

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 21

"Dr. Jensen." Steven helped Maria to sit on the hospital bed. "This lady sprained her waist. Please take a look." "Hey, I'm a neurosurgery doctor, not an orthopedic. You're just like your boss..." Timothy complained. Then, he hung up the phone and asked, "Whose relative is she?" "She is Ms. Rachford's housekeeper." Steven pointed at Genevieve. Then, he walked up to Timothy and whispered into his ear. The next second, Timothy looked up at Genevieve in surprise. His gaze brought goose bumps to Genevieve's arms. After rubbing her arms to calm down, she said politely, "Dr. Jensen, please take a look at my housekeeper's injury." "Okay. How can I ever refuse a beautiful lady's request?" Timothy replied cheekily. After that, he retracted his curious gaze, put on a pair of medical gloves, and started examining Maria's waist. Timothy softly pressed Maria's waist a few times. All of a sudden, there was a soft crack, and Maria could straighten her back again. Maria stood up and walked a few steps before she said in surprise, "Wow! My back doesn't hurt anymore. You're pretty good." "Of course. You need to have skills to be a doctor." Later, Timothy went to his computer and gave a prescription as he chatted with Maria. Within a few minutes, he managed to get close to Maria and even made her laugh. Seeing that, Genevieve was slightly speechless. In her eyes, Timothy did not look like a doctor. Instead, he looked like a nightclub's top escort who was skilled at pleasing women. After they left the office, Timothy smiled and said, "Madam, please follow this man downstairs to pick up your prescription. I have something to discuss with Ms. Rachford." "It's okay. You two youngsters can chat as long as you want. I can go back myself," Maria said with a laugh as she sized up Timothy like a mother looking at her son-in-law. Then, she pulled Genevieve close and whispered, "Ms. Rachford, this doctor is a good man. You should consider dating him." "Maria..." Genevieve was nonplussed. The pain that Cooper gave her had shattered her heart. She only decided to get married to Armand in the hope that he could help her seek revenge. She did not have the luxury to think of anything else. After Maria left, Genevieve turned to Timothy. "Dr. Jensen, is there anything I can do for you?" "How smart." Timothy snapped his fingers and led her to the blood test department. "Steven told me that Armand wants to marry you. Now that you're in the hospital, I thought it would be good for you to do a blood test to check your health condition. You don't

mind, do you?" "No." Genevieve shook her head. Then, she bit her low lip and said, "However, can you be the one to draw my blood?" Upon hearing that, Timothy pretended to be curious and asked, "Ms. Rachford, are you sick?" "No, my blood is special. More importantly, I have... blood coagulation disorder." After a moment of hesitation, Genevieve added, "Besides that, I don't want anyone else in the hospital to know my blood type." She was worried that if the word got out, some doctors would ask her to test for new drugs. "What?" Timothy suddenly turned to Genevieve and asked seriously, "You have a blood coagulation issue?" Genevieve nodded and saw the strange look on his face. "Yes. Why?" Even though she suffered torment from two women during the time she was detained, her wounds were treated before she went to jail. Thus, she did not bleed a lot and managed to survive. "Oh, nothing." Timothy soon recomposed himself and walked side by side with Genevieve. "Okay, I'll help you draw your blood." As he toyed with the coin in his hand, his expression grew increasingly grim. I only gave Genevieve a simple check-up back at Swallow Garden. I never thought... After they arrived at the blood test department, Timothy went inside and talked to his colleague for a moment. Then, he personally drew Genevieve's blood and put it in the blood analyzer. "We'll need to wait for a few minutes before the results come out. You should sit here and wait." As Timothy turned and left, he pulled out his phone from his pocket. After sitting for a while, Genevieve suddenly felt thirsty. She walked toward the water dispenser and fetched herself a glass of cold water. Before she got up, she heard a familiar female voice say, "Darling, don't worry. After we finish drawing your blood, I'll take you home." Genevieve turned to the source of the voice and saw a woman walking toward the blood test counter with a little boy in her arms. Although the woman was wearing a face mask and cap that covered her appearance, after taking a look at her figure, Genevieve instantly knew that it was Erica.