

My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 473

Chapter 473 My One And Only When she first married Timothy, she had done so with the intention of taking revenge. All she wanted was to address Vanessa as Mom officially and hope that Vanessa would dote on her. Over the last four years, she knew she had fallen for Timothy. Not wanting to go any deeper and after finding out about Dakota, she had put on an act with Dakota's sister, Denise, so that she would have the excuse to pick a fight with Timothy and divorce him. Timothy was filled with anguish. He pulled her into his arms and whispered lovingly, "You're my wife. Why would I abandon you? You're my one and only wife in this lifetime." To that, Johanna murmured, "But I have nothing to give you. I'm not from any prominent—" "But my wife is beautiful and talented," said Timothy as he pecked her lightly on her cheek. "She sings better than anyone I know, and everyone loves the clothes she designs."

"There are plenty of women like me." "Nonsense! You are unlike any other woman," proclaimed Timothy. "Your talents are not something others can replicate. I don't care about your parents or your family background. I just want to be with you and have our own family. I want to wake up to you by my side every morning." Timothy hugged her so tightly as if he was afraid that he might lose her again. "I have been worried sick and couldn't even sleep when I could not find you. I wondered if you had enough money or if you had someone to look after you. Darling, please don't do this again. No matter what happens, I'll be by your side," he said. Johanna reached out and buried her face in his arms for a long time. Timothy knew she was crying again when he felt the hot dampness on his shirt. He coaxed her gently, "All right. Don't cry. It's going to hurt your eyes." Johanna sobbed and responded, "I don't want to cry either, but I can't seem to stop the tears. I feel very sad." Wiping her tears away with his hands, Timothy assured her, "I will be with you. Don't be sad anymore, okay?" Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw the food that Genevieve had brought. It had already turned cold. Timothy put on Johanna's shoes and coat for her before carrying her outside. After carrying her into the car, Timothy fastened the seat belt for her and asked, "Are you hungry? What would you like to eat?"

Johanna rubbed her eyes before answering, "Yes, I want to eat ice cream." Timothy did not reject her request blatantly. Instead, he tried to persuade her to eat something else. "It's not good to have ice cream on an empty stomach. Why don't we have some pasta first? After a few hours, you can have your ice cream." With red, swollen eyes, Johanna pouted and muttered, "Then I want to eat barbecue." "Okay." After all, a barbecue was better than ice cream. Timothy phoned Golden Restaurant and got them to prepare a private room and barbecue. By the time they arrived at the restaurant, the barbecue was ready, and they could start eating. For the last couple of days, Johanna had not been eating well. At that moment, she was starving, and she devoured everything. Timothy felt so sorry for her when he saw that. He tried to make sure that she was not eating too quickly. Otherwise, it might cause her to have indigestion. By the time they finished their barbecue, it was already four in the afternoon. After the meal, Johanna's mood improved tremendously.

On the way back home, she had fallen asleep. Upon reaching home, Timothy carried her onto the bed carefully before making a call to the hospital. Half an hour later, he received the items he needed and proceeded to wipe Johanna's face with a hot towel. After that, he placed the eye patches under her eyes and applied the ointment on her arm where the bruise was. Her fair and skinny arms looked so thin that they might snap anytime. That

upset Timothy and made him wonder about the state that she had been in. Johanna was still asleep at eight that night. Timothy used the opportunity to order a number of snacks and a few boxes of ice cream from the internet. After the food arrived, he could hear the sound of someone crying coming from the bedroom.

Chapter 474 I Would Not Say That Timothy rushed to the bedroom, only to see Johanna sitting and crying on the bed. "What's wrong, Darling?" When Johanna saw him, she wiped her nose and reached out to hold him. "I thought you didn't want me anymore..." It turned out that she had woken up in a dark and quiet room, and it was too depressing for her. "I ordered something, and the delivery man has just sent it here." With that, Timothy put a pair of cotton sandals on her feet before carrying her to the dining room. He then opened up the box of pasta and fed her. "Eat some pasta. After that, you can have a few mouthfuls of the ice cream that I ordered. All right?" Johanna mumbled in agreement and ate the pasta.

She could only finish half of the pasta, so Timothy polished off the rest. After letting her watch some TV, he then took her for a bath. When it was time to sleep, Timothy fed her two mouthfuls of the vanilla ice cream. Johanna licked her lips and wanted more. Seeing Timothy leave with the tub of ice cream, she grabbed his arm and begged, "Can I have another two mouthfuls? Please..." "No. Ice cream is too cold. This is just to satisfy your craving, that's all." Timothy pulled her hand off heartlessly. Johanna was so angry that she ignored him. Even when she was sleeping, she turned her back on him. "Please don't be angry with me, Darling." Timothy hugged her from the back. "It's not good for the baby if you start to take food that is not good for your health. Tomorrow, I'll let you try two mouthfuls of the other flavors. Okay?" Johanna responded with a snort and ignored him. Timothy was deep asleep when he heard Johanna's sobs.

He woke up in shock and saw that her pillow was soaked with her tears. "What's wrong?" Timothy held her in his arms. "Darling, I'm here." Johanna, who was still asleep, seemed to hear him and stopped crying. In her daze, she called out, "Timothy..." "I'm here." "Timothy..." She grabbed his pajamas and sounded as if she was on the verge of crying again. Timothy hugged her tightly and said, "Darling, I'm here." The next morning when Timothy woke up, he stuffed a pillow into Johanna's arms. After washing up, he drove out to pick up some of her favorite breakfast items. By the time he got back, Johanna had woken up too. Although she was in a daze, she looked much better than the day before. At the sight of Timothy, she got up from the bed and extended her hands toward him. Timothy immediately went over to give her a hug and a kiss. He put on the nightgown robe for her before carrying her to the bathroom. "I seemed to have been crying for the entire night. Did I bother you?" Her voice still sounded a little hoarse from her crying. "Nope." Timothy put her down in front of the washbasin and squeezed the toothpaste on her toothbrush before shoving it into her mouth.

"Last night, you were hugging me tightly and telling me how much you love me." Johanna glared at him and retorted, "I wouldn't say something like that!" "Darling, it's fine. There's nothing to be embarrassed about," said Timothy as he kissed her on her cheek. Johanna slapped him away and continued to brush her teeth. When she was washing her face, she realized that her eyes were not swollen or red even though she had been crying for the entire day before. They should be very swollen today. Timothy hugged her from behind and grinned. "See? Your eyes aren't even red or swollen at all. I guess you must have cried in your sleep. Darling, do you want to tell me you love me a few more times?" Johanna turned around, put her arms around him, stepped on his feet, and kissed him

passionately. After the kiss, she leaned in and exclaimed endearingly, "Hubby, I love you. I love you very much! I want to eat pickled cucumbers. Please?" Lost in her sweet nothings, Timothy could only reply, "Okay." "Hubby, I love you. I want to have one whole tub of ice cream today. Please?" "Sure." "Thank you, Hubby." Johanna kissed him again with a wicked grin on her face. "You're the best, Hubby!" "Yes... What?" Timothy finally returned to his senses. By the time he realized what he had promised Johanna, it was too late for regrets. Since he could not withstand her feminine tactics, he had no choice but to go out and buy pickled cucumbers for her.

Chapter 475 Ride On His Coattails After spending three days in the condominium with Timothy, Johanna could no longer bear the sight of him. She wanted to return to work at the production company. Timothy disapproved of her decision, but he had to relent as she was stubborn. Thus, Timothy drove Johanna to the production company. He didn't forget to attach a keychain declaring that she was a pregnant lady to her Hermès Mini Constance in Bleu Brume. He reminded her, "Darling, remember to make sure the restroom is dry before heading in..." Suddenly, he started nagging her nonstop. Johanna grew increasingly frustrated and slammed the door shut before striding into the building.

"Hey, Darling!" Timothy yelled through the window. "What do you want for lunch?" "I'll buy lunch myself if I get hungry!" After Johanna arrived at the production company, the employees who spotted the keychain immediately congratulated her. "Ms. Joule, are you pregnant? Congratulations!" "Thanks." Johanna forced a smile. Inside her office, she was about to remove the keychain when Timothy's WhatsApp message arrived. He just refused to leave her alone. Timothy: Darling, don't remove the keychain. People will keep a distance from you if they know you're pregnant. I'll make cotton candy for you tonight. Johanna sent him a knife emoji and replied angrily: If you'd been careful enough, I wouldn't have gotten pregnant! Johanna: Scram! Despite her fury, she didn't remove the keychain from her bag. Instead, she threw herself into work that she had neglected these few days. Around ten o'clock, Genevieve came to work. She called Johanna through the internal line and asked to see her now. When Johanna entered her office, Genevieve pointed at the bag of snacks on the table. "I bought these for you." "What are they?" Johanna opened the bag hastily. She was touched to see cranberries, chips, and other snacks inside the bag. "Oh, Genev. You know me so well. That b*stard Timothy agreed to let me finish one ice cream, but he forced me to stop after I got four spoonfuls.

He would stare at me whenever I started eating..." she complained. She opened a bag of chips and munched on them happily. "This must be the most delicious snack on earth!" Genevieve poured some water for her. "You should stop after satisfying your craving," she reminded. Johanna grunted in acknowledgment as she was busy eating. Noticing that Genevieve looked out of sorts, Johanna asked curiously, "Didn't you say you were going to have a meal with Mr. Faulkner yesterday? Why do you look upset? Did you two get into a fight?" "We didn't fight, but he's been avoiding me," Genevieve revealed with a sigh. After finding Johanna, she had wanted to ask Armand out to dinner that night. However, he wasn't around when she arrived at Central Group. It seemed that Armand had avoided her on purpose.

Yesterday, she had asked Landon and found out they were discussing business at a club. Thus, she had gone to the club and waited at the entrance, but Armand had ended up leaving through the back door. Genevieve had been pretty furious after realizing that he had sneaked out. "How could he avoid you? Doesn't he know how much you've sacrificed for him?" Johanna pursed her lips. Fishing her phone out, she sent Timothy a text. "I'll ask

Timothy to come up with an excuse to invite Armand to Golden Restaurant. He won't be able to escape this time. Huh?" Genevieve placed her cup down. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Someone was spying on you when you were at Jan's house. He even took a video of you." Johanna showed Genevieve her phone. The high-quality video was taken at a specific angle that suggested they were in an intimate relationship. In the video, the netizens could see how Jan had brought Genevieve to his mansion before sending her to the door. A netizen revealed that Jan was married and had a teenage daughter.

Genevieve was labeled a wh*re for entering his house boldly. There were even some gossip columns reporting the matter. Soon, Genevieve ended up on the trending topics. Johanna munched on the cranberries and muttered, "You're not a celebrity. Why would someone follow you around? Did Sylvie hire someone to do that?" Genevieve glanced at the trending topics and returned Johanna's phone to her. Narrowing her gaze, she responded, "That might be possible. But I don't think she's foolish enough to resort to this trick to take me down." "She's not alone." Johanna cupped her cheeks with her hands and snorted. "She's riding on your man's coattails!"

Chapter 476

She Will Not Survive For Long Genevieve shot her a look. "You've got back together with Timothy, so you're not sad anymore, huh?" "All right. It was my fault. I shouldn't have said that," Johanna said apologetically. Her phone was flooded with work-related WhatsApp messages, so she had to get back to work. Before leaving, she turned around and told Genevieve, "Genev, just ignore her. She won't be able to survive for long." Genevieve was taken aback by her reminder. After Johanna left, she called her subordinates to tell them to deal with the news on Twitter. She wasn't the only one, for Jan had also asked his people to deal with the scandal by sending lawyer's letters to those gossip columns. He also called Genevieve and apologized to her profusely for causing her trouble. "It's fine. The paparazzi love writing nonsense."

Genevieve knew Jan had many connections. She didn't want Specter Corporation to lose an important business partner because of this minor matter. "I'll be there for the lesson tomorrow afternoon." "Oh, great!" On the other end of the line, Jan heaved a sigh of relief when he realized Genevieve wasn't upset at all. Genevieve was busy with work until evening. When it was almost time to get off work, Johanna came to inform her that Timothy had asked Armand to dinner. They would arrive at Golden Restaurant at around seven o'clock. Genevieve noticed the keychain on Johanna's bag. She commented enviously, "Timothy is really attentive." Many things happened right after I got pregnant. I was barely four months along when Jack brought me to Dartan. I was surrounded by people who took care of me attentively, but I'd rather be taken care of by someone I love. Johanna pouted. "Attentive? Tch! He refused to let me eat anything and insisted on picking my outfits." She held Genevieve's hands as they stepped out of the elevator and headed to the underground parking lot. "You can give birth to another one after you get back together with Mr. Faulkner!

He's more dependable than Timothy." Recalling how Armand treated her, Genevieve exhaled sharply. "He hasn't even seen the kids, but you're already talking about another one? That's a long way off." Johanna remembered that she went back to Dartan a while ago. "Genev, aren't you going to bring the kids back? It's dangerous to leave them in Dartan." Jack knew who the kids' biological father was, but the others thought they were his. The Helt family, especially, was a threat. After Jack took over Helt Corporation, the

company's profits doubled every year. One could imagine how wealthy he was now. However, Jack was of mixed race, and he didn't have any kids with Lillian when they got a divorce. The Helts disliked the fact that their company was run by an outsider. They grew increasingly anxious when he married Genevieve who then gave birth to twins. Once Jack had kids, that would mean he had a successor. Two years ago, some impatient Helts had taken action against the kids but ended up getting punished ruthlessly by Jack. His ruthless actions had successfully brought about a deterrent effect. The twins grew up, and her son, Lucian, was far more intelligent than his peers.

Thus, those people started panicking once more. They came up with another plan to take the kids hostage when the housekeeper brought the kids to attend their swimming lesson. But before they could use the kids as leverage to negotiate with Jack, their plan went down the drain. No one knew that Lucian would be smart enough to play the kidnappers like a fiddle. Genevieve shot her a resigned look. "Do you think they will be one hundred percent safe here? Besides, I don't have time to take care of them. It's best for them to stay in Dartan." "You're upset at Mr. Faulkner, huh?" Johanna teased.

Chapter 477 Get Away With It Easily

They were both women and understood each other well. "You're furious that women keep flocking to him. He's dating Sylvie now, so you don't want to tell him about the kids or let him meet them."

Genevieve opened the car door and harrumphed. "Yes, that's right. I went through a lot to give birth to the twins, so I can't let him get away with it easily."

Johanna snickered. "Genev, you're bad!"

Arriving at Golden Restaurant, they found themselves a private room. Inside, they drank some tea and ate some snacks casually.

The desserts sold by Golden Restaurant were quite delicious. As Timothy wasn't around to nag Johanna, she ate two slices of mousse cakes and two puddings in one go.

Genevieve commented lazily, "Eat more now. You'll suffer later on."

"What will happen later? Was it hard on you?" Johanna asked curiously as she stuck her fork into the third slice of mousse cake.

Oh, you'd be surprised.

Genevieve trembled in fear when she recalled how her morning sickness had made her life a living hell when she was three months along.

However, she didn't reveal a thing so that Johanna could experience it for herself.

Johanna was eating her cake when her phone lit up. She unlocked her phone and read the text. "Timothy has arrived. Let's go."

She placed her fork down hurriedly and wiped the cream on her lips.

After reaching the room the men were in, Johanna pushed the door open and strode in.

At the sight of Timothy and Armand, she grinned. "Oh, I can't believe we're having dinner with the busy Mr. Faulkner."

Armand hummed in agreement.

He glanced at the door and realized someone else was coming into the room with Johanna.

Genevieve was clad in an embroidered knitted green dress. Her skin was as fair as cream, and her eyes were bright and charming.

Armand had seen Sylvie in this very outfit that night, but Sylvie's dress didn't have any embroidery on it.

Genevieve's outfit was embroidered with a floral pattern that made the outfit even more exquisite. It was a striking color, but she managed to hold it well.

She looked like a lovely painting that was being revealed slowly.

Armand knew Genevieve was pretty, but her looks grew more strikingly beautiful as time passed instead of fading away.

His gaze landed on her for a few seconds before he looked away.

Obviously, he had guessed that it wasn't a coincidence that Johanna and Genevieve were here.

Irritated, Armand grabbed his cigarette box and pulled out a cigarette.

Timothy pulled out a chair so Johanna could sit down. When he realized Armand was about to smoke, he immediately confiscated Armand's cigarette and lighter.

"My wife's pregnant. She can't take in your secondhand smoke."

Armand had been busy recently. He didn't have time to contact Timothy, so he didn't know that Johanna was pregnant.

Surprised flitted across his face, which was a rare occurrence. "Didn't you two get a divorce?"

"So what if we're divorced? Can't my wife get pregnant?" Timothy retorted.

Armand gaped in disbelief.

"Darling, what do you want for dinner?" Timothy gave Johanna the menu. His nose twitched as though he had smelled something. Suddenly, he demanded, "Darling, did you have dessert earlier?"

"Yes!" Johanna replied matter-of-factly. "I can decide whether or not I want to have dessert!"

"What did you eat?"

"Just one cake. Stop nagging me!" Johanna slapped his head with the menu. She then flipped the menu open. "One braised eggplant, one spicy shrimp—"

Timothy cut in, "Eggplants contain an alkaloid called solanine, which can be toxic. You ate eggplants a while ago, so you can't eat that now. Shrimps are fine."

Chapter 478 Petty Man

Johanna rolled her eyes. "I ate that a long time ago!"

She turned to another page of the menu and continued, "One garlic butter crab—"

"No. Crab contains mercury, which might harm our baby. You can't eat that."

"What should I eat, then? Should I starve?" Johanna flew into a fit of rage and threw the menu at him.

Timothy instantly coaxed, "Darling, I'm doing this for you and the baby's sake. You can have beef or ribs. They are delicious and can provide you with the protein you need."

"I hate beef!"

Genevieve finally lost it after they acted all lovey-dovey for some time. Scowling, she grabbed the menu from Timothy. "You can continue to coax her while I place my order!"

She summoned the server and started ordering the food.

Timothy stopped her hastily. "Hey, can you order something else? My darling can't eat these!"

"No! We need to eat, too!" Genevieve rejected him, her face devoid of expression. "You're sitting beside her, right? When the dishes are served, just make sure she doesn't eat them."

After she ordered the food, Timothy told the server, "I want a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Only fresh oranges... Forget it. Bring me the squeezer and the oranges, and I'll squeeze the juice myself."

I'll worry if someone else prepares the drink Darling drinks.

The server walked out with the menu, visibly stunned by his request.

Genevieve mocked, "Dr. Jensen, the chef will put many seasonings that might be harmful to pregnant women when he cooks. Why don't you cook the food yourself?"

As Genevieve had helped him get his wife back, Timothy simply chuckled and didn't talk

back to her.

He poured Genevieve a cup of tea. "I'm used to scalpels, so I can't hold choppers. Armand, unlike me, can cook well."

Armand remained unfazed even though his name was mentioned.

"I'm thirsty, too." Johanna pushed her cup to him.

"Be good. You can't drink tea." Timothy got her a bottle of mineral water from the cupboard beside them. "Drink some water to quench your thirst. I'll squeeze some orange juice for you later."

After the server came in with the squeezer and a plate of fresh oranges, Timothy rolled his sleeves up and wiped his hands clean before he started squeezing the oranges.

Genevieve rested her cheek on her palm and gazed at them enviously.

Shortly after, Timothy gave a glass of orange juice to Johanna. Genevieve asked, "Dr. Jensen, can you squeeze a glass of orange juice for me? I'd like to have some too."

"My hands are tired," Timothy responded as he wiped his hands. "Why don't you ask Armand to—"

Before he could finish his words, Armand interjected calmly, "I signed too many documents today, so I'm too tired to do that. Ms. Rachford, you should squeeze the oranges yourself if you want some juice."

"Mr. Faulkner, just be honest and say that you don't want to help her. Why bother coming up with an excuse?" Johanna pursed her lips. "Isn't Genev your ex-wife? Why are you so petty?"

Turning to Timothy, she ordered, "Hubby, squeeze another glass of orange juice for Genev. We can't be like someone who looks like a gentleman but is, in fact, a petty man."

"Sure!" Timothy would do anything she asked him to do.

He had just picked up an orange from the plate when Armand rose to his feet with a scowl on his face. The latter then removed his squared cufflinks and placed them beside his cup before wiping his hands with a hot towel.

Timothy immediately offered the oranges to him.

Armand harrumphed softly as he cut the orange into half and placed one half into the squeezer.

Soon, a glass of freshly pressed orange juice appeared before Genevieve.

"Thank you, Mr. Faulkner!" Genevieve said cheerfully. She took two sips of it. Mm, how sweet. This is better than the juice Rosa squeezed for me.

Chapter 479 Curse His Entire Family

After the dishes were served, Timothy stayed beside Johanna and took care of her diligently.

Besides deshelling the shrimps, he also removed the bones in the chicken wings and tore the chicken into pieces before feeding them to her.

As he looked after her, he reminded her gently, "Darling, you have to eat smaller meals. Eating too much food in one go will give you digestion problems."

He kept nagging by Johanna's ears as she ate her food, so she soon lost her appetite. She put her fork down.

Timothy asked worriedly, "What is it, Darling?"

"I want to have barbecue."

Taken aback, Timothy explained, "barbecued meat contains many seasonings that will make the food go off more quickly. It is also easy to get cancer." He offered her some egg.

"Here, have some egg. The protein is enough to—"

"I don't want it!" Johanna turned away and pouted. "I want barbecue!"

"Be good, Darling. We can have that tomorrow."

Johanna hung her head low and kept mum.

Soon, her shoulders began trembling. In a choking voice, she complained, "Timothy, you're a bad person! You're cruel enough to refuse to let me have barbecue..."

"Okay, okay. I'll go buy some now." Timothy promptly caved in. "Darling, what do you want?"

"Potato, chicken..."

After writing down what Johanna wanted, Timothy took his phone and left to buy them. Once Timothy disappeared from sight, the teary look on Johanna's face vanished instantly. She wiped the tears away from the corners of her eyes and grumbled, "If I'd known this works on him, I would've cried my heart out when he stopped me from eating ice cream last night."

"Ice cream is chilly," Genevieve told her airily. "Even if you cry, he won't let you have more."

Armand sat aside quietly and chomped on his food.

He was reminded of the past when he saw Johanna demanding to have barbecued food earlier.

Back then, Genevieve had sprained her leg, and he had given her a ride home. When the car had passed by a fruit stall, she had demanded to eat oranges. As he had refused to buy some for her, she had ended up bursting into tears.

Johanna chatted briefly with Genevieve before leaving the room to go to the restroom.

Thus, Genevieve and Armand were left alone in the room.

After taking a sip of her orange juice, Genevieve turned to look at Armand. "Mr. Faulkner, why are you avoiding me?"

"Shouldn't I avoid you?" Armand remained unfazed. "I have a girlfriend. I don't want to get too involved with you."

Genevieve slammed the glass onto the table. Narrowing her eyes, she demanded, "Girlfriend? Are you talking about Sylvie?"

Before he could reply, Genevieve inched nearer and propped her arm on the table. "Mr. Faulkner, you claim you don't want to get too involved with me, but remember what happened in Lightspring? What was that, then?"

Armand lowered his gaze and replied calmly, "Ms. Rachford, you tried to seduce me, right? I couldn't say no."

"F*ck you..."

If the kids weren't his, I would have cursed his entire family!

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to calm down. "Mr. Faulkner, I'm prettier than Sylvie. Why don't you consider me?"

"No, thanks." Armand turned her down instantly.

"Forget it. I'm not going to go back to my ex, either!" Genevieve snarled. She whipped around and ignored him.

Around ten minutes later, Timothy returned with a box of barbecued food.

Johanna opened the box hastily and took a potato. She munched on it happily. "Oh, this is delicious. Genev, want some?"

Genevieve shook her head. "When I was pregnant, I loved eating barbecued food. But after I gave birth, I no longer like it anymore."

Hearing that, Armand glanced at her.

She loved barbecued food when she was pregnant?

Chapter 480 How Could You Let Her Sit In Your Car

Johanna just wanted to satisfy her cravings, so she stopped after eating a few skewers.

Timothy wasn't about to let her eat too much. Hence, he was secretly pleased that she had stopped eating and proceeded to finish everything that she couldn't finish.

After dinner, the four of them left the restaurant together.

Timothy held Johanna's hand and asked whether she wanted to shop at the mall. It would help with digesting the heavy meal. Besides, she could also buy some new clothes there. Armand and Genevieve walked behind the couple.

A while later, Armand caught a light, milky scent that seemed to have originated from Johanna.

Something occurred to him, and he halted in his tracks.

Genevieve was about to ask what was going on when a Maybach rolled to a stop by the road.

The window rolled down to reveal a pretty face belonging to Sylvie.

Genevieve spotted Sylvie at once. She stared at the car before turning to glare at Armand.

"How could you let her sit in your car?"

"What about that, Ms. Rachford? Does that have anything to do with you?" Armand responded coolly.

"No, it has nothing to do with me!" Genevieve managed through gritted teeth.

She stormed down the stairs and told Johanna, "You can go to the mall by yourselves. I'm going home now."

Johanna bobbed her head. "Be careful..."

As Genevieve was furious, she had already gotten into her car before Johanna could elaborate further.

In the blink of an eye, she had already sped away.

Timothy lowered his head and whispered in Johanna's ear, "Darling, is Genevieve angry?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Johanna rolled her eyes. "If you allow another woman to sit in your car, I'll kill you both!"

She didn't forget to shoot Sylvie a pointed look.

Timothy stiffened up at her words. He quickly assured her, "Darling, that Mercedes-Benz is shared by my family members. I won't drive that car anymore. From today onward, I shall drive this car! Don't worry. You're the only woman who gets to sit in my car!"

"Don't say that." Johanna glanced at her belly and pouted. "What if I'm pregnant with a baby girl?"

Timothy helped her into the passenger seat carefully. "You and our daughter, then."

Armand overheard their conversation but said naught a word. After Timothy's car sped away, his gaze turned dark.

He pulled the door to the Maybach open and got into the back seat.

After removing his cufflinks, he asked icily, "Is something the matter?"

Realizing he was in a foul mood, Sylvie answered carefully, "My minivan was hit by another car. It was a severe car accident. I wanted to talk to you, so I asked Mr. Sullivan to pick me up."

"Get to the point," Armand snapped irritably.

Sylvie's breath caught in her throat as she said in a low voice, "Gustav is preparing for his new movie. I want to be the female lead."

Gustav was a director who was often nominated for the Oscars. Thus, this movie was prepared for the Oscars.

Sylvie might have won numerous awards over the years, but these were unimportant awards. She never got nominated for any internationally renowned awards after For Elise. She desperately wanted to win an internationally renowned award.

"I'll ask Mr. Sullivan to find out if you can get the role." Armand didn't agree to her request straight away.

A light fig scent wafted into his nostrils. His brows promptly scrunched up as he ordered Steven to stop the car.

"Next time, text me if you need anything. Get out now," he declared.

Sylvie gaped incredulously at how harsh he sounded. She turned around and noticed that

he was glowering at her. Her fingers trembled as she pulled her shades out and put them on before escaping from his car.

The moment she shut the door, the car sped away and grazed her fingers.

Sylvie curled her fingers that were nearly hit and watched as the Maybach moved away in the dark. Beneath her shades, she clenched her jaw in exasperation.

She hailed a taxi and got into it. At the same time, her phone vibrated in her bag.

Sylvie unlocked her phone. She whipped her shades away when she read the text she had just received. Her gaze slowly turned frosty.