

## My Husband Is a Gary Stu

**Chapter 481** | Overestimated Myself Genevieve arrived at Regality Gardens, simmering with anger. Rosa was in her room. When she heard the commotion, she came out to the living room to see Genevieve sulking. “Ms. Rachford, would you like something to eat?” “No, thanks. You can go to bed now,” Genevieve responded coolly. She hung her coat and bag on the rack before entering the pantry. Hearing that, Rosa went back to her room quietly. Genevieve got herself a glass of ice water. She had just drank a few sips when her phone beeped. It was an email notification. An unknown sender had just sent her an email. She clicked into the email and saw a video. Despite the dim lighting, she saw Sylvie and Armand who seemed to be in a hotel room. “Mando, let me get you some water,” Sylvie offered.

Armand hugged her from her back tightly and said in a low voice, “Don’t leave me.” In response, Sylvie flung her arms around him and stood on her tiptoes to kiss him. The last shred of sanity holding Genevieve together faded into thin air after she finished watching the video. She smashed the glass on the tabletop. The glass broke into pieces upon impact, and the broken pieces cut into her skin. Blood trickled down her wrist. Alas, Genevieve paid no heed to her injury and stared at her phone screen, which had dimmed. That night, she had rushed to the hotel and saw Sylvie opening the door. Thus, she was sure that they had done something inside the room. Watching this video was pure torture for her. If they are together, then what about my return to the country and my recent efforts? Looks like I’ve overestimated myself. Genevieve stood in the pantry for some time until she managed to calm down. She then grabbed her phone and sent a text to Armand. Genevieve: This is the last time. If I come to you again, feel free to call me a pig! After sending the text, she deleted all his contacts and stalked into her bedroom. The sight of the pillow on her bed made her fume silently. She ended up stuffing it into the depths of her closet before marching off to the bathroom. Genevieve meant what she said. She didn’t go to Armand and threw herself into work.

Johanna didn’t disappoint her. After starting work at the production company, Johanna had arranged new stylists for a few important celebrities so they could get styles that suited them better. When she was free, she would alter the celebrities’ outfits for normal events or gowns for red carpet events. One black swan evening gown that she had altered for a female celebrity had allowed the latter to outshine the rest in an event. The company didn’t need to publish anything, for the gown alone had created an uproar online. The netizens got to know that Genevieve Orsi Productions had hired a new fashion director that was extremely talented. As a result, the company managed to attract everyone’s attention. One morning, Timothy was dropping off Johanna at the company when they ran into Genevieve. “Genev!” Johanna scurried toward her. Timothy was still around. At the sight of his wife running away, he yelled, “Darling, slow down! Remember to take a break every thirty minutes. Be careful when you go to the restroom...” Johanna scowled unhappily. She pretended not to hear him and followed Genevieve into the building. Inside the elevator, they swiped their card to get to their floor. Johanna uttered, “I heard that Gustav, who often wins the Oscars, is preparing to film a new movie. He has decided on the male lead, but other roles are still up for grabs.

Sylvie hasn’t won any international awards, so she is most probably vying to get the role for herself.” Genevieve responded calmly, “She’s riding on someone’s coattails, right? He

will get her anything she wants even if she demands the stars.” “I wonder if she told Armand about this.” Johanna shrugged. “If she did, I think she’ll get the role, seeing how influential Armand is.” “The day before yesterday, Sylvie’s manager accompanied her to the audition in Baykeep. The director didn’t accept her.” “What does that have to do with me?” Genevieve’s expression was frosty. “If you want to talk about her and Armand, I refuse to listen to that.”

**Chapter 482** You Lost Knowing that Genevieve was mad at Armand, Johanna gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. “I heard that Beluga Media invested thirty million in Gustav’s movie. The vice president of Beluga Media graduated from the same school as Gustav, so they are on good terms. Cooper knows him too, right? Tell Cooper to ask the vice president of Beluga Media for a supporting male lead for Bruce,” she suggested. Genevieve gave her a look. “Why are you so concerned about Bruce?” “I used to be his fan. He’s a hunk!” Johanna answered matter-of-factly. “Besides, we signed a contract with him to earn money. We can’t ignore him, can we?” Genevieve massaged her brows.

“I’ll ask him later.” They had a meeting that morning, so Johanna followed Genevieve to the conference room. When they walked out of the elevator, Genevieve’s secretary ran to them. “Ms. Rachford, Joyce is waiting for you in the reception room,” she reported. Afraid that Genevieve couldn’t remember who Joyce was, she added, “She’s Sylvie’s ex-manager.” Hearing that, Genevieve narrowed her eyes. After getting a new manager for Sylvie, Genevieve hired someone secretly to contact Joyce. The person offered Joyce a high salary and agreed to pay the compensation for her. Hence, Joyce thought it was true and handed her resignation letter to Genevieve. Genevieve approved her resignation and told her to pay the compensation within a week. After her resignation was approved, Joyce contacted the company to realize that there was no such person. She had been tricked. As a result, Joyce had to fork out the money herself. Even if she could pay the compensation, Cooper had warned all production companies not to hire her. She was effectively blacklisted from the industry. There was no way out. “Is she here to pay the compensation?” Genevieve asked.

“If the answer is no, I won’t see her. It’s just a waste of my time.” “No,” her secretary answered. “Deal with her, then.” Genevieve spun on her heels to leave. Johanna overheard the entire exchange. After Genevieve left, she whispered something to the secretary, and they both went to the reception room. Genevieve worked hard the entire morning. At one in the afternoon, she headed to Jan’s house. She had been to Jan’s house three times in the afternoon to give Shirley violin lessons. Under Genevieve’s teaching, Shirley could play a complete song and was also more cheerful now. Shirley beamed happily when Genevieve arrived and ran downstairs to welcome her. “Ms. Rachford!” Genevieve responded with a faint smile before she led Shirley upstairs. Jan doted on his daughter. After Genevieve taught her for the first time, he immediately renovated an empty room into a music classroom the next day. Inside the room, Genevieve removed her jacket and placed it on a chair. “Shirley, I’ll teach you a new song today!” Shirley brightened up and nodded excitedly. “Sure!” Genevieve taught her how to play and told her to practice the song herself. She was about to rest when her phone rang. It was a call from Jack. When the call was connected, Jack told her, “Genev, looks like you’ve lost.” His voice was deep and charming as usual.

Genevieve knew he had planted many spies to spy on her and that he knew everything that she did. Marching over to the window, she stared out and pursed her lips. “As long as he isn’t married to another woman, I still have a chance.” “Genev, why are you making

things difficult for yourself?” Jack sighed. Instead of responding to him, Genevieve hung up. Right then, the housekeeper knocked on the door to bring her coffee and milk. “Ms. Rachford, do you want some snacks?” “No, thanks.” She planned to leave around four in the afternoon. The housekeeper placed the coffee and milk on the table.

She sneaked a look at Genevieve and left. Genevieve sipped on the coffee to stay awake. Perhaps she was too busy with work and didn't get to rest well, for the coffee didn't wake her up. Instead, it made her drowsy. She leaned back against the chair and soon fell asleep.

**Chapter 483** She Destroyed His Life Over in a high-end condominium in Xedells, Armand, Cooper, Samantha, and three other people were seated on couches in an exquisite living room. An elderly woman with graying hair around the temples and a hunched back stood next to one of the couches, recounting to the others what had happened over two decades ago. Harriet only had one daughter—Samantha—and she loved her dearly. Since Zachary had no achievements to speak of at the time, Harriet had been unwilling to let Samantha marry him because she was worried her daughter would have to endure many hardships. Hence, she deliberately interfered and broke the couple up.

Taking Samantha's prematurely-born baby, she struck a deal with Zachary. He was not allowed to step foot in Xedells again, and he had to marry another woman. Misled by Harriet into believing that Zachary had abandoned her, Samantha's deep love for him morphed into an intense hatred, and she had someone wipe out the Sutton family. Samantha fell into a daze after hearing the cold, hard truth from the lips of an elderly housekeeper who had worked for Harriet for many years. As she stared at Cooper, who sat opposite her, she could detect some resemblance in his deep-set eyes and facial features to her former lover. What have I done? Not only did I kill the man I loved, but in the name of revenge, I also manipulated my own son like a pawn for the past twenty years. “Mom, you've caused me so much misery...” Samantha broke down and started sobbing bitterly. As a daughter of the Faulkner family, I've never disobeyed my parents. All this while, I've stood by my mother. But in the end, the very person I loved and respected the most was the one who ruined my happiness! But despite her tears, meltdown, and remorse, Cooper was unmoved.

His gaze was icy as he pushed a cup of coffee toward Samantha. “There were more than ten members of the Sutton family, and all of them were innocent. If one commits murder, one must pay with their life.” Although he knew that Harriet was the one indirectly behind the tragedy, Samantha was still the one who instigated the fire. The latter was also the one who had practically destroyed his life. I can't let Dad die in vain. Although Samantha was devastated upon learning the truth, she did not fear death. Instead, she merely gazed at Cooper with tears in her eyes. He's my son. It has taken a long time for us to be finally reunited. “Can you give me another hour?” she asked Cooper in a hoarse voice. After a brief silence, he answered, “Very well.” Samantha walked over to the window to make a phone call, and around half an hour later, three lawyers in suits arrived at the apartment with the documents she had requested. After signing the documents, she passed them to Cooper and explained, “These are the assets under my name and all of the company's shares I hold...” Cooper did not refuse. Instead, he signed his name on all the documents. As Samantha gazed at Cooper's handsome face, it felt as if Zachary was standing in front of her.

Tears began streaming down her face subconsciously. She said, "I know it's meaningless to say anything at this point, but could I ask that you bury me with your father? It doesn't matter even if my name isn't on the headstone..." Seeing how humbly and pitifully she pleaded, Cooper finally relented. He did not say anything, but he nodded in response. "Thank you." Samantha's shoulders sagged in relief. It's enough for me to be buried with Zachary so I can stay by his side. I couldn't ask for anything more. Armand had been silent up until then, but at that moment, he suddenly pushed a photo in front of Samantha. "Aunt Samantha, do you know this lady?" Samantha lowered her head and studied the photo that was yellowed with age. "I think I saw her dining with your father when I was having a meal at a restaurant..." After pausing to recall her memories, she continued, "I remember a conversation with my mother a long time ago where she mentioned that your father had fallen for someone. I suppose it must be the lady in this photo. She said my father didn't like that the lady came from a poor family..." Among his sons, Dad thought the most highly of Cesar.

He decided very early on that Cesar would be his successor. The only way for such a prominent family like ours to expand and strengthen our status was through marriage, leveraging the other party's connections and resources. To benefit our family, the woman Cesar wanted to marry had to have a similar family background. Hence, Dad was extremely displeased when he found out Cesar was secretly dating someone and, later on, personally chose a wife for him.

**Chapter 484** Anxious And Terrified Samantha guessed the lady in the photo was probably Armand's biological mother. Sighing, she picked up the cup of coffee and said, "Armand, Faulkner Group is the Faulkner family's most important asset. Your father poured a lot of blood, sweat, and tears into it back then. I let it fall into Jack's hands because I wasn't capable enough. I hope you can get it back so that its name will always remain as Faulkner Group." I've always known that Armand is Cesar's son. However, I never told anyone about Armand's identity because I resented him for marrying and protecting Genevieve. A wave of regret washed over Samantha as that thought crossed her mind. If I'd stopped trying to get revenge after the Sutton family was gone...

If Cooper had gotten adopted by the Rachford family and helped them manage their company... He might've had a happy marriage with Genevieve, and their child would be a young kid by now... Not getting a response from Armand even after waiting for some time, Samantha felt a pang of bitterness in her heart. Without saying anything else, she drank the entire cup of coffee, one sip at a time. Then, she placed the coffee cup on the table and gazed at Cooper deeply, using the time she had left to look at him a little longer. About five minutes later, she slumped over on the couch. Cooper had some people from downstairs come to clear the room, then left with Armand. Once they were in the elevator, Cooper took off his glasses and wiped the lens with a microfiber cloth.

"The members of the Faulkner family are truly cold-blooded. They're willing to do anything for the family's benefit. You're the only one who has any shred of humanity." Not wanting to marry someone he did not love, Armand rebelled and established his own business empire, attempting to distance himself from the Faulkner family. Armand stared at the photo in his hands without saying anything. When the elevator arrived on the first floor, Cooper slipped his glasses back on and strode out. Suddenly, his phone in his pocket started vibrating. He glanced at the screen and answered the call. "What's the matter, Mr. Wasco?" Jan had barely uttered a few words before Cooper's expression turned grim. "Enough with your excuses. Call your wife at one and send people out to search. If

anything happens to Genev, you and your wife are doomed!" Armand was standing right next to him and heard Cooper's response. Tilting his head toward Cooper, he asked, "What happened?" "Ms. Wasco just called and said his wife has taken Genev away. Call Steven and tell him to check the surveillance cameras around the city," Cooper said anxiously as he hurried out of the condominium.

Armand's gaze darkened as he fished out his phone immediately and called Steven. By the time the pair rushed from Xedells back to Jadeborough, night had already fallen. Brenda had played it smart. After taking Genevieve from the mansion, she avoided getting caught on surveillance cameras and only took routes that were not equipped with surveillance cameras. She even changed cars halfway through. Hence, even though Steven had people comb through the surveillance footage of various roads in the city, they failed to find any sign of Brenda. Jan was even more worried than Armand and Cooper. After meeting with the two men and seeing the murderous look on Cooper's face, he became both anxious and terrified. "I'm so sorry. I never expected my wife would take Ms. Rachford away..." After speaking to Steven on the phone, Armand turned back toward Jan and asked calmly, "What did your daughter say when she called you?" "My wife told Shirley she was taking Ms. Rachford out for a drive," Jan replied. Meanwhile, Shirley stood next to Jan. She still did not seem to grasp what had happened. Usually, she did not speak much. However, after hearing Jan's response, she could not refrain from saying, "Dad, Mom even kissed me before she left.

She told me to remember to eat on time and not forget about her." At that, Cooper's and Armand's expressions shifted drastically, and Jan's face immediately turned ashen. Armand squeezed his eyes shut as he struggled to suppress the panic bubbling within him, then quickly dragged Jan outside. "Think carefully. Where does your wife like to go to see the scenery in Jadeborough?" Although Jan was so anxious that he could barely think straight, one place immediately came to mind. It was the place where he had proposed to Brenda all those years ago.

**Chapter 485** My Whole Family Will Be Doomed Over in Xemrich, about one hundred kilometers from Jadeborough, the moonlight draped over the vast sea like a silver veil. To the right of the sea, the deafening sound of waves crashing upon the rocks at the bottom of a cliff rang out in the air. Atop the cliff, Brenda dragged Genevieve, who had her hands and feet tightly bound, behind her until they were only two or three steps away from the edge. All it would take was one wrong move to send them tumbling down and shattering their bones into a million pieces. Brenda could not care less as the strong winds disheveled her hair. She held onto Genevieve firmly with one hand while pointing toward the sea with the other.

"Look down there. Isn't it beautiful?" Her expression softened as she recalled the past. "Jan and I grew up together. We were in the same class in kindergarten. He brought me here and proposed to me before he went to study abroad. After that, I went abroad with him. We returned after graduating and put off having kids as we were busy with work. Later, I gave birth to a daughter. Shirley became our little angel. She was so adorable, and Jan doted on her. No matter where he went for social events, he'd make it a point to come back home early and spend time with her..." Suddenly, she grabbed Genevieve's shirt, appearing somewhat agitated. "I'm as fit as a fiddle, and my family doesn't have a history of illnesses. So tell me why my darling daughter has autism! Why does she ignore me?" Already feeling weak from being drugged, Genevieve felt even more light-headed after

getting shaken violently. In an effort to stay conscious, she bit down hard on the tip of her tongue.

“Mrs. Wasco, a child could have autism due to many different factors. It’s not a terminal illness, and there are treatments for it,” she said gently. Brenda turned to Genevieve and shouted, “You’re talking nonsense! If it’s treatable, why can’t I get her to calm down even though I gave birth to her, and she’s my own flesh and blood?” After a brief pause, she added angrily, “You’re just like the other teachers. You harbor malicious intentions and are plotting to seduce my husband!” I saw it before with my own eyes! I saw Shirley’s music teacher strip naked inside our bedroom and throw herself at him! Jan and I got into a huge argument, and I forbade any other woman from entering the house. However, after telling me that I needed to rest and forcing me to return to my parents’ house, Jan resumed his search for music teachers. Each was more beautiful than the last! I doubt he was genuinely looking for a music teacher. Instead, Jan was finding himself a second wife!

He’d let her stay at our house and even divorce me... Genevieve stared at her wordlessly. Not only is my ex-husband wealthier than your husband, but so is my older brother! Do I look crazy? Why would I want to seduce your husband? Nonetheless, she dared not say anything for fear of provoking Brenda and causing the both of them to fall to their deaths. Instead, she waited until Brenda seemed calmer before saying softly, “When you returned home this afternoon, didn’t you notice that Shirley was a little more active than usual? She’s slowly improving.” “That’s right,” Brenda replied with a mirthless chuckle. “You cheered my daughter up as if you were her mother.” Her response left Genevieve dumbfounded. Brenda walked closer to the cliff’s edge and pulled hard at Genevieve. As the latter’s body jerked forward, the sight of the pitch-black darkness below made her hair stand on end. “Let’s die together! I want Jan to wallow in guilt for the rest of his life!” Just then, a beam of light shone upon the two women from behind, and several men hurried out of a car.

When Jan saw Brenda holding Genevieve hostage while standing a step away from the edge, he was so alarmed that his knees buckled. “Darling, d-don’t do anything rash...” Brenda immediately wrapped her arms around Genevieve to stop the men from approaching. Then, she turned her gaze toward Jan and gave a hollow laugh. “Jan Wasco, I guessed it all along. Finding a music teacher for Shirley was merely a ruse. You’ve gotten sick and tired of me. You want to find someone young and beautiful and have two healthy children with her, don’t you?” “That’s not true. She’s really Shirley’s music teacher. Darling, just bring her over here first and I’ll explain everything to you,” Jan said coaxingly. “Are you panicking because you’re afraid I’ll jump over with your lover?” Of course, I’m panicking! If anything happens to Genevieve, my whole family will be doomed!

**Chapter 486** Let Us Play A Game Armand stared at the two women near the cliff’s edge, clenching his fists briefly before loosening them. He said in a low voice, “Mrs. Wasco, I can guarantee nothing is going on between Ms. Rachford and your husband.” Hearing that, Brenda looked at Armand, then at Cooper. She recognized both of them. Suddenly, she turned to Genevieve with a sneer. “Such is the power of your beauty, Ms. Rachford. Look! Both of your exes are here. No wonder my husband would often go to your house. And with someone like you, it’s no wonder he couldn’t hold himself back.” Clearly sensing the murderous intent radiating from Cooper’s body, Jan glared at Brenda. How reckless and nonsensical! Oh, how I wish I could tape her mouth shut!

An idea seemed to occur to Brenda as she glanced at the car behind the men. "Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Sutton, let's play a game. If you win, I'll let Genevieve go." Cooper looked grave as he asked, "What game do you want to play?" "I want one of you to stand near the edge. Then, the other has to drive the car toward him. If the latter manages to stop the vehicle within ten centimeters of the former, both of you win," Brenda replied. Armand and the others paled when they heard that. That game of hers is no different from putting one's life on the line! Even the slightest miscalculation on the driver's part will cause the car to ram into the other person and send him plunging to the bottom! "Brenda Yoder..." Jan muttered, infuriated. Afraid that Jan would say something that would provoke Brenda further, Cooper immediately swung a fist at Jan's face, rendering him unconscious. Genevieve's face also turned ashen, but she quickly recovered her composure and said calmly, "No need for games

. If you want to jump, then go ahead. What's there to fear about death?" "Be quiet," Armand uttered coldly. "She's asking us, not you." Taken aback, Genevieve stared at him. Is he mad at me? Armand shrugged off his coat and tossed it onto the ground. Just as he was about to step forward, Cooper hurried over and stopped him. "I'll go." "No, I'll go." Armand looked calm as he pushed Cooper's hand away. In his heart, he knew very well that the distance was too close for comfort. Even someone with top-notch driving skills could not guarantee that they would be able to stop the car in time. Hence, it was almost certain that the person standing outside would end up dead. Cooper had still been hesitant a moment earlier, but when he saw Armand's behavior, realization dawned on him. He reached out and gripped Armand's arm firmly. "I'm not backing down, Armand.

I'm only doing this because I know your driving skills are better than mine. You can do it." After a pause, he added, "I'm near-sighted, and I haven't updated my glasses prescription in a long time." Armand stared at him, dumbstruck. Cooper shot Armand a smile and patted the latter's shoulder. "Thanks, Mr. Faulkner." Then, he headed toward the edge without hesitation. Genevieve looked like she wanted to say something when she saw that. However, one glance from Cooper made her bite back her words, and her eyes reddened. Meanwhile, Armand quickly got into the car and gazed through the car window at Cooper as he stood not too far away. He placed his hands on the steering wheel but made no further movement. Seeing that Armand remained motionless, Cooper could not help yelling, "Are you a real man, Armand Faulkner? Stop dilly-dallying and hurry up! He was worried that Brenda would lose her patience before they did. Armand squeezed his eyes shut as he sat in the car. After a few seconds, he started the engine, and the car's low beam headlights shone on Cooper.

Then, he floored the gas pedal, and the car sped toward Cooper! Genevieve's heart was in her throat, fearful that the car would strike Cooper and send him falling. Fortunately, the car came to a sudden halt just as it was about to hit him. There was only a hair's breadth between the car and Cooper, and the sight of the close call was enough to send chills down one's spine. Meanwhile, Cooper had not been concerned at all. He had always believed that Armand would be able to do it. Gazing at the car right in front of him, he chuckled. Armand quickly got out of the car and walked toward Brenda. "Mrs. Wasco, we've played your game and won. As agreed, you should let her go." Brenda was in utter disbelief. It was a game of death, but I can't believe they dared to take the gamble and won! She did not move as she continued holding Genevieve in her arms. Shifting her gaze to Cooper, she asked, "Why did you agree to the game? Aren't you afraid of dying?" "I am. However, she's the person I love the most, and I'm more afraid of her dying," Cooper replied. "The person you love the most..." Brenda muttered. Then, she turned to Armand

and asked, "What about you? Did you also do it because you love her and are afraid she'll die?"

**Chapter 487** Severely Injured Again Genevieve held her breath, waiting for an answer from the man. However, just like the time in the bar when they played truth or dare, Armand remained silent. It took a long time before he responded calmly, "If you let Genevieve go, Mr. Sutton and I promise you that we won't hold you accountable for what you did, Mrs. Wasco." At that moment, Jan had also regained consciousness. He crawled over and begged Brenda, "Darling, she's truly just Shirley's music teacher. You know how much Shirley loves the violin, but she's also pissed off many teachers. Ms. Rachford is the only teacher who can make Shirley cheerful. I sent you to your parent's house so you can rest well. I don't wish to see you upset by your daughter's unresponsiveness." He then beckoned to her.

"Come over here, Darling. Even if you don't think of me, shouldn't you think about our daughter? If you're gone, what about Shirley? We grew up together. You accompanied me to study abroad and in starting a business, I've always loved you and only you." Jan's heartfelt words brought tears to Brenda's eyes. She loosened her grip on Genevieve as the two walked forward. Suddenly, Brenda missed a step and fell backward, pulling Genevieve along because she was still holding her. Armand's pupils rapidly dilated, and his blood ran cold when he saw that. As he was nearest to the two women, he quickly threw himself forward and grabbed Genevieve's arm tightly, pulling her back. Before the three could regain their footing, Armand suddenly muffled a grunt. His body swayed, and he fell off the cliff. His fall was so sudden that no one saw it coming. By the time Cooper threw himself forward and tried to grab hold of Armand, the latter had already fallen into the dark abyss. Genevieve was momentarily stunned and wanted to launch herself over. However, her hands and feet were tied, and she could not move; thus, she could only yell at Cooper amid her tears, "He fell, Coop.

Go and look for him. Hurry up!" Below the cliff was steep rocks. Despite fearing the worst for Armand, Cooper still hurried there to find him. Meanwhile, Jan hurried over and untied the ropes on Genevieve's hands and feet. The moment the ropes were loosened, the latter immediately pushed him away and stumbled her way down. At that point of the night, the beach was pitch-black. Genevieve used her phone's torchlight to light the way. While running down the cliff, she tripped over the rocks under her feet three times but still gritted her teeth and got up. She then vaguely saw a figure in the distance. After running over, she found that it was Cooper. He was soaked all over and was struggling to support a man. "Fortunately, the sea was under the cliff, and he fell into it, but his arms and thighs were grazed by rocks..." Genevieve broke into a teary-eyed smile when she saw that Armand was fine. She quickly went to assist the other man. Cooper drove toward the nearest hospital while Genevieve was holding Armand in the back seat of the car, staring at his ashen face with racing heartbeat. Suddenly, she detected a faint smell of blood, and upon raising her hand, she found her palm covered with blood. "Drive faster, Coop!"

she said anxiously. She took off her jacket and wrung it out, pressing them on the man's bleeding wounds on his back as her tears fell on his body. After arriving at the hospital, the doctors rushed Armand straight into the emergency room. Genevieve watched as the emergency room door closed mercilessly. Recalling the man's cold body and ashen face, she trembled uncontrollably. Then, she lowered her head and started sobbing. Cooper wrapped a bath towel around her body and reassured her, "Don't cry, Genev. He'll be fine." "It's my fault..." Genevieve's hand that was clutching the towel kept trembling.



"He was hurt once before, and very badly..." That car accident left Armand in a coma for more than two months, almost blind. This time, I got him seriously injured again... While comforting Genevieve, Cooper noticed the multiple scrapes on her arm and got some iodine solution from the nurse to treat her wounds. Genevieve, on the other hand, stared intently at the emergency room, oblivious to the pain in her body. Time ticked by, and the corridor felt chilly, yet the emergency room door remained closed.

**Chapter 488** Can You Spare Armand After a long while, Steven and Timothy hurried over. The latter glanced at the tightly-closed emergency room before asking Genevieve solemnly, "How long has Armand been in there?" "An hour." Cooper uttered in a deep voice, "Go in and help." However, Timothy stood there and did not move. "It's been so long. I'll disrupt the doctors if I head in, so I'll just wait here." He then asked, "What happened exactly?" Cooper did not keep mum and told the two about Jan's wife kidnapping Genevieve and him and Armand hurrying over. After hearing that, Steven's expression turned increasingly darker. He approached Genevieve and pleaded with her, "I'm begging you, Ms. Rachford."

Can you spare Mr. Faulkner? More than four years ago, that car accident left him seriously injured. Hadn't you witnessed it?" Genevieve's lips twitched, but she could not utter a word. Cooper pulled her behind him, his gaze chilly under the lenses. "It was an accident this time. It has nothing to do with Genev. Also, you've no right to scold her. Don't worry. If something happens to Armand, I'll offer my life to him!" They were still speaking when the emergency room door suddenly opened, and the doctor and nurses came out. Behind them was Armand lying on the gurney. The doctor, who obviously knew Timothy, took off his mask and greeted the latter. Timothy nodded his head in response. He swept a look at the man on the gurney, guessing that he was all right before asking the doctor, "How serious are his injuries that you have to work in the emergency room for so long?"

"He was shot in the back, and it took us a while to remove the bullet." The doctor truthfully informed, "There's also a comminuted fracture on his entire left arm." Genevieve felt chills all over her body as she asked in bewilderment, "How did he get shot?" Not only was she puzzled, but also Cooper. He thought that Armand was too close to the cliff and fell because he lost his balance. Now that he had been shot, it meant that there was another person lying in ambush at that time. "Didn't you guys send him here? Are you not aware of how he got shot?" The doctor was surprised. "In any case, his injuries are quite severe, and he needs to be hospitalized to recuperate." Timothy patted the doctor's shoulder.

"I'll leave it to you then." "No problem." Soon, the medical staff left the emergency room. Timothy looked at Genevieve and the others. "You guys should head back. I'm a doctor, so it's easier for me to stay here and take care of Armand." "I'll stay here too." Seeing the extent of Armand's injuries, Genevieve dared not leave. "You should go back first, Coop." She turned to address Cooper, "Get some rest. Go to Mr. Wasco tomorrow and speak to his wife. I won't just let this matter go." Knowing that she would be safe with Timothy and Steven around, Cooper nodded his head. After Cooper had left, Genevieve followed Timothy to Armand's ward, but Steven let Timothy head over first and stopped her. "Let me take you back to get changed, Ms. Rachford." Genevieve looked at her wrinkled dress and shook her head. "No need for that..." "You don't have to worry too much. Dr. Jensen is here." Steven said, "I'm taking you back downtown because I want to show you something." She pursed her lips when she heard that. "Okay." It was already past two in the morning by the time they returned to downtown Jadeborough. Genevieve first went

back to Regality Gardens to change her clothes before heading to Swallow Garden with Steven.

At this hour, the mansion was pitch-black as the housekeepers were all asleep. Steven led Genevieve into the mansion up to the study on the second floor. He then went behind the desk, took out a folder from the drawer, and handed it to her. "Take a look." Genevieve opened the folder with suspicion and took out a few photos from it, as well as a flash drive. The woman in the photo looked very young, and Genevieve recognized her as Isabella, Armand's adoptive mother. After looking through those photos, as well as a baby girl's birth certificate, she still did not understand what Steven was trying to tell her. She plugged the flash drive into her computer and opened the only audio recording inside. After listening to its contents, Genevieve finally understood everything. She now understood why Isabella hated Cesar so much and secretly planned to kill him. Also, the reason she was so cold to Armand and tried to ruin his business empire.

**Chapter 489** She Feels Very Sorry For Him Steven stood to the side with his hands behind his back, saying with his gaze lowered, "Not only did Mdm. Isabella knew about this long ago, but she also knew that her inability to bear children was caused by Old Mr. Faulkner. Only by doing so could he bring Mr. Faulkner back for her to raise. That's why she hates them both so much and is indifferent to Mr. Faulkner, never celebrating his birthday..." He then added, "Back then, Mdm. Isabella had also instigated Mdm. Mavis to attack Mr. Faulkner. She also found someone to plant a bomb in Mr. Samuel's car. As long as Mr. Faulkner sat in his car, he would also meet his end." Steven originally thought that Isabella hated Cesar immensely because he did not save his adopted daughter.

However, after he investigated thoroughly and pried out a lot of things from the mouths of the housekeeper who had followed Isabella for years, he realized that things were beyond complicated. Long before Steven finished speaking, Genevieve was already crying. She could not imagine how much indifference the man she loved had experienced in his childhood. Not only did his beloved mother never treat him well, she even plotted to kill him. She truly felt miserable and very sorry for him. Steven looked at Genevieve, who was crying silently, and said after a long while, "Mr. Faulkner is truly exhausted.

Since you chose to leave back then, you shouldn't have come back. He died for you once. Isn't that enough?" He paused before continuing, "Please don't be so selfish, Ms. Rachford. Mr. Faulkner is already thirty-seven years old and no longer young. Many men his age already have children who are in elementary school." Genevieve wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and looked up at him, "Does he truly like Sylvie?" "What do you think?" Steven responded with another question. Of course, Genevieve had no idea. If she could read Armand's mind, she would not feel so sad. Genevieve sat there for a long time before placing the photos and other documents back into the folder and returning it to its original spot in the open drawer. She then stood up and approached Steven, saying lightly, "There are some things that I will tell you after Mando has recovered." Steven furrowed his brows. Just as he was about to speak, she beat him to it. "Steven, when I get the answer I want, I'll never pester him again. I meant what I said." "I hope you don't forget your promise."

With that, he left the study first. The two returned to that hospital at half-past four in the morning. Genevieve tiptoed into the ward and found Timothy leaning against the chair at the side, dozing with his arms folded. She patted him gently to wake him up and told him to go to the neighboring ward to rest. The man lying on the hospital bed had his eyes

tightly closed. His face was bruised in many places, making him a ghastly sight. His left hand had just been moved back into position. Genevieve did not dare to touch it, so she sat by the hospital bed and stared at him in silence. She rested her head on her hands and dozed off. When she woke up, it was bright outside, and it was already past nine in the morning. Genevieve went into the bathroom to wash her face and tie her hair up.

Upon coming out, she noticed that the man lying on the hospital bed was awake and rushed over. "Mando." She leaned down to look at him. "Do you feel any discomfort anywhere?" When Armand saw her, his eyes narrowed but became indifferent soon after. "No," he said in a hoarse voice. Genevieve quickly called Timothy over. After giving Armand a thorough checkup, he told her, "Armand is doing fine. However, with the gunshot wound on his back, and the severe injury on his left arm, he needs to lie still and rest. In a few days, when his condition improves, I'll transfer him to the General Hospital." Genevieve was relieved upon hearing that. Noticing that Armand's lips were a little dry and cracked, she dipped a cotton swab in warm water and dabbed his lips. She then placed a straw in a glass of water and brought it to his lips. "Timothy said you can only have a liquid diet at night, so you should drink more water now." After he drank a few mouthfuls of water to moisten his throat, his voice was not as hoarse as before. "Tell Steven to come over."

"I told him to go to the company." Genevieve placed the glass on the table and readjusted the quilt on the man's body, "I'll stay here to take care of you during this period of time." Armand rejected. "That won't be necessary." However, Genevieve replied solemnly, "No. I must take care of you here until you've recovered and left the hospital. It's my fault you are injured, so I must take responsibility for it."

**Chapter 490** Is The Person Sent By You "If you're bored, let me read you the financial news." Just as Genevieve touched the phone on the table, her daughter gave her a call. She took the phone out of the ward before answering the call, "Can't you just sleep at night, Sweetie?" "But it's not time for bed yet." Amanda whined, "I miss you so much, Mommy." "I miss you too," Genevieve said sweetly. She gave her daughter two kisses through the phone. "Daddy is hurt and I have to take care of him for some time, so I can't accompany you." Hearing that, Amanda asked anxiously, "Why is Daddy hurt? Is it serious?"

"Yes, very serious." At the thought of Armand's gunshot wound, Genevieve's beautiful eyes narrowed. She then asked gently, "Is Mr. Valentine home, Sweetie?" "Yes. He came back today to have dinner with us!" After chatting with her daughter, Genevieve walked to the window at the end of the corridor and dialed Jack's number. The call soon got through. "What's up?" he asked with a smile. "You have eyes all over Jadeborough. How's it possible that you don't know what happened?" Genevieve asked rhetorically, "Was that person sent by you?" Jack fell silent for a moment. "Do you not trust me at all, Genev?" She was rendered speechless. "Yes. I know that you were kidnapped by Mr. Wasco's wife." He continued, "But she's very cunning and knows how to take the road without surveillance. When my men finally found you guys, they saw you and Cooper taking Armand to the hospital. Only through them did I find out that he was injured. Since I've promised you, Genev, I will never break it." Genevieve held the phone in silence. She knew that Jack was cruel and cunning to others, but he never once broke his promises to her. She pursed her lips.

"Knowing that it has nothing to do with you is enough." "I'll have someone take care of Mr. Wasco and his wife for you," Jack said in a deep voice. Although he was not at the scene

and was unsure of what was going on, the fact that Armand was seriously injured alone meant that the matter was serious. However, Genevieve turned him down. "No need. I'll take care of it myself." It wasn't Mr. Wasco and his wife who caused Armand's gunshot wound. Moreover, I don't like Jack handling matters by taking lives, no matter how big or small the matter was. After getting off the phone, she returned to the ward and accompanied Armand throughout the morning. Seeing that he could not eat, she also did not feel like eating at noon, merely chewing half an apple. At half-past three in the afternoon, Cooper came to the hospital. He had gone to Jan's house in the morning to inquire about the incident. Brenda told him that she had received a call from the housekeeper at home, who said that a woman named Genevieve kept coming to the house and was very close to Jan.

The housekeeper also mentioned Shirley liked her very much. Coupled with the photos circulating on the Internet, the already suspicious Brenda went berserk and came up with the plan of killing Genevieve before she committed suicide. When Cooper learned of this, he immediately asked Jan to call all the housekeepers over to find that person. However, after Brenda took Genevieve out of the mansion in the afternoon the day before, the housekeeper also quietly left and did not appear in any of the surveillance footage within the city. Moreover, there were very few cameras on that particular road in Xemrich, and it was pitch-black at night, so the housekeeper was nowhere to be found. Genevieve reckoned that the housekeeper from the Wasco residence was in cahoots with the person who shot Armand from the shadows, but she did not understand. Their target was me, but why did they shoot Armand? When I was held hostage by Brenda, I was only a few steps away from the cliff. If they had shot me, I would have died undoubtedly. Looking at the man lying in the hospital bed, she uttered in frustration, "Back then, I took pity on Mr. Wasco's daughter, so I went to teach her violin. I didn't expect such a thing to happen. It's all my fault..."

"It's not your fault. The person truly wanted to make a move on you, and you couldn't defend yourself," said Cooper. "Mr. Wasco has offered to transfer thirty percent of his company's shares to you in the hope that we could resolve this matter in private and let his wife off the hook." Genevieve was taken aback by his words. She figured that those were all the shares Jan had. If I get the shares and work with another shareholder to kick Mr. Wasco out in the future, the company will no longer be his. Is he offering his company to protect his wife? Genevieve suddenly recalled Landon's words during the time they had a meal at Golden Restaurant. "Businessmen like me and Mr. Wasco dare not say that we aren't hungry for wealth and power, nor dare to hand over our lives and company to someone else." But now, Mr. Wasco's approach is so much like Armand's...