genevieve sent her secretary to get Sylvie's schedule for the year after that.

Everyone quietly watched as

rumor about her and Armand getting together was shared, and

up anymore and would pretend to have neglected some of the more daunting tasks that the company assigned

fear that no one dared to cross Sylvie.
Eventually, everyone stopped demanding that

hadn't participated in any of the company's events

Genevieve sternly instructed, "Assign high-value projects that need a boost to her and have her

and tell that manager to get the artist in

She is to do as the company demands.

contract, then have her pay the proper damage."
"Understood," replied the assistant manager while

to Sylvie and she complains to Mr.

Faulkner?"

"Let her.

It's as Ms.

Rachford had said.

damages."

The assistant manager nodded and complained, "It's about time someone teaches Sylvie a lesson.

she had Mr.

Faulkner on her side.

but she didn't do her job.

to stay by Mr.

Faulkner's side if she didn't look similar to Mr.

Rachford," said another top manager.

featured in Mr.

Valentine's movie was that she looked like Mr.

Rachford as well."

"Oh well, Mr.

says."

Everyone felt more confident and at ease after they discussed the matter.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 434

outfit that day, and the aura she exuded

quickly recognized Genevieve and realized that the latter was the new

to the conference room.

Every employee had already

Genevieve getting an update on the progress

TV series?"

Sylvie rose to fame after For Elise was produced.

if she were to get involved in a TV series, the

fans and would be trending even before the series made it on screen.

projects.

"Uh, she is rather busy since she has to shoot

"She is featured in a single movie every year.

year long."

Genevieve sent her secretary to get Sylvie's schedule for the year after that.

Everyone quietly watched as

rumor about her and Armand getting together was shared, and

up anymore and would pretend to have neglected some of the more daunting tasks that the company assigned

fear that no one dared to cross Sylvie.

Eventually, everyone stopped demanding that

hadn't participated in any of the company's events

Genevieve sternly instructed, "Assign high-value projects that need a boost to her and have her

and tell that manager to get the artist in

She is to do as the company demands.

contract, then have her pay the proper damage."

"Understood," replied the assistant manager while

to Sylvie and she complains to Mr.

Faulkner?"

"Let her.

It's as Ms.

Rachford had said.

damages."

The assistant manager nodded and complained, "It's about time someone teaches Sylvie a lesson.

she had Mr.

Faulkner on her side.

but she didn't do her job.

to stay by Mr.

Faulkner's side if she didn't look similar to Mr.

Rachford," said another top manager.

featured in Mr.

Valentine's movie was that she looked like Mr.

Rachford as well."

"Oh well, Mr.

says.”

Everyone felt more confident and at ease after they discussed the matter.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 435

conference room, the vice president allocated some projects and

Well, Genevieve is still impressive after all.

time, trouble approached.

The company was preparing for their self-produced drama and

lead.

It did not take those fans much difficulty to bring Genevieve Orsi

sustaining severe injuries to her legs.

The accident at the ribbon-cutting ceremony, coupled with the dissatisfaction toward

achievements she received?

If not for Sylvie accepting acting

the male lead? Are there no other artists available? Why does the

displeasure surged within the fans upon learning about the secret.

her with criticisms and insults.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was settling

resonated into the air.

A hunched-back old lady, roughly

He must be Cesar.

black hair.

This lady has an uncanny resemblance to the woman in the photo Cooper was holding.

The first few

in wedding gowns and suits.

Apart from those photos, there was also a

“That was gifted to Ms.

Valentine by that man.

went to retrieve it...”

Genevieve gently probed, “Do you remember when Ms.

Valentine left?”

The old lady shook her head.

Then, she pointed to the scar on her face.

“She didn’t want to leave.

It was Old Mr.

Faulkner...” She seemed to be overwhelmed with fear.

while trying to stop them back then.

Old Mr.

got together with Ms.

Valentine.

To threaten Ms.

And that was not all.

Ms.

just given birth at the hospital.”

At the mention of the past, the old lady felt a pang of bitterness

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 436

her sleeve to wipe her tears. “She went to look for

up with her.

Ms.

reluctant to leave.

someone...”

During then, two black cars surrounded their vehicle.

car door, and took Charice away by force.

She could

result, her face pricked straight into the broken glass shards, leaving her unconscious

birth not too long ago.

Convinced that the body

hospital and ordered her to leave Xedells after handing her two cases of

wouldn't have appeared at Dartan and even got

“W-What...

what did you say? Ms.

head.

consumed the old lady.

“I saw Ms.

the television.

purposely by somebody, in an attempt to confuse the public.”

She still could

at the man in the photo.

“I saw him on the news previously.

I recognize this man!” she exclaimed nervously.

“Is he really the child Ms.

then did it dawn on the old lady that she had yet asked for Genevieve's name.

“How did you know about my relationship with Ms.

“There are things I wanted to sort out, so I

phone in her hand, the old lady stared at

Genevieve had other matters to tend to, she bid her goodbye after chatting with the old

saw Genevieve out and requested, “I don’t have much time left.

when you come the next time?”

“Sure.” Genevieve gave the old lady a

Nodding her head, she smiled in relief.

the afternoon and rushed back to Jadeborough without any rest.

Before boarding the plane, she called the

matter.

After arriving at Jadeborough, she made a trip home and put her belongings away before heading to

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 437

also in the ward.

When she saw the resemblance between Genevieve

couldn’t stop the fans from storming up the stage.”

The

“Look how badly she fell.

Her calf is all bruised.

hospital for at least two weeks, which means we’ll have to

Have a good rest, then.

Ms.

Rachford, I wanted to ask you something...” Joyce replied.

she joined the entertainment industry, and her latest works earned her critical acclaim.

big difference between doing movies and TV dramas.

be belittling her?”

Genevieve turned to the woman on the hospital bed

through someone else?”

“But I’m her manager—”

Alas, before Joyce could finish her words, Genevieve interrupted

ducked her head and said nothing

to be in our company’s TV drama? Is

back.

far too tiring, and you don’t want to take it up.

us.

Sylvie’s ear and whispered, “Sylvie Clasen,

I met a few days ago.

Next time, though, remember to fall even harder.

incite your fans.”

Sylvie narrowed her eyes.

“Ms.

replied with a smirk.

and it won’t be wise to mess with me.

contract and scam.”

After saying that, Genevieve stood

There are other assignments for you.

say, Joyce was shocked.

“But I’ve been working with Sylvie for four years.

her time to get used to it.

quit anytime,” Genevieve replied.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 438

the man and scoffed, “Wow, Mr. Faulkner, you must really care a lot

aside to visit her.”

“Like you said,

in a deep voice.

A scowl instantly crept into Genevieve’s face.

if you brought her some supplements so her leg can heal faster!”

“Okay,” Armand answered with a gentle nod.

“Thank you for your suggestion, Ms.

started ringing.

smile and answered it while walking toward the elevator.

“Hello, who’s that?” she piped up.

After a while, she added,

Sorry, darling.

time to call you.”

Genevieve’s voice was so saccharine-sweet that it was as though she was trying to soothe

up at the hospital.

She poured him a glass of water immediately, clearly treating him better than

felt Joyce lifting her pant leg to reveal the gnarly bruise.

“Take a look,

Faulkner,” Joyce said, her voice full of pity.

been injured this badly.

of bed for the time being...”

“In that case,

“I want to, but I’m afraid I can’t.

Ms.

manager for Sylvie.

so she can assign me new tasks.

The thing is, Ms.

Rachford lacks the experience to run a production company.

company’s TV series...”

Armand said nothing as he listened intently, speaking up only when Joyce had

at that.

Sylvie pursed her lips and muttered, “Mr.

Faulkner, the truth is that I prefer making movies.

want to mess anything up.

But Ms.

she’d terminate my contract.

you please help me pay the early termination fee?”

“How much is it?”

Sylvie rattled

had essentially agreed to help her, Sylvie beamed with joy.

“Thank you, Mr.

but the termination fee’s way too high.

of luck! Once I leave the company, I shall strike out on

others!

Right then, Armand’s phone rang.

When he realized it was a call from Cooper, he picked it up

“Hey.

weren't at the office.

asked candidly.

"Yes."

"Turn on your speakerphone," Cooper said, his tone darker than before.

did as instructed and turned to look at

"It's Mr.

Sutton from Specter Corporation.

Sylvie froze in her tracks.

Naturally, she knew who Cooper Sutton was.

but he also used to be the Rachford family's

ruthless than Armand.

I don't think I've ever met him, though.

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 439

suddenly rang out. "Ms. Clasen, you'd better remain in Genevieve Orsi Productions

guarantee it'd spell the end of your acting career.

If you don't believe me, go ahead and try it!"

Sylvie was

Sutton and your company's new CEO," Armand explained.

he continued, "If there are any movies you're interested in taking on, I'll try my best to help

"Thank you, Mr.

in the ward for ten minutes before taking his leave.

After closing the door, Joyce promptly

Valentine wrapped around her finger.

From what I've heard, Mr.

the real decision-maker in Helt Corporation!” she said as she emptied almost half her

insanely lucky.

continued to ramble on, but when

He has dealings with Mr.

Faulkner daily, so I can understand why Mr.

Faulkner doesn’t want to offend him,” Joyce coaxed.

of anger, Sylvie.

Mr.

Faulkner treats you very well.

he?” Sylvie replied with a bitter smile.

aware of that.

As a manager, she had never once left Sylvie’s side

hardly visited her.

There had even been endorsement

down all the various deals.

Because of the high

image remained pure and pristine.

The more

that simple.

With that, Joyce felt a

Why did you still get the minivan to pick you up afterward?”

Upon hearing Joyce’s

the charity event, Sylvie rounded up a few hotel staff and shared

room, Sylvie's heart sank. She knew there was no longer any point caught the drift and knew better than to probe further.

"All right.

days, you can give an excuse about not being used to them.

to you."

Sylvie's the biggest star in the company, and she

tire myself out?

"Use this time to rest and recuperate," Joyce added as she placed Sylvie's glass on the table.

star in TV dramas, that'd all

news making headlines."

The next second, Joyce leaned

get to be in."

Upon hearing that, Sylvie's

have gotten the management rights to the production

"Once everything's settled, I'll have you transferred back as soon as possible."

Happy

the event had yet to subside, and it didn't take long before a

settlement worth billions from each of her ex-husbands.

Once she had all the wealth and power in

ex-husband, so she lost her temper and went out of her way to make things difficult for the

blogger's classmate was.

Unsurprisingly, the discussion spread like wildfire on the forum and gradually moved to Twitter, where it started trending.

Upset

she went onto Twitter personally and uploaded the contract that Sylvie had signed with the production

movies or dramas that she does.

of our artists, yet she never

but I'm afraid I can't agree with everything else you said.

For starters, Specter Corporation belongs to my family.

