

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 11

"Call..." Genevieve revealed a string of numbers, pressing her nails on the woman's neck. The latter's legs went weak. Immediately, she turned and shot Erica a pleading glance. "G-Genevieve, don't be reckless!" Panic-stricken, Erica never expected Genevieve to do such a thing. "You don't even have a home now. Who else can you contact for help?" She was Genevieve's friend for several years, so she knew very clearly about Genevieve's social circle. On top of that, she had already bribed Genevieve's friends who had a good family background. There's no way she could get anyone to come to her aid! "You better... call that number!" Genevieve said that through gritted teeth. Her nails already pierced the woman's neck. The latter's legs trembled in fright with her mouth agape. Erica's face fell. She was afraid that the woman would call out her name by accident. Gnashing her teeth, she reluctantly called the number mentioned by Genevieve. Soon enough, the call got through. "Hello?" Hearing that familiar voice, Genevieve was on the verge of tears. Gulping down a mouthful of bloody saliva, she mustered up her strength to say, "I'm Genevieve... Come to the police station... in Yaleview." As long as she could get to the hospital to see her grandmother, she would not mind giving up her own life if the man decided to claim it. Her own dignity paled in comparison to her only kin in the world. In a flash, the policemen rushed over to the source of the commotion. Nevertheless, the moment they saw that Genevieve was gripping the other woman's neck, seemingly intending to perish together with her, the policemen dared not barge in rashly. Time ticked by. Erica did not see anybody coming. She figured that Genevieve had to be bluffing, so she wanted to instigate the policemen to subdue Genevieve. Yet, the next second, a man who was around thirty years old was seen striding toward the detention room in a hurry. When Genevieve saw that man, a sliver of hope flashed across her eyes. She pleaded pitifully, "Bail me out... Please! I need to go to the hospital." Wearing a grim countenance, the man nodded and spun on his heels very quickly. Within a minute, not only did the man return, but he also brought along the chief of police. When the man stepped in to help Genevieve out, the chief even asked in a courteous manner, "Mr. Sullivan, do you need me to arrange for someone to get you two to the hospital?" "No, it's fine." Erica gawked at the man leaving with Genevieve in his arms. She was beyond

astonished. "Chief, Genevieve's suspected of murder! How could we release her?" she questioned the chief. "Since we have no concrete evidence, we can't detain her here any longer." The chief was rather impatient as he added, "Just leave if you have nothing else to report!" No words could express Erica's rage at that time. Yet, she had no choice but to do his bidding. She knew Cooper was quite close with the deputy chief of the police station in Jadeborough. Because of that, she could easily arrange for somebody to deal with Genevieve. Never in a million years would Erica expect that Genevieve could summon a backer to bail her out of the police station. After arriving at the hospital with Steven, Genevieve staggered all the way as she dashed toward her grandmother's ward. Coincidentally, she bumped into the nurse who had been taking care of her grandmother. The nurse felt sorry for Genevieve. "Please accept my deepest condolences, Ms. Rachford." Following that, Genevieve caught a glimpse of the hospital bed behind the nurse. The patient lying in that bed had been covered by a sheet of white cloth from head to toe. At that juncture, her blood ran cold, and her whole body froze. A suffocating sensation overcame her. "G-Grandma?" With a stiff gait, she limped toward the hospital bed and raised her quivering hand. "I-I'm sorry... that I took so long to get here... I'm Vivi..." She struggled hard to spit the words out as she called out to her grandmother. Alas, she would never receive a response. Lifting up the white cloth, she saw her grandmother's cold, pale face. Her knees became feeble, and she knelt down on the spot. Letting out an agonizing scream, she began to cry her lungs out. "Grandma..." Winifred had been her sole motivation to keep moving forward in life. However, even her only family was gone forever. At that moment, she felt aggrieved. If she had ditched that so-called dignity of hers the other day and followed Steven to the mansion, she would not have been tricked by Cooper and sent to jail. Her grandmother would have been alive. Genevieve hugged her grandmother's body all day and night, crying her heart out till she had no more tears left to cry. The day when Winifred was buried, the sky above Jadeborough turned as gloomy as ever. It was drizzling. Being absent-minded, Genevieve watched the workers handling the ashes of her grandmother's remains. Even after everyone had left, she was still standing in front of her grandmother's grave, drenching herself wet in the rain. From that moment onward, she knew she would be all on her own. After Winifred's funeral, Genevieve followed Steven and returned to Swallow Garden. Locking herself up in the room for three days, she did not even touch any food that was served to her at the door. Steven feared that something bad might happen if Genevieve continued to be like that. Hence, he called Armand

directly. That very night, Armand came to the mansion. He used the spare key to unlock the door and entered the room, only to find that every window and any hole that could transmit light had been covered. It was pitch black. Then, he could hear the intermittent murmurs of a woman, who was seemingly crying in her sleep. "Mom, I'm so scared... Take me with you all, please..." Armand made his way toward the night lamp and turn it on. A woman all huddled up in bed instantly came into sight. It had only been a few days, but Genevieve was all skin and bone. Her slender fingers gripped the bedsheet with all her might. They were so thin that the veins popped up all over the back of her hands. Worst still, utter despair was written all over her already pale face. Traces of her tears were evident on her cheeks. If this woman still doesn't fill her stomach, she might not even wake up tomorrow!