

# My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 143

## Chapter 143

As she took in the warmth and indulgence that Armand conveyed through his gaze, Genevieve couldn't help but feel immense jealousy toward Marilyn. Out of nowhere, she felt wetness at the corners of her eyes. The wetness and cool feeling soon spread from her face throughout the rest of her body. Genevieve irritably flicked through the few photos that Maria had sent over. She did this so many times that her vision soon became blurry from the strain on her eyes, and her arm ached heavily from holding her phone up the entire time. Once more, her gaze fell on Armand's eyes, and she came to a sudden realization. She now understood why Marilyn had poured filthy water onto her when she had visited the Faulkner residence previously. She also understood why Armand had found it so difficult and why he had been so reluctant to lecture Marilyn about it. This also explained why she had always been so jealous of the indulgence that Armand had for Marilyn and why she occasionally felt that Armand didn't care for her or didn't belong to her. It was all because she was in love with Armand. For a long time now, she had felt this burgeoning love within her and had buried it deep within her heart. She didn't dare to think about it or admit to herself what it all meant. Genevieve was a little numb as she thought about all this and recalled how Armand's gaze had always been cold whenever he looked at her, yet full of warmth whenever he gazed at Marilyn. At the end of the day, he only treated their relationship as a purely contractual one, whereas she had completely fallen head over heels for him. Genevieve felt the phone in her hand suddenly vibrate. She looked down and saw that she had just received a WhatsApp message. Armand texted: How far have you gotten in the book? From just his texts alone, Genevieve seemed to be able to pick up his nonchalant and indifferent tone. She pursed her lips and didn't reply to the message nor scroll through her phone. Instead, she switched it off and flung it on the bedside table. That night, Genevieve went to bed without bothering to dry her hair. Coupled with her dreary and depressed mood, this resulted in her waking the next day with several throbbing aches throughout her body. Patrick met her at the hotel's restaurant and asked how she had been. However, Genevieve replied awkwardly that she had merely been exposed to the air-conditioning for too long a period of time and would perk up once she had taken some food. She added that she would head over to the center with Elijah's team to continue their round of negotiations. Fortunately for Genevieve, their negotiations proceeded rather smoothly this time, and they finally signed the contract just after two in the afternoon. After their successful negotiation, Elijah's team booked tickets for Genevieve's and Patrick's return flight to Jadeborough. The next day, the group headed over to the airport together to bid the pair farewell. Unfortunately for the pair, the weather at Jadeborough made for difficult flying conditions, and the transit flight the pair were on had no choice but to land at Springwyn. Patrick seemed to be able to pick up that Genevieve was feeling rather sullen. As such, once they had dropped off their baggage at the hotel, he headed over to knock on

the door to her room and suggested, "The weather seems pretty good here at Springwyn. Come on; I'll take you out to have some fun." However, Genevieve rejected his offer and replied, "I want to sleep. I'm not going anywhere." "You've slept so much during the two flights we've had to get here. How can you still manage to fall asleep?" countered Patrick. Patrick headed in and saw that Genevieve's suitcase was open. He reached in, picked out two sets of clothing, and tossed them into her lap. Following that, he gently guided her toward the bathroom and implored, "Hurry up and change out. I'm sure you'll be interested in the place I'm bringing you to." Genevieve turned back and eyed him as she asked, "Surely you're not taking me to an amusement park just because you think I'm feeling unhappy, are you? Don't be so childish." However, Patrick only closed the door to the bathroom and replied, "You'll know when you get there." Once Genevieve was finished changing out, she followed Patrick out and soon realized that he was bringing her to a shooting club. This shooting club was one of Springwyn's largest. Its interior was designed and set up under the guidance of retired military personnel, contributing to a great user experience. As Genevieve hadn't been to a shooting club before, her interest was suddenly piqued at the impressive sight before her. Under Patrick's guidance, Genevieve loaded the gun and held it as she got up on the platform and took aim at her target. Although her starting few shots were rather dismal, especially since she had picked an easy target close to her current position, she eventually improved after some training, and her bullets were soon able to hit the bullseye. Just like that, Genevieve spent the whole day at the shooting club with Patrick and had the time of her life doing so. Close to half past five in the afternoon, they were about to leave the shooting club, and Patrick saw that her mood had finally improved. With this in mind, he finally relaxed and handed her a bottle of water. "Wait for me here. I'll go return the keys," instructed Patrick. "All right," replied Genevieve as she took the bottle of water and stood by the side of the entrance. She twisted the cap off the bottle and took a few sips of water. Just as she was about to cap the bottle again, a blur flashed past and grabbed her violently by the wrist.

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Chapter 144 His Expression Was Colder Than Usual  
Genevieve was startled.

She looked up. When she saw the hair of the man holding her wrist was a little messy, and his eyes looked abnormally wild, her heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

"Sir, I think you got the wrong person." Genevieve tried to shake her wrist from his grip and stepped back.

"Lily, Lily, I'm sorry. I know I was wrong. Can you go home with me now?" The man tightened his grip on her wrist again. He stared at her and pleaded, "Even if you don't want me, are you going to leave our daughter all alone?"

Genevieve felt that the man was getting irrational. She didn't dare to answer him, afraid she would enrage him.

However, her silence infuriated the man, and his expression changed in the end. "Why

are you staying quiet? Are you waiting for that man to come? How long have you been together? Damn it! You are a b\*tch!"

Hearing that, Genevieve tried to fish for her phone in her pocket. When she almost got her phone and was about to dial a number, the man pounced on her suddenly. He then strangled her with both of his hands.

In a split second, Genevieve sprained her ankle and fell to the ground heavily. Her back was terribly hurt, causing her to be in pain.

"You b\*tch! I'm going to kill you! You betrayed me!" The man sat on top of her. His hands then gripped tightly around her neck.

Genevieve was almost out of breath. She grabbed the back of the man's hand and scratched several bloody marks. However, her efforts were in vain.

A few seconds later, she felt her pain subsiding.

Besides, the air she inhaled seemed to become thinner and thinner. The expression of the mad man in front of her became gradually blurred.

After returning the key, Patrick was shocked to see what happened when he came back.

He quickly rushed over and pulled the man away. With a punch, he threw the man out, and the latter spat out blood on the spot.

"Genev!" Patrick knelt down on one knee and quickly patted Genevieve's face.

Upon seeing Genevieve was not breathing at all with bruises all over her neck, Patrick quickly performed CPR.

He then shouted at the staff of the shooting club that rushed over. "Call an ambulance now!"

Patrick's hands began to tremble uncontrollably when he saw Genevieve was motionless. He bit the tip of his tongue, trying to ease the panic he felt in his heart.

When the ambulance finally arrived, Patrick helped the nurses to carry Genevieve into the ambulance in a hurry.

Fortunately, Patrick came in time to resuscitate Genevieve when she ceased breathing. Although she resumed her heartbeat, she was still in a coma.

Patrick felt that his palms were numb and still quivering while the doctors were still checking on the bruises and wounds on Genevieve's neck.

In the next second, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

Patrick took out his phone. His face immediately darkened when seeing the caller ID. A few seconds later, he pressed the answer button and said, "Armand."

"Where are you?"

"There was a rainstorm in Jadeborough. Our plane was forced to land in Springwyn."

Patrick sensed the smell of blood spreading in his mouth. He couldn't help but say in a low voice, "I took Genev to the shooting club. She was attacked while waiting for me at the entrance..."

Over the phone, Armand was stunned upon hearing that. "I'll be there soon. Take care of her."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up the phone, Patrick took a look at Genevieve, who was lying on the bed. With her eyes closed, her face still looked pale.

He suddenly thought of her lifeless look just now, and his fingertips couldn't help but tremble.

When the nurse finished treating Genevieve's wound and left the room, Patrick went out of the ward too. He then leaned against the wall.

Around nine in the evening, Patrick heard faint footsteps coming from the end of the corridor. He looked up and saw Armand hurrying over, followed by Steven at his back.

From far, Patrick saw Armand frown. His expression looked colder than usual.

"Armand." Patrick quickly stood up and greeted him.

Armand nodded slightly and passed by Patrick. Then he opened the door of the ward and walked in.

Somehow, the corners of Patrick's mouth twitched. Is he worrying about Genevieve

## Chapter 145 You Are Just His Lackey

"Patrick, what happened?" Steven came over and asked. Patrick didn't dare to hide anything. He told Steven that their plane was forced to land in Springwyn, and he took Genevieve out for fun. Steven's face darkened when he heard them. "Where's that man?" he asked. "I didn't have time to look for him just now. I was in a hurry to send Genev to the hospital. Guess he ran away." Patrick rubbed his eyebrows with his fingers and spoke calmly. "Steven, stay here. I'm going to look for that man now. Call me if you need anything." Steven frowned as soon as he heard that. "Go and take some rest. You're tired by now. I'll let someone else handle it." "No! She almost died! Steven, I'm not kidding. Genev could have died if I arrived a second later!" Patrick interrupted. "If it weren't for my negligence, Genev wouldn't have been in danger. No matter what, I'm going to handle it." After saying that, Patrick turned around and left. He didn't want to hear a word from Steven anymore. Patrick returned to the shooting club and asked the staff for the surveillance videos. It took him ten minutes to find the direction that the man who left the shooting club had gone. Patrick then tracked the man all the way to the brightly lit port. Soon, he found him. The man was about to board the boat with a black suitcase. However, he was pulled back by a hand on his shoulder. "Who the heck..." The man's voice was unclear as he had lost a few teeth. When the man was about to turn around, a fist hit his left cheek. The blow almost broke his jaw, and he couldn't help but spit out a few more teeth. Then his black suitcase fell to the ground and opened. Soon, countless red bills flew out. All the people on the boat were scared after seeing what had happened. They quickly stepped aside. Patrick kicked the man's chest with his knee. He controlled his strength, and the kick was not enough to knock him out. "Who gave you the order?" he asked coldly. "I was wrong..." The man felt threatened and trembled with fear. He stammered, "I-I got the wrong person. I'll go to the police station..." Nonetheless, Patrick gave another punch at the man again. The man's right cheek was almost sunken. He then spat out more blood. "Tell me, who gave you the order? Who gave you the money!" Patrick lowered his head and confronted the man directly. His eyes looked vicious. "If you dare to deny again..." Hearing that, the man was so frightened that he almost fainted. He stuttered a name, "M-Marilyn... Wood..." Patrick had guessed it was her. In fact, Marilyn didn't need to hide anything when hiring people. She did a lot of things relying on Armand's power as she knew no one would blame her for her unscrupulousness.

Nonetheless, as soon as Patrick heard what the man said, his eyes darkened. When the man dialed the number, Patrick snatched the phone over. After a few seconds, someone picked up the phone. "Didn't you get the money? What? Not enough?" Marilyn asked impatiently. "Marilyn, Armand sent me to protect Genevieve, but she is also my friend." Patrick held the phone tightly, and blue veins popped out on the back of his hand. "I don't care who you're hurting, but if you dare to lay a finger on Genevieve again, even Armand can't protect you." Marilyn didn't expect Patrick was the one talking to her over the phone. She was stunned for a moment, but soon she smiled. "Who do you think you are? You're just Mando's lackey! How dare a lackey bark at his master?" "Just give it a try if you dare," Patrick warned in a calm tone. "I always do what I promise." After saying that, he hung up. On the other side, Marilyn was so angry that she lost control of herself. She smashed all the things on her dressing table. How could a lackey threaten me? Smash! A pile of expensive skin care products was smashed to the floor. "Who the hell does he think he is? How dare he threaten me!" Marilyn was alone in the room. Hence, she didn't need to pretend. She gritted her teeth and said, "He's so protective of Genevieve!" The more Patrick protected Genevieve, the more Marilyn felt Armand cared about Genevieve. How dare he let a lackey insult me?

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 146**

### Chapter 146 Pity

The housekeeper came upstairs with a bowl of soup. When she saw the state of the mess that the room was in, she hurriedly placed the bowl on the table and walked over. "Mdm. Marilyn, please be careful. You'll cause harm to the baby if you behave like this." "Tell me. Why did Mando not come to visit me?" Marilyn asked the housekeeper. The hand she used to lean against the makeup table was trembling. "Has he really fallen in love with Genevieve? Mando said that he'll wait for me. He can't go against his promise like this..."

She stared at the bump on her belly, a sinister look in her eyes.

If only this child doesn't exist...

The housekeeper could tell what Marilyn was thinking. She hurriedly knelt down and used her hands to shield Marilyn's stomach while persuading, "Mdm. Marilyn, please don't do something rash! You know how much Mr. Armand cares about the child, and there's Old Mr. Faulkner..."

This housekeeper wasn't sent to Marilyn by the Faulkner family but was instead the housekeeper who had been staying by Marilyn's mother's side before this. Now that Marilyn was pregnant, she was assigned to Marilyn to take care of her.

When she left, she still remembered what Mrs. Wood had told her.

"Mr. Armand is busy with work, so he can't keep you company. Didn't he send Dr. Jensen over?" the housekeeper said while moving closer to Marilyn. "You knew that Mr. Armand had long since made the agreement to hand the shares of Central Group over to this child. He treats the child in your belly as his own. That's why he cares so much for him. Nothing bad can happen to this child."

After listening to the housekeeper's words, Marilyn felt a little better.

She touched her belly with her hands, her eyes turning slightly red as she said, "But I can't take this. How could he marry Genevieve? I'm his only wife! His one and only wife!"

S-Summer, tell me..." Marilyn suddenly grabbed the housekeeper's arm and asked her a question that sounded as if it was directed at herself at the same time. "Is Mando taking revenge on me? For getting married to Samuel? He must be doing this to take revenge on me..."

When the housekeeper saw that Marilyn was overthinking things, she was scared that she would cause harm to the fetus. She was very flustered as she said, "Mdm. Marilyn, please don't overthink this. Didn't I tell you previously that Mr. Armand married Genevieve only to make Old Mrs. Faulkner happy? Think about how long you've been together with Mr. Armand, and how long she has been together with him!"

"But they're living together now." The more Marilyn thought about this, the more she was unable to stand it. "How could he let Genevieve take photos like that?"

When she saw that photo, she almost went insane.

She couldn't sleep for the whole night, for she had been calling Armand's phone to demand an explanation from him. However, he had his phone turned off.

Seeing that Marilyn was unable to accept the situation, the housekeeper was so anxious that she didn't know what to say to her.

At that moment, the phone that Marilyn had thrown onto the bed vibrated.

The housekeeper hurriedly went over to take the phone while saying, "It must be Mr. Armand! He must be worried about you, so he has sent a message to ask about you." Without even waiting for the housekeeper to pass her the phone, Marilyn snatched the phone over and turned it on to see what the man had sent to her.

Unfortunately for her, the message wasn't from Armand. The light in her eyes seemed to have gone out for a moment.

But then, when she opened the message and scanned the words in the photo, her pupils contracted abruptly.

The expression on her face turned from one of surprise into shock.

Finally, a fire of hope was ignited once again in her eyes, and a smile appeared on her lips. "I know why Mando has decided to marry Genevieve now."

The housekeeper asked, "Did Mr. Armand explain things to you?"

"No, but I know that he only has me and the baby in his heart. He loves me, and me only." Marilyn caressed her belly, the smile on her face becoming even more jovial and bright.

She even started to pity Genevieve now.

She pitied Genevieve for not knowing anything, for being kept from the truth.

Some time later, when Genevieve woke up, she felt a throbbing pain in the deeper corners of her throat, and her nose was attacked by the smell of disinfectant.

The stinging smell reminded Genevieve of a lot of bad things, so she was instantly woken up.

She looked around herself, only to realize that she was inside a luxury single ward, and beside the bed was a man sitting there.

## Chapter 147 Let Us Get A Divorce

The man had taken a chair and placed it before him to use as a table. He was working on his laptop. His sleeves were rolled up slightly, revealing his firm arm muscles. Genevieve's light

cough attracted his attention. Hence, he looked up and saw that Genevieve had woken up. She was staring at him with a blank look in her eyes. After a moment of hesitation, he turned off his laptop. "Do you want some water?" Genevieve didn't respond. She simply pulled the blanket higher and curled up under it. When Armand saw that her temper was acting up, he raised his brows and walked to the bedside. In a gentle but domineering manner, he lifted the blanket on her and embraced her with one arm. Then, with his other free hand, he took the jug on the shelf and poured her half a cup of warm water before putting it before her lips. "Drink up." Genevieve struggled for a moment, but when she noticed that she couldn't escape his embrace, she slapped the cup away. Luckily, Armand had a firm grip on it. Nonetheless, some water was spilled on the blanket. "Genevieve, you need to drink some water," Armand said sternly before moving the cup back to her lips. Once again, Genevieve pushed it away. The look in his eyes darkened. When he saw how she was unwilling to cooperate, he took a mouthful of the water before turning around to kiss her directly on the lips. Genevieve struggled as hard as she could, but her lips were still being forced open by him. After drinking some water, she felt much better. The process was repeated a couple of times until she was fed half a cup of water. Only then did he place the cup back on the table and used his thumb to wipe the water away from her lips. "Do you want something to eat?" Armand asked. Genevieve looked up to glare at him. Are you treating me like a three-year-old mentally disabled child? She had opened her mouth, but she couldn't voice out a single word. Noticing that she could not speak, Armand frowned and pressed the bell by the bed to call the doctor over. Soon, the doctor was there with a few nurses to give Genevieve a checkup. "Mr. Faulkner, when Ms. Rachford was sent here last night, I've given her a throat CT scan. When I got the results, it was already too late in the night, so I didn't come here for fear of disturbing her," the doctor said. "Ms. Rachford has suffered damage to her vocal cords, so she can't speak. But then, the damage isn't permanent. All she has to do is to rest for some time, and it will gradually recover." "All right. Thank you, doctor." Armand nodded. "You're welcome." At that moment, Patrick came in with a set of breakfast in his hands. There were dark circles beneath his eyes. It was obvious that he hadn't slept for the whole night. When Patrick saw that Genevieve, who was lying on the bed, had finally woken up, he finally felt relieved. "Armand, breakfast is here." Because Armand was here, Patrick didn't stay to talk with Genevieve. After he put the breakfast down, he went out with the doctor and nurses. Armand walked to the table and opened the bag of breakfast. He then took out a container of hot oatmeal from it. Right after he opened the lid, he turned around, only to see that Genevieve had covered herself with the blanket again. He had to pull the blanket away once more before he asked, "The blanket stinks of disinfectant. Do you like the smell so much?" The man opened the notepad on his phone and passed it to Genevieve. "Type out what you want to say to me." Genevieve took the phone and typed away. Armand lowered his head to see the words on the screen of the phone. It read: I don't want to eat. I want to sleep. Can you please get out? "Eat something. Or else your stomach is going to hurt." Armand locked her in his embrace once more while he stirred the oatmeal with a spoon. "Or do you want me to feed you again?" Genevieve clenched her teeth at the thought of how she was fed water earlier. She passed

the phone to him once more after typing: What do you think of the incident last night when I was attacked outside the shooting club? Do you think it was an accident? The man didn't speak, but when Genevieve saw the frown on his brows, she instantly understood everything. In fact, she knew who was the one who had harmed the other two women who were supposed to marry Armand. She also knew who was the one who had planned the car accident last time. Now that she was in danger again, she no longer thought of it as an accident. Furthermore, she had never been to Springwyn before this, so she wondered how that man could have coincidentally appeared and mistaken her for someone else right when she came out of the shooting club. She even suspected that Queenie had only dared to attack her because Marilyn was the one who had ordered her to do so. Genevieve suppressed the jealousy in her heart before typing away on the phone again. Her message read: You've told me again and again that you don't miss Marilyn, but you condone anything she does. You're such a great man indeed. After a pause, she added: Mr. Faulkner, let's get a divorce.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 148**

### **Chapter 148 Only Death Can Do Us Part**

The last time when Genevieve wanted to take Cooper down with her and knocked into his car, she was doing it to avenge her parents. She didn't care if she lived or died. Now, she wanted to stay alive. Genevieve wanted to reclaim Specter Corporation so that her parents and grandmother could rest in peace.

Even if Armand had some feelings for her, she wanted to give it a go. She was crestfallen, as he would always give in to Marilyn and was not bothered even though Marilyn had hired people to kill her several times.

Looking at the words on the notepad, Armand said blandly, "It's not time yet. Why should we get a divorce? I will never get a divorce."

After a pause, he continued, "Only death can do us part."

Genevieve's fingers around the phone turned pale as she typed: What? Do you want to watch Marilyn kill me?

"This time, it was my fault," said Armand as he lowered his head to rest his chin on her head. "Genevieve, it won't happen again."

Genevieve cocked her head to one side, trying hard to put some distance between them.

It won't happen again? If it weren't for Patrick, I would've been dead by now! How could he look me in the eye and say such audacious words?

Genevieve thought of the photos she saw that night, the look in his eyes, and how aggrieved she felt. She felt an immense sense of self-loathing, and tears began to pool in her eyes.

The phone vibrated, and Genevieve saw a new message pop up on the screen.

Marilyn: Mando, Timothy just came by again. He said that the baby is sleeping soundly in my belly. My appetite today was really good too.

Genevieve felt disgusted at the mere sight of that woman's name. She opened WhatsApp and immediately blocked Marilyn's number. She also blocked the number on the contact list.

Flipping through the phone, she deleted everything that had to do with Marilyn. Armand watched with a gloomy expression as he let Genevieve do whatever she wanted with his phone. Looking down at the oatmeal in the bowl which had already cooled down, he scooped up a spoonful and said, "If you're done venting, eat some." Genevieve: No!

Exasperated, she simply typed those two letters, then ruthlessly threw the phone to the ground, causing the device to shatter into pieces.

Armand's countenance remained unchanged. He ate a bit of the oatmeal, then lowered his head and fed the woman.

No matter how much of a scene Genevieve made, Armand did not even flinch. Even after Genevieve left two bloody scratch marks on his neck, Armand still put his arm around her waist and forcefully held her jaw to open her mouth and stuff the oatmeal into her mouth.

Genevieve pursed her lips tightly after she ate the oatmeal. If looks could kill, Armand would be dead. Yet Armand chuckled and said, "If you don't want me to feed you, be good."

Genevieve was so enraged that she knocked her head against the man's chest. She did not even feel any pain.

She kept making a scene until she eventually exhausted all her energy and was too tired to continue. When Armand finally let her go, she pulled the blanket over herself. She wanted to cover herself with the blanket, but when she whiffed the smell of disinfectant, she disdainfully uncovered herself.

Armand's sharp eyes caught sight of this. He grabbed his coat and covered her with it. Genevieve thought that the coat was probably even dirtier than the blanket and wanted to toss it aside. Before she could, Armand said, "Unless you want me to hug you to sleep, keep the coat on."

At a loss for words, Genevieve spitefully clenched onto the coat and kept it over her body.

After the woman finally settled down in bed, Armand pulled out a chair and sat down. He took out his laptop and dealt with his unfinished business. By the time he raised his head again, he could hear faint breathing sounds.

Genevieve had fallen asleep.

Armand turned off his laptop and was about to make a call when he remembered that his phone had been smashed into smithereens. He got up and went outside.

Steven and Patrick were there outside the ward.

Steven was standing on one side of the corridor, busy doing something on his phone. Patrick, on the other hand, was leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the ward. His listless eyes were fixed on the door of the ward.

## **Chapter 149 Print Out A Divorce Agreement**

When Patrick saw Armand coming out, he shifted his gaze and straightened his body. Armand closed the door, waved Patrick over, and asked in a low voice, "Your brother said

that you handled the matter yesterday?" "Yes." "Where is the man?" Patrick fiddled with his fingers. Lowering his head, he answered, "Dead." His fists were too brutal. By the time the call was made to warn Marilyn, he noticed that the man had already stopped breathing. Armand was still as cool as a cucumber when he heard that. He simply nodded and said, "Call the hotel to book a suite, and buy me a new phone." Patrick fell silent. "Okay." After replying to his emails, Steven happened to see Armand heading back into the ward. Steven quickly went up to Patrick. "Patrick, what did Mr. Faulkner say to you just now?" "He asked me to book a hotel suite and buy a new phone." Patrick's expression was grave as he glanced at the closed door of the ward. "He probably knows that Genev doesn't like the smell of hospital disinfectant. Steven, tell me, does he like Genev or not?" Armand was obviously legally bound to Genevieve, yet he pampered Marilyn so much. The night before, even if that man had gotten away with it, Patrick had no way to send him to the police station to testify against Marilyn either because he would probably be dealt with by someone else. Someone didn't want Marilyn to have blood on her hands. "Patrick, you're getting bolder." Steven's expression was grim as he reprimanded Patrick. "Mr. Faulkner is your boss. Don't you have any respect for him? Also, whatever the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner is, it's none of your business. Don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong." "None of my business?" Patrick could not take it anymore. "Genev is my friend. She's a human being! Do you know that day at the Faulkner residence, Genev—" "Patrick!" As they were just beside the ward, Steven lowered his voice and said, "Next time, you call her either 'Mrs. Faulkner' or 'Ms. Rachford.' If you call her anything other than that, I will kick your butt to Epea, and you will never come back! Now, go buy a phone for Mr. Faulkner. I will book the hotel suite and handle Mrs. Faulkner's discharge." Patrick was quiet. His lips were itching to speak, but he swallowed his words in the end. With heavy eyelids, he turned and headed to the elevator. Once Patrick returned from buying the phone, Armand installed the SIM card and switched it on. He put his coat over Genevieve, then took her out of the hospital and to the hotel. Genevieve would not cooperate with him in the slightest. At the hotel, she dashed to the front desk and showed her phone to the receptionist. Her message read: Can you help me print out a divorce agreement? "Huh?" Even though there was a printer at the front desk and they could indeed provide this service, the young receptionist was confused by Genevieve's request. If this lady wants to settle her divorce papers, shouldn't she be looking for a lawyer? Just then, the receptionist saw a tall, burly man walking forward. When she saw him, she immediately lowered her head and greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Faulkner." Armand did not even spare her a passing glance as he snatched away Genevieve's phone. He took a look at the message on the phone and was amused. "This hotel is owned by Central Group. Do you think the employees would help print out their boss' divorce agreement?" Genevieve was dumbfounded. Is Central Group involved in every industry out there? Looking at Armand's calm demeanor, Genevieve was so angry that she wanted to throw the coat at his face. She turned around and stormed off toward the elevator. "Mr. Faulkner, the suite is on the top floor. You need an exclusive card," the receptionist informed and handed him the elevator card. She had received Steven's call earlier to book a suite. Armand took the card and ordered, "Get someone to pack up her

luggage in the room and send it to the suite." "Yes, Sir," said the receptionist with a polite bow. As she watched the big boss step into the elevator, she clutched her chest to calm her wildly beating heart. With trembling hands, she took out her phone and opened her group chat to gossip. She texted: Oh my God! Mr. Faulkner is really married!

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 150**

### **Chapter 150 Give It A Try**

The people in the group began to respond one after another.

Someone texted: Tsk! How are you so behind on gossip? Everyone has already seen him wearing a wedding ring some time ago!

Another replied: Could it be that you saw Mrs. Faulkner in person since you're so shocked?

The receptionist was about to type excitedly to inform them that they would never guess who Mrs. Faulkner was and that she even wished to divorce the boss, but her hand hovered in mid-air just as she was about to press the send button.

Something isn't right! Until now, no one knows who Mrs. Faulkner is, so it's obvious that Mr. Faulkner didn't permit anyone to spread the news. If I tell everyone now, will he know that it's me immediately?

After understanding the pros and cons, the receptionist shuddered and quickly deleted her message, replacing it with another that read: Huh? Mr. Faulkner is wearing a wedding ring? Who did he marry?

Someone replied: I knew you don't care about gossips.

Another wrote: Tsk! We thought you saw Mrs. Faulkner in person. What a letdown! Seeing that everyone in the group had started gossiping about a celebrity having an affair, the receptionist patted her chest with one hand and breathed a sigh of relief. That was close!

There were only two luxurious suites on the top floor of the hotel. One could take in the view of almost the entire Springwyn through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Aside from the excellent view, there was even a glass dome, and one only needed to open it at night to admire the starry sky from the room.

As she was being forced to come to a hotel with Armand and learned that the building was owned by Central Group, Genevieve had a cold expression on her face throughout the journey upstairs. Upon entering the suite, she immediately distanced herself from the man.

She leaned against the couch and bought a plane ticket with her phone.

After waiting a while, as soon as the porter brought up her luggage, Genevieve found her ID card and got ready to leave with her luggage.

Armand took a huge stride and blocked her path. "There's no need to hurry to go back. I've asked Steven to contact the assistant manager of your department to apply for leave for you."

Genevieve took out her phone and typed on the notepad in response: I demand a divorce!

"Only death can do us part."

Genevieve gritted her teeth in anger before typing again: In that case, I want to return to Jadeborough!

Armand stretched out his hand and lifted the hair on her shoulders. Staring at the sterile

gauze wrapped around her neck, he replied, "Wait until the gauze is removed. You won't be allowed on the plane in this state."

Genevieve sneered and placed the phone close to his face to let him read her reply: It's not like I have asthma. I want to return to Jadeborough. Right now!

Seeing the woman's cold expression and persistence, Armand unbuttoned the topmost two buttons of his shirt to cool himself and stepped out of the way slightly to lean against the back of the couch. "Give it a try. If you can leave this place, I'll admit my defeat."

In response, Genevieve walked past the man with her luggage and pulled open the door of the suite.

To her surprise, Steven was standing outside the door.

"Are you hungry, Mrs. Faulkner?" Steven ignored the luggage in her hand and bowed slightly. "I'll get the hotel restaurant to deliver a menu."

Genevieve shook her head. She intended to walk out, but he stopped her. "You need to rest, Mrs. Faulkner."

Genevieve bit her lower lip in frustration and handed him the phone after typing a reply. She wrote: It's okay if you don't let me leave, but I want to divorce Armand! Go and print a divorce agreement for me!

The corners of Steven's eyes twitched when he saw her response. He quickly said, "I'm aware that this incident has left you traumatized, Mrs. Faulkner. It's all because of Patrick and my negligence. But trust me, Mr. Faulkner cares about you. He knows you hate the smell of disinfectant in the hospital, so he brought you to the hotel as soon as you woke up. Specter Corporation's stock price has been rising very well, and it has also attracted foreign investment. Other than Mr. Faulkner, no one can help you get the company back."

Hearing his words, Genevieve scoffed and typed: Steven, you sound so confident in your words.

Steven's heart skipped a beat. Did she say those words deliberately in anger, or has she indeed found someone to help her? But who would help her with her current state?

## Chapter 151 Unless You Want Me To Help

Steven fell silent for a moment before replying, "Mrs. Faulkner, I've been working for Mr. Faulkner for a long time, so I know about the matter between him and Ms. Wood. Please believe me that Mr. Faulkner doesn't mean to give in to her sometimes. In addition to being the third daughter-in-law of the Faulkner family, her family is also one of the four prominent families in Xedells. Now that Mr. Faulkner is the head of the family, he won't be able to hold Ms. Wood accountable no matter how many times she messes up. If he does, the outside world will look down upon the Faulkner family. Moreover, she's currently pregnant. Mr. Wood will not let it slide if he finds her daughter suffering at the Faulkner residence." Steven had always thought that Armand was still in love with Marilyn, and that was why Armand had been so indifferent when he reported to him what he had found out about the matter from more than ten years ago. However, after accompanying Armand to Xedells, he realized that he was wrong. There were many situations when Armand had no choice. While he was

talking, he lifted his gaze and took another glance at Genevieve. Steven had been working for Armand since the latter first got together with Marilyn. He discovered that although Armand had been with her for over ten years, he had treated her differently from Genevieve. Moreover, with Armand's personality, if he and Genevieve merely had a cooperative relationship, he would've instantly shoved her away should she dare to throw a tantrum. He wouldn't have immediately put off all his work and traveled to Springwyn to accompany her upon learning that something had happened to her. Hearing Steven's words, Genevieve lowered her gaze and her expression darkened. Indeed. When the Rachford family still existed in the past, I was already no match for Marilyn. I have nothing left now and have to rely on Armand to get my revenge. Just then, a waiter brought the menu, which Steven handed to Genevieve. "Have a look and see what you'd like to eat, Mrs. Faulkner." Genevieve merely shook her head before pushing her luggage back into the room. Upon returning to the living room, she noticed Armand sitting on the couch with a laptop on the coffee table in front of him and his phone to his ear. He seemed to be talking to someone. He also had a cigarette between his fingers. "Leave this matter for now. I'll handle it when I'm back. And leave the rest of the matters to the other deputy CEOs..." The man's tone was calm and cold as usual. He took a puff of the cigarette, and upon looking up and seeing Genevieve standing two meters away, he paused before stubbing out the cigarette butt in an ashtray. Armand put the phone away from his ear and glanced at her. "Go back to the bedroom and change your clothes stained with disinfectant. Take a nap if you're tired. I'm handling some matters. Okay?" Seeing that she was still rooted to her spot, the man arched his brow. "Unless you want me to help you change?" Meanwhile, at Central Group, the secretary who was talking to Armand had placed her phone on speaker, so that the other employees of the secretarial department could also listen to the man to ensure smooth communication. Although their boss had moved his phone away and lowered his voice, his words were still audible. Upon hearing the last part, everyone in the secretarial department blushed. Is this something meant for our ears? Never had Genevieve thought that the man could say such daring words with a stoic face and a deep voice. She shot him a glare before pushing her luggage into the bedroom. She peevishly refused to change her clothes and lay down on the bed. Turning on her phone, she noticed many WhatsApp messages from the company group chat, including one from Patrick. Patrick wrote: Genev, does your throat still hurt? Ever since waking up in the hospital, Genevieve had only seen him delivering her breakfast once. However, she could not speak to him because of her throat condition. Seeing his message, she quickly replied: It hurt a little when I first woke up, but it doesn't anymore. If you hadn't come in time, I'd have been dead. Thank you. Patrick texted back: There's no need to thank me. It's obvious that I failed to protect you... Is there anything you would like to eat? Genevieve wrote: I wish to eat Maria's cooking. I want to go back to her place in Jadeborough. She did not wait for his reply but turned off the phone and placed it on the side of the pillow. She slid down and wrapped herself in the blanket. Since I was a child, I grew up being pampered and could be as willful as I wanted. But now the Rachford family is no more, and my parents are gone. The only person who can comfort me now is Maria...

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 152**

## Chapter 152

Genevieve closed her eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep.

In a room downstairs, Patrick stared at Genevieve's message while rubbing his fingers against the edge of his phone for a while. Then, he leaped up and picked up the ID card on the table before leaving the room.

Just as Genevieve was in a deep slumber, she vaguely felt someone removing her clothes and landing his dry, warm fingers on her.

The faint scent of ebony wood lingered in the room. It smelled so good that she coveted it.

With her eyes closed, Genevieve reached out and grabbed a corner of that person's clothes. She tightened her grip and leaned her head over.

That person cradled her in his arms and held her hands, soothing her anxiousness.

In a low voice, he said, "Once upon a time, there was a lovely little girl who liked to wear the red velvet hat that was given by her granny. Everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood."

Genevieve listened in a daze, thinking she had never liked fairy tales since she was ten. However, her tense body gradually loosened up at his low and warm voice.

The man's voice continued to echo in her ears. "One day, Little Red Riding Hood went to visit her granny, but the evil wolf had already eaten her granny. Little Red Riding Hood then used the wolf to lure all its partners over. After killing them with the hunter's gun, she happily made some wolf coats for herself."

Didn't the hunter kill the wolf to save Little Red Riding Hood?

Sensing something was off with the story she was listening to, Genevieve woke up in shock and found that the glass dome in the bedroom was left open.

As the starry sky came into her sight, she felt the stars were so close that she could reach out and grab them.

It's so beautiful...

Genevieve got out of bed after gazing at the stars for some time. Only then did she realize the light green spaghetti-strapped night dress on her.

It was not a dream! Armand did come and help me change when I was asleep.

After casually finger-combing her hair, Genevieve walked out of the room barefooted and saw Armand coming in from the main door with a food jar in his hand.

"You're awake." Armand swept his gaze across her.

Since the room was carpeted inside and out, the surface was soft to step on, and he needed not worried about the barefooted Genevieve catching a cold. He walked over to hold her hand and headed toward the couch.

After sitting down, Armand opened the food jar. As the hot steam escaped out of it, the room was instantly filled with the waft of fragrant meat.

Genevieve gave it a whiff and recognized it was the smell of Maria's cooking. Her eyes instantly lit up.

"I called Maria to simmer the broth and asked Patrick to make a trip to Jadeborough for it." Armand glanced over and saw Genevieve's expression when he poured the broth into a small bowl.

"Do you want to eat by yourself, or..." the man trailed off. "Do you want me to feed you?"

Genevieve thought of his barbaric behaviors at the hospital earlier that day and glared

at him. Picking up the bowl, she scooped up a spoonful of the broth and blew on it to cool it down before drinking it.

The broth was simmered with meat, and its thickness was just right. Having one spoonful of it made Genevieve feel warm.

Maria's cooking reminded her of home.

When Armand saw that Genevieve's mood had improved and that her two shallow dimples were showing from time to time, the frown on his forehead smoothen.

While enjoying the broth, Genevieve, who had let her hair down, would eat the hair beside her mouth.

Seeing that, Armand went to the bedroom and found a hair tie from the bathroom. When he returned, he forced Genevieve to turn over a little and gathered her hair in his hand.

Genevieve stopped having her broth, and her thoughts ran wild. Did he help Marilyn tie her hair in the past, too?

The more she thought about it, the more uncomfortable she felt.

Armand could not see Genevieve's expression. After pulling her hair together, he struggled to tie it with the hair tie. "I'll take you out for a stroll tomorrow and to buy some things that you like, okay?"

Genevieve put down the small bowl and picked up her phone. In no time, she handed it to the man behind him. The text wrote: I don't owe you anything, Armand. I want a divorce!

The agreement they had signed earlier stated that Armand had to help her get back Specter Corporation within half a year, and she only needed to deal with Harriet for him. However, she had gotten injured several times before he could fulfill his promises.

Since I don't owe him anything, why can't I ask for a divorce?