

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 441

Armand Faulkner, all I asked from him was a house. But if you think that's my new CEO of Genevieve Orsi Productions,

will be more than ready to have her terminate her contract with us. As for all

say, the fans felt like they had gotten a slap in the face.

couldn't find any reasons to do so.

How could they when Genevieve had also posted Sylvie's schedules over the past

may have done a lot of business together and shared many drinks, but

a house from her ex-husband.

As soon

I've decided to join the singles club.

celebrate tonight! It'd be my treat!

Since Twilight Tower wasn't far from the financial district that Central

"Have you received your quarterly bonus?"

"No.

tracks and recalled what had happened at the shopping mall.

"Is it because of that woman?"

"Yes and no,

other, and it'd be torture if we forced ourselves to

morning."

Completely dumbfounded, Genevieve blurted, "You've been married for four

"It feels good being single again.

the freedom! More importantly, I can choose any men I

on the debit card and said, "I asked for a

It's all in this card.

million from me, though," Genevieve replied as she broke into a

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take the rest of the money as a form of deposit.

you serious?"

"Of course not!" Johanna exclaimed before putting her smile away.

"By the way, Genev, Mr.

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Naturally, Genevieve was stunned.

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"Your father—"

"You don't have to blame yourself," Johanna interrupted.

"Jack didn't do anything wrong either.

Ultimately, my father reaped what he sowed.

Anyway, you have to accept the money.

kept the debit card.

Johanna broke into a smile once again and took a sip of the water.

"Genev, I hope you don't think I'm poor.

Specter Corporation, I haven't given up on venturing into design.

have.

The brand became really popular a few years ago.

Their clothes are known for their simplicity and elegance.

I believe they have shops in Dartan, too.

are very similar to your style..." Genevieve said before glancing at her friend.

As

"Are you the designer?"

Johanna nodded with a smile.

was beyond shocked.

"Since you love fashion so much, why do you still stay in Specter Corporation as a

I can't bring myself to just up and leave.

have divorced Timothy," Genevieve scoffed.

"Tell me the truth."

"Fine.

spend all my time designing.

every day? I like the way my life is structured

at work and make some money from them.

raised a suggestion that she had pondered over.

"Listen.

you're only killing time in Specter Corporation, there's no harm in a

kill time in your company," she scoffed.

up your alley," Genevieve replied with a

artists."

"Wow, aren't you afraid I'd turn your artists into a complete mess?"

Genevieve chuckled.

"Feel free to do so.

is here.

entertainment industry while looking so much like me."

Once again, Johanna knew what her friend was thinking and snorted in

"Be honest.

I think I heard someone say they have a child—"

The car

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and maternity store before."

Genevieve stared wistfully at the traffic light countdown timer and mumbled,

"Mando isn't someone like

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all these years.

Seeing that she was lost in her thoughts, Johanna waved at her and

arriving at Genevieve Orsi Productions, Genevieve

approval from her superior.

As soon as she said that, all of the upper management staff were baffled. They were

decisions made recently.

Therefore, there was not any strong objection

was about to die.

She slumped into the car seat and grumbled, “Darn

sparkle in her eyes.

past General Hospital, she caught a glance of a young man seemingly trying to hail a cab.

She pulled her

that it was Genevieve calling out to him.

the window shield and responded with a

too occupied with work.

nodded.

Then, Jermaine opened the car door

you think that Genev invited you for a private dinner?”

Embarrassed, Jermaine

above eighteen years of age? Why

preys farthest from its hole?”

Jermaine seemingly understood what Johanna

Sitler.

thought that you wanted Dr.

Sitler to...”

“No!”

“Well, I told you before that Dr.

Sitler did me a huge favor four years ago.

treat him to repay his kindness.” Genevieve

Genevieve and Johanna.

with at the same hospital.

Halfway through dinner, Johanna nudged Genevieve.

“Tell Dr.

office this afternoon.

headlines, right?” Johanna suggested, “Since Dr.

you?”

Genevieve shook her head and continued eating, whereas Jermaine listened on.

Upon noticing Genevieve’s reluctance, he prompted, “Go ahead and tell

Rachford.

seized the opportunity and said, “You’re working at General Hospital, right?

We’d like to ask that you pay

baby at your hospital.”

Subsequently, she provided Jermaine with some information about

Chapter 444 I Dare You

Jermaine mulled it over before responding, “I doubt a celebrity like her would give birth at General Hospital. She would probably pick a highly private hospital with more stringent policies. Anyway, I know some doctors working at several private hospitals in Jadeborough. I’ll look into it one of these days.”

“Dr. Sitler, you are the best! You never say no to any of our requests.”

Johanna was all smiles when she served him some dishes. “Come on, dig in. We’re going to hit the bar afterward. Do you want to join us?”

“Sure!” Jermaine grinned. “I’ve been on night shifts lately, and I haven’t had a

good break.”

After dinner, the trio proceeded to have their happy hour at a bar. They went at a time when the bar was at its best.

Johanna generously ordered a wide variety of wines and insisted that Genevieve and Jermaine could only leave the bar wasted.

She even requested the bar manager to arrange for a few handsome men to dance around their table in order to make the night more lively.

However, the manager told her that all the performances had been pre-arranged, and he could not change them at the last minute.

Hearing that, Genevieve flashed him a stack of cash and things changed at that instant. The manager grinned from ear to ear; even his tone of voice became more polite. Then, he asked for some time to select the dancers.

Moments later, a few good looking topless hunks showed up on stage and performed a sexy dance.

Their sets of well-developed six-pack abs looked exceptionally alluring under the dim light.

Coupled with their erotic moves, the dancers sent all the ladies into a frenzy and had them screaming excitedly at the top of their lungs. Indeed, the dance floor was very vibrant.

Meanwhile, at a private lounge on the second floor, a few bottles of brandy, whisky, and other strong liquors were seen on the table.

When Armand entered the lounge, Timothy was drinking with Cooper.

To be exact, what greeted Armand was an irritated Timothy plying himself with liquor while complaining to Cooper.

Armand tossed his jacket on the couch and sat down beside Timothy.

He poured himself a glass of brandy and side-eyed Timothy. “Changed your hairstyle?”

The latter instinctively rubbed the back of his head, only to realize that he no longer had his ponytail.

Feeling rather annoyed, he grouched, “It’s not my idea at all. She ridiculously cut my ponytail off when we were arguing last night. I really can’t believe it.

Why does such an unreasonable woman exist on earth?”

He tried to clear the misunderstanding with Johanna that the girl he ran into at the mall was actually the sister of his late friend. As a matter of fact, it was a coincidence that they met.

Timothy then showed Johanna the custom-made present he brought back from the mall.

However, she refused to accept his explanation and gave him the cold shoulder for several days.

Yesterday, Denise accompanied her classmate to General Hospital and bumped into Timothy again. He held the door for Denise’s classmate. Lo and behold, he was caught doing the act by Johanna who happened to be at the hospital to treat her cold.

When they went home at night, Johanna mocked him for not treating Denise

and her classmate to dinner.

Timothy was fed up that his sincere explanations fell on deaf ears. As he grew impatient, he blurted, "Can't you see with your own eyes if I have ever committed adultery since the day we got married? Can't you tell? Forget it if you don't want to believe me. I'm sick and tired of explaining again and again."

Johanna was enraged by his words spoken out of frustration, and the two had an intense quarrel.

After that, Johanna took a pair of scissors and cut off Timothy's ponytail when he was distracted.

He was so livid that he nearly slapped her on the face.

Johanna went on and requested a divorce, to which he agreed right away.

"Bring it on! Let's do it. I dare you to be at City Hall tomorrow morning, sucker!"

Johanna slammed the door and stormed off.

Upon hearing what had happened, Cooper adjusted his glasses. "I got it. She cut off the little ponytail that you've been keeping for years, and that's why you want to get a divorce. That ponytail seems to be of utmost importance to you." He added confidently, "Is it related to your ex-girlfriend?"

Timothy said nothing and poured himself another glass of brandy.

Armand swirled his wine glass and asked indifferently, "Denise? Dakota's sister?"

Cooper shot a curious glance at him. "What do you know?"

"His first love was Dakota Wallowitz." Armand took another sip of brandy.

"When Timothy was in eleventh grade, both of them were kidnapped on the way home. Although the Jensen family paid the ransom, the kidnapers were afraid that the Jensens would avenge them. So, they burned the car and ran away. Dakota wanted to save Timothy and missed the best opportunity to escape before the fire started blazing. Alas, she was engulfed by the fire..."

Chapter 445 What Gives "Is that the reason why you took extra care of her sister?" It all finally made sense to Cooper. He raised his brow and

suggested, "Why don't you explain to Johanna and end this war?" Timothy grunted and scoffed, "She keeps thinking that I have an affair with another woman. No matter how hard I tried explaining to her, she refused to listen."

Then, Timothy gulped down another shot of brandy. The death of Dakota was like a taboo topic to him. A few years ago, he would still dreamed about the tragic scene where Dakota was devoured by the voracious fire. Now when Armand brought up the past, he realized that he was no longer consumed by the horrible and guilty feelings that used to haunt him. After the huge fight he had with Johanna, which resulted in her cutting off the ponytail that he had kept for years, he felt so much better. It was as if a heavy weight was lifted off him.

He was infuriated because Johanna distrusted him and gave him the cold shoulder. Though they had been married for slightly over four years and slept on the same bed since, he somehow felt that Johanna was not truthful to him. Anyhow, he regretted his actions when he woke up in the morning. When he was driving to City Hall, he wished that Johanna would hug him, admitted her mistakes, and coquettishly promised not to have any falling-out with him anymore. How he wished Johanna would say that they were not getting a divorce. Unfortunately, none of those he hoped for happened. On the contrary, Johanna requested for a hundred million in cash. She suspected me of having an affair with another woman and flew into a rage. How come she's so decisive to the point of not caring anymore when we're breaking up?

"It's good that we're splitting up. With my blessed good looks, I don't need to worry about not having any women chasing after me, do I?" Timothy said scornfully. "At this point, I realized that marriage doesn't make a person happy. It's better to remain single. If your girlfriend is always making dubious assumptions about you, go ahead and replace her with a more obedient one!" "Mr. Sutton." Like an experienced person, Timothy advised Cooper, "Listen to me, don't get hitched again, and you shall live a peaceful and blissful life." "I won't tie the knot again." Cooper stated firmly, "I'm dedicating the rest of my life to Specter Corporation." Timothy widened his eyes in disbelief. "Genevieve has married Jack, right? She doesn't lack money. Do you really need to work so hard for Specter Corporation?" The minute he made that statement, the atmosphere in the private lounge died down almost instantly. "One can always opt for a divorce," Cooper glared at him and rebutted. "It doesn't matter if Genev doesn't have any feelings for me.

"I just want to stand by her and give her all the support she needs." He liked Genevieve, but he also respected her decisions. "I doubt they'd divorce each other." Timothy leaned on the couch, frowning. "I'm utterly baffled. How come Genevieve could get pregnant with Jack's baby when she has clearly done a tubal ligation?" Armand placed the wine glass on the table with a loud clank. The bulging veins on his hands could not go unnoticed. Cooper sensed that the latter was on the verge of going ballistic despite the calm and composed expression shown on his face. Smiling, Cooper provoked him further. "Are you pissed off? What gives? Genev lost two children because of you, Armand. She has the right to go for a tubal litigation. Similarly, the decision is also hers to make if she wants to bear a child. You've been surrounded by countless of pretty girls these four years. You also have Sylvie to keep you company day and night.

"What makes you think that she's would not have any man by her side?" Suddenly, Cooper recalled something. "Rumor has it that you've fathered a child with Sylvie, and she was spotted shopping for baby products. Mr.

Faulkner, how old is your kid now?" "Oh my goodness!" Timothy cast a flabbergasted look at Armand and asked, "Is that true?" Armand ignored them both and continued drinking shots after shots of brandy. Timothy urged persistently, "Come on, Armand. Let your yes be yes, and your no be no." Deep down, Timothy thought that it was probably a fake news. It's not hard to guess why Armand keeps Sylvie by his side. His motive is obvious. I bet Cooper could figure this out too.

Chapter 446 Why Must I Tell Miss Rachford Right then, Cooper's phone vibrated twice. He picked it up from the table and replied a message. "Genev is hanging out here at the same bar too. She's coming over in a bit." Timothy snorted as he presumed that Genevieve did not come alone. Johanna is probably here too. Within two minutes, Genevieve showed up with Johanna. Johanna was dressed in a short purple camisole. She complemented her outfit with a pair of earrings and other accessories, which made her look trendy, slim, and fair. There was a sparkle in her eyes, and her smile was as bright as the sun. She could easily pass as a young girl in her twenties. Timothy was still feeling down in the dumps since the divorce in the morning. He did not expect Johanna to be so happy. He felt even more exasperated when he saw her seemingly enjoying her new found freedom a few hours after signing the papers. Timothy sniggered and asked coldly, "Johanna, are you overjoyed because our marriage has been legally dissolved or because you're having fun at the bar?" "Both make me gleeful." After a slight pause, Johanna commented, "Of course, nothing makes me happier than divorcing you." Timothy's face sank. As Genevieve led Johanna into the room, Timothy realized that a young guy was trailing behind them. He asked in bewilderment, "Jermaine, why are you here?"

"Dr. Sitler came with us. He's a mutual friend of Genev and I." Upon taking a seat, Johanna pointed at the empty space next to her and called out, "Come over here, Dr. Sitler." Never in a million years would Jermaine thought that Timothy and Johanna had broken up. With that in mind, it went unsaid for him to reject her offer. I'll surely see Timothy again at the hospital tomorrow. Seriously, I don't want to die an ugly death... Cooper noticed the quandary Jermaine was in, so he pointed at the seat beside him. "Over here, Dr. Sitler." Once Jermaine had settled down, Cooper handed him a glass of brandy. "How boring is it for a few men in their thirties to do nothing apart from drinking in a private lounge?" Johanna mumbled as she proceeded to switch on the LED screen. "I'm over the moon today. Let me sing you a song!" Johanna pulled a bar-stool over and sat in front of the monitor. "What songs do you like? I'll sing for free," she asked without turning her head. Timothy suddenly remembered that besides her talent in fashion designing, Johanna also had a good voice. When they hung out one day a long time ago, he inadvertently discovered her amazing singing skills. Since then, he would

sometimes coaxed her to sing for him or call out his name more often during sex. However, he did not enjoy the songs for free. Timothy fumed at that thought. "Johanna, why did you collect twenty thousand from me for each song you sang for me in the past, but you sing to them for free?" Johanna rolled her eyes at him. "I'm the one singing, so I shall have the last say." "No one wants to pick a song?"

She narrowed her eyes and gazed at Jermaine with a smile. "Dr. Sitler, I'm a great singer. Come on, choose a song!" Jermaine could tell that Timothy was glowering at him. As a consequence, his hand holding the glass trembled in fear. Why does Johanna keep putting me on the spot? "Sing two rock songs, will you?" Genevieve intervened and saved him from his predicament. "Sure thing!" Johanna giggled. Subsequently, she selected two songs from a classic rock band. Johanna could really sing any genre of songs. Like a lead vocalist, she held the microphone and belted a tune while flipping her hair back and forth, leaving the audience mesmerized by her concert-worthy performance. Just when Genevieve was reaching out for the bottle of brandy, Cooper grabbed her hand and stopped her. "Brandy is too strong for you. You should just drink cocktails like Johanna."

The next moment, the door to the lounge was pushed open and a waiter dressed in uniform walked in with a tray. Upon serving several cocktails on the table, he left quietly. Genevieve picked up a glass of cocktail and took two sips. "What did you guys chat about just now?" she asked Cooper. "Mr. Faulkner and his girlfriend." Cooper looked in the direction of Armand with a smug smirk. "We were questioning Mr. Faulkner about his alleged child and the baby full moon party." Genevieve froze for a moment. Then, she turned to the man and asked curiously, "You really have a child?" "Must I tell you, Ms. Rachford?" Armand was slightly hostile in his response. "We aren't that close, are we?" "You're right. We aren't close." Genevieve huffed and finished her cocktail in a single breath.

Chapter 447 Is It Worthwhile Timothy watched Johanna sing in front of everyone present. At times when she got all hyped up, she would even throw in a hot dance. Seeing so made Timothy's blood boil. Thus, he invited several girls into their lounge to take revenge on her. "I'll pay ten thousand per song to anyone among you who can sing or dance better than her!" The attractive offer made all the girls go crazy instantly. They fought to be the first ones to select songs of their choice. No thanks to Timothy pulling his stunt, Johanna lost her mood to sing. She landed a kick at Timothy while making her way back to the couch. Shortly after, she saw that there were poker cards on the table and suggested that they play truth or dare. "Hey, sing a few ballads. While you're at it, reduce the volume. Otherwise, we can't hear each other

over here," she boldly ordered the girls around. "Johanna, those are my people.

"I'm the one who paid them to sing," retorted Timothy. "I know, and I'm not going to dispute that fact. You said you'd pay them ten thousand per song, right?" Johanna spread her hands in feigned innocence. "As an audience, am I not allowed to pick songs that I want to hear?" Timothy was rendered speechless. Johanna then opened a new deck of cards and excluded the four kings. As she shuffled the deck, she started explaining the rules of the game. Everyone was supposed to pick a card and reveal it at the same time. The one with the smallest number would lose, whereas the one with the biggest number would win the round. The loser would then have to accept a punishment indicated by the winner. Afterward, Johanna placed the deck neatly on the table and commenced the game in a clockwise manner. Timothy was the first to draw a card, followed by Johanna, Jermaine, and the rest. When Genevieve had completed her turn, the next player remained as still as a statue. Johanna rested her chin on her palm and teased Armand with a pair of smiling eyes, "Mr. Faulkner, it's just a harmless game. Both truth or dare options won't go too far. Are you scared?" She took advantage of the situation and poked fun at Timothy. "See, how steady and grounded is your fellow friend.

Now, take a look at yourself... Tsk!" Timothy was at a loss for words. In the end, Armand decided to participate in the game. He took the top card from the deck and tossed it casually on the table. It was a deuce, making Timothy the winner of that round. Armand took a shot of brandy and indicated coldly, "I choose dare." "Awesome!" Needless to say, Timothy would not give up on such a great chance to pull a trick on his friend. He rubbed his palms and instructed, "I want you and Mr. Sutton to each hold a glass and drink from it with your cup-holding arms crossed." Cooper shot Timothy a glance and advised him with a smile, "You might want to think twice, Timothy. Let me remind you that what goes around comes around. I live by the saying, an eye for an eye." A tinge of viciousness laced his tone of voice. Timothy shrugged and replied guiltlessly, "Well, well, Armand's the one who chose dare." "Haha! This is fun. I can't wait to see you guys do it." Johanna filled Cooper's glass with more liquor. "Mr. Faulkner, hurry up and clink glasses with Mr. Sutton.

The loser can't reject any punishment given by the winner, ok?" Without saying a word, Armand approached Cooper with a glass. Then, the duo performed the act under everyone's noses. Thereafter, Armand went back to his seat, looking unperturbed as though nothing happened. Soon, it was time for a new round. Basically, each one had their fair share of drawing the smallest card in terms of value. Regardless of other people's choices, Armand would only pick dare whenever he lost. He was very obliging in

accepting his punishment, be it drinking crossed-cup wine with another guy or singing a song. Everyone was quite considerate and behaved like a gentleman throughout the game except for two people who took revenge on Timothy. Johanna's seething resentment against him drove her to seize every possible chance to give Timothy a hard time, whether he chose truth or dare. On the other hand, Cooper did not spare him, either. In a new round, Jermaine got the ace card, whereas Genevieve's was the smallest number. "Truth," Genevieve uttered. "When was the most heartbroken moment for you?" Jermaine posed her a question. Genevieve thought about it for a while before responding with her gaze lowered. "When I was giving birth." On the day of delivery, a group of doctors and nurses surrounded her and gently comforted her with words of encouragement. Yet, her heart wrenched painfully because she had no one beside her. The one she loved was absent. She did not know if her efforts were worthwhile. Moreover, she had a condition which made the delivery process much harder.

She could not bear the emotional turmoil within her and broke down while she was giving birth to her baby. Genevieve rubbed the corner of her eyes. Upon noticing that the atmosphere in the room had grown tense, she laughed. "Who wouldn't cry at the immense pain felt during child birth? Come on, don't stay silent. All right, I'm done with my turn. Please draw the next card." Once again, Armand's card was the smallest in number. "You've chosen dare thrice." Cooper placed his card on the table and remarked nonchalantly, "You can't keep doing the same thing when playing truth or dare. You must go for truth this time."

Chapter 448 Avoiding Questions Armand nodded. "Ask away." Cooper seized the opportunity and asked, "Do you and Sylvie have a child?" Genevieve figured the journalists were just making it up and that such a thing couldn't possibly be true. Even so, she found herself tightening her grip on the glass as she waited for Armand's answer. On the coffee table were five glasses of whisky. Those who refused to answer the truth questions would have to down all five glasses in one go. After going silent for a few seconds, Armand grabbed the first glass of whisky from the table and chugged it down.

He then reached for the second glass and kept going until he finished all five glasses. Why isn't he willing to answer such a simple question? Genevieve felt her heart sink when she saw the way he responded. Noticing that Jermaine was staring at Genevieve, Johanna tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Dr. Sitler, you've been staring at Genev since we were drinking outside. Do you like her or something?" Unsure of what to say, Jermaine could only stare at her awkwardly with his mouth wide open. Johanna was grinning from ear to ear when she saw his response. "If that's the case, you're going to be in for a huge disappointment, Dr. Sitler! Genev is married and has a child, so

she's no longer available! How about you court me instead? I'm divorced, so I'm single and available!" "Johanna!" Timothy slammed his glass down on the table. "Do you even realize how flirty you are? Did you set your sights on Jermaine before we got divorced?" "So what if I did? Unlike you, I did not act on those feelings!" Johanna snapped back at him. "What did I do?"

I told you, I ran into her by coincidence while collecting your present at the mall!" Timothy yelled angrily. Johanna snorted. "Yeah, right, I suppose it was also a coincidence that you went shopping for lipstick with her and treated her classmate at the hospital, huh? Are you also going to coincidentally run into her when we leave the bar later?" "Just how f*cking unreasonable can you get?" "As if yelling at me makes you any more reasonable!" Given Johanna's sharp tongue, Timothy had lost the argument the moment he picked a fight with her. "We'll talk outside!" he shouted while tugging at his collar in frustration. Johanna shook her head. "Why should I go outside with you? We're divorced, remember? You can just say whatever it is you want to say right here!" Furious at how she was practically leaning against Jermaine, Timothy grabbed her by the arm and dragged her out of the room. "Hey! What are you doing? Let go of me! Let go! Help me! Someone's trying to molest me!" Johanna screamed at the top of her lungs as she struggled, only to have Timothy clamp his hand over her mouth. Fearing they would get into a fight, Genevieve was about to go after them when a beep came from her phone. She took a glance at her phone before grabbing her handbag and leaving in a hurry. Seconds after Genevieve left, Jermaine placed his glass down and said, "Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Sutton, you two carry on."

I need to use the restroom." Since most of them were gone, Cooper told the few other girls to leave too. He then retrieved a cigarette from a box on the coffee table and lit it up. He tried passing the box over to Armand, but the latter refused it and simply carried on drinking in silence. "I really don't understand what goes on in that thick skull of yours, Armand. Why would you choose to drink instead of answering such a simple question? Were you trying to get back at Genev?" "She is with child and has long since been married to someone else. Why would I need to get back at her?" Armand replied with a faint smile while swirling his glass. "You've been with a ton of women over the past four years, Armand. I've seen you attend all sorts of events with Sylvie. Do you really think I don't know what you have in mind?" Cooper said with a snicker. Armand ignored him and continued drinking. Cooper let out a cold chuckle when he saw him avoid his question. He then reached for his phone on the coffee table and sent a text to someone.

Chapter 449 Unworthy Of Being Her Replacement As Genevieve and Jermaine had yet to return, Armand and Cooper were the only ones left in the room. The former continued drinking in silence while the latter puffed away on

his cigarettes. Armand was drunk by the time he finished the brandy on the table. He even stumbled a little when he got up from the couch. Cooper grabbed Genevieve's coat that she had left behind before leaving the room with Armand. After leaving the lively bar, Cooper was heading down the stairs with Armand when he saw a car pull up by the road. Cooper deliberately slowed down to put some distance between him and Armand. Seconds later, a young woman came out of the back seat of the car. She was wearing a green knitted miniskirt that hugged her slender figure, and the wind blowing through her long hair added flair to her exquisite facial features. Sylvie quickly ran up to Armand the moment she saw him.

"Why did you get so drunk, Mando?" She had a faint rosy fragrance on her body that Armand had smelled countless times before. Too drunk to say anything, Armand simply stared blankly at Sylvie in response. "You know what? Never mind. I'll take you to the hotel," she said as she helped him into the car. A faint smile formed on Cooper's face as he stood and watched their interaction from afar. Since Armand isn't denying the rumors about them, I'll lend him a hand! The car soon arrived outside Lovely Heart Hotel. Sylvie had already booked them a room beforehand, so she brought Armand straight to the elevator and rode it up to their floor. After entering the room, she made sure to keep it dimly lit with only a lamp in the corner. "I'll go pour you a glass of water, Mando." Sylvie was about to head over to the minibar when Armand hugged her from behind. He buried his face into the crook of her neck, and she shuddered when she felt his warm breath on her skin. "Don't leave me, Darling." Armand's voice sounded a little weak and hoarse. Who is he calling "Darling"? Sylvie paused for a moment after hearing that but decided not to think much about it. "I won't leave you. I love you, and I'll always stay with you," she said, turning around to hug him back.

Sylvie stood on her tiptoes as she attempted to give him a kiss, only to have Armand let go of her all of a sudden. He forcefully brushed her arms off and backed away as he fumbled for the light switch. The look in his eyes turned icy-cold when he realized the woman who looked a lot like Genevieve was actually Sylvie. A few seconds later, Sylvie placed his hands on her body and boldly leaned forward. "Don't you want me, Mando?" she whispered seductively in his ear. Armand pulled his hand back and said coldly, "You'll only make a fool of yourself if you try to imitate her." The look on Sylvie's face tensed up when she heard that, but she refused to give up. "Genevieve is already married to someone else. Since I look similar to her, will you let me be with you instead? I really love you! I don't mind if you see her whenever you look at me! I'm willing to be her replacement for the rest of my life!" Armand grabbed her by the chin and took a closer look at her face before pushing her away. "I know this isn't your original appearance, Sylvie. You

wanted to star in Jack's movie, so you slept with one of the producers and found out what Jack wanted his female lead to look like.

After that, you went to get plastic surgery over twenty times just to look a little like Genevieve. I only kept you by my side because I didn't want you bedding other men with a face that resembles hers. You're not worthy of being her replacement." Sylvie's face went pale instantly. He knew about those secrets of mine? More importantly, I actually thought he saw me as a replacement for Genevieve the whole time! So, this is why he kept me by his side all along... Chapter 450 My Heart Is Dead Armand glared at her coldly as he continued, "I know everything you've been doing behind my back, Sylvie. I just couldn't be bothered to have someone take action, that's all." "You couldn't be bothered? I bet you wanted Genevieve to see me like this, didn't you?" Sylvie snapped at him. She knew she had struck a nerve when she felt his grip on her chin tighten, but she didn't dare go any further out of fear. "Stop wearing green and stop styling your makeup to look like her. Oh, and stop wearing that d*mned perfume too. Smelling it on you fills my heart with nothing but disgust. You will do exactly as I say if you want to continue living a good life like this," Armand said while wiping his hands with a paper towel. He tossed it onto the bar and entered the bedroom while Sylvie stood there, seemingly frozen in place. The paper towel was still fairly clean as Armand had only used it to wipe his hands earlier, but Sylvie felt as though it was covered in germs and viruses. All these years, I thought Armand had treated me well because he saw me as a replacement for Genevieve.

Turns out that I'm not even worthy of being her replacement... He only brought me to those social events so people would forget about bedding me out of their fear for him. I've never seen a man so reserved yet terrifying at the same time! Not wanting to stick around any longer, Sylvie grabbed her handbag and was about to leave when the doorbell rang. Her eyes lit up with glee when she looked through the peephole and saw that it was Genevieve outside the door. Sylvie deliberately messed up her hair even further and undid the first button on her skirt before opening the door. Armand had already left the bar by the time Genevieve finished her phone call. She had come rushing over when she found out that he had gotten drunk and that Sylvie had brought him to this hotel. Judging by Sylvie's messy hair and reddened eyes, it's obvious what the two of them have been doing earlier... Genevieve felt her heart sink at the thought of that. "Do you need something, Ms. Rachford?" Sylvie asked with her lips pursed. "No, you two carry on!" Genevieve replied and left in a hurry. She was gripping the box of sobering pills so tightly that it nearly deformed in her hands. Sylvie waited until a minute had passed since Genevieve entered the elevator before leaving the room. The mere thought of what she saw earlier filled Genevieve with so much anger that she trembled all over. What a f*cking sc*mbag! I wouldn't

have returned if I'd known he'd be like this! My life was so much better in Dartan! She threw the sobering pills into the trash. Her phone started ringing when she stepped out of the hotel. Genevieve waited until she was inside her car before answering the call. "What's up, Sweetie?" "I miss you, Mommy! You said you'd give me a call every two days!" A little girl's soft and adorable voice came on the other line. "I'm sorry, Sweetie. I've been too busy lately," Genevieve said and gave her a kiss over the phone. "

When will you bring me home, Mommy? I really miss you and Daddy!" Genevieve broke into a frown, as hearing that reminded her of what had happened at the hotel earlier. "You no longer have a daddy! He's dead!" "Huh? Really?" "Well, he's not actually dead, but my heart is. Do not talk to me about him ever again, you hear?" Genevieve said coldly. "Then why did you give me the nickname 'Mandy,' Mommy? Wouldn't that remind you of Daddy whenever you call my name?" asked the little girl. "Yeah, I was stupid for telling you and your brother all that. I should've let Mr. Valentine be your daddy instead!" Genevieve replied with a wry chuckle. "Don't be angry, Mommy! I'll help you teach Daddy a lesson in my dreams tonight!" Amanda comforted her with a kiss over the phone. Feeling a lot better after hearing that, Genevieve continued chatting with her until she got home

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