

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 61

Chapter 61 I Will Fulfill Your Death Wish

Jenny was silent for a moment before she said, "We need to investigate this matter to see if you actually sought help from your uncle."

Jenny stopped talking to Queenie and turned to the crowd and said, "Those who have successfully joined the company should report to the HR department at eight-thirty in the morning on Monday. Those who failed, don't give up. The translation department of Central Group will hire people every quarter, so work hard next time. All right, you're dismissed."

Jenny had other matters to attend to, so she hurriedly took the documents and left.

"Ms. Griffin..." Queenie tried to chase after Jenny. Suddenly, Patrick stretched out his long legs and stood before Queenie.

"Queenie, didn't you forget something?" Patrick asked lazily.

Jenny had entered the elevator and left, and Patrick was blocking Queenie's way. Queenie's expression turned sour as she glared at Patrick. "What have I forgotten?"

"The bet!" Patrick reminded. "Last night in the restaurant, you made a bet with Genev that if she came in first place in the examinations, you would go to the restaurant opposite the company and dance..."

Before Queenie could speak, Patrick grabbed the bikini from her hands and said, "Not bad, Ms. Lane. You knew you would lose the bet so you came prepared, right?"

Everyone was about to leave after the results were announced. Hearing Patrick's words, they gathered around again to watch the drama.

Noticing the people around, Queenie gritted her teeth and put the blame on Genevieve. "Genevieve, you're extremely skilled, yet you put on an act to trick me. This bet cannot be valid!"

"Have I ever said that I'm not skilled?" Genevieve retorted. "You were the one who thought that I'm not capable. Besides, there were so many skillful people who took the exam yesterday. I really did not expect to come in the first place. You brought this upon yourself."

Genevieve's argument was so reasonable that it left Queenie speechless.

"Hurry up and wear it, Queenie. Go and dance!" Patrick shouted from the side as he sought justice for Genevieve.

"Bikini! Bikini!"

Queenie's expression turned dark when she noticed that the people around her were shouting alongside Patrick.

There's no way I would wear that and dance in front of the restaurant!

Clenching her fist, Queenie walked toward Genevieve and smiled reluctantly.

"Genevieve, we're going to be colleagues who work in the same office in the future. How about we forget about the dance? I know you want to look for Erica. I can help you..."

"That's a completely different matter." Genevieve smiled, but it was a cold smile that did not reach her eyes. "Queenie, since you had the courage to bet with me, you should have the courage to admit defeat too."

Queenie's expression turned more sullen when she saw how Genevieve was not willing to let things slide. The former wanted to run away when no one was paying attention.

However, as soon as she moved, Patrick saw right through her. He reached out and grabbed her. "Are you going to dance? Come on, I'll go with you!"

"Let me go! I'll walk there on my own!" Queenie yelled angrily.

"I was only afraid that you might fall and injure yourself."

After forcibly dragging Queenie downstairs, Patrick shouted as he walked through the lobby, "What did you say? You think everyone's too bored with their work, so you want to dance for them? You even want to wear a bikini and do it at the entrance of the restaurant opposite the company?"

Patrick's words sparked the curiosity of those around him. Even the employees at the front desk gathered at the door to join the fun.

Genevieve gave tacit permission to Patrick's behavior and joined the others as she gathered among the crowd.

Queenie had provoked Genevieve during the interview the night before.

However, the latter let it slide since they were all going to be colleagues in the future.

However, it did not occur to her that Queenie would try to mess with her at the restaurant.

Since she's asking for death, I'll gladly fulfill her death wish!

After Patrick dragged Queenie across the road, he left her at the restaurant entrance and tossed the bikini on her.

"Change into this yourself. Don't make me do it for you."

Patrick smiled, but his gaze was cold as he stared at Queenie. He was not joking about doing it for her.

Seeing this, Queenie trembled in fear.

She had seen Patrick's resume the day before and found out that he was just an ordinary interviewee with a normal background. However, Queenie noticed a sinister aura from him.

He's so scary...

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Chapter 62 Getting Lively In The House

Queenie gritted her teeth as she went to the restaurant's restroom to change into a bikini.

She thought of escaping, but there was only a single entrance to the place. If Queenie wanted to leave, she had to pass by the hall to the kitchen. By doing so, she would be spotted by Patrick and the rest.

After stalling for a while to buy time for herself, Queenie walked out of the restaurant.

Patrick asked, "Why aren't you dancing?" Then, he hummed understandingly, "Oh, I know. Is it because there is no music? All right. I'll play a song for you."

As he said that, he turned on the music player, and a sexy song started blaring immediately.

Queenie scanned her surroundings. People had started gathering around her while the restaurant's customers had turned their attention toward the crowd outside the windows, trying to see what was happening.

With a forced smile, she looked at Genevieve.

"Do you have to do this, Genevieve?" Queenie clenched her teeth. The arrogant attitude she had displayed yesterday disappeared without a trace. She lowered her voice and said, "We will be colleagues in the future..."

Genevieve was standing among the crowd when she heard Queenie's words. She parted her red lips and replied in an apathetic tone, "Dance now, Ms. Lane."

She knew very well that Queenie would have asked her to do something even more ridiculous if she was the one who lost the bet.

Then, a resentful Queenie started dancing amidst the crowd's cheers and applause. When she noticed Patrick was recording a video of her, she freaked out and turned her head to the side.

"Come on, Queenie. Don't hide!" Patrick urged, "The loser has to dance while someone records the video. You will have to share it on Twitter for a week too. Since nobody is doing the honor of videoing you, I'll be the one to take up the task!"

Queenie felt frustration rise within her when she heard Patrick's words. Enraged, she bit her lips so hard that they bled. She made up her mind.

I'll remember this humiliation!

While the onlookers were busy checking out Queenie's dance, a black Maserati drove past the restaurant slowly.

A woman poked her head out of the backseat and peered at the crowd.

Even though she looked great for her age, as there was not a single wrinkle on her flawless, smooth skin, her steely, deep-set eyes told stories and showed that she was not that young. Meanwhile, a beauty mark on the corner of her left eye softened her sharp features.

The woman slightly narrowed her eyes. She stared at the slim figure standing among the crowd. "Have Genevieve and Cooper separated?"

"They divorced about a month ago," The driver reported. He knew the woman had been occupied recently, so she might not be up-to-date with the latest happenings in Jadeborough.

He continued, "Genevieve was meeting a man secretly in the hotel when Cooper caught her in the act. Cooper forced her to give up everything, including her company, during the divorce. Genevieve's grandma passed away around the same time too."

"Is that so?" The woman's eyes turned frostier as she seemingly recalled something from her memories.

"There's something else you need to know." The driver observed the woman through the rearview mirror. "The man Genevieve met secretly was Mr. Armand."

"Oh?" The woman's eyes flickered. "What happened?"

"Old Mrs. Faulkner tried to set up Mr. Armand, but he found out about it, so he requested to switch the room." The driver's expression changed. "Mr. Armand seems to have taken a liking to Genevieve. They registered their marriage at the Jadeborough City Hall recently."

A look of interest appeared on the woman's face when she heard that. "It looks like it's going to get lively in the house soon."

Changing her mind, she continued, "Forget about the hotel. Let's head home."

"Sure."

As the car slowly moved away from the buzzing restaurant, the woman took another look at the crowd. She retracted her gaze before remarking, "I need you to do something for me."

After the black Maserati left the scene, a Mercedes-Benz stopped where the vehicle had parked earlier.

A middle-aged man in a suit descended from it with a bunch of rare, black roses in his hand. He headed straight for the crowd.

"Wow! These black roses are gorgeous!" someone shouted in the crowd.

Everyone diverted their attention to the middle-aged man immediately.

The commotion caught Genevieve's attention too.

She thought someone had ordered these roses in preparation for a proposal, so Genevieve made way for the man to walk past as he slowly walked in her direction.

Little did she expect the man to stop before her with a respectful bow. He presented the black roses and a black velvet box to her as he said politely, "Ms. Rachford, these flowers and gifts are from our boss."

Genevieve was taken aback. She asked, "Who is your boss?"

The middle-aged man smiled while he remained in the stance of a bow. "Ms. Rachford, please accept these gifts so I can finish my task."

Genevieve remained silent as she tried to suss out the boss mentioned by the man before her. Meanwhile, Patrick accepted the gift on behalf of her. Then, he opened the black velvet box. There was a vast, brilliant pink diamond ring inside.

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Chapter 63 Not Just About Who Can Afford It

Even though Patrick quickly shut the box after looking at the content, Genevieve, standing behind him, noticed the pink diamond ring.

She gasped in astonishment. As the eldest daughter of the Rachford family, I used to have a lot of exquisite jewelry in my possession. But, I have never seen a pink diamond as big as this one.

Patrick shoved the flowers and gift into Genevieve's embrace. He exclaimed softly, "Wow! Armand showed off his character as the big boss by pampering you with these amazing gifts. Too bad it's not romantic enough here."

It has crossed my mind that maybe Armand bought the pink diamond for Genevieve. Now it turns out I'm right.

Genevieve understood what Patrick meant.

She lowered her head and glanced at the black roses in her arms. Her mind wandered.

Yea, it's true that he would possibly buy gifts for me. But, it's unusual for him to gift them to me in such a high-profile way. It does not fit his personality.

Before Genevieve could dwell further on the matter, the crowd encouraged her, "Is there a ring in it? Why don't you show it to us?"

"Wow! Genevieve, did you find another boyfriend?"

Most of them gathered around Genevieve knew about the recent news in her life. She was plagued with scandals. Her life was in chaos, her company gone, and she lost Winnifred. However, Genevieve came out stronger on the other side. She even got herself a job at Central Group.

She must have found a man who can back her up.

The crowd concluded as they surrounded Genevieve with curiosity. They gossiped about her life as she remained silent.

At the same time, Steven, who had just picked up Armand at the airport, passed by the restaurant. When he noticed the bustling crowd, the man slowed down his car.

Armand looked out from the window. He frowned. "What's going on?"

"There was a bet between Queenie and Mrs. Faulkner. Queenie lost, so she must wear a bikini and dance at the restaurant entrance."

Then, Steven proceeded to recount the process of Genevieve and Queenie's bet and the morning incident at the company.

He added after finishing his story, "Mrs. Faulkner has become smarter and more ruthless."

Upon hearing, Armand landed his gaze on Genevieve who was surrounded by the crowd.

She looked beautiful in that avocado-green suit. She no longer has that depressing aura surrounding her.

Armand said, "Genevieve is not a fool. She merely followed Cooper's words previously because she was not exposed to the outside world."

The man had seen Genevieve's potential a long time ago. If not, he would not have agreed to marry Genevieve. After all, Armand was not a man that would be willing to wed a beautiful but stupid woman.

He spotted the bikini-clad, ashamed-looking Queenie. Armand's lips curled into a faint grin. "You're right. She has become more ruthless. Did you ask someone to send the flowers?"

Armand questioned Steven when he noticed Genevieve carrying a bouquet of black roses.

Steven shook his head. "I won't send anything to Mrs. Faulkner without your instruction." He guessed and said, "Maybe Patrick bought it to congratulate Mrs. Faulkner for getting the job?"

Armand sneered. "Definitely not him. He is too simple-minded to have the idea of buying these rare flowers."

Steven was rendered speechless by his reply.

Armand continued staring at the black roses. Soon, an answer appeared in his mind. He sneered again. "Call the florist. Get them to send one thousand black roses to the mansion."

Genevieve is my wife. I'll give her whatever she wants. I don't need another man to butter her up.

"One thousand... black roses?" Steven stuttered, unable to believe his ears. He turned to look at Armand, saying, "Mr. Faulkner, these black roses are rare and hard to cultivate. I don't think they have that large amount of them in the country, much less in Jadeborough."

Steven suggested bravely, "How about green roses? They are rare too..."

"Think of a way, then." Armand raised his head. His eyes were cold. "Do you want outsiders to think I can't afford a thousand black roses for my wife?"

The mature, responsible Steven was falling apart at Armand's order. Complaints started flashing across his mind.

It's not just about who can afford the flowers or not! Why? Why did I slow down? Why didn't I drive to the company's parking lot straight away? If Mr. Faulkner

didn't notice the black roses in her arms, he wouldn't have given me such a difficult task.

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Chapter 64 No Progress With City Hall

When Steven arrived at the basement parking of Central Group, Patrick had also successfully pushed through the crowd with Genevieve at the restaurant.

Patrick gasped for air after they got into a taxi. He was speechless by the turn of events while muttering, "I thought we were there to humiliate Queenie! Why did we end up being surrounded by people? Armand's gifts arrived at the wrong time."

"People are attracted to gossip," Genevieve replied helplessly. She had never thought that strangers were still interested in her personal life after the falling of the Rachford family.

Genevieve frowned at the sight of the black roses. "Did Mando really send me these?"

"Of course!" Patrick gave an affirmative answer. He pointed at the velvet box in her hand. "Take the pink diamond as an example. This is the only pink diamond in the world. Some rich guy bid for it last time. It was Armand who had told me to look for the bidder's number, and he spent so much money to buy it from the person."

Genevieve let down her guards without anyone around to be nosy about her private life. She opened the velvet box. It was a big, crystal clear diamond in the natural shape of a heart.

She was pretty sure that this was the most prominent, the rarest pink diamond in the world.

"It's so d*mn beautiful!" Patrick peered at the pink diamond before complimenting, "Who else other than Armand has the status and money to gift you this exorbitant piece of jewelry?"

Yeap. Patrick is right. Who else can gift something like this to me without any second thoughts? It must be Armand.

Genevieve could not help but agree with Patrick's words.

Patrick asked the driver to stop the car beside the road after looking at his phone.

He alighted from the vehicle. "Genev, I have something that I need to attend to. Why don't you head back by yourself first?"

"All right." Genevieve nodded.

Even though the scarce pink diamond had given her a shock, there was something else on Genevieve's mind. She fished out her phone.

When she saw Queenie talking to the interviewee from the same batch as her after the translation exam the night before, she could already guess what Queenie was up to.

That was why she was not surprised to see the news on Patrick's phone that morning. Genevieve was only fooling around with Patrick when she said she had no idea how to handle the problem.

She also had a calm response when she arrived at the office to hear the news from Queenie about Jenny being investigated, which all boiled down to the fact that Queenie had fallen into the trap set by her from the start. Genevieve knew Queenie was going to lose no matter what.

The only unexpected incident from her plan was when someone had revealed the matter of her working as an interpreter in Dartan's presidential residence. That person even got hold of a video as evidence and shared it on Twitter.

Not many knew about this part of my life. Who was the person who shared the video? Was it Armand? I'm not surprised if it was him. After all, he could achieve this quickly if he could learn all about my life experience since I was young.

Genevieve wondered about the possibility of Armand being the culprit.

However, she quickly doubted the conclusion she came to. After some time spent with Armand, Genevieve knew he did not really care much about her personal life. He wished more for her to solve her problems by herself.

Genevieve decided to remove Armand from the list. Her eyes flickered as she somehow figured out the identity of the person who uploaded the video.

The bouquet of roses was black like velvet, and it was a thick bunch. A faint, sweet scent wafted through the air as she placed it on her lap.

Men always choose red roses when it comes to gifting them to a woman. Why did Armand think of giving me this unique bouquet?

Her heart warmed as she gently caressed the rose petals. Suddenly, she noticed a card lying among the black roses.

At first, Genevieve had not noticed the card because it had blended against the black roses earlier. She took out the black and gold card and flipped it open with her fingers.

A look of shock appeared on her face when she saw the name.

The text wrote: Specter Corporation.

Meanwhile, at the CEO's office, a man was sitting at his desk as he went through the news on his phone. The eyes behind those glasses did not betray any emotions he had.

Soon, a suit-wearing man knocked on the door. "Mr. Sutton."

Cooper turned his phone over and placed it on the table. He massaged his nose bridge with his slender fingers, asking, "How was the investigation?"

His assistant, Christopher, lowered his head. "There was no progress with the people at the City Hall. They wouldn't talk."

If they were investigating an ordinary man, the information would have flowed out the moment they used a few tricks.

However, the man they were instructed to find more information about this time around was Armand.

Even if Armand did not request for the employees at City Hall to keep the information about his marriage confidential, those staff dared not leak the details to outsiders.

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Chapter 65 I Thought You Hate Her

After a few seconds, Christopher spoke. "Mr. Sutton, I think you read too much into it. The Faulkner family is one of the prominent four families of Xedells, and they have strict rules and regulations. Even if Mr. Faulkner is the person in charge of his family's business now, he couldn't possibly escape from the fate of being in an arranged marriage. I don't think he will marry Genevieve."

Cooper would have ignored Christopher's remarks if this conversation had occurred in the past.

However, today, he was offended by Christopher's words. Cooper's expression darkened. "The Rachford family used to enjoy a prestigious status in Jadeborough. It isn't entirely impossible for Ms. Rachford to marry into the Faulkner family."

"You've said so yourself. Her family was prestigious and influential in the past."

Christopher looked at Cooper cautiously. "Mr. Sutton, I thought you hate Ms. Rachford?"

Christopher found Cooper's frustration at him mentioning and talking bad about

Genevieve strange.

Cooper froze. He, too, felt that he reacted in an unusual manner.

Desperate for some fresh air, Cooper removed his tie. "Have you fetched Jacob yet?"

Jacob was the sole survivor of the fire from many years ago. He was the one who had told Cooper the truth. After the revelation, Cooper gave Jacob a sum of money that was enough for him to live out the rest of his life in his hometown. Recently, Cooper had requested Christopher to seek Jacob out so they could have a meal together. He wanted to know more about the fire all these years ago. Christopher's face darkened. He did not respond to Cooper's question. When Cooper noticed the hesitant look on his assistant's face, his heart sank as though he realized something terrible had happened. "Did something happen to Jacob?"

"Yes..." Christopher lowered his head before reporting, "Shawn was supposed to pick up Jacob. He said he found him dead when he arrived at Jacob's place. The autopsy report indicated that he passed away two hours before Shawn found him. The reason for his death was a heart attack."

"How about the housekeeper?"

"The housekeeper caring for Jacob just so happened to be out to get his medicine from the hospital."

Instantly, Cooper's face took on a ghastly expression.

Christopher glanced at him before continuing, "Jacob had multiple organ failures after escaping the fire. He hasn't been feeling well for the past few years, so I think his days were already numbered."

"Yea. It's normal for him to die. But, why now?" Cooper frowned. That was the thing that was bothering him as he questioned himself and Christopher. Nothing happened to Jacob yesterday. Why did he die the moment I sent someone over to fetch him for a meal?

Christopher did not have the same opinion as Cooper, though. He spoke. "Heart attack is a relatively common sickness that even little kids get diagnosed with. You know Jacob wasn't in good health."

Cooper stayed silent as his expression turned frostier. Christopher did not dare to say anything else.

After a while, Cooper instructed calmly, "Get someone to manage Jacob's funeral proceedings. Other than that, try to bribe the neighbors. Ask them whether Jacob

had said anything to them or whether anyone had looked for him after he moved in."

Christopher immediately understood where Cooper was going with his instructions. He was stunned as he asked, "Do you think there is something fishy... about Jacob's death?"

"His life ended at the wrong time," Cooper answered with a grim expression. Cooper had stayed hidden and bide his time in the Rachford family for twenty years because he wanted to exact revenge. After years of experience in the business field, his patience and observation skills were tip-top. He did not believe in such coincidences.

Someone must've found out that I was investigating the past. That's why they decided to silence him forever.

As those thoughts crossed his mind, Cooper narrowed his eyes before adding, "Be careful."

"All right." Christopher quickly left the office.

Feeling bothered and frustrated by the latest development, Cooper took a pack of cigarettes from his drawer and lit one up.

Soon, the white smoke blurred his glasses.

Silence filled the room as he smoked. Cooper's train of thoughts landed on that day when he saw Armand outside City Hall with an obedient-looking Genevieve beside him. His heart sank when he remembered Genevieve had her arms wrapped around Armand.

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Chapter 66 I Want To Live For A While Longer

As the sun set, Genevieve returned to Swallow Garden.

She took a taxi back, but the taxi couldn't enter the mansion district, she walked to the mansion after arriving outside the mansion district.

She held a bouquet of black roses in her arms. Her brow was slightly furrowed, and she appeared to be deep in thought.

"Ms. Rachford." Maria came to open the door for her.

Upon seeing Genevieve with a bouquet of black roses, Maria froze and muttered, "Ms. Rachford, in the twenty years I've known you, I've never seen someone gift you so many black flowers. I've heard this type of rose has a short lifespan and is

difficult to cultivate.”

Genevieve looked down and realized she had carried the roses back with her. Instantaneously, she felt as if her palms were burning hot as she held the flowers, and she wished she could discard them immediately. “It’s just a bouquet of roses.”

If I had seen that card earlier, I wouldn’t have accepted the pink diamond and believed what he said either.

“I’m not referring to those you’re holding. I’m talking about those in the living room.” Maria led her into the living room as she spoke.

When Genevieve entered the living room, she discovered a big bouquet of black roses before the floor-to-ceiling window. It was densely packed, and she estimated that there were hundreds of black roses in there.

What’s with all these black roses?

In comparison to the enormous bouquet of black roses in front of her, the bouquet in her arms seemed pathetically small.

“Mr. Faulkner.” Just then, Armand had returned as well.

He passed his coat to the housekeeper and went into the living room, quickly spotting Genevieve and the massive bouquet of black roses.

“It is to celebrate your induction. I asked Steven to order the flowers.”

Only then did Genevieve recover from the shock. “Mando, thank you very much. You don’t have to buy so many flowers to commemorate my induction. These flowers have a brief lifespan.”

Also, black roses are uncommon. How did he obtain so many of them?

“If this bouquet of flowers can make you joyful, then they retain some value,” Armand stated with a deep voice. His remarks caused Genevieve’s heart to begin racing.

I did not anticipate this indifferent man to utter such cheesy words...

Armand lowered his head and gazed at her arms. “How long more are you going to hold this bouquet of black roses of unknown origin?”

Genevieve detected the displeasure in his tone.

She also understood that Armand had witnessed the middle-aged man delivering flowers to her in the afternoon. That was why he let Steven order a thousand of those flowers for her.

Then, she quickly tossed the bouquet of black roses in her hand to Maria and said, “Maria, take it and throw it away!”

“Oh, okay.” Maria hurriedly left with the flowers in her arms.

She had assumed that the bouquet of black roses Genevieve was holding was also from Armand, but it appeared that this was not the case.

When he saw Genevieve's actions, Armand's eyebrows relaxed, and he appeared happier.

Genevieve rushed over to him when she saw him walk over to the couch and sit down. She poured him a cup of coffee and asked, "Mando, what would you like for dinner?"

She had stated before that she would cook for Armand and the others when her job position was confirmed.

Armand's hand paused for a moment as he held the cup, and his lips twitched. "Anything will do for dinner."

Just as Genevieve got up to go to the kitchen, he continued to mock in a low voice, "Anything as long as it's not cooked by you. I'd like to live for a while longer."

"I'm actually quite good at cooking," Genevieve refuted in a soft voice. "I just need more practice."

Armand said, "There are many housekeepers at home, so you don't have to cook. If you really want to thank me, you should quickly adapt to your work at Central Group. I'm soon traveling to Mapleton to discuss opportunities of collaboration with them."

Genevieve could sense his implication that he wished to take her there. "Okay, I understand."

In fact, the other day when they attended the dinner party, Armand had unintentionally reminded her that she had to rely on herself as well, as the assistance she received from others was only temporary.

Even if she was currently riding on Armand's coattails, they would eventually drift apart.

She had to take advantage of every opportunity to gain experience in the hopes that she would be able to manage Specter Corporation once she regained control of it.

Approximately half an hour later, Steven returned.

Steven walked into the room with a tired face and looked at the huge bouquet of black roses. "Mrs. Faulkner, do you like this bouquet of black roses?" he asked.

Genevieve nodded, "Yes, I like it."

There were so many of those roses, not to mention that black roses were rare as well. Every woman's heart would race upon seeing this sight.

"It must have been difficult to get so many black roses, wasn't it?"

"No, not at all. I'm delighted that you like them." Steven smiled faintly, recalling the past afternoon when he had made over a hundred calls just to gather that many black roses.

If Armand had asked for ten thousand black roses, Steven probably would have died on the spot.

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Chapter 67

Chapter 67 Are You Interested In Men

"Steven! Steven!" Patrick dashed into the room.

He embraced and planted a big kiss on Steven's face. "How did you know that I liked that Pagani, Steven? You even got it for me! You are really kind! I'm so glad to be your brother in this life!"

Steven wiped Patrick's saliva off his face and stated emotionlessly, "That vehicle is not yours. It belongs to Mrs. Faulkner."

"Huh?" Patrick's face fell.

"The fact that I can even feed you is already good enough. How can I afford to buy you a car, let alone a limited-edition car?" Steven rolled his eyes and handed Genevieve the key to the Pagani.

"Mrs. Faulkner, this is the new car that Mr. Faulkner ordered for you. In the future, you can drive this car to work."

"Thanks." Genevieve felt rather helpless as she took the key.

She had asked Armand to get just any car for her.

However, he had gotten her a limited-edition Pagani. It would be really hard to keep low profile while driving such a car.

"Forget it, then. In the future, I will also work for Central Group, and I'll be able to drive this car then!" After a brief moment of sadness, Patrick rapidly regained his vitality.

He took the violin case from behind him and handed it to Genevieve. "I have a gift for you as well, Genev!"

When Genevieve opened the violin case, she saw a beautiful brown violin inside. Its body was made from wood of the best quality, and even the strings were pricey.

When she looked at the side of the instrument and saw the name of the person

who made it, she turned and looked at Patrick in shock.

"This is a hand-crafted violin by Master Emeti?"

"It is!" Patrick raised his eyebrows and said proudly, "I googled him. This gentleman was a skilled luthier, and this instrument was one of his favorites throughout his life!"

Genevieve was surprised because she knew how pricey violins crafted by this luthier were. "How did you obtain it?"

"It doesn't matter how I got it. It's a gift for you!" Patrick felt guilty for a moment as he recalled the process of acquiring the violin.

He flashed another cheeky grin. "So, what do you think, Genev? I've been nice to you, haven't I?"

From the moment Patrick raced into the room, Armand exhibited little interest in their conversation. As soon as he saw Patrick pull out a violin and deliver it to Genevieve, he turned his attention to her.

Suddenly, Armand asked, "Can you play the violin?"

"Children from affluent families should be skilled in the arts." Genevieve's lips twitched when she heard the hint of surprise in his tone. "Did you think I can't do anything as well?"

"Yeah."

Armand's answer left Genevieve speechless.

He was having his coffee while sitting on the couch. As he observed Genevieve conversing with Patrick while deftly tuning the strings, he didn't know why, but his normally icy eyes warmed.

"Steven, transfer a million to Patrick's card," he ordered Steven abruptly.

"Whoa, Armand. You're filthy rich!" Patrick got excited for a moment and quickly waved his hand. "You don't have to send me money. This is my gift to Genev for joining the company."

"That amount is nothing to me," Armand said casually. "Since she's my wife, I can buy her anything she wants."

Patrick was dumbfounded by his dominant personality. He could not help but state cheekily, "Armand, you are indeed a bossy CEO. That's cool! But why let your interests be restricted to only women, Armand? Hello, look at me over here?"

When Armand heard what he said, he frowned and looked at him with a darkened expression. "Do you have a death wish?"

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 68

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My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 69

Chapter 69 Beautiful And Gentle

After Patrick said that, he took a casual look around and was shocked to see the huge bouquet of black roses in front of the window.

"Whoa! Armand, where did you get so many black roses?"

He didn't know much about flowers, but he had heard that black roses were hard

to nurture and didn't last as long as other types of roses.

That has to be at least a thousand of them, right?

"I'm not sure. It was Steven who got them." Armand took a sip of coffee and didn't say anything. "It's to celebrate Genevieve's induction."

"Tsk! Tsk! Armand, we all know you're the boss, but you don't have to be so high-profile, do you?"

In the afternoon, he had someone send a pink diamond to Genevieve. And now, he asked Steven to send a thousand black roses to the mansion!

Then, she switched topics and said, "You said earlier that you had to do something. Was it to get this violin?"

Armand appeared to sense something going on. He cast a brief glance toward Genevieve.

"Yeah." Patrick was easily led into the new topic. He mumbled with his mouth full of watermelon, "It's such a valuable thing. Of course, I had to talk to the seller in person."

I couldn't even get this violin if I didn't deal with the seller in person.

"Everyone looks up to this late master luthier's work. If this belonged to a violinist, they wouldn't have sold it even if the buyer offers a sky-high price."

Genevieve took a look at the violin on the couch. "Why would that person sell it to you? Could the seller be a resale dealer?"

Patrick was still trying to figure out how to explain it. When he heard Genevieve's guess, he just went with it. "Yes, yes! When I traded with that guy, he told me that he had a lot of high-quality violins at home. He could sell it to me for a low price if I want. Like you said, he's just a resale dealer!"

Genevieve nodded and said, "That makes sense."

A violinist would treasure a rare and valuable violin like this and would never sell it. However, this is not the case if it was in the hands of a violin dealer.

Armand's gaze swept over the violin case, and he suddenly asked Genevieve, "Do you know how to play Judith?"

"I do. It's a beginner violin piece. When I was learning the violin, I played it over a hundred times." It was also Genevieve's favorite violin piece.

Years ago, if it were not for the patient's encouragement, she might not have learned to play the violin.

She smiled as she thought of the happy memories. "Mando, do you want to hear it?" she asked as she looked at Armand.

"Yeah." Lazily, Armand flopped his long arms on the top of the couch.

"Okay." Genevieve opened the case and mumbled as she took out the violin, "I haven't played the violin in a long time. I hope you don't mind if it doesn't sound good."

Chewing on a mouthful of pear, Patrick reassured, "It's okay! We're all family here, so we won't mind if it sounds bad!"

Armand gave him a cold look. Feeling a chill running down his spine, Patrick quickly moved away and sat down next to Steven.

Genevieve was a little nervous about playing the violin again after so many years. Even so, when she really touched the violin and put the bow on the strings, her fingers moved naturally.

Soon, the classic melody flowed through the living room.

The soothing classical music was like a feather that swept away all of Armand's troubles. His frowning brow relaxed as he looked at Genevieve.

She stood still in the middle of the living room with the chandelier above her head. Her thin, curly eyelashes looked like little brushes that cast shadows over her eyelids.

The bow in her hand moved gently, guided by her wrist and fingers, and she looked beautiful and gentle as she played.

Armand's heart suddenly stirred, and emotions surged in his heart. Even so, his deep eyes remained calm.

He suddenly thought of something he had almost forgotten.

A year ago, he was in a rush to return to Jadeborough from Epea. When his car passed by a church, it was suddenly rear-ended by the car behind him, making him even more irritated.

When he saw that the car behind them was a wedding car, and as he still had important things to do, he decided not to bother them and let the driver go.

Just then, someone knocked on the car window.

Armand lowered the car window impatiently and saw through his shades a beautiful woman in a wedding dress standing in front of his car.

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 70

Chapter 70 Not Something You Need To Worry About

"I'm sorry, mister. My driver failed to apply the brakes and accidentally rear-ended your car," the young woman apologized. "I see that you're driving a

Maybach, which is more expensive than our car. I'll give you a contact number and bear the entire cost of the repair."

"There's no need for that." Armand glanced at the wedding dress she was wearing, sounding a little impatient. "Just be careful next time."

Genevieve was momentarily startled by the impatience in the man's voice. Then, she thrust the bouquet of bellflowers into his car. "I am truly sorry. I'll give you this bouquet."

Her action caught Armand by surprise.

Just then, the woman's friend caught up with her and reprimanded, "Genevieve, you're the bride. How can you get off the car before we get to the church?"

"We ran into someone else's car. Of course, I had to come and apologize to him."

"I already assured you that I would handle it." As she assisted Genevieve in adjusting her veil, her friend urged her to hurry and get in the car.

"Let's just run to the church; it's not far away."

Looking back, Genevieve noticed Armand's reluctance to accept the bouquet, so she quickly set it down next to him and uttered with a smile, "Mister, I hope you get married to the person you like as soon as possible."

With that said, she grabbed the heavy hem of her wedding dress and sprinted toward the church.

"Drive," instructed Armand as he retracted his gaze.

As the car passed the church slowly, he reached out to get something when the bellflowers next to him caught his eye.

It was a tiny, exquisite bouquet.

Picking up the flowers, he gave them another glance before taking off his sunglasses and looking out the car window.

The bright sunshine poured down on Genevieve's lovely face as she ran while holding the hem of her wedding dress. She had a radiant, joyful smile on her face.

Coming back to his senses, Armand gazed at Genevieve in the living room. His lips curved upward slightly.

He was curious how she would react if she discovered she had given him the bouquet a year before.

Patrick was sitting next to Armand on the couch when he noticed a faint smile on the latter's face. Instantaneously, he rubbed his eyes vigorously, thinking it was his imagination.

However, he noticed that Armand's smile was still there.

"Steven! Steven!" Patrick hurriedly nudged Steven and whispered, "Do you see it? Armand is smiling!"

After that, he cast a brief look at Armand again, sighing as he ate. "Even though Mr. Samuel and Armand had different mothers, Mr. Samuel was the only member of the Faulkner family who treated Armand well. Armand's personality has drastically changed since Mr. Samuel's death, and he no longer smiles."

In the past year, he had learned that even when Armand smiled, it was an icy smile that made people think twice before bothering him.

Yet, the smile he just revealed today was carefree and calm.

Naturally, Steven noticed Armand's smile as well, but he kept quiet.

Instead, he clenched his fists tightly in response to the last part of his younger brother's words.

It was exactly because of the close relationship between Samuel and Armand that he did not know whether he should tell Armand about what he had recently found out.

"Steven, what's the matter?" Patrick noticed Steven's grim expression and tightly furrowed brow. "Is something wrong?"

Steven shook his head. "Even if there's something wrong, it's not something you need to worry about."

His statement left Patrick speechless.

A fine sheen of sweat had formed on Genevieve's forehead by the time she finished the piece.

Putting down the violin, she looked at the man on the couch and pursed her pink lips before asking nervously, "Mando, how did I do?"

"Pretty good." Evidently in a good mood, Armand raised the corners of his lips slightly. "It was in tune."

Since there was a world-class violinist by his side, he had listened to her violin playing so much that he was now a very discerning listener.

The sound of Genevieve's violin, however, made him feel incredibly at ease.

Hearing Armand's compliment, Genevieve grinned and put the violin back in the case.

At that moment, Maria led a middle-aged man into the living room.

"Mr. Armand, someone is looking for you."

"Mr. Armand, Mdm. Genevieve." The visitor was Frankie, the butler who looked after Harriet.

After greeting the couple respectfully, he handed Armand a velvet box. "Mr. Armand, Old Mrs. Faulkner wanted me to give this to you."

Armand took the box and opened it. The moment he saw a pair of rings inside, his gaze darkened slightly.