

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 71

"Old Mrs. Faulkner said she didn't give you anything when you got married, so she forged one of the gifts that Old Mr. Faulkner gave her in the past into these two rings," explained Frankie. "I've heard that Old Mrs. Faulkner treasures the gifts from Old Mr. Faulkner a lot and never shows them to outsiders," whispered Patrick, who happened to be next to Genevieve. He added, "It's surprising that Old Mrs. Faulkner would use a gift from Old Mr. Faulkner to forge a pair of rings for Armand. No other member of the Faulkner family receives such treatment." "Really?" Genevieve muttered and peered at the velvet box in Armand's hand. A pair of stunning silver rings were housed inside the velvet box. The man's version of the ring was simple and elegant, whereas the woman's version had five equal-sized grooves with a line of five premium pearls set into each of them. There were tiny claws on the edge of the grooves to hold the pearls in place, and the sides of the grooves were carved with a fine, wavy design. Although Genevieve had amassed a sizable jewelry collection in the past, which included pearls and rings with gemstones, she now felt that those rings in her collection could not compare to the one in front of her at the moment. What great taste Old Mrs. Faulkner has! Just as she was admiring the ring, Armand lifted his head abruptly and looked at her, saying in a low voice, "Genev, come here." She had never before heard him addressing her in that way. It sounds too intimate. Glancing at Frankie, she quickly realized what Armand was going to do. Hence, she walked over and consciously stretched out her right hand. The next instant, Armand removed the woman's version of the rings from the velvet box and placed it on Genevieve's finger. The ring fitted perfectly on her ring finger. Wriggling her fingers a little, Genevieve fell into deep thought. This ring fits my finger perfectly. How does Old Mrs. Faulkner know my finger size? "What are you thinking?" Armand gave Genevieve a cursory glance before taking out the men's ring from the velvet box and passing it to her. Stretching out his left hand, he enunciated, "Put it on for me." "Okay." Taking a deep breath, she held Armand's hand anxiously. His fingers were long and slender. Genevieve nervously put the men's ring on his ring finger. All of a sudden, she thought of the scene when she married Cooper in the church and exchanged rings, causing her actions to pause suddenly. Frankie was quietly looking on from the side. Puzzlement flashed across his eyes as he noticed

Genevieve abruptly stop moving. "Mrs. Faulkner?" He had visited City Hall to confirm that Armand and Genevieve were legally married. Then why... In an instant, Armand's gaze darkened. Suddenly, he wrapped his hands on the back of Genevieve's head and kissed her in front of everyone. It was a long and passionate kiss. Even Frankie could not help but turn away in embarrassment. After a considerable amount of time, Armand released Genevieve and shot her a piercing glance that seemed to be a warning. "Genevieve, you are my wife from the moment you married me." His voice was so low that only the two of them could hear it, and it was also extremely frigid. "I won't let you off the hook if you dare to think of another man in front of me again." The sensation of his cold breath on her cheeks sent a shiver down Genevieve's spine. He noticed that I was absorbed in my thoughts just now. "I'm not thinking of anyone. I just think that I'm too stupid," she hurriedly explained. "Besides, comparing you to Cooper is nothing but an insult to you." Cooper would still be fighting for survival if it were not for her father, who had brought Cooper into the Rachford residence back then. Her heart was filled with disgust each time she thought about Cooper. Hearing that, Armand extended his left hand toward her once more. His expression had somewhat softened. "Put it on." "Okay." This time, Genevieve did not get distracted and slipped the ring onto the man's finger smoothly. As soon as she put her hand down, Armand grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her into his embrace while saying to Frankie, "She has no experience, so she was a little nervous just now." "Is that so?" Frankie was stunned for a moment and remarked unintentionally, "The wedding of Mdm. Genevieve and Mr. Sutton back then was broadcast live nationwide—" "Indeed, she's been married previously, but she still lacks experience in other areas." Armand's voice was deep and low, and his expression remained indifferent. As Frankie was an experienced man, he immediately understood what Armand was trying to say. A smile suddenly spread across his face. "Old Mrs. Faulkner invited you and Mrs. Faulkner to dinner at the Faulkner residence next Thursday." Nodding slightly, Armand responded, "All right. I'll ask the secretarial department to include it in my schedule." "I shall take my leave now." As he spoke, Frankie nodded to Armand and turned around to leave. Maria trailed after him to see him off. "What did you mean just now?" Genevieve gave the man in front of her a perplexed look. "What did you mean by—" I lack experience in other areas? Does he mean kissing?

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Steven's face flushed when he heard what Genevieve said. He coughed twice before approaching Armand and saying, "Mr. Faulkner, I have something to report to you."

"Let's talk in the study." With that, Armand let go of Genevieve. He then turned around and walked upstairs, never intending to respond to her question. Steven immediately followed him.

"It's not difficult to figure out what he's thinking." Patrick leaned back on the sofa and said casually, "When Armand kissed you earlier, you just stood there like a log. I'm sure he thought you were a bad kisser!"

Is that true?

Genevieve touched her lips, which seemed to retain Armand's warmth. Despite the fact that this is my second marriage, I had never kissed Cooper.

In actuality, Cooper only symbolically touched her lips with his on the day of their wedding in the past.

Genevieve raised her head and mocked Patrick, "At least I'm a married woman who can have someone to teach me kissing skills, unlike you, who's still single!"

"Who's single?" Raising his chin, Patrick retorted, "It's just that my girlfriend is currently abroad. She's super gorgeous!"

Upon hearing that, Genevieve smirked. "Haha!"

As Patrick did not want to argue with her anymore, he quickly changed the subject and motioned for Genevieve to come over to him. As if by magic, he took a bottle of brandy from the small drawer beneath the coffee table.

He explained that the brandy was something Armand cherished, and Patrick was being gracious in inviting her to sample it.

Genevieve was no fool. In an instant, she could tell he was dragging her down with him because he wanted to drink it himself. However, because it was a rare vintage brandy, she was tempted to try a sip as well. She eventually succumbed to the temptation and drank a glass of it in secret.

The brandy had a high alcoholic content. She became dizzy shortly after taking a shot of it.

Before going upstairs, she remembered something and turned back to Patrick, saying, "Don't tell Mando about the pink diamond I received this afternoon."

That was certainly not a gift from Armand to her.

"All right, all right." Patrick waved his hand. He assumed she wanted to keep the gift for herself, so he did not give it much thought.

She staggered and went to the restroom after going upstairs.

Even though she tried using the shower gel as a lubricant to remove the ring, she was unsuccessful. It was as if the ring was glued to her skin.

The ring had to be returned to Armand, but she had no idea how to do so.

Perhaps it was due to the alcohol; she was determined to explain it to him. She wobbled out of her bedroom, searching for Armand.

As the master bedroom door was not closed shut, she was able to open it easily with a push. Fortunately, she was able to grab the door frame and stabilize herself in time.

Coincidentally, Armand happened to step out of the bathroom with a glum expression. He appeared to be in a foul mood.

When he noticed Genevieve holding onto the door frame, his gaze became cold.

"Do you want something?"

"Yes." Genevieve responded with a nod and stumbled into the room.

After approaching him, she realized that he was only wearing gray pants, revealing his muscular, honey-colored chest, and his Apollo's belt could be seen on both sides of his waist.

Genevieve's mind went blank for a few moments, staring at his alluring body with widened eyes.

My goodness! His physique is way too fit!

Armand's eyes narrowed as he trailed her gaze. "What do you want?"

"I..."

The alcohol gave her the courage to run over to him and ask the question, but she totally forgot the question after she saw his toned body.

"If you don't have anything to ask, go back to sleep." Armand did not bother to respond to her anymore as he walked toward the bedside.

Surprisingly, Genevieve stopped him and pushed him against the wall with all her might. She placed both her slender hands on either side of him, her stance domineering.

"Armand, your body is so hot."

When she realized he was looking at her, she burst out laughing and stood on her tiptoes, trying to lift his chin with a hand. "You're flushing, Armand. Could you be embarrassed?" she teased.

"Genevieve." Armand frowned.

"Shhh. Be a good boy and go wait for me on the bed while I take a shower,

okay?" she said, putting her index finger on the man's thin lips.

Upon hearing that, he was rendered speechless.

He assumed she was drunk based on her reddened cheeks and the scent of alcohol emanating from her. "Did you drink alcohol?"

"You're so smart." Genevieve nodded in agreement. She pressed her body against him while her finger continued to trace his lips. "Why aren't you letting me go, Darling? Perhaps you'd like to take a bath with me?"

Armand chuckled in frustration as he heard that, and his furrowed brows relaxed. I never imagined she'd dare to tease me after she'd gotten drunk!

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Chapter 73 I Do Not Mind

In addition to the smell of alcohol in the air, there was a faint rose fragrance that piqued Armand's interest.

He became aroused as he wrapped his arm around Genevieve's waist suddenly and pressed her back against the wall, unable to contain the excitement of her finger tracing his lips.

He said in a low voice, "You don't have to take a shower. I don't mind." With that, he leaned in and kissed her.

When Genevieve lifted her head to look at him, her mind was blank. She could not think clearly, and all she could feel was the burning sensation of the skin under her palms.

Suddenly, she sobered up a little as she felt the embrace around her waist and slapped his cheek.

As he turned around and stared coldly at her, she leaned against the wall and hesitantly said, "I-I thought you preferred men to women?"

After all, she'd taken the initiative twice, and he'd been oblivious.

Hearing that, Armand's expression darkened, and his voice became colder. "Who said I preferred men?"

"It was Dr. Jensen who told me." Genevieve stumbled over her words as she sensed his cold aura. "He also stated that if he could be with you, he doesn't mind being the receiver..."

"Is that so?" Armand sneered.

The next second, he picked up Genevieve and placed her on his bed.

Next, he pushed himself on top of her and stared at her. Then, he said dangerously, "I don't mind helping you remember what happened that night in the hotel!"

One of the bedroom's windows was open. The air in the room gradually became more intimate and romantic as the breeze blew in.

Abruptly, the phone on the bedside table lit up and vibrated.

As the phone was constantly vibrating unceasingly, Armand picked it up and threw it on the floor.

The phone bounced a few times on the floor before switching off due to the violent impact.

Genevieve's long black hair was strewn across the white pillow at the time. As she gazed at the glazed chandelier atop her, tears welled up in her eyes.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, and Steven's voice could be heard saying, "Mr. Faulkner, you have a call."

He paused for a moment before adding, "It's Ms. Wood."

Armand's desire had completely vanished as a result of the last part of Steven's words. He quickly regained his composure and reverted to his usual icy demeanor.

After getting out of bed, he put on his shirt that was resting on the back of the chair before walking barefoot to the door.

"Did you answer the call?"

"She called three times in total, and I answered the first time." Steven bowed his head. "She inquired as to your whereabouts and why you had not returned her call..."

Armand frowned as he remembered that he had just thrown the phone to the floor.

After the fall, the phone most likely turned off.

The phone in Steven's hand rang again as he finished his words. He handed it to Armand as if it were a hot potato.

After receiving the phone, Armand tapped it to answer the call and placed it next to his ear, his cold and harsh voice becoming low and soft.

"What's the matter?"

Steven could not hear their conversation because Armand had not turned on the loudspeaker and could only lower his head guiltily.

Soon after, Armand hung up the phone and handed it back to Steven, instructing,

"She had morning sickness quite a few times at night. I'll go over to her first, you go ahead and drive Timothy to her place."

"Mr. Faulkner..." Steven spoke up abruptly.

Although he knew he should not be involved in Armand's affair, he had been with Armand for so long that he could not help but feel bad for him.

Steven explained, "The explosion fourteen years ago was not an accident at all. Mr. Samuel was the one who attempted to murder you. Fortunately, the bodyguard who was with you at the time of the explosion used his body to protect you. As a result, you were bedridden for more than half a year and were nearly permanently blinded."

Steven had already told him about it when they were discussing it earlier in the study.

However, he brought it up again to remind Armand.

"Because you and Mr. Samuel were not born from the same mother, he would never treat you as his brother," Steven said, expressing everything he had always wanted to say to Armand.

Then he continued, "Mr. Samuel had only been good to you in recent years because he felt remorse for what he had done to you in the past and wanted to make up for it. Mr. Samuel's mother believed you had murdered her son at the time, so she banded together with the rest of the Faulkner family to suppress you and usurp your position as family head. In fact, she was also the one who instigated Ms. Wood to shoot you in the chest."

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Employing his ruthless ways, Armand punished everyone who was involved but did not go after Samuel's mother. Steven lifted his head and cast a glance at Armand, who was looking glum. He went on, "I know that you've been together with Ms. Marilyn for many years, and when both of you were about to get engaged... I saw the document that the lawyer drafted for you, where half of the shares of Central Group owned by you will be transferred to the child once Ms. Wood delivers the baby..." Lowering his voice, Steven reminded, "But Mr. Faulkner, Ms. Wood got married to Mr. Samuel long ago. You've done enough for Ms. Wood..." With a frosty expression, Armand interrupted, "Samuel is my brother after all. Besides, I owe him my life." While exuding a menacing aura, he

lowered his gaze and stared at Steven as he instructed, "Go and pick Timothy up." "All right." Not daring to say anything further, Steven bowed slightly and headed toward the staircase. He then heaved a sigh of despair inwardly. Marilyn was the only person in this world who was capable of manipulating Armand and had the audacity to shoot at him. Armand was also willing to do anything for her unconditionally. He even got married just for her sake. It might be because of the strong brandy or Armand's excellent kissing skills that had Genevieve feeling as though she was floating in the vast expanse of outer space. Her mind was constantly in a muddle as a result. The next day, when the sunshine woke her up by glaring at her through the window, she could vividly feel the intense hangover she was having. Rubbing her head, Genevieve sat on the bed for quite some time before she finally recalled that she had looked for Armand last night. She even pinned him against the wall and teased him. Once Genevieve had recollected last night's memories, her face flushed scarlet, and she felt slightly embarrassed. Lowering her head, she realized that she was dressed in the same vest and mini-skirt that she had worn last night. So nothing happened last night? For some reason, a sense of defeat washed over Genevieve. Why would he leave after he was almost about to remove my clothes completely? After washing up, Genevieve went downstairs for breakfast. Patrick was the only one eating, and he informed Genevieve that Armand had some urgent matters to deal with, so he had left the mansion with Steven in the wee hours of the morning. "Oh." Pulling out a chair, Genevieve sat down and poured herself a glass of orange juice. I guess I'm overthinking things. After taking a few sips of the orange juice, she found Patrick, who was seated opposite her, gazing at her with a complicated expression when she put down the glass. She could not help but furrow her brows. "Why are you looking at me like that?" Patrick's expression instantly changed as he teased, "Well, that's because you're so adorable, Mrs. Faulkner!" "Shut up!" Genevieve did not find that to be a compliment. Instead, she had goosebumps all over her skin and felt like she was about to throw up. While having her breakfast, she switched on her phone to scroll through the news. Suddenly, the financial news about a new shareholder of Specter Corporation, who seemed to be someone from the Faulkner family of Xedells, popped up. The Faulkner family? As Genevieve continued scrolling down, she did not find any information related to the new shareholder. Just then, she recalled that Armand had promised to help her regain Specter Corporation within six months. Could this be his arrangement to send someone in there? With nothing else to do after having her breakfast, Genevieve asked Patrick a few casual questions. Upon discovering that Armand loved eating

salmon, she bought a few salmons during her grocery shopping with Maria. Throughout the rest of the day, Genevieve was in the kitchen learning how to cook fish from Maria, while Patrick was forced to try out the dishes. At the third plate of salmon, Patrick revealed an expression of devastation. "Genev, stop mutilating these fishes. Instead, just end my life as I don't want to live anymore." Genevieve murmured, "Is it that awful?" She then tried a small bite by using a fork, and her face instantly contorted. Is this really what I've made? After destroying eight salmons and Patrick's stomach, Genevieve finally made a salmon dish that tasted decent in the evening. Even Maria praised, "Ms. Rachford, the fish tastes good. I'm sure Mr. Armand would love it." Glancing at the clock on the wall, Genevieve plastered a grin on her face as she instructed, "It's almost dinner time. Give Mr. Armand a call for him to come home for dinner." She then added, "Forget about it. I'm afraid he'll find me annoying." With that, she took the salmon and displayed it in the middle of the dining table. She wanted to make Armand something that he loved eating as an act of appreciation. Maria shook her head and said sincerely, "One will only find others bothersome if they're strangers. Yes, I'm well aware of the promise that you made with Mr. Armand. But both of you have registered your marriage and are living under the same roof, so you can't act like complete strangers." Maria had witnessed Genevieve's growth, so she viewed the latter as her daughter. Therefore, Maria hoped that Genevieve would be able to take revenge and find someone to take care of her for the rest of her life. At the thought of the incidents that had occurred to Genevieve recently, Maria got teary-eyed. She urged Genevieve, "Just give it a try. If he indeed finds you annoying, then you can simply not ring him in the future. Besides, the salmon will not taste as good if it's not eaten right away." Genevieve hesitated briefly before she nodded. "Okay, I'll give him a call."

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### **Chapter 75**

Chapter 75 He Is Having Dinner At Home

As she walked toward the window, she found Armand's number and dialed it. Enjoying the scenery of the garden, she held her breath while waiting for him to answer the call.

After ten seconds, the call went through.

Just as Genevieve was about to speak, a gentle and feminine voice could be

heard from the other end. "Hi, who's there?"

Genevieve found the voice familiar.

Well aware that Armand was busy, Genevieve simply viewed the caller as a worker of his company. "I'm looking for Mr. Faulkner. Is he busy?"

"No." After a short pause, she added, "He's having dinner at home."

Although the woman's voice sounded friendly and gentle, Genevieve knitted her brows slightly as she could tell that she was trying to assert dominance.

In a flash, she understood the situation and apologized, "Sorry to disturb, then." She swiftly hung up the phone.

Ever since she found out Armand's identity and agreed to his deal, Genevieve knew that he would be surrounded by many women, and she would not be his only one.

The call that day confirmed her suspicions.

Although she had no right to interfere with Armand's love life, she somehow felt uncomfortable when she found out about the presence of some other woman around him.

After placing the soup on the dining table, Maria cast a glance at Genevieve, who was standing at the window. "Ms. Rachford, have you called Mr. Armand? When is he coming home for dinner?"

Genevieve groaned, "He's busy so he'll not be able to make it for dinner."

As she entered the dining hall for dinner, she found the salmon on the table to be an eyesore. With that, she took it to the kitchen and threw it into the bin.

At the sight of Genevieve's actions, Maria seemed to figure out what had happened and sighed inwardly.

On that particular weekend, the weather was perfect.

After asking Maria, Genevieve found out that Armand had not returned the previous night. When the woman who had answered the call flashed through her mind, she felt her heart sink.

Outside the mansion, Patrick gave the limited edition Pagani a check before installing the shockproof system.

When he saw Genevieve exiting the house, he gave the roof of the car a pat and raised his eyebrow at her. "Genev, since you're free today, would you like to have a test run of the car?"

"Okay, sure." With an impassive expression, Genevieve strode over and took the keys from him.

Patrick took a quick glance at her. "Genev, are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Genevieve opened the door and stared at him after getting into the car. "Are you coming? If you're not, I'll just drive alone."

"Of course I am!" Upon hearing that, Patrick quickly hopped into the car.

Although Genevieve had owned quite a few luxury cars before, including a limited edition sports car, she bought them because of their cool exteriors. Hence, it was not exactly pleasant while driving them.

However, she loved driving the Pagani as it was very responsive and smooth.

As Genevieve sped on the asphalt road with the car roof open, the strong wind ruffled her hair and blew her gloomy emotions away.

While she had fun, Patrick was trembling in fear in the passenger seat and holding on tightly.

"Oh my God... This is neither a sports car nor an off-road vehicle. Don't drive that fast!" It was Patrick's first time finding a car ride more terrifying than death itself. He then offered, "Just tell me if you've come across anything that has upset you. I'll help you resolve it!"

When they arrived at the traffic lights, Genevieve immediately stepped on the brake. Whirling around to look at Patrick, she muttered, "I have sublime driving skills. What are you afraid of?"

With a solemn expression, Patrick answered, "No, I'm not afraid. Genev, I'm merely impressed with your driving skills. Feel free to drive the new car however you like. It doesn't matter if I'm dead. But you're the wife of a CEO that's worth hundreds of billions, so nothing must happen to you!"

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

Just then, a blue taxi stopped at the driveway to the right of the Pagani.

At the sight of Genevieve, a young lady in the passenger seat immediately leaned her head against the window, as though she was trying to take a closer look.

Through the window, the young lady saw Genevieve talking to Patrick in their Pagani, waving her hand at him occasionally. A lavish ring inlaid with pearls could be seen glimmering on her ring finger.

Even from afar, one could tell that the ring was expensive.

"It's a limited edition Pagani!"

As a car collector, the driver frequently paid attention to car exhibitions, so he was able to recognize the Pagani instantly.

Envious, the driver let out a sigh. "I've heard that this car costs millions to be built, and all the silver-spooned kids were fighting for it. It has just been bought recently. I can't believe that it was purchased by someone from Jadeborough, and I even have the chance to see it..."

Initially, the young lady's face was already contorted. However, upon hearing the driver's words, she glared at the people in the Pagani with her eyes blazing in fury.

Ring, luxury car...

At first, she thought that the man in the suit had been lying to her. She did not expect that he was speaking the truth.

Fishing out her phone, she zoomed in on Genevieve and Patrick's faces and snapped a few photos.

She then opened WhatsApp and sent a message.

I agree with the collaboration that you've suggested!

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### **Chapter 76**

Chapter 76 Is He Married

On Monday morning, Genevieve wore a black suit to work. Her immaculately ironed suit pants accentuated her slim and long legs. In the black suit, she looked professional and gave off an air of competence.

The HR department of Central Group had spent the weekend, finished processing to process all the employment contracts of the new employees.

After reaching the company, Genevieve scanned her face and took a lift to the floor where her office was located.

Although there weren't many people in the translation department, their office occupied the entire floor of the building. Hence, it was spacious and bright.

Entering the office area, Genevieve sat down at her cubicle after greeting her colleagues courteously.

After a while, some of her colleagues approached to chat with her and showered praises on her. "You have the best examination result among the employees of the translation department within these two years. I heard that you've been a translator for the President of Dartan too. You're awesome!"

Hearing this, Genevieve's eyes flickered as the video that went viral on Twitter flashed across her mind.

"It was just luck." Genevieve soon lifted her face and flashed a faint grin at that colleague. "As I'm new here, please do give me guidance."

Hearing that, that colleague waved her hand. "Sure, it's no big deal. Colleagues should help each other out."

While they were chattering, someone pushed open the door and walked into the office. It was Queenie, and she was carrying a few bags in her hands.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Queenie Lane, and I've just joined the translation department. Hope we can get along well. I have brought some desserts for everyone."

As she spoke, she took out the desserts from the bags and distributed them to all of her colleagues. "They aren't expensive stuff. My aunt who runs a bakery made them. I hope you don't mind."

"Wow, your aunt is amazing!" one of the colleagues exclaimed.

"This pudding looks cute, and it seems delicious too!" another person chimed in.

Queenie distributed the desserts one by one to her colleagues. Soon, she was standing in front of Genevieve. Handing the latter a piece of cake, Queenie said, "Genevieve, I'm sorry for being mean to you before. Please don't hate me."

Hearing her words, Genevieve lifted her head and looked at Queenie, slightly shocked. There was a smile on her face, and she looked sincere.

It seems like she's truly apologetic to me. However, I don't believe her.

She then recalled what happened on Friday. She and Patrick had forced Queenie to wear a bikini and dance at the entrance of the restaurant that was in front of the company. There were a lot of onlookers at that time.

Other than that, Patrick had uploaded the video of her on Internet, and it had gone viral. Queenie was utterly humiliated by it.

Queenie probably has a deep-running hatred for me now after going through such humiliation. How is it possible for her to want to reconcile with me?

As Genevieve didn't take the cake from her, Queenie asked cautiously, "What's wrong?" After pausing momentarily, she asked again, "Genevieve, are you still holding a grudge against me?"

Upon hearing that, Genevieve immediately heightened her senses and put her guard up. However, she remained her composure and took the cake from Queenie. Then, she said with a smile, "Of course not. As you have apologized to me, I won't hold a grudge anymore. Besides, we are colleagues now."

"Great. That's good to hear." A smile spread across Queenie's face as she said that. She then turned to distribute the desserts to other colleagues.

Looking at Queenie who was talking to the other colleagues enthusiastically, Genevieve knew that the former was trying to gain their liking. After a while, she retracted her gaze and put the cake on the corner of her desk.

Around ten o'clock, Jenny, who had invigilated Genevieve's examination, came to the office.

She was also the assistant manager of the translation department. As Mr. Ziegler, the manager, was on a business trip, the translation department was temporarily put under her control.

Jenny called for a meeting in the conference room. After introducing Genevieve and the other new employees, she asked the other colleagues to report their work progress.

Before the meeting ended, Jenny suddenly remembered something and said, "Oh, right! To welcome our new employees, our company will hold a welcome party at Lovely Heart Hotel tonight. Mr. Faulkner will come to the party too. All the new employees can go back earlier this afternoon and attend the welcome party at half-past seven tonight.

Genevieve was not interested in the welcome party. However, when she heard Jenny mentioning Armand, she realized that he hadn't been back to the mansion for a few days already.

She soon snapped back to her senses as Jenny ordered a senior employee to help her familiarize herself with her work. Standing up, she walked out of the conference room with that colleague.

Before that, Genevieve only did some work at her family's company once in a while, and she only went there in the afternoon. In the morning, she would either go shopping or sleep at home. At that time, her life was comfortable and relaxed. As she used to be indolent, she had a hard time dealing with the overwhelming workload on her first day upon entering the working world.

Although she was exhausted, she had a sense of satisfaction as she felt that she was a useful person who held some value at that moment.

After working hard for the entire morning, Genevieve finally had some time to take a break. She then headed to the pantry with her mug, planning to drink a cup of coffee and rest for a while before going back to work.

When she entered the pantry, there were several female colleagues leaning against the cabinet while gossiping.

"I'm so envious of the new employees to be able to attend the party, and they can even meet Mr. Faulkner," said one of the colleagues. She then heaved a sigh before she continued, "Do you guys think Mr. Faulkner is married? I think there isn't another person like him in the whole country who is still a bachelor that has such incredible net worth, is there?"

"I think he's a married man," one of them answered. "Before this, when I was scrolling through Twitter, I saw a netizen posted that she saw Mr. Faulkner bring a woman to the City Hall to register their marriage."

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 77

"Is that true? If Mr. Faulkner is married, why doesn't he wear a ring?" one of them asked. Upon hearing that, Genevieve froze for a moment and glanced toward the ring on her hand instinctively. She then continued her action of making coffee while listening to the gossip. "I think it's fake," the third colleague chimed in. "I heard from a friend before that Mr. Faulkner has a first love who has known him for years. However, they suddenly broke up before their engagement. After that, his first love married another man. So, Mr. Faulkner has decided not to get married for the rest of his life for her." "If that's the case, Mr. Faulkner is pitiful. He has got both power and wealth, but he can't marry the woman he loves." "I think so too." One of them nodded in agreement. Those female colleagues gossiped about a lot of things, however, only the words "first love" kept lingering in Genevieve's ears. Armand never told me that he had a first love. For no reason, she thought of the woman who picked up her phone call on that Saturday night. That woman has a gentle voice. Is that woman Armand's first love? Then why... Right then, Genevieve heard one of the female colleagues exclaim in shock. "What? Genevieve, you're married?" When Genevieve snapped back to her senses, she saw that those female colleagues were looking at her, and the inquisitive look in their eyes was obvious. Genevieve guessed that they knew what had happened to her before. Lifting her hand, she looked at the ring and said with a smile, "Yes, I just got married." For the past two days, Genevieve had been racking her brain to think of ways to remove her ring. However, she couldn't. Thinking of that, Genevieve couldn't help but heave a sigh inwardly. "Congratulations! Your ring looks pretty. It must be expensive," said one of them. "It was bought on Amazon, and it's just around two hundred." As Genevieve knew what her colleague wanted to hear from her, she stretched out her hand to show them the ring and said, "My husband is just an ordinary person." Although the pearl on her ring was valuable, Genevieve believed that her colleagues couldn't tell that as they seldom saw such a valuable pearl. Seeing that they had lost interest in her ring and continued to gossip, Genevieve flashed them a smile before leaving and said, "Please carry on. I'll leave first." Just as Genevieve walked out of the pantry, she vaguely heard the conversation in the pantry. "What's the point of being born into a rich family? In the end, she still married an ordinary

man," one of the voices sneered. "Her husband's so poor. I can't believe he can't even afford to buy a diamond ring," another person added. "With her scandal, no man will be willing to marry her." Their words were getting more and more vicious. Before this, if Genevieve heard anyone defaming her, she would surely slap that person on her face. However, now, she had figured it out. People who liked to gossip could be found everywhere. If their words couldn't hurt her, then she shouldn't be infuriated by them. Hence, she could not care less about their words. Genevieve then shrugged and walked toward her cubicle. However, she didn't notice that there was a young woman at the corner outside of the pantry. That woman had heard their conversation earlier in the pantry. Her eyes stared at Genevieve, who was walking away, as hatred gradually surged within her. Soon, it was half-past seven in the evening. Genevieve and Patrick arrived at Lovely Heart Hotel. Patrick parked the car in the underground parking lot and got off the car with Genevieve. As they were walking to the elevator, he noticed that Genevieve looked troubled, so he asked worriedly, "You looked perturbed when you came back in the evening as well. What's wrong?" "I'm tired after working." Genevieve quickly came up with a random excuse and walked into the elevator with him. Actually, Genevieve was in a bad mood as the gossip she heard in the pantry kept flashing across her mind for the whole evening until then. As the elevator slowly ascended, Genevieve pursed her lips and finally asked after struggling hard, "Patrick, do you know-" Before she could finish her words, the elevator suddenly stopped on the ground floor. As Genevieve lifted her head, she was surprised to see a few men in formal suits standing outside the elevator while chatting. The man who stood nearer to the door of the elevator was wearing a gray suit. His white shirt was buttoned up to his neck, giving off an air of aloofness. His demeanor was cold and indifferent. It was Armand. Although Armand was just standing there, and his voice was gentle, he emitted a strong and imposing aura. As the elevator door opened, another person who was standing beside Armand gestured for him to enter the elevator. "Mr. Faulkner, you first." As Armand entered the elevator, he shot an indifferent glance at Genevieve and stood on one side of the elevator. Since they bumped into each other, Genevieve couldn't pretend that she didn't know him. "Good evening, Mr. Faulkner," she greeted. The few men who stood beside him seemed to all be the senior executives of the company. Hearing her voice, Armand only grunted a reply of acknowledgment indifferently. When everyone else had entered the elevator, Genevieve, who was standing behind the others, secretly lifted her head and glanced at Armand. She

then quickly lowered her gaze. When Armand answered her, she could feel that his tone was aloof. It seemed like he was ignoring her.

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## Chapter 78

Chapter 78 Miss Wood

There were only a few newcomers in each department of Central Group, but the company had many departments. When so many newcomers and executives of each department gathered together, the atmosphere in the banquet hall became extraordinarily lively.

Sitting at the table with her name written, Genevieve drank a glass of champagne lazily and recalled the scenes in the elevator just now.

I told him not to reveal a word about our marriage. Was it because he took it to the heart that he was indifferent toward me before the company's executives?

But wouldn't it be too much for him to ignore me to such an extent?

Genevieve emptied the glass of champagne with frustration. She took out her phone to surf the internet boringly, only to see the trending search about Marilyn Wood, who was touted as a rare talent in the music industry.

Marilyn had performed nearly a hundred solo recitals and released violin albums, not to mention she was beautiful and once nominated as one of the best female faces in the world.

Wherever she went, she would cause a commotion.

It was just that Marilyn slowly faded out of the public eye a year ago. For a long time, there wasn't any news about her anywhere.

When Genevieve tapped into the trending topic about Marilyn, the first thing that showed up was an original tweet by her.

In the picture, Marilyn, who only showed her upper body, was wearing a long knitted dress and holding a brown wood-colored violin. She smiled at the camera faintly, her face filled with happiness.

Marilyn wrote: I received a violin from you-know-who. It's the legacy of Master Emeti. I like it so much and will treasure it always.

The underlying message revealed by Marilyn in her words caused an uproar among the netizens.

A netizen wrote: Could it be that Ms. Wood did not show up for a long time

because she got married? Is her husband a musician as well?

Another netizen commented: Rumor has it that the name of this violin is called Night Breeze. It was made by Master Emeti for his beloved woman. However, he passed away right after he finished making the violin.

Yet another netizen commented: The way Ms. Wood addressed her beloved was so warm.

Even though Genevieve was not interested in the real identity of the man in Marilyn's tweet, when she looked at the knitted dress the latter was wearing in the picture, she could not help but feel that she had seen someone wearing it before.

Then, she glanced downward, and her gaze landed on the violin in Marilyn's hand. After zooming in on the violin, she was stunned.

Patrick had gifted her a violin a few days ago, saying it was an employment gift. Although Genevieve barely touched a violin those few years, she could tell which violin was genuine and which was fake.

The Night Breeze made by Master Emeti that I received is authentic. But the one Marilyn has with her is not a fake too...

"Genev, why did you just sit here and drink?" At that moment, Patrick came looking for Genevieve. "Why didn't you socialize and get acquainted with some executives from other departments?"

Putting his hand on the back of Genevieve's chair, he raised his brows. "You're just gonna stay here and fiddle with your phone?"

"Patrick." Genevieve raised her head to look at him. Out of curiosity, she asked, "Where did you buy the violin you gave me?"

When Patrick heard her mention the violin, his expression changed slightly. It seemed that he felt somewhat guilty.

Touching his nose, he replied sheepishly, "Um... Genev..."

Before Patrick could finish his words, Genevieve showed him her phone. "Look, Ms. Wood's violin is the same as the one you gave me."

For a moment, Patrick did not remember who she was. When he lowered his head, saw the woman holding the violin in the picture, and looked at the pendant on her chest, he was dumbfounded.

"This... Is she Ms. Wood?"

"Exactly. Haven't you seen her before in the hospital?" Genevieve glanced at him and continued, "Why is your memory worse than a goldfish's?"

Patrick stood still without saying a word for a long time.

He had never met Marilyn, but he could recognize the violin he bought. Besides

that, he knew Armand had the same pendant as the woman. He never expected the Ms. Wood that Genevieve was talking about was Marilyn. Genevieve did not notice Patrick's expression. Looking at the picture on the phone, she said, "I've zoomed in on Ms. Wood's violin and taken a look. It's genuine. I guess the one you gave me was fake." "Are those who produce a fake product so good now? They look just the same." "No." After a short silence, Patrick pointed at her phone. "The violin with her is the one I gave you previously." "Huh?" Genevieve looked at him with bewilderment. Patrick lowered his gaze and scanned the woman in the picture. "I didn't buy the violin. I stole it. I just threw the money at the other party. I didn't expect him to call the cops, and they soon found me... I wanted to buy the violin by offering a higher price, but that guy refused. He asked me to return the violin to him, or he would send me to jail." After listening to him, Genevieve was speechless. "I was in doubt back then. How could you buy a violin even a famous person couldn't buy? It turns out that you stole it."

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### **Chapter 79**

Chapter 79 Beat Her At Her Own Game

"I gave him money. How could you say that I stole it?" Patrick defended himself. "Don't do such a thing again in the future." Genevieve knew Patrick did that because of her, so she did not feel angry. "Actually, I don't really like violins that much."

She continued to play the violin just because of the encouragement given by a man a few years ago.

"Only in the hands of Ms. Wood can this violin exert its greatest value." Genevieve looked at the picture, but her gaze was trained on Marilyn's dress.

She recalled that she met a woman wearing this dress with a slightly bulging belly on a rainy day.

Genevieve put away those vague and messy memories. As she remembered an incident, she asked, "Patrick, do you know Armand's first love?"

Patrick murmured inwardly, "Yeah. She's the one you are looking at."

"Does Armand have a first love? I didn't know." On the surface, Patrick pretended

as though he knew nothing. "Where did you hear it from?"

"Someone gossiped about it in the office today, and I overheard it." Genevieve then shook her hand and said, "Forget it if you don't know."

"Oh." Patrick glanced at her, and his eyes darkened.

Soon after he returned to the table of his department, another person came looking for Genevieve. She pulled the chair beside Genevieve and sat down.

Glancing at the woman, she asked politely, "Queenie, what's up?"

"Genevieve, I'd like to apologize to you again." Queenie looked sincere as she apologized and gave a glass of juice to Genevieve.

"I already accepted your apology in the morning in the company." Genevieve did not take over the juice, her gaze swiftly flashing across Queenie's face.

Queenie shook her head and said, "I was referring to the day we met in the shopping mall. I even scolded you..."

Genevieve recalled the incident and cast an astonished look at Queenie. "I remember now. So, you're apologizing to me because of that incident."

"Yes. I knew I was very harsh back then. I hope I did not traumatize you," explained Queenie. She apologized guilty, "I sincerely apologize to you now. I hope that you can forgive me."

With that, Queenie raised her head and downed the glass of juice Genevieve refused to accept.

Then she took off a pomegranate-shaped brooch pinned to her chest.

"Genevieve, consider this brooch my apology."

"This is Bulgari's garnet brooch." Genevieve looked at the brooch, her eyes gleaming slightly. "This brooch is quite expensive. You're giving it to me just like that?"

"It's not expensive at all. I have a few of them." Queenie smiled and said sincerely, "I'm glad that you like it. I know you are very capable. I hope that you can assist me more in the company when we work together in the future."

"Come. Let me help you pin it." Queenie picked up the brooch and pinned it to Genevieve's suit personally. "It's best to decorate your suit with this brooch."

"Thank you." Genevieve fondly touched the brooch and smiled. "Queenie, you're so nice."

"Enjoy yourself. I'm going over to my friend to chat."

"Okay."

With that, Queenie got up and left. Even though Genevieve looked as if she didn't raise her head, she fixed her stare on the former's back. When she saw Queenie

walking in a certain direction, her lips lifted slightly. She opened WhatsApp and sent a message to someone. After sitting for a while, Genevieve felt somewhat bored. Hence, she took the initiative to pick up a glass of champagne and chatted with the newcomers from other departments. While they were chatting happily, Genevieve noticed she had finished her champagne. Just when she was about to go and get another glass of champagne, someone walking over bumped into her and stained her suit red with wine. "Genevieve, I'm sorry." Queenie explained dejectedly, "I didn't foresee that you were going to turn around. Alas, your white shirt is stained red by wine." Looking at the wine on her body, Genevieve frowned and said in a frustrated tone, "I want to toast Mr. Faulkner in a bit, and it's not appropriate to go with dirty clothes. What should I do..." Upon hearing that, Queenie instantly replied, "I went to the shopping mall this afternoon and bought some clothes. Then, I came to the hotel. I left the clothes in the lounge room. We're about the same size. How about you wear my clothes?" "How could I possibly accept this?" Genevieve shook her head. "Forget it. There isn't a need for me to toast... Burp!" At that, she covered her mouth and belched. It was as though she was slightly drunk. "No way. If it hadn't been for me, your clothes wouldn't have become dirty." Queenie grabbed Genevieve's hand and immediately exited the banquet hall. "You must give me a chance to apologize." "Uh..." Dragged away by Queenie, Genevieve hesitated for a while and quickly answered, "Thanks, then."

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 80**

Chapter 80 Save Them For Yourself

In the crowd, Armand was talking to a few executives. He glanced over at the banquet door unintentionally and saw Genevieve being pulled out by a woman. She was staggering, and her eyes were only half-open. Armand called Steven over and asked in a low voice, "What did she just drink?" "Two glasses of champagne." Steven knew what Armand was about to ask, so he

continued, "Two glasses of champagne can't make someone drunk. Besides, Patrick went out about ten minutes ago."

Armand seemed to have understood something upon hearing the reply. The corners of his lips curled upward.

After coming out of the banquet hall, Genevieve and Queenie took the elevator. Genevieve looked uncomfortable, so she rested her head on Queenie's shoulder. "Queenie, why does everything look so blurry..."

Queenie lowered her head and looked at her. She asked with concern, "Genevieve, did you drink too much?"

"I think so. I'm not a good drinker... Please buy me hangover medicine after I get changed in the lounge," murmured Genevieve.

"All right," answered Queenie. Looking at Genevieve, who was drunk, the look in her eyes became contorted.

Queenie dragged Genevieve out roughly when the elevator stopped at the selected floor.

"Queenie, this floor seems to be for the guest rooms..."

Genevieve staggered forward. Her clouded eyes glanced across the rooms on the sides of the corridor as she asked, "Did you book a room?"

"Yes. I have specially booked a room for you!" A cold smirk appeared on Queenie's face. She dragged her toward the room as she continued, "I will let you experience an unforgettable night in that room!"

"W-What did you say?"

Queenie stopped walking suddenly. She grabbed Genevieve's hair and said, "No wonder you were already so arrogant before you even joined the Central Group. Apparently, Patrick, who has a close relationship with you, is Steven's brother!" If that man didn't tell her about it, and she didn't see Patrick and Genevieve in the luxurious car together, she would never believe it.

Why? Genevieve doesn't even have a home anymore. Why does she have such an outstanding man by her side? Why are people still willing to help her?

Thinking of the scene in the restaurant where she was insulted, Queenie gritted her teeth and said, "Genevieve, you've made me suffer such a great humiliation on that day. I will not let you off!"

She had been buttering up Genevieve for the whole day just to make her lower her guard. Only then could she implement her plan smoothly.

Genevieve's eyes were filled with fear as she saw Queenie staring at her with a sinister gaze. She said in a trembling voice, "Queenie, don't do this..."

"Why? Do you feel like an ant in my hand that can't escape now? Where's all your arrogance before this?" Queenie smiled coldly.

She pulled on Genevieve's hair forcefully and dragged her toward the room nearby.

"Genevieve, the men in the room are your admirers. I'm not treating you badly. They will take good care of you tonight."

"No..." Genevieve struggled with all her might.

However, Queenie tightened her grip on Genevieve's arm and dragged her to the door. She took out the keycard with her other hand and swiped it on the door.

With a creak, the door swung open slightly.

"Last time, the netizens didn't get to enjoy your beautiful body. I will satisfy them this time!"

Upon thinking about the incident that was about to happen to Genevieve, Queenie became excited. A sinister grin appeared on her face.

She forcefully pushed Genevieve into the dark room.

However, at that moment, Genevieve grabbed Queenie's hand and forcibly changed their positions.

Queenie was startled. She quickly held on to the door frame. Raising her head, she saw Genevieve's cold gaze. She said in disbelief, "Genevieve, you..."

"I wasn't drunk. How could I not enjoy what you've so carefully planned for me?" Genevieve smiled faintly at her.

"Damn you, Genevieve..." Queenie had never thought that Genevieve would turn the tables.

She cursed herself for letting her guard down.

Genevieve raised her hand and slowly pried open Queenie's fingers on the door frame one by one. "Save those men for yourself to enjoy. You're welcome."

Queenie was at a loss for words.

She wanted to fight back, but Genevieve had blocked the doorway entirely with her body.

Queenie's face was distorted out of anger. She extended her other hand to Genevieve's chest as if she wanted to press on something. However, she noticed that there was nothing on Genevieve's suit.

"Are you looking for that garnet brooch? I have returned it to you," said Genevieve as she pointed at Queenie.

W-What?

Queenie lowered her head mechanically and saw that the brooch that she had gifted Genevieve was pinned back to her chest without her knowing. There was

even a faint scent coming out from the brooch.

When did the booby trap get turned on? The inside is filled with...

Upon thinking about the men in the room, Queenie's face turned pale. She struggled frantically and screamed. "No! Genevieve, please let me off..."

There was a faint smile on Genevieve's face. She looked extremely gentle, however, she started to raise her leg.