

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 193

Chapter 193 Hijacking A Police Car

It was raining heavily as two police cars sped toward the Jadeborough police station. Genevieve, who sat in the backseat with her hands cuffed, had two police officers watching her as they sat on her both sides.

Lowering her gaze, she looked at her hands which were still trembling. Till then, she had yet to recover from the shock.

How exactly did Grandma die? From the time I discovered her death when I entered the study to the time when I wanted to go outside to call for the housekeepers, the chain of events only took about ten minutes. The hospital and the police station aren't close to the Faulkner residence, so how did they get here so fast?

Genevieve recalled the time she locked eyes with Marilyn while leaving the study. It suddenly hit her that all of the latter's facial expressions were affected.

When a scary thought popped up in her mind, she could feel a sense of chilliness arise in her heart.

While she was in a trance, the police car suffered a strong collision and flipped over on the wet road.

Genevieve was not wearing a seat belt, so her body jolted with the car.

Her head was knocked against the roof of the car, and she almost fell unconscious.

After the car flipped over, she could vaguely see a figure appearing outside the car in her muddled state. The person was running in her direction in the rain.

The police officer who sat on Genevieve's right side slowly woke up and shook his dizzy head.

Grabbing his walkie-talkie with great difficulty, he opened it and reported to his colleagues at the police station, "Someone is hijacking the police car.

Requesting—"

Before he could even finish his report, someone broke the car window on his side.

Shards of glass rained down on the police officer's face and body.

The glass shards cut Cooper's fist, and the small streams of blood converged and flowed down together. In the rain, his facial features seemed colder and stonier than usual.

With a dark gaze, he knocked the police officer out with his bloodied fist, reached inside the car, and pulled Genevieve out quickly and carefully.

After carrying her to another car, he hopped into the driver's seat and sped off.

Genevieve lay in the backseat for quite a while. Once she recovered some strength in her arms and legs, she got up and glared at the man in the driver's seat in disbelief.

If she could talk or had her phone with her, she would have asked if Cooper had gone crazy for hijacking a police car.

He glanced at her through the rearview mirror and apologized, "Genev, I'm sorry..."

Upon recalling the contents of the email and everything he had done to the Rachford family and her, he was in agonizing pain. Other than "I'm sorry," he could not say anything else.

Faint wails of police sirens sounded behind them as a police car gave chase. Cooper practically floored the accelerator. As he drove in a certain direction, he said to Genevieve, "Patrick and I have been looking for you since last night, but your phone was turned off when we called you. It was raining heavily in Feston, so I drove back to Jadeborough. I had just returned when I saw the news of you being suspected of murdering Old Mrs. Faulkner. I raised you, so I know your disposition well. I also know that you didn't murder her."

The second he saw the news, he took her side, convinced that she did not murder Harriet. At the same time, he called his subordinates speedily, only to discover that Genevieve was brought into a police car and was on the way to the police station.

After investigating the route the police car took, he went over and hijacked it without thinking.

A call came in while Cooper was talking.

He answered his phone with one hand. Less than a minute later, he hung up and said, "Patrick is waiting for you inside the tunnel ahead of us. I'll bring you to him."

Although Genevieve could hear Cooper talking non-stop, she could not comprehend a lot of the things he was saying and was even more confounded by the fact that he knew Patrick.

Why is Patrick waiting for me in the tunnel ahead of us?

Cooper slowed down as they got closer to the tunnel.

After entering the tunnel, he soon spotted a car parked at the side of the road through the lit headlights, so he stopped near it.

He then quickly carried Genevieve out of the car and handed her over to Patrick.

"Take her away. I'll deal with the police," he said.

Cooper was an intelligent person. Although Patrick did not tell him why he wanted to take Genevieve away so anxiously, just from reading that email, he knew the former had his reasons for doing so and would never hurt Genevieve. Besides, he was very familiar with the strange gleam in Patrick's eyes.

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Chapter 194 I Am Not Crazy

Patrick nodded and carried Genevieve into the car. Soon, he drove out of the tunnel.

As for Cooper, he got into his car, made a turn, and crashed into the police car that gave chase.

Not long after Patrick drove his car away, he received a call from Steven.

"Patrick, didn't I ask you to stay in Uron?" As soon as he picked up the call, Steven reproached him furiously, "How dare you return to the country secretly? You even brought Genevieve away! Are you crazy?"

"I'm not. You're the one who's crazy, Steven," Patrick responded. "Steven, I know you're working for Armand, but you're a human. The same goes for Genev. How can you guys do that? Don't you think it's cruel to toy with someone like that?"

"Patrick Sullivan!" Steven could no longer suppress his anger. "You can't settle anything between Mr. Faulkner and her! Don't meddle in this matter. Hurry up and send Genevieve back."

"Steven, this is my last time treating you as my brother. Thank you for everything." Patrick disconnected the call and tossed his phone out of the window.

Genevieve did not understand anything in the earlier phone conversation between Cooper and Patrick, and she remained confused about the argument between Patrick and Steven. It felt like she was clueless about a lot of things.

Leaning closer to the driver's seat, she patted Patrick on the shoulder to ask him something.

However, she could not do so as her vocal cords were injured.

When Patrick felt her touch, he looked over his shoulder. Upon perceiving the anxious look on her face, he was reminded of how everyone kept her in the dark as if she were a fool, and his heart was racked with pain.

"Genev, I know you have a lot of things you want to ask me, but now is not the time yet." Patrick comforted her gently, "Trust me. I won't hurt you. I'll tell you everything after we get to a safer place."

Genevieve had always remembered him as a carefree and mischievous man who was a little sharp-tongued at times.

It was her first time seeing him talk in that tone and wear such an expression.

Upon hearing his words, she did not ask anything further and nodded before sitting back in the backseat.

Patrick drove out the highway and headed to a village at the roadside, where he found a house with a car and used cash to purchase a small Chevrolet van from that family.

Then, he left the village and drove toward a secluded area. After taking out the special dye from his backpack, he applied it to both his and Genevieve's bodies. At last, he put on a wig for her.

A few minutes later, he managed to turn her into a woman with wrinkles and freckles all over her face. Besides, he even prepared a fake ID card that matched her current look.

Not only had Patrick disguised both of them into someone else, but he also modified the Chevrolet van. Soon after, he drove onto the highway again with Genevieve.

When they approached the toll station, Genevieve, who sat in the front passenger seat, realized that there were two police standing at each exit of the toll. They were checking each car that was leaving strictly.

"Don't worry. They won't find out anything," Patrick declared confidently.

After their car arrived at an exit of the toll station, a police officer walked over to check their ID cards. Patrick handed them to the police officer calmly, letting the latter scrutinize them as he pleased.

The police officer took a few glances at Genevieve, who was sitting in the front passenger seat.

Perhaps because Patrick was too skillful at disguising, the police officer could not see anything suspicious with them, so he soon handed the ID cards back to him and permitted them to leave.

Genevieve turned around and looked out of the window in a daze.

The police arrived at the highway exit in such a short time. I guess all the police from Jadeborough are trying to arrest me now. How about Armand? What is he doing now? Will he think I was the one who killed Grandma?

Very quickly, the car entered the highway and drove into Baykeep. Finally, the two arrived at the city center of Baykeep at around one o'clock in the morning.

Patrick avoided the surveillance cameras on the road and sold the Chevrolet van to the wrecking yard. After watching the van get destroyed in the yard, he brought Genevieve to stay in a hotel.

He pulled out a chair, sat down, and opened a bottle of water for Genevieve.

"Genev, it has been quite a long time. You still can't speak yet?"

She nodded as she took over the bottle of water.

"Give me a moment." Patrick walked out of the room again. A few minutes later, he returned with a bag of snacks and a full-screen smartphone for her.

As soon as she switched on the phone, she launched the notepad and typed:
Patrick, what's going on?

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Chapter 195 Gone That Far

After gulping down half a bottle of mineral water, Patrick shot Genevieve a meaningful look. Complicated emotions darkened his eyes.

"Genev, why did you marry Armand?"

His question stunned her for a moment.

She soon lowered her head and typed the complete story on her phone: Armand said he would help me retrieve Specter Corporation from Cooper in six months. In return, I had to deal with Grandma by marrying him.

"As expected..." A smile tugged at his lips as he chuckled. He asked again, "Do you know why Timothy collected your blood? Did he ever tell you the reason?" Nodding, Genevieve typed: He said he had a patient with the same blood type as me. That patient was severely sick, so Timothy stored some of my blood in case of excessive blood loss during the surgery.

"Genev..." Patrick felt a lump in his throat. He did not know how he should tell her about the cruel truth. "You've been deceived."

What?

At that, she lifted her head and looked at him in a daze. It seemed like she did not quite understand what he meant.

Taking a deep breath, he looked her in the eye. Even though he could not bring herself to tell her the truth, he had to do it. "Old Mrs. Faulkner wasn't the reason that Armand married you. It's because Marilyn has the Phnull blood type too. Armand's afraid that something might happen to her when she gives birth, so he decided to keep you by his side..."

In truth, Genevieve had a feeling in the past that Harriet was not the factor that caused Armand to marry her. She knew he would not do so just because his grandmother forced him. However, she dared not probe into it.

It was because she started to have feelings for him.

Moreover, Armand had explained everything to her when she asked him all the questions. Hence, she believed everything he said.

When Patrick told her the truth personally, Genevieve felt her ears buzz and could no longer hear anything. Her mind went blank, and she felt that someone had just slashed her heart with a sharp knife.

It turns out that Armand and I were never in a collaborative relationship. To him, I'm merely a tool he can use. What a joke! I'm such a joke!

She recalled everything Armand whispered next to her ear when they were in Regality Gardens. Then, she thought of how considerate and tolerant he was toward her during the time they were in Springwyn and how he showered her with concern after they returned.

Genevieve found that they were all so mocking. Biting her lip, she tasted a tinge

of bitterness in her mouth.

I can't believe that man's willing to go that far for Marilyn. He's impressive, isn't he?

She blinked, trying to stop her tears from falling. Her fingers were trembling as she typed: No wonder I found Timothy's gaze strange when I visited the hospital a few days ago. He even mentioned that he would request some money from his patient as compensation for me. It turns out that this is the truth...

The truth is so cruel...

Genevieve failed to control her emotions. As she blinked, her tears dropped on her phone, blurring the letters she had typed on the screen.

The last two lines she wrote on the notepad read: If Armand wants my blood, he could've just told me directly. There's no need to make everything so complicated.

Tears streamed down her face as she fell into deep thoughts. He treats me well and pampers me on purpose to make me fall in love with him and become besotted with him. Is he doing all those because he wants to see how badly I'll fall later? If that's what he wants, then he has succeeded.

"Genev, don't cry, okay?" Patrick fumbled for words and used his thumbs to wipe away the tears on her face.

Crouching down in front of her, he said with a low voice, "I knew something was amiss a long time ago, but I couldn't find any evidence... It's all my fault. If only I told you about it back then."

Genevieve tried her best to suppress her feelings. However, waves of emotions continued to wash over her, making her feel more and more suffocated.

Her eyes were watery, and tears trickled down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Although she was already biting her lip hard, she could not stop herself from weeping no matter how she kept chiding herself to stop.

As she cried, Patrick slowly wiped away all her tears with his fingers. His eyes clouded over with distress for Genevieve as he felt his heart aching for her. He continued to kneel on one knee in front of her for a long time without shifting his body.

Her strangled cries resounded through the entire room.

When she managed to rein back her emotions and stopped crying, he took out a

piece of tissue to wipe away the blood on her lips that appeared because she had bitten them too hard.

"I realized Old Mrs. Faulkner's death was all over the news when I went downstairs to get these items just now. It has caused an uproar in the city. I think the police in the whole nation is tracking you down," he said.

Genevieve blinked her eyes blankly. It seemed like she had regained her senses. She used her fingers to wipe away the marks of dried tears on the screen. With trembling hands, she typed: I didn't kill Grandma...

"I know. I believe you even if no one does."

How could the woman I like be a murderer? She's caring, gentle, and adorable. Perceiving Patrick's gaze that was full of trust, Genevieve was on the brink of a breakdown. As she listened to his determined tone, her eyes turned misty again. She typed on her phone: Patrick, can you bring me away?

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Chapter 196 Lost Hearing

"Okay," Patrick agreed without hesitation. "I'll take you to Kransbay, where it's warm all year round. There is also a magnificent sea. You'll definitely like it."

Genevieve nodded.

I don't care where we go as long as we can get out of here.

Seeing that Genevieve was feeling a little upset, Patrick opened a bag of snacks and handed it to her, telling her she would not have the energy to leave if she did not eat anything. Following that, he started thoroughly inspecting the hotel room.

Later, he discovered two pinhole cameras under the set-top box and in the bathroom, which he immediately destroyed.

"Genev, do you want to take a shower?"

It was pouring rain as they left Jadeborough. Genevieve's clothes and hair were drenched, and she still had not cleaned up.

Patrick saw her curled up in the chair, her legs encircled in her arms. He asked again because she did not seem to hear the first time.

However, the woman continued to ignore him.

Noticing that something was amiss, he approached her and squatted down so that they were at eye level. "Genev?"

After a while, Genevieve blinked blankly and typed on the phone, inquiring: What's the matter?

"I just called you. You didn't hear me?"

In response, Genevieve shook her head and replied: No.

Immediately, Patrick's expression darkened. He then gave her ears a quick glance before abruptly lifting his hand to cover her right ear. "Can you hear what I'm saying right now?"

Gazing at him, Genevieve tapped away on the phone: I saw your lips move, asking if I could hear you...

At that moment, she came to a realization, and her fingers stopped moving on the screen.

She lost hearing in her left ear.

The next moment, Patrick removed his hand from her right ear and queried, "Did you hurt your ear before coming out? Or did something happen?"

Genevieve replied: When I went into the study to look for Grandma, I found her dead on the couch. Later, Marilyn and the housekeeper came in. I failed to stop her from slapping me across the face.

Marilyn slapped her so forcefully that she could hear a ringing in her ear for a brief moment before she could hear clearly again.

Once Patrick learned that the deafness in her left ear might be caused by Marilyn, he had a vengeful look in his eyes.

Taking a deep breath, he handed the pajamas and a clean towel to Genevieve.

"Genev, go take a shower and go to bed. I'll take you to the hospital first thing tomorrow morning."

However, she did not move and merely dipped her head and tightened her grip on the pajamas.

Moments later, she picked up her phone and asked: Patrick, am I stupid? I've lost my family, and it's obvious that those around me are taking advantage of me. I ought to be more cautious and wiser...

But not long after that, I fell victim to a man once again, and this time, I'm

damned for all eternity.

"No, Genev. You're a smart woman. It's just that they're plotting against you. If I were you, I wouldn't be able to protect myself from them either," comforted Patrick. Raising his hand to caress her cheek, he stated, "It's all right. I'll take you to a place by the sea, and since I have a lot of money in foreign bank accounts, you are free to spend as much as you like there. Once the police stop looking for you, I'll investigate Old Mrs. Faulkner's death and prove your innocence. I'll also take Specter Corporation back for you. All you have to do is be happy." After a brief pause, he promised, "Genev, I'll protect you. Nobody can take you away as long as I'm here."

Genevieve could see the determination and gentleness on his face. Moving her lips, she wanted to say something, but in the end, she only nodded with reddened eyes and walked to the bathroom while holding her pajamas. At the same time, Patrick took out a laptop from his luggage. After logging in, he altered the program, and the screen lit up once again. He could view the surveillance footage from all of the surveillance cameras within a thousand meters of the hotel.

As soon as he was done reviewing the surveillance footage, he went onto the dark web and contacted his friends to request their assistance in obtaining visas and fake passports.

He entered the bathroom after Genevieve had finished her shower. Moments later, he came out and leaned against the chair to rest.

In the blink of an eye, it was seven o'clock in the morning. The light of dawn seeped into the room.

Before going to a private hospital, Patrick changed into a different outfit and reapplied the unique dye on Genevieve and himself to disguise themselves. The doctor radiographed Genevieve's left ear. After some examination, his expression turned gloomy. "Her left ear's spiral organ hair cells and auditory nerve have both suffered serious injuries."

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Chapter 197 Let Her Feel The Pain

Upon hearing the doctor's words, Patrick held his breath. "Can it be cured?" "No, this kind of damage is irreversible." The doctor shook his head and gave him a cruel answer. "She might never be able to hear with her left ear again." The damage was permanent.

It was evident how hard Marilyn smacked Genevieve in the face.

After leaving the private hospital, Patrick brought Genevieve to a restaurant for lunch before returning to the hotel where they had stayed the night before.

Next, he took the fake identification card and said to Genevieve before heading out, "I'm going out to buy ship tickets and take care of some matters. I may not get back until after midnight. You must remain in the room, Genev. Just switch the TV on if you want to watch something. If you require anything, contact the hotel front desk. This place is safe."

In addition to being very good at hiding his whereabouts, Patrick was also skilled at setting traps. If he was determined to remain undetected by the Ministry of National Security, no one could find him.

That's why he was so bold as to leave Genevieve by herself in the hotel.

The woman merely nodded without prodding further.

After Patrick walked away, she slouched on the chair, her eyes filled with emptiness. Nobody knew what was going through her head.

Since she had no appetite, she remained in the same position until the evening without feeling hungry.

Later, when the room was too quiet and it was completely dark outside, she turned on the TV to add some background noise.

While she was changing the TV channels, she stumbled upon a live broadcast of a charity dinner. A scream suddenly came from behind as the attractive hostess was speaking.

"M-Mr. Wood was killed!"

"Mr. Wood is shot in the forehead. What's going on? Is there a sniper outside?"

"Hurry up! Everyone get away from the window!"

Complete mayhem broke out as every guest scurried to flee. Amid the

commotion, Genevieve faintly heard someone saying, "Mr. Wood is dead." She did not care because she did not know who Mr. Wood was.

A short while later, the camera that had been black-screened came back to life. The hostess, who had been holding the microphone, turned to the camera with a solemn expression on her face and said in a somber voice, "Five minutes ago, Mr. George Wood of Wood Group was assassinated. The sniper must have scouted the area beforehand in order to ambush Mr. George Wood and kill him successfully with a single shot. Mr. George Wood is a modest individual who does not have any unfavorable business relationships. A year ago, his daughter, Marilyn Wood, wed Samuel Faulkner, the third son of the Faulkner family, making the Wood family and the Faulkner family in-laws. The police are on the way, but until they conduct their investigation, we won't know the full circumstances—" Hearing those words, Genevieve gradually regained her senses and sat up straight in the chair. Her eyes widened in shock as she fixated her gaze on the TV screen.

Marilyn's father was... assassinated?

Just then, she thought back to what Patrick had said before he left in the afternoon and assumed that he must be connected to the incident.

She continued to watch the news while curled up in the chair. As she was drifting off to sleep, she faintly heard a knock on the door.

In an instant, she jolted awake, rushed to the door, and peered through the peephole to see Patrick standing outside.

Subsequently, she opened the door to let him in.

Patrick was still wearing the same clothes that he had on before leaving the hotel. Nothing out of the ordinary was visible on his face other than a slight hint of fatigue in his eyes.

As soon as he walked in, he noticed that the trash can and table were both spotless. He could not help but frown and turn to face Genevieve. "You haven't eaten since the afternoon?"

Instead of answering, Genevieve handed over her phone. On the screen was a message that read: Marilyn's father is dead.

"Yes. I killed him." The man's tone was flat, and a cold glint flashed across his eyes. "Back when we were in Springwyn, I called Marilyn to warn her that if she ever dared to lay her hands on you again, I wouldn't let her off the hook easily.

Since she's to blame for the deafness in your left ear, I'll make her feel the pain of losing her loved one."

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Chapter 198 Revenge

Genevieve stood still in shock. She did not expect Patrick to risk it all and head to Xedells to kill Marilyn's father. Moreover, he did all of this just to stand up for her. What have I done in this lifetime to deserve this? Besides, what is it that prompted a man to go against his brother in order to protect me?

Genevieve wanted to cry, and her eyes started to turn red. She held up her phone and thought of typing something.

Yet, she did not know what to type. Instead, she pressed a finger on the screen, and a string of W's appeared.

Initially, Patrick wanted to wipe the tears away from the corners of Genevieve's eyes. He moved his hands, but he never raised them. "You got hurt a few times because I didn't protect you in the past. It'll never happen again."

He paused, then continued, "Armand might continue to enable Marilyn's behavior, but I won't play nice if she dares to harm you. All right, Genev. It's really late. Go to sleep. We'll leave by ship tomorrow morning."

Genevieve nodded.

She did not feel like sleeping after washing up, so she sat by her bed and typed on her phone.

When you called me that night, my phone ran out of battery and died. Why was Cooper with you?

When Cooper hit the police car and took her away that day, he kept apologizing to her in the car. His gaze was filled with immense regret and guilt, and this puzzled Genevieve.

Cooper was utterly cold and merciless when he killed her parents and when he dealt with her.

That day, however, she saw the pain and anguish in his expression.

Patrick glanced at her phone and said, "It's because I told him the truth about the destruction of the Sutton family."

Genevieve was taken aback and stared at him in disbelief.

Patrick turned on his laptop, placed it on Genevieve's lap, and explained, "Over twenty years ago, Samantha was in a relationship with Cooper's father, Zachary Sutton. The two were about to get married when Zachary backed out and dumped Samantha. As a result, she was devastated."

He added, "When Zachary got married, Samantha felt resentful. So, she ordered a few men to set fire to the Sutton family's residence and burn all members of the family alive... You do know that Old Mrs. Faulkner loves Samantha very much. As soon as she learned of that incident, she discussed it with Old Mr. Faulkner. They dealt with the men who committed arson for Samantha and covered up the entire incident completely."

As Patrick explained, Genevieve read the emails. She was horrified by their content.

She still did not believe her father would kill the members of the Sutton family in order to benefit his business. However, her parents were killed by Cooper, and she could not find anybody else who knew the truth.

Genevieve did not know where to begin in her investigation.

Never in a million years did she imagine that it was Samantha who did all of this!

Patrick looked at Genevieve and continued, "Samantha had no idea that Cooper survived and got adopted by your father. She hated the Sutton family and Zachary, so she hatched a plan that lasted for twenty years. Cooper is her pawn, and she had him wrapped around her little finger."

Patrick went on, "Someone has been spying on Cooper ever since he was adopted by the Rachford family. Moreover, it was Samantha who made sure you got to know and befriended Erica when you went to university. She knows what Erica is like, and she concocted a plan to make Erica obtain information about you and Cooper..."

Although Patrick never witnessed what Samantha did, he sensed a chill running down his spine as he talked about her schemes.

He could not believe that a woman could hold a grudge for so many years.

"Previously, didn't you ask me who ordered Queenie to hurt you?" Then, Patrick

lifted his hands which were resting on his kneecaps. "It was Samantha. She probably knew your marriage to her nephew, Armand, was just for show. Thus, she wasn't bothered by this and helped Queenie in secret. Nevertheless, Queenie turned out to be useless."

He added, "I guess Armand has already found out about this, but he won't pursue it further. After all, Samantha is his aunt. She's one of the two people in his life who supported him and allowed him to take control of the Faulkner family."

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Chapter 199 A Person Who Truly Loves You

Patrick came over to fiddle with the laptop. Next, a few photos popped up. The photos were very clear, but Genevieve did not recognize the people in them except for a single woman. A side view of her upper body could be seen in the photos, and this woman was talking to a younger woman opposite her.

"This is Maria, isn't it?" Patrick pointed at the middle-aged woman, whose upper body was revealed in the photos.

"When I checked the footage of the surveillance cameras, I found out Samantha's driver has been in touch with the young woman in front of Maria. Genev, has Maria done anything to you when you were at home?" Patrick asked.

After a brief pause, he added, "For instance, did you feel unwell? Or, did she tamper with your phone or laptop?"

Genevieve recalled how terrible she felt when she learned she had been used as a tool by that man. However, she felt much worse after Patrick showed her the photos.

Genevieve typed on her phone: That's Maria... When my mother got married, Maria moved into the Rachford residence with her. She raised me up, and she was my wet nurse.

Genevieve tried to convince herself by saying that Maria treated her kindly and that Patrick must be mistaken.

Soon, however, she recalled seeing Maria cry when she came home one day. Maria told her that her grandson accidentally broke his leg. Genevieve even sent Maria to the airport. Nevertheless, Maria came back after two days.

There was something fishy about Maria ever since her return. Sometimes, she would say some strange things to Genevieve.

When she realized she had been betrayed by the only person she relied on, Genevieve felt a stab of pain in her chest. Tears began to blur her vision, and her fingers quivered. Eventually, she failed to type a response on her phone.

"Genev, she might be the housekeeper who raised you up, but she's still human. Humans are complicated and unpredictable." Holding Genevieve's wrists, Patrick allowed her to feel the warmth from his hands so that her hands would stop trembling.

He went on, "You're just the daughter of her former employer. Once this relationship is broken off, you're just a stranger in her eyes."

Genevieve remembered how Maria secretly helped her to pack her belongings after what happened to the Rachford family, and how the housekeeper broke her leg after getting shoved by a worker. She also thought of Maria's laughter and the delicious food made by her.

Why is this happening?

Genevieve was overwhelmed by these harsh truths, and she could hardly breathe due to a lack of oxygen.

Genevieve had always been a beautiful woman to Patrick. Aside from possessing a charming smile, she was also intelligent and calm. Yet, a young woman like her was constantly manipulated and betrayed by her loved ones.

Patrick felt really bad for her.

He wished he had met her sooner so that he could protect her.

"Listen to me, Genev." Patrick approached Genevieve. "I can choose to keep these things from you. I think it's good enough if you're happy and live a peaceful life. However, I chose to tell you because I want you to be vigilant. You must make them regret and pay for what they have done to you. You mustn't show mercy to them just because they are close to you and were nice to you in the past."

He continued, "Genev, you're an individual, and you'll feel angry and sad. You don't owe anyone anything, either, so you don't have to take them into consideration whenever you do something. When someone threatens you, you have to pick up the gun and pull the trigger without hesitation, regardless of who that person is."

Slowly, Patrick's voice took on a softer tone as he consoled Genevieve, "A person who truly loves you won't lie to you, and they won't make up excuses to put you in harm's way. They'd rather be the ones who get hurt."

Genevieve could feel the warmth from his palm. Every word uttered by Patrick was unusually clear.

Gradually, the fog in her mind began to clear up, and the dullness in her eyes vanished.

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Chapter 200 A Bit Nauseous

Genevieve contemplated for a while. Then, she typed on her phone: Maria has never tampered with my phone and laptop. My throat...

She continued typing: Maria went to Feston to visit her grandson. When she came back, I sensed a stinging pain in my throat a few days later. I thought my vocal cords were damaged because that man strangled me violently. However, when I went to the hospital for a check-up, the doctor told me my vocal cords weren't severely damaged and would heal over time. Still, they didn't get better when I returned to Jadeborough.

"Maria must have tampered with your food, and your vocal cords got damaged as a result," Patrick analyzed, "It's okay. You won't eat her food anymore. Once we've reached Yartran, I'll get you examined at a hospital."

Genevieve gazed at him silently for a while until Patrick had to touch his own face. "Is there something on my face, Genev?"

She shook her head and typed: Thank you, Patrick.

"As long as you don't think I sound too harsh, it's fine." Patrick smiled, which was a rare thing for him to do.

He heaved a sigh of relief when Genevieve seemed to perk up a bit. "Go to sleep. Tomorrow, we'll leave Baykeep."

She typed: All right.

Genevieve lifted her blanket and lay down. Once the lights were turned off, the room instantly descended into darkness.

The next morning, Patrick went out to buy breakfast and some snacks.

He never left the hotel again on that day.

Patrick was worried that Genevieve would feel bored, so he talked about his past experiences at the military academy. He also mentioned he would teach her about shooting and train her after arriving in Kransbay, so that she would not have to rely on others to protect her.

Time went by quickly. In the blink of an eye, the day after tomorrow had arrived. It was eight o'clock in the morning. After putting on a disguise for himself and Genevieve, Patrick packed their belongings and went to the front desk to check out. After that, he hailed a taxi by the road to take them to the port.

It was incredibly stuffy inside the taxi. After spending a few minutes in the car, Genevieve started to dry-heave, so she covered her mouth.

"What's the matter, Genev?" Patrick asked with a frown.

"I feel a bit... nauseous." Genevieve opened her mouth out of habit and took out her phone from her pocket at the same time. She seemed to hear her own voice.

However, her voice sounded raspy, as if her throat had been burned by acid.

Patrick was stunned, too. He muttered in surprise, "You can speak, Genev? Try saying something else."

Genevieve tried again. "It's stuffy inside the car, and I don't feel well."

She could speak smoothly. Nonetheless, Genevieve preferred to type with her phone after hearing that awful voice of hers.

She was about to roll down the window for some fresh air when the taxi was rear-ended.

Fortunately, Patrick reacted swiftly and grabbed hold of Genevieve's shoulders tightly. Otherwise, she would have been knocked out of the car.

The taxi driver was enraged by the driver who hit his car and swore vehemently, "F*ck! Are you f*cking blind?"

He had even stopped the car in order to scold the person behind him.

The taxi driver got out of his car angrily.

As soon as he got out, eight to nine black cars surrounded the yellow taxi unexpectedly.

The very sight of the large number of cars scared the taxi driver out of his wits, and he felt weak in his knees.

A-Aren't we living in a law-abiding society?

The taxi driver went pale when he saw a man coming out of one of the black cars.

He stammered, "S-Sir, I'm j-just checking m-my tires..."

"Scram!" the man interrupted him and pointed away from the car.

As such, the taxi driver scrambled away.

Patrick remained calm as the driver ran away and various men got out of the black cars.

He handed a gun to Genevieve. "Genev, do you still remember how to use a gun after I taught you at the shooting club? Stay in the car and don't come out. If someone approaches the car door, pull the trigger."