

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 173

Chapter 173 I Know Your Secret

"You're not blind, though. It's your legs that hurt," Armand reasoned as he glanced at the woman on the bed. "Besides, you're reading the book for your own good, not mine." Genevieve got so furious at Armand's bluntness that she threw the finance book at him and buried herself under the blanket.

Feeling helpless, Armand merely caught the book and rubbed his temples.

Upon settling the rest of his emails, he promptly closed his laptop and climbed into bed.

"Come out. I'll read the book with you," he whispered as he pulled the bundled-up Genevieve into his arms.

The blanket was thin and cooling, perfect for the hot summer days.

Because of that, Genevieve could feel herself leaning against a firm, broad chest. After dawdling for a while, she finally stuck her head out of the blanket.

To her surprise, Armand had already opened the book and flipped to the page she bookmarked.

Seeing her head sticking out, he glanced at her from the corner of his eye. "Genevieve, I realize you're becoming brattier."

Genevieve rolled her eyes as she texted: That's just how I am. You have to accept it whether you like it or not!

As the only child of the Rachford family, she was her parents' most precious treasure.

They doted on her and spoiled her with everything she ever wanted. Thus, it was no surprise that she grew up to be somewhat delicate and bratty.

However, as soon as the Rachford family was gone, no one pampered her anymore. On top of that, her relationship with Armand back then was nothing more than a transactional one.

Genevieve had lived in fear every day, afraid that he might one day stop helping her. As such, she was always careful around him, not daring to show the slightest hint of brattiness in her.

Now that she had fallen for him and realized he was keen to dote on her, there was no longer any reason to hide her true self from him.

With that, Genevieve got into a comfortable position and lay in Armand's arms. As she held his hand, her eyes lazily scanned the words in the book.

However, the more she read, the more she thought about the words she had told Armand the night before.

Without further ado, Genevieve turned around and stared at Armand as she ran a hand over his face.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that they would meet again after fourteen years and under such circumstances.

Back then, she had only regarded the older boy as her only audience. Because of his encouragement, she had poured her heart and soul into practicing the violin. There were no other emotions attached to their interaction, to the point where she almost wanted to forget about her hospital stay.

Yet, that same boy had now become the man she fancied.

Genevieve remembered him standing near the balcony railing, looking so refined for someone who had yet to step into young adulthood. Even his voice had a touch of

gentleness to it.

Fourteen years later, Armand's youthfulness might have disappeared, but he had also blossomed into a mature and dependable man.

This face has changed so drastically that I couldn't recognize it.

Armand felt the warm touch of her delicate fingers and gulped. "Genevieve, I told you to read the book, not look at me," he muttered, gaze darkening ever so slightly.

A smile crept across Genevieve's face as she typed on her phone: Sir, I know one of your secrets.

She had been the one who stayed beside Armand all those years ago and practiced her violin. However, the fact that he thought it was Marilyn could only mean that the latter had told a blatant lie.

Shame on Marilyn! She's from a prestigious family, yet she's so despicable. How dare she steal my identity to get close to Armand!

Upon seeing the word "Sir" in her text, Armand felt his brows twitch, and he playfully pinched Genevieve's face. "Don't call me that. It makes me sound so old. Call me Mando, okay?"

Alas, Genevieve shook her head and texted her reply: But you're so much older than me. Isn't it normal to call you Sir?

The truth was, despite being married to Samuel, Marilyn still addressed Armand as "Mando" in private. That thought alone always left a bad taste in Genevieve's mouth.

Naturally, she did not want to use the same term of endearment as Marilyn.

Thinking it was not enough, Genevieve continued typing out "Sir" on her phone's memo. Armand was rendered speechless.

Genevieve: Sir, I want a strawberry smoothie.

"Smoothies are too cold. They aren't good for your throat," Armand chided before pushing her phone away so he could not see what she typed. "How about I get you a bottle of soda?"

Shaking his arm, Genevieve typed out her response: Can't I have just a bit? I'll keep hounding you if you don't give me my smoothie! Sir, Sir, Sir!

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Chapter 174 Do You Want Some More

Armand could not stand Genevieve's continuous pleading and called the hotel's restaurant. About ten minutes later, a waiter brought in two plates of fresh fruits and a strawberry smoothie.

Genevieve carried the glass of smoothie and enjoyed it cozily in Armand's arms.

At the same time, after watching the tutorial video of braiding hair on his tablet once, Armand divided Genevieve's hair into a few strands. Then, his fingers crossed through her hair back and forth quickly, and soon, her hair was tied in a beautiful braid.

Genevieve's eyes brightened. She wanted to praise Armand, but she could not type in her phone at the moment. Therefore, she scooped a spoonful of smoothie and led it to his mouth.

Armand frowned as he did not fancy sweet food. Nonetheless, he lowered his head and drank it.

Brushing away some hair sticking at the corner of Genevieve's lips with his finger, he

asked calmly, "You said you know a secret of mine. What is it?"

Genevieve smiled and dug another spoonful of smoothie, not answering his question. She knew that the older boy fourteen years ago was Armand, but Armand did not know it was actually her.

I wonder how he would react when he finds out the truth. I bet it'll be interesting!

Seeing Genevieve tilting her head and having no intention of taking her phone, Armand seized her smoothie away from her hand, raising it high. "Tell me what the secret is, and I'll give it back to you," he said.

Genevieve gritted her teeth in secret. She wanted to reprimand him for being childish, but then she remembered she still had some smoothie in her mouth.

All of a sudden, she leaned toward Armand and kissed his lips.

As Armand pressed his hand against the back of Genevieve's soft waist to push her closer toward himself, he could taste the strawberry smoothie between her lips.

He thought the strawberry flavor was sickly sweet when he had it just now, but now, it tasted totally fine to him.

Moreover, he could not get enough of it as he licked the corner of her lips.

The tips of their noses touched, and Armand's eyes darkened. "Genevieve, where have you learned this from?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

She's not a mermaid but a seductive minx! How can she be so flirty?

Genevieve blinked her watery eyes at Armand and cocked her eyebrows in a captivating look. She mouthed to him, "Sir, do you want some more?"

Armand gulped. He paused for a few seconds before passing the glass of smoothie, which he had held high up, to her.

Genevieve and Armand stayed in Springwyn for another two days. They planned to fly back to Jadeborough in Armand's private plane.

The next morning, Genevieve spent her time sticking with Armand in the suite.

Sometimes, when he had to deal with urgent matters of work, she would just read books in the room.

At about 1 p.m., Genevieve changed her clothes. Her back felt a bit painful, so she made an appointment with a masseuse at the hotel to have a spa.

Since it was within the hotel, Armand did not ask Steven to follow her.

Genevieve came back from the spa when it was past 5 p.m.

Perhaps her body was too weak and could not endure the pain, but when she returned, she looked drained of energy, and her face was pale.

Armand watched her as she occasionally supported herself against the wall as she walked. At night, he wanted to carry her into the bathroom, but Genevieve slapped his hand away with a face full of wariness.

Genevieve: I had cupping therapy just now, so I can't bathe. Plus, my body still hurts! Get a hold of yourself!

Armand was speechless.

At 10 a.m. on Saturday, Genevieve and Armand headed to the airport in the chartered car prepared by the hotel. After the security screening, they boarded a private plane parked at the airport.

On Genevieve's eighteenth birthday, her father had given her a private plane as her present as well. However, it was only a mini one.

The private plane she was currently onboard had a luxurious interior design that was

comparable to a six-star hotel suite.

It was equipped with basically everything—an audio room, a working office, a bathroom, a bedroom, and an all-rounded dining place.

After seeing that private plane, Genevieve finally understood that her family could not be counted as a prominent family at all. Only a family like the Faulkners was considered prominent.

To them, buying a private plane was like buying a toy.

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Chapter 175 He Has Loved Me For A Long Time

Genevieve dragged Armand with her and took a look at every part of the private plane. After that, she took out her phone and typed: How many people have boarded this plane before me?

Armand glanced at the phone screen and replied, “This plane has just been bought not long ago. I initially wanted to give it to Grandma for her birthday. After some flight courses were ready, it would be easier for her to travel to anywhere she wished. However, I took notice that you like it a lot, so I canceled. I’ll just prepare another present for Grandma.”

I’m the first one to embark on this plane...

Satisfaction and happiness filled her heart. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed his cheek before dragging him toward the audio room.

When Genevieve and Armand finished a movie in the audio room, the plane had landed in Jadeborough.

They went back to Regality Gardens. As soon as Maria opened the door, Genevieve sprinted over and gave her a hug, nuzzling up on Maria’s shoulder.

Noticing Genevieve was not speaking, Maria asked curiously, “Ms. Rachford, what happened to your throat?”

Although Genevieve had chatted with Maria via WhatsApp in the past two days, she did not mention anything that happened in Springwyn.

Genevieve typed in her phone: Tonsil inflammation. It has not recovered.

Maria bent down to take Genevieve’s shoes. As she got up a little, she saw the words on Genevieve’s phone. Regrets and guilts surged in her heart.

She opened her mouth to say something, but when she recalled that group of ferocious men, she could only swallow her words back.

“Ms. Rachford, you’ve suffered a lot. Everything will be fine now that you’re back. I’ll make delicious food for you.” Maria held Genevieve’s hands tightly with teary eyes.

Genevieve nodded.

Armand did not stay at the condominium to accompany Genevieve. He went to his bedroom and changed into a suit. After explaining that he had things to deal with in the company, he left with Steven.

When Armand was gone, Maria looked at Genevieve and asked, “Ms. Rachford, were Mr. Armand with you all these days?”

Genevieve: Yes.

Remembering the few days she had spent with Armand in Springwyn, her lips curled up as she continued typing: Maria, I think he has loved me for a long time.

Armond fell in love at first sight with her, not Marilyn.

Maria was stunned for a while. "But, Ms. Rachford, didn't you know each other for only two months? Why do you say so?"

At first, Genevieve wanted to tell Maria about her meeting with Armand fourteen years ago in the hospital. However, she was worried that Maria would expose it accidentally in front of Armand if she did so.

Therefore, she decided not to tell Maria first. Hence, she wrote: I'll tell you in the future, Maria.

It was already noon, and Maria went to the kitchen to prepare some food. After Genevieve had lunch, she locked herself inside the bedroom.

She was extremely inspired at the moment. Therefore, she took out a sketchbook and began scribbling away. Without many amendments, she completed a song within an hour.

Nonetheless, she did not have a violin with her, so she could not do the soundcheck.

Night Breeze, which Patrick had given to her, had been taken by Marilyn for her own.

Genevieve remembered that when she went back to the Rachford residence to pack her things a long time ago, she did not find the violin that she had played as a kid.

That violin was a present from her mother. It was highly valuable as well.

Falling silent for a while, she took out her phone, searching for Cooper's phone number on Specter Corporation's website. Then, added him on WhatsApp.

He had not added her back, but another new number popped out on her contact list.

It was Cooper.

He sent her a message: That's my company's phone number, Genev. This is my personal one. Add this.

Holding back the urge to vomit, she accepted his message request.

After that, Genevieve asked straightforwardly: Where's the violin I used when I was young? Is it with you, or did you ask someone to get rid of it?

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 176

Chapter 176 Mostly Choosing The First Option

In the office of Specter Corporation's CEO, Cooper kept his gaze fixed on the phone.

He was taken aback for a moment when he saw Genevieve's message. He texted:

Didn't you take it with you when you returned to the Rachford residence to pack your stuff back then?

Genevieve replied: You got people to wreck the house, so everything was gone by the time I returned. What could I have packed up?

Although Cooper despised the Rachford family greatly, he only asked a few workers to clean up the trace that Genevieve left at the Rachford residence after she had packed up her things and left the place.

I didn't order them to wreck the entire house, though. I recall that the day after the Rachford residence was cleared, Erica was wearing one of Genevieve's favorite necklaces. Erica probably had said something to the housekeepers and taken possession of all Genevieve's jewelry and bags.

Genevieve sent another message: If you've sold it, tell me who you've sold it to, so I can buy it myself.

Cooper texted back: Give me a second. Let me ask about it.

After responding to Genevieve's message, he immediately dialed the intercom phone and demanded his assistant, Christopher, "Head off to Erica's place now and look for a reddish-brown violin."

"Mr. Sutton, I don't have the key to that mansion-"

Before Christopher could finish his sentence, Cooper cut him off coldly, "Bring someone over to break the door open then." Cooper paused for a while before he instructed, "Search the jewelry in the drawer as well and keep all the Van Cleef and Arpels jewelry in a jewelry box properly."

"All right, Mr. Sutton."

Upon hanging up, Cooper then sent Genevieve a message that read: Have you come back from your business trip?

He sent another message: Genev.

The next second, he saw an exclamation sign pop up in front of the last message he sent.

The notification read: You can no longer call or send messages to this recipient. Please add the contact to continue chatting.

She deleted my contact...

Staring at the notification, Cooper could not help but smile wryly. Genevieve would not have added me if it wasn't for the violin.

Ever since Cooper discovered the strange death of Jacob, he was skeptical. Is it possible that the Rachford family had nothing to do with the extermination of my family back then?

Since there was no clue about Jacob's death, that doubt deepened in Cooper's heart as time passed.

Moreover, he would always dream about the scene of his argument with Genevieve, the latter having cried her heart out and claimed, "My father would never do that kind of thing! If he really did that, he could've ended your life then to prevent problems in the future. Why did he bring you back instead?"

Thus, Cooper had been doing some self-consolation in his heart. For the sake of his image, he pitied me, so he took me home and treated me well.

However, as time went by, Cooper could not comfort himself in that way anymore.

If Genevieve's father had killed my entire family, it would be undeniable proof of his ruthlessness. But why did he adopt me and let me have the chance to take revenge on him? Hmm. I can only blame myself for being blinded by the blood feud that I've never thought of that question.

Right as Cooper was lost in thought and filled with remorse, the phone on the desk suddenly vibrated.

It was a call from Christopher. "Mr. Sutton, I've found the violin. I'm asking someone to bring a jewelry box to pack up the jewelry you mentioned."

Cooper let out a sigh of relief. "Okay. Bring them to the office when you're done."

After ending the call, Cooper instantly saved Genevieve's phone number to his WhatsApp. Since he was afraid that the latter would not respond to him, he texted: I've found the violin.

A minute later, Genevieve replied: Where should I get it from you?

Cooper paused for a moment before texting back: I won't be free until the afternoon as I

still have some work. Let's meet at Point Restaurant at six o'clock in the evening. You shall treat me to a meal.

He added: Or you can come to Specter Corporation to see me.

Judging from her personality, she wouldn't want others to see us having any interaction because she hates me the most. She'll probably choose the first option.

As expected, within a few seconds, Genevieve responded: Let's meet at Point Restaurant at six o'clock then.

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Chapter 177 Prepare A Surprise For Him

After Genevieve sent the message, she threw her phone on the carpet with a cold expression. She then turned to get off the bed and made her way over to the walk-in closet.

There was a large jewelry cabinet on the right side of the closet.

It was empty initially, but it was now full of the gifts Armand had previously asked Steven to send her and all kinds of jewelry she bought in Springwyn a few days ago. Genevieve opened the third drawer filled with jewelry that Maria secretly helped her pack up in the Rachford residence back then.

She had gifted some of the jewelry to Maria, whereas the remaining ones were presents from her mother and were too valuable, so Maria refused to take them.

Genevieve picked a necklace to keep in a jewelry box before putting on a set of clothes she chose from the closet. After tidying up herself, she left her bedroom.

"Ms. Rachford, are you going out?" Maria was busy preparing soup on the kitchen island when she saw Genevieve had changed her clothes, seemingly heading out. Genevieve nodded and showed Maria the message she had typed on her phone: Maria, I'm going out to buy something. Thus, I might be late for dinner tonight.

Maria asked, "Do you want me to come with you?"

It's okay. I'll send Steven a text if anything happens. After replying to Maria, Genevieve kept her phone and swiftly picked a pair of high heels to wear in the hallway.

Maria followed behind Genevieve as she looked at Genevieve with tears in her eyes.

"Ms. Rachford..."

While putting on her shoes, Genevieve lifted her head to glance at Maria as if she was asking, "What are you trying to tell me, Maria?"

Maria used her fingers to wipe away the tears at the corner of her eyes and smiled as she shook her head. "Ms. Rachford, I'm just worried about you as you can't speak because of your injured vocal cords. Take care of yourself."

Smiling in response, Genevieve had finished wearing her shoes and left the house.

She went to the luxury shopping mall in the city center by car. Upon reaching the Cartier counter, she pulled out a jewelry box from her bag.

The necklace she brought was the limited edition Cartier necklace which her mother made a special effort to buy for her as her coming-of-age gift. It was said to be priceless.

After the staff verified the authenticity of that necklace, he led Genevieve to the VIP room right away.

Soon, the manager came to have a conversation with Genevieve. He then made a phone call for ten minutes. After that, he offered a price to Genevieve in exchange for that piece of jewelry.

Since the price given was almost the same as Genevieve had expected, she agreed to that without a second thought.

After both parties went through the procedure, the money was transferred to Genevieve's bank card.

When Genevieve was about to leave the shopping mall, her gaze inadvertently drifted upward, and she spotted a big poster pasted on the right side of a watch shop's entrance on the second floor.

The good-looking man on the poster displayed the unobtrusive and eye-catching watch with his right hand on his chest.

Based on the amount of money I've gotten from selling the necklace, there will still be a lot of money remaining even if I buy my violin from Cooper. With that in mind, Genevieve took a turn to take the escalator to the second floor.

She planned to give Armand a present. More importantly, she wanted to use her money to purchase that gift.

His figure was imprinted on her mind, so she knew what kind of suit and watch would be suitable for him. After entering the store, it only took her three minutes to choose the wristwatch that satisfied her.

When she saw the staff packing the watch, Genevieve passed her phone to him after a brief contemplation.

On her phone, she had typed: Can you help me deliver it to a certain place on time? "Sure." The staff smiled faintly. "Please write down the delivery date and time for me." By the time Genevieve came out of the mall and headed to Point Restaurant by car, it was precisely six o'clock in the evening.

Upon reaching the restaurant, she was about to call a waiter to ask for a window seat, but one of the waiters recognized her first and said, "Ms. Rachford, Mr. Faulkner is waiting for you at the usual seat."

The staff bowed and led Genevieve into the restaurant.

Only then did Genevieve remember that the restaurant was her favorite place to enjoy her meal back then. Cooper had celebrated several of my birthdays with me over here in the past.

For some reason, she was disgusted upon reminiscing the past.

However, Genevieve suppressed her emotion when she recalled that she was here to get back her violin.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 178

Chapter 178 Are You With Cooper

Cooper was sitting at a table near the window. His long and slender fingers were gently tapping on the table, but his gaze was on the door.

When he saw the waiter lead Genevieve in, his eyes lit up slightly.

As the two approached, Cooper got up from his seat and pulled out the chair opposite him.

Genevieve ignored him directly. After seeing a familiar violin case sitting on the opposite chair, she pulled the chair that was further inside and sat on it.

Cooper was not mad. He pushed the chair back, returned to his seat, and passed Genevieve the menu.

“Have a look at the menu and see what you want to eat.”

Genevieve glanced at him lightly and typed on her phone: I’ll pay for this meal. Order whatever you want. I am not eating.

Cooper was slightly taken aback when he saw Genevieve typing on the memo to reply to him. “What’s wrong with your voice?”

Genevieve did not answer. She put down her phone and stood up with the intention to take the violin case on the seat beside Cooper.

Cooper’s gaze darkened. He quickly raised a hand and pressed it onto the violin case. Gently, the man uttered, “Genev, didn’t you say you’d treat me to this meal? Shouldn’t you wait until we finish the meal before you take a look at the violin?”

If she were to get the violin, she would probably leave immediately.

Genevieve furrowed her brows and sat back in her seat. She pushed the menu to Cooper, signaling him to order and eat quickly.

Cooper’s thin lips twitched for a moment as he casually picked up the menu and ordered from the waiter.

After the waiter left, Cooper leaned forward slightly and looked at Genevieve. “Back then, I instructed the housekeepers to wait for you to finish packing your stuff before cleaning up the Rachford residence. I did not expect Erica to find them secretly and forcibly snatch your belongings... I’m sorry.”

Genevieve’s expression did not change as she typed on her phone: You have been with Erica for two to three years at that time. Whatever she did is equivalent to you having done it. What do you have to say?

Cooper could sense the mockery in Genevieve’s text. He felt a sudden bitterness in his mouth.

Indeed, most of the deeds were not done by Cooper, but he had indulged Erica to do whatever she wanted.

Erica’s family background, appearance, and education were no match to Genevieve’s. Still, Cooper was so blinded that he was seduced by and stayed with Erica for many years.

Perhaps, it was Cooper’s karma.

After the waiter had served the steak, Cooper carefully cut the steak and pushed the pieces to Genevieve. “I remember you like the steak from this place. Every year, I would order you a steak on your birthday.”

Cooper had suddenly recalled the moments of Genevieve’s birthday.

On Genevieve’s coming-of-age birthday, her father spent a lot of money to hold a grand birthday dinner for her. After that, Genevieve spent her birthdays from the age of eighteen onward with Cooper by her side.

Even if Cooper had asked his assistant to pick a random birthday present for Genevieve, Genevieve treasured it. Her eyes were full of stars when she opened her presents.

On Genevieve’s twentieth birthday, they had steak in this restaurant.

After the dinner, the waiter brought out the cake, and Genevieve wished with her eyes

shut. I wish that from now onward, I can always be by Coop's side. I wish that Coop can live a long and healthy life. I wish that Coop will forever be happy.

Genevieve had given all three wishes to Cooper even when it was her birthday. She smiled so brightly to Cooper that even the candles on the cake looked dimmer than her smile.

But now, Cooper was looking at the same woman back then, but with an indifferent expression and cold eyes, in front of him.

For a moment, Cooper was so upset that he could not say a word.

Genevieve glanced at the steak in front of her, then immediately looked back down and fiddled with her phone.

Suddenly, a WhatsApp message notification popped up from the top of the phone.

Armand had texted: Are you with Cooper?

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Chapter 179 She Was My Girl

Genevieve was stunned for a moment.

She did not know how Armand knew she was with Cooper since Steven wasn't by her side.

Thinking back on what happened in Springwyn, Genevieve figured out that since Patrick was away overseas, Armand probably worried that she might get into trouble again, so he sent someone to watch her secretly.

Genevieve quickly put aside her thoughts and replied to Armand: Yes. We are at Point Restaurant. I'm here to get back my stuff from Cooper.

Armand replied: I'll be there in a while.

Genevieve was about to reply to Armand that she would be back soon, but she only responded with a yes, seeing that he was coming. As Genevieve raised her head and saw Cooper, still eating slowly, she couldn't wait to stuff all the food into his mouth. However, she held back her impatience and waited quietly.

As soon as Cooper finished his steak, Genevieve stood up and took the violin case in the seat opposite her.

Upon opening the violin case, she found a reddish-brown violin in it.

The violin had not been used for a long time, but there was no sign of dust on it as if it was a newly bought violin.

Seeing that the violin was still good as new, Genevieve composed herself and closed the violin case. She then picked up her phone on the table to type for a while and handed it to Cooper.

The message read: I've transferred the money for this violin to Specter Corporation's corporate account.

Cooper choked as he saw the words on her phone, and his eyes darkened. This was your violin, to begin with...

Just when Cooper took out the few jewelry boxes on the seat and placed them on the table for Genevieve, Genevieve received a message from Armand saying he was outside the restaurant.

As Genevieve looked out the window and saw the Maybach that Armand usually drove,

she quickly took out a few banknotes from her bag, placed them on the table, and hurriedly left with the violin.

She had not looked at Cooper the entire time.

Cooper stared at Genevieve's back as she left hurriedly and then shifted his gaze to the window. His expression turned grim as he saw the car parked by the road.

She was my girl.

Genevieve dashed toward the Maybach by the road with the violin in her hand.

The car window was wound down.

From a distance, Genevieve could see Armand sitting in the car with a cold expression as if he was in a bad mood.

Genevieve saw Armand looking in her direction, so she pointed at the car behind him. She typed on her phone and showed it to Steven, who was in the driver's seat. The message read: Steven, I drove here.

"Okay." Steven nodded.

Genevieve opened the back door of the Maybach, and after Armand got out of the car, they walked toward her car together while Steven drove off afterward.

After they got into the car, Genevieve quickly typed to explain to Armand: Back then, the people that Cooper hired rummaged through the entire Rachford residence and took away all the valuables. I came here today to get back this violin from him. I didn't drink a sip of the water that the waiter served.

Armand glanced at Genevieve's violin case in the back seat, seemingly thinking about something as his brows loosened slightly.

"All right."

Sir, the strings of the violin don't seem right. I have to buy a new set from the violin shop. Genevieve handed her phone to Armand and started the car engine.

As Armand scrolled up her memo and saw a bunch of "Sir"s in her memo, he frowned. He turned off Genevieve's phone as he did not want to see her messages and asked, "Are you still unable to voice out?"

Genevieve nodded.

Although they had gone for a checkup in the hospital at Springwyn, and the doctor had said her vocal cords weren't seriously damaged and would slowly recover, she was still unable to make a sound when she tried to speak.

Armand frowned and said, "I'll send a message to Timothy when I get back. I'll ask him to find a doctor to look at you for when you go to the hospital tomorrow."

Genevieve nodded again, grinning with her lips pursed.

Fortunately, Armand did not say to have Timothy check on her, or else she would really suspect that Timothy was omnipotent. After all, if that happened, it would mean that Timothy knew everything from neurosurgery to obstetrics and gynecology.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 180

Chapter 180 Lab Rat For Your Cooking

Genevieve drove to a musical instrument store and picked up a set of strings and tools before returning to Regality Gardens with Armand.

When Genevieve set foot in the house, she did not see Maria at the kitchen island.

Noticing Genevieve looking for someone all around the house, Armand caught on to what she was doing and uttered, "I didn't see you around earlier when I got here, so I sent Maria back to Swallow Garden. She'll drop by again tomorrow morning."

Genevieve was speechless. She showed him the text: There are even more housekeepers at Swallow Garden, but why didn't I hear you complaining about being inconvenienced when you previously lived there?

"The housekeepers at Swallow Garden don't go to the second floor," Armand said with an impassive countenance. "But this condominium of yours is single-story. I can't stand my personal space having a housekeeper walking here and there."

Despite his words, Genevieve recalled the rainy afternoon that day and what they both had done in the living room.

Even her ears began to blush.

Immediately, Genevieve wheeled around and headed toward the kitchen island, fearing the man might catch sight of her reddened cheeks.

Before she went out earlier, she had informed Maria that she would be late for dinner. Perhaps it was because of that, there was nothing but a pot of soup on the kitchen island.

Genevieve typed a sentence to show Armand: There's only a pot of soup. Should I... order food delivery?

"Don't we have any ingredients? You can cook up anything." Armand pulled out his tie and unbuttoned his collar to put himself at ease. Pondering for a moment, he added, "But don't add bells and whistles in it."

Not only did Armand not seem to mind, but he even wanted to taste her cooking.

Realizing that, Genevieve hid her face behind the phone and secretly grinned.

She then walked to the kitchen island with a spring in her step.

Genevieve tried to make a tomato omelet and stir-fried meat with potato. She was not experienced in slicing vegetables, thus spending a whole half an hour just slicing up the potato.

When she finally served those two dishes and Maria's soup on the dining table, it was already half past nine at night.

Genevieve then served a plate of pasta for Armand. She even showed him a text: I've already tried out these two dishes before serving them. They're not bad, you know!

Casting a glance at her, Armand flashed a half-smile. "So, you mean, the last time you cooked, I was a lab rat, right?"

Genevieve smiled awkwardly and put away her phone. She had no intention to continue their chit-chat.

It was probably that Genevieve was genuinely good at preparing those two dishes, for not only did Armand clean the plate, but he even helped her finish up her leftovers.

After dinner, Genevieve threw all the dishes into the dishwasher and went to the living room.

Sitting with her legs crossed on the silk carpet in the center of the living room, she used a tool to pluck out all the strings on the violin. Then, she replaced them with the new ones that she had bought herself earlier that day.

Soon after, Armand also came to the living room in a fresh set of casual clothes, bringing a glass of water with him. He then slumped onto the genuine leather couch beside her.

Watching Genevieve skillfully replacing the strings on the violin, he commented, "You can buy a brand new violin at the musical instrument store if you want one. Or, you can give Steven a call and have him get you one. Why must you insist on getting this violin back from Cooper?"

Because the practice tune that you heard me playing back then came from this very violin. Genevieve wanted to tell him that, but of course, she did not.

She had Armand's unlimited spending limit card in her hands, so she could easily purchase the best violin in the world. Still, that was his money.

This violin, however, was rightfully hers.

Even if she had gotten it back from Cooper's possession, it was bought with the money she got from selling off her own jewelry.

Genevieve secretly laughed as she handed the phone over to let Armand read what was on her mind: This is a birthday present from my dad, so I definitely had to get it back.

"Really?" Armand arched a brow.

Genevieve had simply tied her hair up in a ponytail when they went out earlier, and she had been busy cooking up a storm after they got back. She did not even realize that her hair tie had become rather slack, causing strands of hair to dangle near her cheek.

Putting down the glass, Armand turned his body sideways and removed Genevieve's hair tie before tying her hair up properly into a ponytail all over again.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 181

Chapter 181 Piercing Into Her Heart

As Armand lifted Genevieve's dense hair, the woman's slender neck caught his attention.

He looked at her fair skin, his ice-cold eyes brimming with burning desire. Hanging his head low, Armand gave her neck a passionate peck.

Genevieve was perturbed by his behavior. She could not even concentrate on fixing the violin's strings. Grabbing her phone over, she painstakingly unlocked it and typed something on it: Can you let me finish changing the strings? Also, I just cooked dinner, so I reek of oil.

"I don't mind." Armand's voice was slightly hoarse. Sidling up to her, he went for her lips and gave her a deep kiss.

Armand exerted some strength to carry Genevieve up on his lap. His hands swept across her dress on her back.

The next moment, her dress fell to her waist.

Prior to that, Genevieve had intentionally adjusted the brightness of the lights in the living room to the maximum because she wanted to handle the violin's strings. As the light shone on her, it appeared as though her skin was brighter than the light itself. A dragon tattoo was seen on the lower left side of her waist.

The dragon was black in color with its sharp claws soaring high up, reaching exactly the bottom part of her chest where her heart was at.

It was as if the dragon was trying to pierce into her heart.

Armand lowered his head and stared at that tattoo. Running his finger slowly across the

dragon's body, he lifted his head and looked at Genevieve with his darkened eyes. His Adam's apple bobbed. "You told me you were going to visit the spa that day. Did you actually go to get a tattoo instead?"

Genevieve nodded. She remembered lying down at the tattoo shop and screaming in pain that afternoon. She even landed hard kicks on the tattoo artist multiple times.

Thinking back, she could still feel the pain on her skin.

It really hurt like hell!

Never would she ever want to experience that sort of pain again for the rest of her life.

Genevieve picked up her phone and typed: Since you've put on a tattoo to my liking, I thought I should reciprocate the gesture and get one resembling your favorite mythical creature.

In actuality, Armand's tattoo was a mere flower about the size of a fingernail. One could not even notice it from afar. On the other hand, Genevieve had disregarded her tender skin and her fear of pain to get a tattoo that covered such a wide area.

There was even an abbreviation of Armand's name beside the dragon tattoo.

Armand's gaze became all the more somber. A wave of unknown emotion rose within his heart.

Alas, he could not rein back that emotion.

He grabbed Genevieve's waist and pressed her body against his. A series of aggressive yet gentle kisses landed on her cheeks, the corner of her lips, and in the end, the entirety of her mouth.

He could not help but indulge himself in the heat of the moment with her.

The next morning, Genevieve walked out the door with Armand. Steven drove the latter to the office while Genevieve drove herself to the General Hospital.

Coincidentally, it was Timothy's off day, so he merely stayed in his office. He rested his legs on another chair beside him with his hair tied up in a ponytail, appearing as lazy as a pig.

When Genevieve arrived, Timothy leisurely kept away his phone and brought her to see the ENT specialist.

"Hey, Genev. Are you very happy?" Timothy tilted his head to peek at Genevieve, only to find her faint smile reaching her eyes.

He had met Genevieve twice in the past. Even though she had also been wearing a smile back then, her face was always inundated with bitterness and confusion. It was like she could not find meaning in her life. However, at that moment, her smile was ever so bright and cheerful.

Anyone would know she was happy at first glance.

Genevieve shot a gaze back at him while typing on the phone: Work is going smooth for me, and my hubby also dotes on me. Of course, I couldn't be happier!

Her husband dotes on her, huh?

Timothy somehow understood where Genevieve's happiness stemmed from.

Most likely, it was because Armand had stayed by her side all this while.

Timothy snuck another peek at Genevieve.

Maybe she has been overprotected, so she does not understand the cruelty of life. Then again, maybe I should praise that guy for having a way to make her fall head over heels for him in such a short span of time. She already behaved like a half-dead person because of Cooper. If she finds out about the truth later, I wonder if she could still stay

sane?

Genevieve caught sight of Timothy's odd stare. She could not help but ask him with her phone: Dr. Jensen, is there something you want to tell me?

"Oh, it's nothing. I just feel that you've changed a lot." Timothy stuck his hands in the pockets of his white coat and uttered casually, "Seeing you this happy, I'm happy for you, too."

Deep down, he was displeased with Armand's approach. Even so, he had no choice but to tolerate it, for it was not his place to comment.

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 182

Chapter 182 One More Blood Donation

Timothy brought Genevieve to the ENT department to meet with a specialist who took a CT scan of her throat and performed a detailed examination. He also requested her to try opening her mouth.

Nonetheless, Genevieve still could not make a sound.

"That's weird. Your vocal cords are not swollen or congested. So why can't you speak?"

The specialist was also puzzled because that was the first time he had encountered a case like that. "Let's do this. I'll prescribe two kinds of oral solutions for you. You can return here for your follow-up after consuming the medications."

She nodded.

Timothy accompanied Genevieve to the dispensing counter to receive her medications after exiting the ENT clinic.

Then, he said, "Genev, you may need to come here and donate blood again."

Genevieve was stunned. She took out her phone and typed a reply: Wasn't there a rule stating that I only have to donate blood once every six months? They already withdrew three hundred milliliters of my blood the other day. Was that insufficient?

"Yes, but if your body is in good condition, you can still donate blood after an intervening time." Timothy rubbed his nose and quickly concealed the look of resignation on his face. "This is because your blood type is very special, and that patient is in a critical condition. Otherwise, I wouldn't request this from you."

He tucked his hands into his white coat and gazed at the frown on her face. "This will be the last time. That patient's family is quite loaded. If you want anything, I can help you negotiate with them."

Genevieve lowered her head and fell silent for some time. Then, she asked: When do you need to withdraw my blood?

Timothy knew her current body condition well and initially assumed she would refuse. Unexpectedly, she agreed in the end. He choked while thinking. What's up with my awful luck to become acquainted with Armand this lifetime!

He took a deep breath and led her toward the hospital's exit. "Let's do it on coming Wednesday. You can get plenty of rest in the next two days. By then, if your body condition is unwell, I will not force you to go through with the blood donation."

She nodded.

If another doctor had spoken to her regarding that matter, Genevieve might have rejected immediately. Nevertheless, she agreed because she knew Timothy was on

good terms with Armand, and Timothy had also treated Maria's waist injury previously. The man sent her all the way to the parking lot. After seeing her get into the car, he strode over, seemingly pitying her misfortunes.

He leaned slightly forward to look at her, seated inside the car. "Genevieve, your blood is very precious too. I will seek monetary compensation from them, and you must take the money. Also..."

Timothy might be best friends with Armand, but he was also a doctor. He could sense Genevieve's pure and genuine feelings toward Armand.

It was exactly because he could sense her sentiment that prompted him to think that she was pitiable, so he could not stop himself from talking to her.

She raised a brow, hinting at him to continue after she saw him pausing in his sentence. "You can always tell me if you have anything you want." He knew she was intelligent, so she would certainly be able to figure out his thoughts if he did not choose his words carefully. As a result, Timothy had to express his intention in an indirect manner.

Genevieve was momentarily dazed before nodding smilingly.

After he removed his hands from the car window, she started the engine and drove away

It was coincidentally lunchtime when Genevieve returned to Regality Gardens. Maria had prepared a pot of mushroom soup which was creamy yet did not taste overwhelming today.

Genevieve could not help but send Armand a text: Don't have your meal outside. I'll have someone send over lunch to you.

She ordered a delivery service and packed a serving of lunch inside a food container.

Armand swiftly replied: Did you make the lunch?

Genevieve sent him a disdainful emoji and added: I'd be reluctant to cook even if you're willing to eat. Preparing a meal can be such a mess. I merely wanted you to try Maria's mushroom soup because the taste is good.

Soon, the deliveryman arrived. Genevieve handed him the food container and told him the recipient's address.

After lunch, she sat cross-legged in the living room and took out her violin. She had changed two strings on the instrument last night, so she decided to work on the rest of the strings this afternoon and tune the violin.