

## My Husband Is a Gary Stu

Chapter 491 Am I Interrupting Genevieve turned her head to look at the man lying in the hospital bed as her heart melted. She then curled her red lips and merrily said to Cooper, "I'm fine. If Mrs. Wasco didn't kidnap me and taken advantage of the situation, Mando wouldn't have been hurt. Tell Mr. Wasco to transfer the shares to Mando, and we won't hold Mrs. Wasco accountable for this." Armand frowned and said, "Ms. Rachford, please don't misunderstand the situation. I went there because I am related to Cooper—I didn't go there to rescue you." When Cooper heard that, he turned speechless. "Yes, yes, I know." Genevieve was amused by the man's obvious cover-up. "Thank you, Mando!" Armand remained expressionless as he ignored her. As Jan's company was collaborating with Landon, and Landon was Central Group's major shareholder, it was likely that Armand would meet trouble if he were to take Resonance Corporation's shares. After discussing with Cooper, they came to a conclusion to have Cooper get Resonance Corporation's shares. Once that matter was settled, Cooper left. In the meantime, Genevieve remained at the hospital to take care of Armand. Afraid that Armand would be bored, Genevieve insisted on reading finance news to him.

She even fed him all his meals. Three days later, Timothy transferred Armand to the premium ward of General Hospital. Since Armand exercised frequently, and it was not his first time getting a gunshot wound, he could already get down from the bed a few days after transferring to General Hospital. However, he still could not lift heavy objects with his left hand. Genevieve then forbade Armand from even leaving the ward by stating that Timothy said he was still in poor health and needed more rest. Moreover, she even took away Armand's phone and let the vice president of the company handle all the work matters. Then, she told Steven not to disturb him. Her actions made the executive members of Central Group anxious, for they wondered if something had happened to the CEO again. Other than helping Armand do physiotherapy, Genevieve even bought a set of chess. Whenever she was free, she would play chess with Armand. After looking at the chessboard, Genevieve gleefully defeated one of his knights. Armand's eyes were fixed on the board, and he had no expressions on his face. Meanwhile, Genevieve was resting her head in her hands as she smiled at Armand.

"Mando, let's make another bet. If I win, I'll move to Swallow Garden to take care of you once you're discharged from the hospital. How about that?" "If you lose, you have to leave the ward and don't come and find me in the hospital anymore," Armand uttered. Genevieve frowned. "I won't lose!" She had been playing over thirty rounds of chess with Armand, and she had gone over the rounds in her mind multiple times to avoid making mistakes. Moreover, every move Genevieve made had been cautious for that round. Armand chuckled. "Is that so?" At the man's confident demeanor, Genevieve felt her heart lurch. When she lowered her head to look at the board, it was then she realized she had made a mistake. Even though she had taken his knight, she had exposed her king. Right as the man was about to make his move, Genevieve grabbed his wrist and dryly laughed.

"Mando, think about this again. Don't be in such a rush to make your move." "Let go of me." "We've been playing so many rounds these few days. Why can't you let me win once?" Genevieve fluttered her lashes as tears welled up in her eyes. "Don't you feel bad bullying a woman?" Armand was at a loss for words at that. Right then, someone knocked on the door. Timothy, who was in a doctor's coat, entered with two food jars. When

Timothy saw the two sitting by the windowsill, he shook his head and could not help but roast, "You sure know how to enjoy your time by playing chess every day in the ward. You even asked me to deliver food to you. I'm a doctor but I'm getting ordered around as if I'm your servant." Then, when he got closer to them, he realized Genevieve was half-standing and grabbing Armand's hand. Timothy paused. A beat later, he asked, "Am I interrupting?"

**Chapter 492** I Will Win This Round Armand retracted his hand forcibly before turning to Timothy. "I think my arm's fine, so can I discharge from the hospital today?" While the man was talking to Timothy, Genevieve's hands glided across the board. Timothy put the food jars on the table at the side before shrugging. "If you really don't want to stay in the hospital, you can go back after eating. It's not as if I want to deliver food to you every day." Furthermore, Timothy had been going to the hospital much more frequently after Armand was admitted. As a result, he did not have time to spend with his wife. "Help me settle the discharge procedures then. I'll be going to the office after this meal," Armand said to him.

"All right, that's enough," Genevieve interrupted. She then urged, "Mando, it's your turn now. Once we're done with this round, we'll eat." "Enjoy your game. I'm not going to disturb you further." Timothy waved and left. When Armand's gaze returned to the board, a hint of confusion flashed past his eyes. Nevertheless, he soon made his next move. Genevieve forced the excitement in her chest down by clearing her throat. She then continued to make her next move solemnly. As she wished, she won the round. "Haha! I told you so. I told you I was going to win the round." Genevieve raised her brows at the man, beaming. "Yes. You're impressive, Ms. Rachford," said the man sincerely. Genevieve nodded at the compliment before standing up to open the food jars and taking out the food. The two of them then sat down and had lunch together. After lunch, Genevieve kept away the food jars and left the ward first. Armand thought that she had gone back, so he did not pay attention to it. At half-past one in the afternoon, Steven came, and Armand left the hospital with him. A lot of work had accumulated over the days, so he had to head to the office to deal with them. When Armand led Steven out of the inpatient department, he noticed a black Rolls-Royce Phantom by the entrance. The car figure was sleek, and the car looked humble but pleasant.

Genevieve was in a white shirt and a pair of jeans, and Armand could see how thin her waist was. At that moment, she was lazily leaning against the side of the car. Her very presence made the expensive car behind her seem dull. When she saw Armand walking out of the inpatient department, she raised the car keys in her hand and shook them. Then, with a smile, she said, "Mando, didn't I crash your car the other time? Here's a new one for you." "It's fine," Armand muttered indifferently. "The car has already been fixed, and you've already paid for that." "Even if it's fixed, it's still risky to drive it. I have to get you a new one," Genevieve somberly said before turning around to open the front passenger seat for him. "I'm not a driver to everyone. Sit in the front seat, and I'll send you to the office."

Armand's brows creased in response. When Steven realized that the man continued to stay rooted to his spot, he blurted out, "I heard the car make sounds when I drove it over too. I'm not sure what's wrong with it. Moreover, it's been quite a while since we've used the car, so it's about time to change it." Armand was silent for a moment after that. Then, he uttered in a low voice, "Go and deal with the car. I'll take this car to the office." With that, he walked over to the Rolls-Royce Phantom and entered it. It was only when Steven was midway to the open-air parking lot did he realize something seemed amiss. It felt as if Armand was waiting for him to speak and give him an excuse to get into Genevieve's car.

At that thought, Steven turn around, only to see Genevieve closing the door to the front passenger seat and getting into the driver's seat. Am I overthinking this? Meanwhile, when Genevieve realized that the man had not buckled his seat belt, she leaned over to do it for him. She deliberately leaned closer than necessary to discreetly hug him. Armand noticed her action, and in the next second, he pushed her away. "I'll do it myself." However, Genevieve was already done buckling his seat belt for him. She was not in a rush to head back. Instead, she lifted her head to look at Armand. "Back then at the parking lot, you said I can't afford to give you what you want, but even until now, you haven't told me what you wanted."

**Chapter 493** Who Dares To Lay A Finger On Him Armand leaned back and said impassively, "Could you really stay away from me if I wanted you to?" Genevieve deflated like a balloon as her eyes dimmed. She went back to her seat and put on her seat belt as she said stiffly, "No. However, our agreement still stands. You can always come up with other things." Then, she drove Armand back to Central Group Tower. "I will move to Swallow Garden to take care of you this afternoon, at least until after you're fully recovered. In the meantime, I will chauffeur you back and forth to work."

Let me use the car for the time being," Genevieve said. "Whatever floats your boat." Armand opened his seat belt and got out of the car. "Goodbye, Mando!" Genevieve waved her hands at the man as she said animatedly, "I'll come and fetch you sharp at six later!" Armand pretended not to hear her and headed into the building. Seeing as it was still early, Genevieve went to the production company. Johanna dashed over as soon as she knew that Genevieve had arrived. She munched on a bag of cranberries as she said, "My, my. Look at how happy you are. Have you been getting along well with Mr. Faulkner recently?" Genevieve mumbled an affirmative response. "I have to get off work at four-thirty later because I'm packing up to move to his place." "Wow, that's fast." Johanna leaned against her desk and asked in a perplexed tone, "But what happened though? How did Mr. Faulkner get shot?" The unbecoming image of Armand's wound popped into Genevieve's mind right then as she felt her gut wrench. Genevieve whispered, "I don't know."

There are very few surveillance cameras in Xemrich. It will be quite difficult to locate someone." It seemed like the other party had devised a foolproof plan. She reckoned that they must have a formidable background. However, Jadeborough was Armand's turf. Anyone who had dealt with him practically feared the man. Who would have the audacity to strike him? Genevieve was stumped. Johanna knew better than to keep prying. She changed the topic and said, "Sylvie has landed the female lead role in Gustav's movie. She's trending on Twitter now!" Genevieve gave her a helpless look. "Are you here to mock me?" "Hey, I'm here to congratulate you," Johanna said with a grin. "Two of our star artists are able to partake in this huge production. That's something to be proud of. Don't get mad. Her lead role is not given by your man anyway." "Then how did she land the role?" Genevieve asked with furrowed brows. Genevieve had been indulging in entertainment news when she accompanied Armand to the hospital in the past few days. Hence, she knew that actresses from A-list to D-list had auditioned for the movie and among them were a number of actresses who were more popular and bagged more accolades than Sylvie.

If it were not for Armand, how would Sylvie be able to land the leading female role? Johanna's obsidian gaze glinted. "You don't need to concern yourself with that. Just take good care of Mr. Faulkner! By the way, Genev, do help me order my ice cream later. The

order history is on my phone. Timothy is going to nag my ears off if he finds out about this." Genevieve was rendered speechless. After the ice cream was delivered, Johanna closed her office door and started to wolf down her ice cream. The cold and sweet sensation were pure bliss. Noticing that Genevieve was seemingly engrossed, Johanna stood up to take a look. Then, she noticed that Genevieve was parsing through a stack of documents about a socialite from a prestigious family. Johanna was stumped. "What are you doing, Genev? Are you looking for a mistress for your man?" "No. It's for Coop." Genevieve lifted the cup of coffee on her desk to take a sip. "Coop told me that Samantha has died. Her assets, including her shares of the Faulkner Group, have been passed on to him." If it were not for Samantha's vengeance plan, Cooper would not have inadvertently killed Genevieve's parents and ruined the Rachford family. Genevieve swore she would never forget that. However, she had taken note of Cooper's contributions to Specter Corporation and kindness toward her in the past few years. Genevieve rubbed against her cup of coffee and said, "Coop is already thirty this year. I want to find him a good woman so that he could settle down soon." She wanted Cooper to work for Specter Corporation, but she did not wish for him to end up all alone. Johanna eyed Genevieve and joked, "You are the whole package—you have the looks and capability. Which socialite is going to be better than you? I bet Mr. Sutton thinks the same." Genevieve shot her a daggered look, and Johanna immediately muttered an apology and helped her parse through the documents.

**Chapter 494** Helping You Out Genevieve left the office sharp at four-thirty in the afternoon. She went back to Regality Gardens to tell Rosa that the latter could have a few days off. Rosa followed Genevieve to the walk-in closet and asked warily, "Ms. Rachford, if I've done something wrong, you could always let me know..." Genevieve did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Rosa, I'm not firing you. I'm just going to stay in Swallow Garden for a few days. That's why you're getting a few days off." "I see."

Rosa finally felt relief and hurriedly helped Genevieve pack up her clothes. At five o'clock, Genevieve carried two boxes and arrived at Swallow Garden. She gave all the housekeepers holiday and told them that they would be notified separately on when to come back for work. Even though they were well aware that Genevieve and Armand were exes, they dared not leave without Armand's consent, seeing that he was the owner of Swallow Garden. A senior housekeeper called Steven and reported the incident. Steven did not know what Genevieve was getting at. However, he thought about what Genevieve said back in the study the other day and begrudgingly agreed. Genevieve carried her suitcases to the second floor. She went into the bedroom and threw herself onto the bed.

There was a faint sandalwood smell in his sheets, mixed with Armand's scent. Genevieve found it rather pleasing. Then, she put away her things and changed into a fresh set of clothes before driving to Central Group. It was almost seven, and the sky was getting dark. However, there was no sign of Armand. Hence, Genevieve texted Steven. Genevieve: Steven, are you guys done? Steven: No. Mr. Faulkner has to attend a dinner later at eight. You might want to go back first. Genevieve: He's still not fully recovered yet. So, he cannot take alcohol. You'd better reschedule it. Steven knew that Armand's gunshot wound was still recovering. Hence, he immediately declined the dinner after seeing Genevieve's message. However, he felt something odd after he was done talking to the other party's secretary. Why have I only realized that Mr. Faulkner could not attend the dinner after talking to her? Just when Steven was staring blankly into the air contemplating his actions, Armand, who was done with work, came over to the secretarial department from his office. "Send me to Imperial Club." Steven immediately kept his phone and left with Armand. "Mr.



Faulkner, Ms. Rachford has called and asked me to decline the dinner that you have at eight as you're still recovering from the gunshot wound." Armand peered at him and retorted, "Since you fancy hanging onto her every word, you might as well be her secretary then."

Steven lowered his head and touched his nose before replying sheepishly, "It's not that I'm listening to her. It's just that you're not in the condition to attend these kinds of dinners." It was imperative to drink at such engagement, and Steven knew that one would be expected to drink a lot. Noticing that Armand was coming out of the building, Genevieve, who had been leaning against the car as she waited, sprung into action and jogged to his side. "You're getting off work this late? You must be tired." Then, Genevieve took out a bunch of keys from her bag and handed them to Steven. "Steven, I've bought the mansion just right beside Mando's. You're the expert in renovation. It's yours now. You'd better go back and pack up your things to move in. Oh, right. I've employed some housekeepers as well." Steven was stunned as he took over the keys and murmured, "Thanks?" "You're welcome!" Genevieve flashed him a smile. She ran back to the car and opened the door to the passenger seat. Then, she called out to Armand, "Mando, hurry up. It's already seven. We should head back for dinner." Armand went silent for some time. Then, he walked over to the car. Genevieve drove Armand to the supermarket for grocery shopping. As she pushed the shopping cart and picked out the groceries, Genevieve told Armand about how she had given all the housekeepers a holiday, and that she would be the one to take care of his daily meals.

Armand let out a snicker. "You'd better not waste the ingredients. Just order takeout." "No, I'm not wasting anything," Genevieve said with a shrug as she smiled at him. "Because you're the one who's going to cook." "Didn't you say you will take care of my meals?" "Yes." Genevieve nodded and said matter-of-factly, "You're going to cook while I help you out. I'm going to do the dishes afterward too. Isn't this great?" Armand was rendered speechless. Her sense of logic had never failed to baffle him. Suddenly, Genevieve left the shopping cart to Armand and ran toward a shelf to pick up a huge mango. "This mango is larger than my face! Mando, look!" She lifted the mango up to the side of her face for comparison and said, "I'm going to make you fruit salad later. What do you say?" Armand could not help but grin a little at her amusing manner.

**Chapter 495** Why Lock The Door Armand pushed the shopping cart past her without a hint of expression as he muttered, "No, thank you." Genevieve picked out a few boxes of fruits and caught up to him. When she put the fruits into the shopping cart, she asked Armand, "Mando, what do you plan to cook for dinner?" "I'm going to order takeout." "No, takeout food is not healthy. Besides, we are already at the supermarket." Genevieve dragged him to the poultry section and said, "You could make pasta or steak." Armand was a tall man, and he had garnered the attention of the people at the supermarket. Someone recognized Genevieve who was standing beside him and asked, "Are you that actress, Sylvie Clasen?" Genevieve's face sank. However, she still replied politely, "No, I'm not." Upon a closer look, the person realized that the woman before him was actually prettier than Sylvie. He then apologized to Genevieve and scurried off. Genevieve's good mood soured because of the incident. She hurriedly dragged Armand out of the supermarket after they were done buying groceries. After they were back in the mansion, Genevieve went into the kitchen, followed by Armand. Armand took out the groceries from the bags.

Genevieve dealt with the bag that had the fruits in them. Then, she washed the apples and the box of blueberries and served them on a plate. She stored the rest in the fridge. Armand was tall and handsome, and he was quite meticulous in cooking. Genevieve could not help but enjoy the sight of him cooking. He did not pay heed to her fervent stares as he continued to cook in a calm and composed manner. Armand cooked the steak and cut them up before serving them on a plate. He could not drink alcohol because of his wound. Hence, Genevieve took out some juice from the fridge and poured two glasses. The black pepper gravy perfectly complemented the juicy steak. Genevieve appeared to be happy as she enjoyed the steak. "Mando, your cooking skills are still tip-top. This steak is better than the ones I've had in famous restaurants." "Could you be quieter now that you've had some food?" Armand said as he peered at her. "All right. I'll shut up." Genevieve did not say anything further as she was thankful that he had cooked her the meal, never mind that she had waited four years for that very meal. Mando is truly a qualified house husband. After they were done with dinner, Genevieve cleaned up the dishes and took them to the kitchen. They had a dishwasher. So, all she had to do was to load the dishes into the dishwasher and wipe the stains off the stove. After she was done cleaning the kitchen, Genevieve headed upstairs. She noticed that a few organizing boxes were left outside Armand's bedroom. Genevieve peered inside and noticed that they were all her items. She could not help but knock on Armand's door.

When he opened the door, Genevieve pointed at the organizing boxes on the floor and said, "Why did you clear out my stuff?" "There are other rooms on the second floor. Feel free to choose one of them," Armand stated plainly. "I'm here to take care of you," Genevieve argued. "If I don't stay in the same room as you, how would I know when you don't feel well in the middle of the night?" "My back is hurt, but I'm not crippled. I don't need you to be at my beck and call." Before Genevieve could protest, the door was slammed shut in her face. What a heartless man! Why is he ignoring such a beauty like me? I'm practically hurling myself at him! Genevieve contacted the housekeeper of Swallow Garden to ask the whereabouts of the spare keys for the rooms upstairs. According to the housekeeper, the spare keys were in one of the drawers in the living room. There were a number of spare keys, but none of them were for Armand's bedroom. When it was eleven o'clock, Genevieve tiptoed out of the adjacent bedroom and sneakily tried to peer through Armand's door crack.

She noticed that the lights were off and reckoned that Armand was already asleep. Then, she sneakily tried to turn the doorknob. As expected, the door was locked. Why is he locking the da\*ned door? It's not like there are thieves here! Genevieve lamented to herself and stood right outside his bedroom for some time before heading back to her room. She hurled herself onto the bed and cupped her chin as she stared at the wall that stood between her room and Armand's room. Genevieve wished she could use a sledgehammer to smash the wall down so that she could enter his room. Just when Genevieve was about to fall asleep, she happened to glance at her balcony. She sprung out of her bed immediately. In the master bedroom, Armand leaned against his headboard as he clutched onto a few pieces of paper that had turned brownish. He spared a few minutes to parse through the papers. There was no discernible expression on his face. Then, he folded the papers according to their original creases. Armand opened the book lying on his nightstand and slit the sheets of paper in between the book. Just a while after Armand lay down, he was roused awake by the sound of the sliding door of his balcony.

**Chapter 496** Nothing Can Stop Me Armand kept his eyes closed and remained still. After some time, he could feel his blanket being lifted as a warm body slid itself into his

embrace. Armand could detect faint hints of roses. He stopped her arm and separated himself from her. "Who said you could come over?" Genevieve circled her hands around the man's waist and said innocently, "You said my stuff can't be in here. You didn't say I can't." It is so nice that his room is attached to a balcony. Plus, these two are so near that I could just hop over. "I have insomnia, and I can't sleep well every single night. Mando, just help me out, please." Then, she leaned her head against his chest. "Good night," she muttered. Armand furrowed his brows and swatted her off. Genevieve tenaciously hung onto his body like an octopus. He heard her light breathing sound just three minutes later.

She's really asleep... Her ebony hair fell against his arms and on the pillow. Genevieve's lashes were thick and luscious, forming a small shadow underneath her eyes. Her light rose scent was making him lose his sleep as it stirred something pooled deep within him. Armand desperately wanted to throw her off his bed. However, he decided against it as he looked at her with dark eyes. The next day, Genevieve was rejuvenated from an excellent night's sleep. She noticed that the man was coming out of the walk-in closet when she woke up. Armand had changed into his meticulously-pressed suit. Genevieve found his immaculate body hard to resist. She climbed out of the bed and gave him a kiss. "Morning, Mando. I'm going to make you breakfast today!" Then, she turned and padded toward the bathroom. She washed herself up and headed downstairs. Armand was looking at his tablet as he sat on the table. Then, she hurriedly took out eggs, bacon and other ingredients from the fridge to get started on the breakfast. After ten minutes, she served a set of bacon sandwich and fried eggs to Armand.

Then, she sliced an apple and put it on the table as she declared proudly, "I always make this bacon sandwich. It is definitely tasty, and it's my daughter's favorite!" Armand's eyes darkened as he ate his breakfast expressionlessly. When he was having breakfast, Genevieve headed upstairs to put on makeup and change. Armand had already finished his breakfast by the time she went back downstairs. Genevieve drove him to Central Group before she headed to the production company. Her phone rang the moment she sat down in her office. It was the socialite whom she had arranged Cooper to have dinner yesterday night. The woman did not sound too pleased as she chided, "Ms. Rachford, how could you do this?" "What's the matter?" Genevieve asked. "When we had dinner together yesterday, your brother told me that h-he's... gay." The socialite said angrily, "Even though he's handsome and rich, I cannot possibly marry a gay man!" Then, she hung up the call in a huff. Genevieve had grown up with Cooper. Not to mention that they were married before that. Hence, Genevieve was well aware of his sexuality. Cooper had deliberately said so to chase her away. Genevieve called him and said helplessly, "Cooper, why did you say that to the girl that I have introduced you to?" "I don't need you matchmaking me. In fact, I won't get married again in the future," Cooper replied in a low voice. "Genev, it doesn't matter if you don't love me anymore. I am grateful enough that I can stay by your side to protect both you and the company. If you do this again, I will declare on Twitter that I'm gay." Seeing as Cooper was adamant about his decision, Genevieve then decided to stop her matchmaking efforts. She went to fetch Armand at Central Group at six o'clock sharp after getting off a busy day of work.

The two of them went home together. Armand made fish and chips that night, and it was really delicious. He learned his lesson that night. Not only did he lock his bedroom door, but also his balcony door. However, Genevieve outwitted him. She contacted the locksmith in advance to head to Swallow Garden in the afternoon to duplicate the key to Armand's bedroom. Genevieve used the duplicate key to enter his bedroom around midnight. Armand was rendered speechless. He summoned people to change the lock the following

day, to which Genevieve asked the locksmith to duplicate the key, again. When Genevieve snuck into his room, she hugged Armand and smiled triumphantly. "Mando, you'd better quit doing this. Nothing can stop me if I really want to come in." Armand chuckled. "Are you proud of what you've done now?" "No, but I'm not stealing." Then, Genevieve pulled open his blanket and started to peel off his pajamas. "I see that you've finished the doctor's medicine. Let me take a look at how your wound is doing."

hand.

Genevieve lowered her head and bit

kept quiet.

The next moment, Genevieve kissed him deeply, hoping that he would feel her love

continued staring at the man, reluctant to close her

fingers across the Genevieve Orsi that was tattooed on his chest and felt

and asked with his eyes slightly narrowed, "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing

I'll have to depend on you.

woman's comment.

while Armand was still sleeping with Genevieve in his arms, he heard his phone ringing. Half awake, he felt for his

uncertainly.

only then that he realized that it was Genevieve's phone that he was holding.

As the

sweet that Armand could feel his heart melting.

Just by hearing her voice, Armand

After a moment of contemplation, he said gently, "Nope.

Amanda heard that, she covered her mouth and giggled.

Mommy has already told me that she would be moving

replied, "Oh, so are you my mommy's boss?"

"Yup."

That was the first time the

phone so quickly and kept finding topics to talk to

two of them were chatting, Armand heard a cool voice saying on

Amanda said reluctantly as she continued, "Mister, can I talk to



today, okay?" he asked.

"All right!" Amanda understood exactly what the man meant and added, "This shall

at the locked phone screen. He tried to key in a password

phone back on the bedside table quietly.

After

office before heading to the production company to work.

dinner, she washed up in his room and rested on the bed.

On most days, it

shower, he saw Genevieve propping her head up with her hands.

The woman was dressed in

alluring.

Genevieve patted the spot next to her and looked at Armand with glistening eyes, saying,

"Mando, come here.

he heard that as it was summer

table.

At night, when they were in bed, she would either stick a hand into

time in bed.

Genevieve always responded with enthusiasm and behaved affectionately toward

Let's learn other ..."

"All right.

page, Armand took her phone away.

Noticing the man's

other men so much?"

"I'm doing this for the benefit of our sex life," Genevieve answered while

anything."

Just then, the woman's eyes lit up before she said softly, "I heard

male models out there, and his videos

to work and pick you up yeah? I'll ask the helper to prepare dinner for

have anything else to say to me?" Genevieve said with a disappointed expression.

pointing to her cheeks.

Genevieve a look. Instead, he swung open the car door and alighted from the car.

Sighing, Genevieve locked

"Are you getting out, Ms.

Rachford?"

Ms.

Rachford, Ms.

of the elevator in a fit of pique.

Armand watched her retreating figure through

key in his hand tightly.

After Genevieve's departure, Armand's life returned to

bedroom was littered with Genevieve's belongings.

Not only were her

there for a few days, but her impact on him was unexpectedly

a glance at it, he noticed

you hear me, mister?" A child's babyish and sweet voice drifted out from the other end of the phone.

Armand grunted

voice.

Thereafter, she started acting coquettish with him, querying, "Did you

chuckling.

Amanda's curiosity was piqued when she heard

Armand replied.

"So, did you miss me?" Amanda asked once more.

of every day!"

Armand's heart melted.

me?"

Amanda answered sweetly, "Because I like you a lot! Thus, I missed you greatly.

So, did you miss me, mister?"

"Yeah," Armand replied without

still play on the computer when you return to your room! I want to stay up a bit later tonight!"

"Whatever!

for a while, Lucian didn't bother

to sleep earlier.

care about me.

He merely likes to pick on me,” Amanda muttered.

bullied her in detail.

In the end, she whined,

Armand burst out laughing.

He gave her a kiss through

gone black on the table.

As he reminisced about Amanda’s babyish voice, his heart melted into a

like her mother, she’s endearing!

While he was

see someone from the secretarial department pushing open the door

attire of the female secretary who came to deliver the documents that day and noticed

twenty-eight weeks in, and I’ll be on maternity

not good for the baby.

female secretary paused for a while before adding, “But I’m not picky

heard that, his heart sank.

As she stepped forward to place the documents on the table, he caught a

again, the secretary queried anxiously, “Is there anything

stared at the documents on the table while

they both like eating the same things.

Every morning at nine o’clock on the dot, Amanda phoned

performance, she eagerly asked, “How was it, mister?”

“It was melodious! You were incredible!” Armand lauded from the depths of

## **My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 497**

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while Armand was still sleeping with Genevieve in his arms, he heard his phone ringing.  
Half awake, he felt for his

uncertainly.

only then that he realized that it was Genevieve’s phone that he was holding.  
As the

sweet that Armand could feel his heart melting.  
Just by hearing her voice, Armand

After a moment of contemplation, he said gently, “Nope.

Amanda heard that, she covered her mouth and giggled.  
Mommy has already told me that she would be moving

replied, “Oh, so are you my mommy’s boss?”  
“Yup.”

That was the first time the

phone so quickly and kept finding topics to talk to

two of them were chatting, Armand heard a cool voice saying on

Amanda said reluctantly as she continued, “Mister, can I talk to

today, okay?” he asked.

“All right!” Amanda understood exactly what the man meant and added, “This shall

at the locked phone screen. He tried to key in a password

phone back on the bedside table quietly.

After

office before heading to the production company to work.

dinner, she washed up in his room and rested on the bed.

On most days, it

shower, he saw Genevieve propping her head up with her hands.  
The woman was dressed in



alluring.

Genevieve patted the spot next to her and looked at Armand with glistening eyes, saying, “Mando, come here.

he heard that as it was summer

table.

At night, when they were in bed, she would either stick a hand into

time in bed.

Genevieve always responded with enthusiasm and behaved affectionately toward

Let’s learn other ...”

“All right.

page, Armand took her phone away.

Noticing the man’s

other men so much?”

“I’m doing this for the benefit of our sex life,” Genevieve answered while

anything.”

Just then, the woman’s eyes lit up before she said softly, “I heard

male models out there, and his videos

to work and pick you up yeah? I’ll ask the helper to prepare dinner for

have anything else to say to me?” Genevieve said with a disappointed expression.

pointing to her cheeks.

## **My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 498**

at the locked phone screen. He tried to key in a password

phone back on the bedside table quietly.

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office before heading to the production company to work.

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pointing to her cheeks.

Genevieve a look. Instead, he swung open the car door and alighted from the car.

Sighing, Genevieve locked

“Are you getting out, Ms.

Rachford?”

Ms.

Rachford, Ms.

of the elevator in a fit of pique.

Armand watched her retreating figure through

key in his hand tightly.

After Genevieve’s departure, Armand’s life returned to

bedroom was littered with Genevieve’s belongings.

Not only were her

there for a few days, but her impact on him was unexpectedly

a glance at it, he noticed

you hear me, mister?" A child's babyish and sweet voice drifted out from the other end of the phone.

Armand grunted

voice.

Thereafter, she started acting coquettish with him, querying, "Did you

chuckling.

Amanda's curiosity was piqued when she heard

Armand replied.

"So, did you miss me?" Amanda asked once more.

of every day!"

Armand's heart melted.

me?"

Amanda answered sweetly, "Because I like you a lot! Thus, I missed you greatly.

So, did you miss me, mister?"

"Yeah," Armand replied without

still play on the computer when you return to your room! I want to stay up a bit later tonight!"

"Whatever!"

## **My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 499**

Genevieve a look. Instead, he swung open the car door and alighted from the car.

Sighing, Genevieve locked

"Are you getting out, Ms.

Rachford?"

Ms.

Rachford, Ms.

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"Whatever!"

## **My Husband Is a Gary Stu Chapter 500**

for a while, Lucian didn't bother

to sleep earlier.

care about me.

He merely likes to pick on me," Amanda muttered.

bullied her in detail.

In the end, she whined,

Armand burst out laughing.

He gave her a kiss through



gone black on the table.

As he reminisced about Amanda's babyish voice, his heart melted into a

like her mother, she's endearing!

While he was

see someone from the secretarial department pushing open the door

attire of the female secretary who came to deliver the documents that day and noticed

twenty-eight weeks in, and I'll be on maternity

not good for the baby.

female secretary paused for a while before adding, "But I'm not picky

heard that, his heart sank.

As she stepped forward to place the documents on the table, he caught a

again, the secretary queried anxiously, "Is there anything

stared at the documents on the table while

they both like eating the same things.

Every morning at nine o'clock on the dot, Amanda phoned

performance, she eagerly asked, "How was it, mister?"

"It was melodious! You were incredible!" Armand lauded from the depths of

