

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 103

Chapter 103

"That's right. I discovered Mando's tenderness after I married him." Genevieve put on a dazzling smile.

She placed the deboned fish on Armand's plate. "Mando, I know salmon is your favorite. Why don't you try this fish I cooked and tell me how it tastes?"

The three women might appear to be having an ordinary conversation, but Armand could feel the hostility in the air. He seemed to be able to sense Genevieve's mischief and retaliation hiding under her sweet smile.

That was the first time Armand felt that having a meal could be such an ordeal. He finished the salmon Genevieve had placed on his plate while wearing a poker face. She propped up her chin with one hand and asked anticipatorily, "Does the fish taste good?"

"Yes."

"That's great." Genevieve beamed. "I'll prepare this dish for you every day when we're back home if you like it."

At that moment, the housekeeper brought a plate to the living room and placed it in front of Genevieve.

It was a plate of beef pie.

"I specifically asked the housekeeper to prepare this for you. Give it a try," Harriet said with a smile while pointing at the plate.

"Thank you, Grandma."

Genevieve did not dare to disregard Harriet's goodwill. She took a mouthful of the beef pie with a fork and immediately tasted the smell of raw beef in her mouth.

She instinctively spat out the beef pie onto a plate. "Grandma, this beef pie is uncooked..."

"Is it? I thought you were experiencing early pregnancy morning sickness." The grin on Harriet's face grew wider. "Now that we've mentioned this, you should give birth to more children while you're still young. I'll help you take care of the kids."

Genevieve finally understood the reason behind Harriet's series of actions.

She looked at the man seated beside her and lowered her head. Genevieve said embarrassingly, "Okay. Mando and I will try our best when we return home..."

Marilyn had had enough. She slammed her fork heavily on the table, causing heads to turn in her direction.

"I-I don't feel well..." She forced herself to stay calm, suppressing her trembling voice and stood up. "Grandma, Aunt Samantha, I'll be heading upstairs first. Please enjoy the meal."

Marilyn staggered when she turned to leave. She had to rely on the housekeeper's assistance to balance herself.

"Mandy, prepare a serving of Mdm. Marilyn's favorite macaroni and bring the dish up to her room," Armand summoned a young housekeeper and gave his orders.

"Yes, Mr. Armand." Mandy bowed slightly before hurriedly going into the kitchen.

Harriet pretended as if she did not see a thing. She placed some roasted potatoes on Genevieve's plate and said while wearing a gentle smile, "Here, Genevieve. Try this potato."

“Okay. Thank you, Grandma.” Genevieve grinned politely. The atmosphere inside the dining room remained lively and pleasant, completely unaffected by Marilyn’s departure. After they were done having dinner, Harriet waved at Genevieve. “Vivi, accompany me to take a walk in the garden to help with food digestion.” Genevieve complied with Harriet’s wish without hesitation. She held the latter’s arm and walked out of the house. Armand and Samantha went to the living room. Their conversation swiftly shifted to a business-related topic as they chatted. Since Armand took over the Faulkner family, he had purged all the executives and directors in Faulkner Group aside from Samantha alone. Putting aside Samantha’s identity as Harriet’s favorite daughter, Samantha had supported Armand and provided him with significant help during the family’s power struggle in the past. Therefore, Armand had given Samantha the authority to run a few overseas companies after Faulkner Group’s operation stabilized. Notwithstanding the fact that everyone in the Faulkner family was business-minded people, Samantha had undoubtedly proven herself to be a capable person. Armand could rest assured, letting her handle the few overseas companies. After that, he gave her not only part of Faulkner Group’s shares but also some of Central Group’s shares. Samantha grabbed the box of cigarettes on the table and lit one up after they were done discussing business-related matters. “The girl you chose is not bad. At the very least, your grandma is very fond of her.” Armand merely grunted in response. Samantha puffed twice on her cigarette before saying half-heartedly, “I heard my mother deliberately arranged for you to go to the hotel and sent a wealthy young lady who fancies you there to force you to get married. However, an unexpected issue happened halfway through. As a result, the room the young lady went to was not the room you were staying in.” She paused briefly before continuing, “Do you think this issue was due to fate or human intervention?” Samantha looked up and gazed at the indifferent man seated on the other end of the couch.

Chapter 104 How Long Can She Stay

Samantha curled her lips into a smirk. “Why do I feel like you were going against your grandma?” Armand’s eyes twitched, and his expression was still cold. “Aunt Samantha, you’re overthinking. I changed my room that night. Coincidentally, I bumped into Genevieve.” Samantha chuckled. “Yes. I guess I’m overthinking. Genevieve is beautiful and smart. But then...” Holding a cigarette between her fingers, she picked up her coffee on the table and asked, “How long can she stay by your side?” Armand replied, “As long as Grandma likes her, she can stay as long as she wants.” “Even if Mom likes her, I’m afraid you might not be able to keep her, anyway.” Samantha looked like she had seen through everything. She shot him a meaningful glance and continued, “She can’t stop what’s going

to happen to her." Armand sensed the meaning behind his words. His eyes twitched again in response. Right then, Mandy, the young housekeeper, walked to the living room. Bowing, she said, "Mdm. Marilyn is not feeling well. She requested you to go and check on her." Samantha smiled as she put out her unfinished cigarette on the ashtray. "Great. We've just finished talking too. I'm going upstairs to take some rest now." Having said that, she stood up and headed upstairs. Armand was still sitting on the couch with his head hung low. Holding a cup of coffee in his hand, he exuded a cold temperament around him. Mandy stood there and waited for a long time. Ten minutes later, she started sweating profusely. Left with no choice, she mustered up her courage and said, "Mdm. Marilyn says she has something to tell you. Please go upstairs and—" "All right," Armand replied emotionlessly, putting his cup of coffee on the table. Meanwhile, Genevieve held Harriet's arm while walking in the garden. The pale, silver moonlight shone on the stone pavements, illuminating the path. As they walked, they could hear the faint rhythmic chirping of insects that sounded from a distance away. Harriet glanced at the moon as she started slowing down her pace. "Vivi, I have an old story to share with you. Do you want to listen to it?" It seemed like Genevieve had predicted what she wanted to say. Her gaze darkened in an instant. "Grandma, if you want to share it with me, I'll listen to you," she replied softly. Then, they walked toward the bench beside the pavement and sat on it together. Harriet told her a story about a pair of lovers who fell in love but were accidentally separated. Fourteen years ago, Armand met the second daughter of the Wood family, Marilyn, in a hospital. He fell in love with her at first sight. Marilyn was quite famous in the music industry during that period. Hence, many young, wealthy men tried to pursue her even though she was still a minor. Both Marilyn's and Armand's families were equally prominent and influential. Moreover, Armand was outstanding and capable even though he was still young. Not to mention that Marilyn had feelings for him too. Therefore, they got into a relationship soon after. After they dated each other, Armand treated Marilyn so well as if she was a treasure. No matter which country Marilyn went to organize her concert or attend training, Armand would always go and visit her every four days despite how busy he was. He had never missed any of her recitals. Furthermore, he would always sit on the most conspicuous seat in the first row of the auditorium. After Marilyn finished her performance, he would go on the stage and hand her a bouquet personally every time. Unfortunately, Armand took over more and more businesses soon after, so he became busier. Besides, Central Group had just been established in Jadeborough during that time. Hence, he had to spend most of his time at work. Because of that, he could not meet Marilyn frequently. Although they had to spend a lot of time away from each other, Armand was always caring toward Marilyn. He asked someone to custom-make their wedding rings, and he planned to propose to her after returning to the country. Sadly, before Armand could finish settling his work overseas, he heard the bad news that the plane his father boarded had crashed. When that happened, the entire Faulkner family broke into utter chaos. Armand quickly returned to the country to settle his father's funeral and post-death matters with his brothers. He planned to visit the Wood family to discuss his engagement with Marilyn first. They would then hold the wedding after Armand's father's funeral. Unexpectedly, when he arrived at the Wood family,

he noticed that his third brother, Samuel, was also there. The Wood family accepted the marriage between Samuel and Marilyn. Genevieve could not come back to her senses even after Harriet finished her story. Some days ago, Genevieve forced Patrick to tell her the story between Armand and Marilyn. However, the man hardly followed Armand around, so he did not know much about the latter's story. Hence, Genevieve only knew that Marilyn was Armand's first love, and they had ended up on bad terms before engagement. I didn't expect the truth of the story to be like this.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 105

Chapter 105 No Time For You

Genevieve placed both hands on her knees and stared at the plants opposite the stone pavements without blinking. Armand's exquisite but icy-cold face appeared on her mind. She did not know how to describe the emotions surging within her. Sadness overwhelmed her, leaving an uncomfortable feeling in her heart.

It turns out that he's not born cold-hearted. I didn't know that he used to love someone with all his heart.

After some time, Genevieve pursed her dry lips and asked Harriet, "Didn't Ms. Marilyn love Mando a lot? She could've rejected Mr. Samuel when he went to see her."

"Love?" Harriet chuckled. A tinge of mockery flashed across her sharp eyes. "When I found out that Samuel had gone to the Wood family to propose to Marilyn, I asked Marilyn to come over and gave her a chance to reconsider her decision. After all, I was worried that she was not thinking straight. However, she insisted on marrying Samuel as she felt happy being together with him."

After a brief pause, she continued, "She abandoned her relationship with Armand without hesitation even though they had dated each other for more than ten years. Moreover, she decided to marry another man in such a short time. Do you think that's love? That's not all. After Samuel passed away in the accident, she came and told me that she was immature, so she had made the wrong decision back then. She even claimed that she still had feelings for Armand. That's ridiculous, isn't that? If it weren't for the child in her belly, I would never want to see her anymore. But then..."

Harriet did not finish her sentence. However, Genevieve could understand everything behind the former's heavy sigh.

She hugged Harriet's arm and leaned her head on the latter's shoulder. "My grandma passed away at an early age. I'm always upset about that. Now that I've seen you, I feel that she has come back. Grandma, you're smart. Although there are many things I don't talk about, you can still find out the truths on your own. However, I really like you a lot, Grandma. I want to fulfill my filial duties toward you. From now on, you'll always be my grandma as long as you accept me," she said softly.

"I like you too." Lifting a hand, Harriet caressed Genevieve's long, dark hair lovingly. "I don't wish for Armand to have any connections with Marilyn. Sadly, Armand is the grandchild I pamper the most. He's in his thirties now, so I really hope that he can find someone he loves and build a family."

She paused upon saying that. A moment later, she added, "I hope you can try working things out with Armand. If you guys can't get along well, I won't force you to stay with him."

“Grandma...” Tears welled up Genevieve’s eyes in an instant. Harriet took off her emerald bracelet and put it on Genevieve. Putting on a warm smile, she caressed the young lady’s hand slowly. “It’s okay if you guys don’t work out. It really is.”

Genevieve did not know what to say. She leaned her head on Harriet’s shoulder affectionately.

They continued chatting in the garden for some time. Suddenly, Genevieve realized that it was already late. She tried to coax and persuade Harriet they would talk again next time. Then, she supported her and returned to the house.

After sending Harriet back to her room, Genevieve asked the housekeeper about the location of Armand’s room. Just as she was about to open his room door, someone opened the door from inside. The next moment, Marilyn walked out of the room. Not only were her eyes puffy, but they were red too. It seemed like she had just finished crying.

Marilyn did not expect to run into Genevieve at the doorway. Her expression changed as she asked, “Why are you here?”

“This is me and my husband’s room. Of course, I’m here to sleep. Otherwise, where should I go?” Genevieve curled her lips into a faint smile. “How about you, Marilyn? What are you doing here?”

Marilyn pursed her lips hard. With a cold voice, she said, “I came to talk about something with Armand.”

With that said, she walked past Genevieve.

The latter turned around and looked at Marilyn, who was walking away. She then gave the latter a kind reminder. “Marilyn, you better finish up what you want to say in one go if you have anything to discuss with my husband. After all, he might not have the time for you later.”

Marilyn could tell what Genevieve was implying, so she got so furious that she almost fell.

Gritting her teeth, she supported her body by pressing a hand against the wall. Immediately, she strode past the long hallway and entered her room.

With a loud bang, the door was slammed shut.

Genevieve could sense Marilyn’s fury from the way she closed the door. For some reason, her frustration vanished as soon as she saw that. On top of that, her mood even brightened a little.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 106

Chapter 106 Do Not Go Overboard

As Genevieve entered the room, she caught a whiff of a mild floral scent that she thought was fairly familiar.

She sniffed again and immediately remembered the same scent that had been on Armand’s trench coat previously.

Recalling the past, Genevieve pursed her lips.

She knew that the person she had seen outside the cafe that day had to be Armand. Despite that, Patrick refused to admit it.

The floral scent was mild and sweet. Yet, Genevieve was a little disgusted.

She took out the portable perfume from her bag and sprayed it all over the room until the ten milliliters of the portable perfume were empty. Only then did Genevieve no longer smell the floral fragrance and was satisfied.

Just then, Armand came out of the bathroom wearing a smoky gray bathrobe.

The man's bathrobe was loosely tied, revealing his nude chest. His wet hair was against his scalp, making him look even more elegant.

Nevertheless, his gaze remained to be ruthless and sharp.

While wiping his hair, Armand walked out to smell the perfume in the air all over the room. It seemed to be a wild rose fragrance.

He raised his eyebrows slightly. "Why did you spray so much perfume in the room?"

"There's a smell in the air that I don't like, so I spray them to cover it up," replied

Genevieve matter-of-factly.

Armand was at a loss for words.

Genevieve took a few steps back and leaned against the cabinet behind her.

Then, she turned her head to look at the man in the bathrobe and deliberately said coquettishly, "Darling, you went to take a shower before Marilyn left. Aren't you afraid that she would follow you to the bathroom?"

"Darling" was a rather intimate way of addressing it. Genevieve had used it several times since she had come to the Faulkner residence.

Armand did not detest the way she addressed him. However, he could sense the sarcasm in her tone. His brows twisted into a frown as he said, "Genevieve, your duty to marry me is to make Grandma happy. So, don't be bothered about what you shouldn't be concerned with. You've gone overboard in the Faulkner residence today. I don't want that to happen again when you come next time."

A glint of innocence appeared in Genevieve's bright eyes as she exchanged glances with the man. With an innocent tone, she remarked, "How could I have gone overboard? I've been pleasing Grandma. Shouldn't I be doing that?"

Armand was dumbstruck by her words.

He halted abruptly as he wiped his hair. Then, he strode toward Genevieve.

As his body of 1.9-meter height approached her, she could feel the overwhelming tension.

"Marilyn is pregnant and is mentally weak." Armand leaned over slightly with one hand on the cabinet. It seemed as if he was wrapping the woman in his arms. Yet, his expression was frosty.

"Next time, don't retort her no matter what she says, and don't bully her," he warned.

The man's gaze was aloof. His expression was cold, without the slightest emotion on his face. Despite that, Genevieve could notice his indulgence toward Marilyn in his simple few words.

She curled her lips and almost laughed.

I thought that Ms. Wood whom I've always respected, only pretended to be weak and secretly hated me, but I didn't expect that she'd snitch on me while acting innocent.

"When did I bully her?" asked Genevieve. "I took the initiative to cook dinner. When I saw her finger was injured by a knife, I bandaged her. She tried to humiliate me at the dining table, but I didn't say anything. And that was how I've bullied her, hm?"

She reached out her slender fingers to poke the man's chest repeatedly as she said, "Mr. Faulkner, please don't go too far."

Genevieve did not poke the man's chest through the bathrobe but directly on his muscle. Her soft fingers poked him weakly like a flirting gesture. Armand's heart fluttered. He suddenly grabbed her hand and said, "I didn't know you're a good debater."

"I was just telling the truth. What does it have to do with debating?" Genevieve took the initiative to get closer to him as she moved her hand that was held by him. Her fingers were quietly stroking his palm as she asked, "What do you think, Darling?"

As she was very close to him, her slightly warm breath with a mild scent enveloped his lips.

Armand narrowed his eyes.

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Chapter 107 Why Are You Looking At Me

Genevieve's personality had changed drastically over the past few days, especially since she had come to the Faulkner residence. It was an eye-opener for Armand that the former could make Harriet so happy with only a few words.

It was also the first time he had seen Harriet be fond of someone so much.

Armand's Adam's apple bobbed. He let go of Genevieve's hand and said coldly, "You'll only need to please Grandma but not me, or I'll be annoyed."

Genevieve's gaze darkened, but she quickly flashed a smile. "Of course! You're my boss, so anything you say."

She slammed the earrings on the cabinet, turned, and walked toward the bathroom.

Looking at the woman's slender back, Armand frowned. He hurriedly averted his gaze.

After drying his hair, he dealt with some emails until late in the night.

He rubbed the bridge of his nose and turned off the computer.

Just as he lifted the quilt and got in bed, he caught sight of Genevieve coming out of the bathroom. Her wavy hair was against her back, and she seemed to be in a good mood.

After taking a shower, the pores all over her body opened up, revealing her fair and tender skin, which was as smooth as an egg with its shell peeled off. Her beautiful toes were shrunk in the cotton slippers, looking beautiful and delicious.

At the sight of her delicate collarbone exposed from her nightgown, Armand suddenly felt that the temperature in the room was a little high. Despite the air conditioner being turned on, he felt rather hot. His heart filled with lust for her that neither could grow nor extinguish.

The woman stood there without doing anything. Yet, she could easily disrupt his thoughts.

That was something that had never happened to him before.

Armand even suspected that either Genevieve was deliberately seducing him by wearing such a low-neckline nightdress or that there was some kind of illegal drug left in his body.

Genevieve did not notice the man, who was sitting on the bed, had his thoughts go wild while staring at her.

She took out several bottles from the dresser and completed her skincare routine before going to bed from the other side. Then, she switched off the light and got under the quilt getting ready to sleep.

From beginning to end, she did not even spare Armand a glance.

Watching her series of actions, Armand was inexplicably amused. His thin lips slightly curved into a smirk.

After a while, he switched off the light and lay flat on the bed. Just then, he keenly heard the subtle movement outside the door. In the darkness, the man's eyes seemed to narrow.

Suddenly, he went on top of Genevieve, found her lips accurately, and lowered his head to kiss them.

Genevieve, who was caught off guard by the kiss, was momentarily stunned. With the gleam of the moonlight, she stared wide-eyed at the man on top of her, utterly perplexed.

She had just come out of the bathroom without saying a word to him, nor had she seduced him.

Why did he suddenly come on top of me? Is he trying to use me to satisfy his desire?

Genevieve was a little irritated and wanted to turn her head away to avoid his kiss.

However, she was held still by the man, who later raised his hand to stroke her soft earlobe.

Her earlobe was pretty sensitive. As he stroked it, she felt as though her body was instantly melted in his embrace.

All of a sudden, she felt a warm flow from her lower body.

Perhaps the two were too close. Soon, Armand got a sniff of a faint fishy smell. His hand that had just rested on the woman's slender waist froze in place.

He raised his body a little and stared intently at the woman under him.

Genevieve took a few light breaths before looking up to see Armand staring at her. She pursed her slightly swollen red lips. "Why are you looking at me? I can't stop my menses from coming, can I?"

Armand was dumbfounded.

"Get up. I'm going to deal with it in the bathroom." Genevieve did not like the sticky feeling, so she pushed the man, trying to get up.

However, the man grabbed her hand tightly and lowered his body again. He buried his head on her neck, kissed and bit it gently. As his warm breath puffed on her skin, Genevieve could not help but moan.

Just then, Genevieve vaguely heard voices from outside the door. "Old Mrs. Faulkner, shall we go back to sleep?"

"Okay." Harriet seemed to be in a good mood. Her voice sounded as if she was smiling as she said, "Tell the housekeepers not to wake Mr. Armand and Mdm. Genevieve up early tomorrow."

"Yes."

Genevieve was lost for words.

As the footsteps outside the door gradually faded, Armand released Genevieve and sat on the other side of the bed, gloomy.

Genevieve, who was absolutely speechless, pulled the nightgown strap under her shoulder.

She thought that Armand had lost control of himself and wanted to take advantage of her as a patient by forcing himself on her. She was clueless that Armand had

discovered Harriet eavesdropping outside the door and thus wanted to act and show her.

Chapter 108 Untamable Man

Genevieve rarely had menstrual cramps during her period but would generally feel fatigued, so she slept until noon the next day. The housekeepers of the Faulkner residence were informed immediately at night, so none of them disturbed her. However, Harriet was worried that Genevieve might not have any clothes to change into, so she had someone purchase some at a counter in a mall. The dozens of sets of clothes were then sent to Genevieve's room without her knowledge. Not only were the clothes all from luxury brands, but there was also jewelry that could go with them. Although the Rachford family had crumbled, Genevieve's quality of life hadn't deteriorated at all after she got together with Armand. Soon, she was able to pick out a suitable set of clothing for herself. The moment she opened the door and went out, she saw Marilyn coming out of her room as well. Marilyn did not seem to have slept well, for she wasn't looking good and had bags under her eyes. Genevieve had been bleeding a lot during her period, so her face was a bit pale, but she was in good spirits. When she saw Marilyn, she greeted the latter politely, "Good morning, Marilyn." "It's already late in the morning." Marilyn glanced at Genevieve before asking in a gentle tone, "Do you usually wake up this late too when staying with Armand?" Genevieve smiled. "I would wake up on time while at home, but I was... too tired last night." Upon hearing that, Marilyn sulked as her eyes darkened. She had heard from the housekeepers that Harriet had instructed them not to wake Genevieve up in the morning and to let her sleep for as long as she wished to. Marilyn swept a casual glance at Genevieve's face, only to notice the faint hickeys on her neck. Quickly, she understood the reason Genevieve slept in and looked slightly exhausted. Her face paled instantly as she gritted her teeth. "You... Last night, you two..." Genevieve pressed her hand on her neck when she noticed Marilyn staring at it, swiftly recalling that Armand had bit her last night. "My apologies for letting you see this." Genevieve pulled her lips into a thin line before adding in frustration, "I told my husband that he should show some restraint when we're not at home, but he didn't listen to me." She felt delightful upon noticing that Marilyn's body swayed, her face paling even more. I, too, know a thing or two about making people feel disgusted. When Genevieve raised her hand, Marilyn noticed a lovely bracelet on her wrist. She also realized immediately that it was Harriet's favorite bracelet. According to professional appraisers, it would at least cost thirty million. Although Harriet had gifted Marilyn a bracelet too after the latter got pregnant, it wasn't as exquisite as the one given to Genevieve. Just going by that, it was apparent that Harriet was biased toward Genevieve. Marilyn clenched her fists as she suppressed feelings of envy that arose within her, looking at Genevieve calmly. "You won't be able to hold onto a man like him, Genevieve." Without warning, Genevieve raised her right hand to show off her wedding ring. "Why would you say that when I'm already wearing a wedding ring?" It came as another huge blow to Marilyn's

ego. Supporting herself against the wall to steady her swaying body, she snarked, "So what if you have a wedding ring? It was Old Mrs. Faulkner who had the rings sent to you both. Armand only put it on because he had always been obedient to his grandmother! Why do you think he even married you? It was because she forced him to do so! He would never have his eyes on a woman like you!" Her tone was menacing as she glowered at Genevieve. "So who do you suppose he would set his sights on? You?" Genevieve threw the ball back at her. "Of course!" Marilyn had a gentle look on her face as she claimed in arrogance, "I've known Armand for more than ten years. He only adores and has eyes for me. On the contrary, You only married him for his money." She looked at Genevieve in disdain. "Indeed." Genevieve nodded smilingly. "I've married him for the money, so I don't care if he loves me or not. Even if he was forced into this marriage by Old Mrs. Faulkner, it's got nothing to do with me. He can always file for a divorce, or I'll just continue living as his wife." Marilyn bit on her bottom lip harshly. "Genevieve, don't you think you're lowly?" "I got together with him with my own abilities. He wasn't married, so I never was a third wheel. Why should I think so lowly of myself when I earned all this with my own two hands?" Genevieve was still smiling gladly.

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Chapter 109 Marilyn Miscarried

In a few strides, she walked up to Marilyn. "Don't you think you're the one who's actually lowly, Ms. Wood? You were the one who abandoned Mando to marry Mr. Samuel but regretted your decision afterward. Since Mando still has feelings for you, you want to get back together with him again."

Upon hearing what Genevieve said, Marilyn knew it must be Harriet who told her that. "Shut up!" Marilyn chided.

Genevieve smiled. "What is it? Are you frustrated that I revealed your dirty little secret? You don't love him, nor were you young and naive. All you enjoyed was the high of being sought after by powerful and influential men." Genevieve bent down to check on Marilyn, who was overwrought with shame.

"I said, shut up!" Marilyn's face fell in an instant before raising her hand in an attempt to slap Genevieve, who, of course, wouldn't just stand idly and allow herself to be slapped. As Marilyn's arm approached, Genevieve grabbed her wrist firmly. "You've already gained enough out of this, Ms. Wood. Don't be greedy, lest you lose more than you gain."

After saying that, she cast Marilyn's arm away before turning around to head to the stairs, leaving Marilyn rooted to her spot with a solemn look in her eyes.

Not only was it due to Genevieve's comments that hit the nail on the head, but the latter's attitude also infuriated her.

Marilyn was born in a prestigious family, so she grew up pampered and never had to suffer for even a bit, whereas Genevieve, who stood before her, had nothing. How dare she act so arrogantly in front of me like this? How dare she criticize me?

A few housekeepers were busy with work in the ground-floor living room. Upon seeing Genevieve come downstairs, they greeted her.

"What would you like to have, Mdm. Genevieve?" asked one of them.

Seeing that it was about time for lunch, Genevieve asked them for some oatmeal that could last her till lunchtime.

While eating her oatmeal, Genevieve checked the family members' whereabouts with the housekeeper. Armand had left for work in the company early that morning, while Harriet had brought Samantha to Derport Church after receiving news that Raymond, the pastor, would be returning to the church that morning.

Thus, all who were left in the house were Marilyn, herself, and the housekeepers.

Right after the housekeeper answered Genevieve's questions, another housekeeper working outside seemed to require some help, so the housekeeper was called outside. After Genevieve finished her oatmeal, she brought the bowl to the kitchen on her own, seeing that no other housekeeper was in the house.

When she got back out, she went to the pantry next to the kitchen to pour herself some soda water. Because she had her back to the door, she didn't notice someone entering the pantry.

It wasn't until she turned around with her glass in her hand that she realized Marilyn was standing behind her, staring at her with a gloomy look in her eye.

Creeped out by Marilyn's stare, Genevieve didn't even notice Marilyn was holding a kettle. Just when she was about to speak, Marilyn raised her hand and tilted the kettle in her direction.

Genevieve had a keen eye and noticed that there was still water vapor coming out of the kettle, so she surmised that the content in it must be water that was just boiled.

She took a few steps back instinctively while trying to move away from Marilyn, but the latter had closed in on her and poured the boiling water from the kettle onto her dress. For an instant, Genevieve felt like both her legs were submerged in hot lava, the heat causing her to shudder.

Genevieve couldn't help but shriek before extending her arms to shove Marilyn with all of her might.

She was already overwhelmed by pain as her legs were trembling from the heat of the boiling water, so she didn't even touch Marilyn even though both her arms were extended. Yet, Marilyn staggered backward and fell onto the ground as if being pushed. With a loud thud, the kettle she was holding crashed onto the floor as well, the hot water in it splattering on her exposed arm.

"Aaah!" Marilyn wailed in agony, her arm shaking.

A few housekeepers hurried over. Upon laying eyes on the sight in the pantry, they were so frightened that none of them knew what to do.

"B-Blood..."

One of them noted with a keen eye that blood was trickling down Marilyn's calf. As she pointed at Marilyn, her face was pale, and she seemed as if she would collapse by the next moment.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 110

Chapter 110 Who Do You Think You Are

"Quick! Help Mdm. Marilyn into the house!"

"Call Dr. Jensen!"

As soon as the housekeepers regained their senses, one of them rushed to call the

doctor. Just when the other two were about to help Marilyn, a tall figure marched over to her while pushing the housekeepers aside. When Armand saw Marilyn in the pantry, his pupils contracted in fear.

He entered the pantry with haste and bent down to carefully lift Marilyn up.

Marilyn rested her arm over his neck naturally as she said in a trembling voice, "My belly... It hurts..."

"Don't panic. The housekeepers already called Timothy," Armand consoled Marilyn as he carried her away from the pantry. The housekeepers followed behind him without delay.

Nobody seemed to notice that Genevieve was still in the pantry.

The thin hem of her dress couldn't stop the hot water from seeping onto her skin, so both her legs were seriously scalded, and she couldn't even stand. Soon, her hands gave out, and she collapsed onto the ground as tears fell.

She didn't have a phone with her, so she could only call for help from the housekeepers, but nobody replied to her even after she shouted a few times.

It wasn't until after a minute or so that a housekeeper heard her and rushed to the pantry. Without caring for anything else, she quickly splashed some cold water on Genevieve's injured legs.

After lifting Genevieve's skirt, the housekeeper nearly dropped the basin she held onto the floor. "M-Mdm. Genevieve..."

The entirety of Genevieve's fair and lean legs, from her thighs to her calves, were red from the burn she suffered. Because the burns weren't cooled down in time, blisters had covered a huge area of the skin.

The housekeeper dared not dally as she continued to splash water onto Genevieve's legs. Even after doing so for another ten minutes, Genevieve was still in much pain.

The housekeeper could only help Genevieve to the living room before pouring all of the ice from the fridge into a bucket. Then, she submerged Genevieve's legs in it to cool it down.

"Mdm. Genevieve, ointments won't work on this. I need to call a doctor. There will be dire consequences if we don't take care of the injuries on your legs right away," stated the housekeeper with a frown. Just when she was about to make a call on the landline, she noticed another housekeeper hurrying to open the door before showing Timothy, who was holding a medical kit, into the house.

The moment the housekeeper was about to call out to Timothy, he already went to the second floor in haste alongside the housekeeper who answered the door.

"Why did Dr. Jensen go upstairs?"

"Mdm. Marilyn had slipped and fallen too."

The excruciating pain on Genevieve's legs drained her face and lips of color. "For now, just apply some ointment on me."

The housekeeper lifted her legs from the bucket and dried them before slowly applying the ointment to her injury.

The ointment was cooling, while the burns on Genevieve's legs were incredibly serious. Even the tiny pressure from the housekeeper applying ointment on her legs caused her to shudder in pain while sweating buckets.

Just when the housekeeper was about to leave for the storage compartment to get more ointment, she turned around to see Armand coming downstairs with a menacing

expression and a gloomy stare.

The housekeeper shuddered in fear as she stuttered, "Mr. Armand, Mdm. Genevieve—"

Just as the housekeeper was about to say something, Armand shoved her aside and marched up to Genevieve before pinching her chin firmly between two fingers.

Under his iron grip, she felt as if her bones would be crushed by him.

"Genevieve, haven't I warned you to be more tolerant of her?" Armand's voice was bone-chilling.

"Please don't be like this, Mr. Armand." The housekeeper who was shoved aside scrambled to get up before approaching Armand to explain hastily, "Mdm. Genevieve is hurt too. Her legs—"

"Why does Mdm. Genevieve's injury even matter?"

The housekeeper named Mandy came downstairs alongside Armand, dragging the other housekeeper away from him after coming over to them.

"Mdm. Marilyn nearly had a miscarriage because she shoved her!" Mandy said begrudgingly.

Perhaps Mandy's words had triggered Armand, so his expression darkened considerably. "Did you assume you can do as you pleased in this household just because Grandma likes you? Who do you think you are, Genevieve?" His tone was intimidating.

Genevieve's chin hurt from his grip. She opened her mouth in an attempt to explain herself, but she almost suffocated when she raised her head and saw the rolling menace in his gaze. It was as if she was numb to the pain in her legs and drained of strength all of a sudden.

His reaction seemed to indicate that he would actually kill her if Marilyn miscarried.

Chapter 11 He Knew She Was Crying

"Do you want me to go upstairs to apologize to her?" asked Genevieve in a soft voice as she propped herself up from the couch with her head raised while looking at Armand. It wasn't until then that he noticed that her face was extremely pale. There was also a hint of agony in her expression because of the pain. Frowning, he released her immediately. When he turned to go back upstairs, he demanded the housekeeper coldly, "Call for a doctor!" "Understood." Knowing that Timothy wouldn't be able to come downstairs while busy taking care of Marilyn, the housekeeper reached for the landline again, but Genevieve held her hand down. "That won't be necessary." "But Mdm. Genevieve, your legs..." The housekeeper glanced at the drenched hem of Genevieve's dress before saying in worry, "Those burns will leave scars if we don't tend to them in time..." Ignoring the housekeeper, Genevieve took out her phone and dialed a number. After around ten or so minutes, Patrick arrived at the Faulkner residence. He was surprised when he saw Genevieve's pale face when he entered the living room. "What happened to you, Genev?" Instead of replying to him, she stood up from the couch while gritting her teeth. "Come help me up." After Patrick moved closer, she leaned against his arm before tentatively taking a step. The excruciating pain in her legs made her face contort with agony. "You should stop, Mdm. Genevieve." The housekeeper

could sense her pain just by looking at her. "I'll call a doctor." Forcing herself, Genevieve took two more steps to get accustomed to the pain before turning around to instruct the housekeeper, "Inform Old Mrs. Faulkner when she returns that I'll dine with her another day." "Mdm. Genevieve..." Even though the housekeeper wanted to say something, Genevieve left with Patrick physically supporting her. It took her all of her strength just to walk out of the house. No longer able to hold herself up, she almost collapsed as her legs shivered. Frowning, Patrick caught her in time. "Genev, are your legs hurt?" He saw the bucket beside the couch as soon as he entered the house. Judging from the housekeeper's tone of voice, Genevieve seemed to have suffered a grave injury, but he couldn't check on her condition. She refused to reply while struggling to walk with her head hung low. Due to exertion, the veins on the back of her hand popped up. Seeing that she wasn't about to reply to him, Patrick braced himself before leaning over to reach his arms underneath her legs and lift her. The moment his arm came into contact with her legs, she gasped while clutching onto his shirt tightly. She buried her face in his chest as she shuddered. "Hang in there. I'm taking you to the hospital." Patrick carried her while hurrying to the car. Soon, he felt a warm liquid seeping through his shirt and landing on his chest, causing him to stop in his tracks for a moment. He knew Genevieve was crying. Upon reaching the car, Patrick opened the backdoor with one hand before gently laying Genevieve down on the seat. Then, he climbed into the driver's seat and drove the car out of the Faulkner residence. Patrick called the hospital as he drove, informing them that he had a patient who got scalded. Upon hearing that, Genevieve said while enduring the pain, "I'm not going to the hospital." "This won't do. I heard the housekeeper mention that your injuries are serious. Let's get it checked at the hospital first," Patrick objected. "No. We're going to Regality Gardens." There was an aloof and stubborn look on Genevieve's small, pale face. "Otherwise, stop the car by the road and let me out!" Patrick didn't respond to that. "Patrick!" Genevieve raised her voice. "I! Am! Not! Going! To! The! Hospital!" She abhorred the smell of disinfectant in hospitals, which would also remind her of the past that she wished to forget. "All right. We won't go to the hospital." Seeing that she was, indeed, angry, Patrick coerced her with nice words while making a U-turn at the traffic lights to head to Regality Gardens as per her request. He looked at her from the rearview mirror, noting that she was texting someone on her phone.

Chapter 112 Calling Armand

Regality Gardens was a well-known housing area in the city center. It was famous for its prime environment, excellent services, and home to many wealthy people and celebrities. Patrick drove to the south entrance of Regality Gardens and saw a man dressed in a suit standing by the roadside. The man was looking around, and when he saw Patrick's car, he quickly ran toward them. The man in a suit walked toward the backseat and greeted Genevieve, who had lowered the car window and showed her face. "Ms. Rachford." Genevieve asked Patrick to unlock the car, and the man got in. Listening to Genevieve and the man's conversation, Patrick learned that the man was a realtor agent. He was there to

show her the houses. Soon, they reached the building at the back of Regality Gardens. The agent brought Genevieve and Patrick to the 16th floor and showed them the large condominium. The large condominium was elegantly decorated, with everything from an indoor pool to a home theatre. It was the kind that one could move in immediately. Patrick held on to Genevieve as they walked into the house. The latter sat on the couch, glanced around, and took out a card from her bag. "I'll buy this." "Sure." As soon as the agent heard that, he quickly took out the agreement from his bag. The entire buying process took only ten minutes. Patrick sent the agent out, and at the same time, the doctor that he called had arrived at Regality Gardens. Since they could not get in, Patrick went down to fetch them. After the doctor entered the house, he lifted a bit of Genevieve's wet skirt. Patrick stood next to the couch. From his point of view, he could clearly see Genevieve's exposed calves. Her skin was burnt red, and almost none of her skin was intact. Judging by the seriousness of her calves, the burn on her thighs might have been even more severe. The doctor was still lifting her skirt, so Patrick turned around and clenched his fists tightly. "Ms. Rachford, your burnt injury is too severe." As the doctor examined Genevieve's calves, he gasped. "You need to go to the hospital. Ointments are useless. Otherwise, it'll leave an unsightly, huge scar on your legs." After hearing what the doctor said, Genevieve's expression was calm, and her tone was composed. "So be it. Please apply the ointment for me." The doctor did not say anything after she spoke. He took the best ointment and applied it to both her legs. Once the doctor was done treating her injuries, Patrick gave the medical personnel extra tips after sending the doctor to Regality Gardens' entrance. He saw Genevieve leaning against the couch while hugging a pillow when he returned. Patrick secretly let out a sigh of relief as he noticed that she was not as pale anymore. The color had returned to her face. He recalled not seeing Armand when he went to the Faulkner residence earlier. As he fished out his phone, Patrick said, "I'm calling Armand." He should know that Genevieve has severe injuries on her legs. Furthermore, Patrick hoped Armand could persuade Genevieve to go to the hospital. Otherwise, it would be a problem if there were scars. "No need for that. Mr. Faulkner is busy too." Genevieve stopped him before he could call Armand. She lowered her eyes and said calmly, "It's just injuries on my leg. I'm still alive." Mr. Faulkner? Patrick was somewhat taken aback when he heard Genevieve address Armand as "Mr. Faulkner" since she usually called him "Mando." Furthermore, he realized that something was amiss with Genevieve after leaving the Faulkner residence. "Patrick, please go back to Swallow Garden and bring Maria here," Genevieve said, looking exhausted while leaning her head on the pillow. Patrick was momentarily stunned and asked, "You're planning to stay here and not return to Swallow Garden?" "Yes. I'll return when Mr. Faulkner needs me, but I'll stay here when he doesn't." It seemed like Genevieve did not want to talk with him as she took her phone from the couch. "All right. I'll go pick her now." Looking at her in that state, Patrick could not help but soften his tone. "Genev, is there anything that you would like to eat?" She did not answer but turned her head to look at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling window. Patrick massaged his temples. When he left, he could not help but wonder what happened to Genevieve when she was at the Faulkner residence where she suffered such a severe burnt injury.

