

My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 211

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 211

He was brought back by Steven as a child. As an orphan, he had no family to call his own, so he treated Steven as his older brother.

Ever since he was a kid, he had never gone against anything that Steven had told him to do.

That was until he met a girl one day, who had a smile sweeter than candy and brighter than the sun.

She would play games with him, remember all of his favorite food, and breathe energy into his life. He felt like a real human being whenever he was with her, with flesh, blood, and bone. With her around, he could feel his heart beating in his chest. When she was around, he was no longer the stone-cold killing machine he usually was.

He was thankful that he was in Jadeborough, and he was happy that he had met her.

The time he had spent with her was the happiest he had ever been in his entire life.

He knew he was deeply in love with this girl and was willing to do everything for her.

"I know, I know," Genevieve murmured as she stroked his cold face. Her lips trembled as she choked out, "Don't leave me. You said you were going to bring me to Kransbay. You said there was a gorgeous beach there that you wanted to show me. I'll take you to the hospital. You'll be fine!"

She tried to get up with Patrick in her arms but forgot that her legs were still tied and so she fell down once again.

"It's no use, Genev." Patrick held her hand with all his remaining strength. He could feel his lungs collapsing, and his voice became weaker as he murmured, "I have s-so much that I-I want to s-say to you..."

"What is it? I'm listening," Genevieve whispered as she continued weeping.

Patrick let out two harsh breaths and said, "I-I lied. I've never h-had a girlfriend. I-I've never held a girl's hand, n-nor have I e-ever k-kissed a girl. C-Can you kiss me, Genev?"

"Of course," Genevieve whispered as she leaned down and kissed him gently on his lips, which were now cold as marble.

The kiss tasted like blood, rain, and tears, as Genevieve couldn't stop crying.

Patrick smiled, finally satisfied. "It's as soft as I imagined..."

He coughed once and a startling amount of blood spilled out of his mouth and onto his shirt.

Genevieve's tears were coming down nonstop now as she lifted a hand to wipe away the blood on his lips.

"Genev," Patrick wheezed out, no longer able to breathe. "I-I couldn't keep m-my promise. I-I w-won't be able to p-protect you anymore. Promise me that y-you'll love yourself. P-Protect yourself. You're y-you, not a-anyone else's..."

"Okay, okay, I promise," Genevieve sobbed as she nodded frantically.

"I-I really want to take you to Kransbay..." His voice became weaker. The light in his eyes slowly dimmed as he looked at her face full of tears and gradually breathed his last.

Genev, I want to take you to see that gorgeous beach.

I love you, Genev.

Genevieve could feel Patrick's breathing slowing down and then to a complete stop. As the body in her embrace stiffened, an immense wave of fear washed over her, threatening to drown her.

She buried her face in his icy cold chest and wailed at the top of her lungs.

Marilyn watched as Patrick died and Genevieve continued to cry over his dead body. She chuckled, feeling an immense rush of joy.

Nobody else could have whatever she couldn't have.

Marilyn was just about to command someone to destroy Genevieve's hands when she received an urgent message.

She hurriedly told the man on the other side of the phone, "Get out of there right now!"

The few of them who were still alive didn't dare to procrastinate and drove away speedily.

The moment they were out of sight, a few cars arrived and screeched to a halt behind Genevieve.

Steven rushed out of the car and the first thing he saw was Genevieve weeping while hugging Patrick's dead body.

She continued babbling as if she had gone insane, telling them that Patrick was still alive. Steven drove to the nearest hospital, and the doctors rushed out only to see a dead man in the backseat. However, they still went through with the check-up.

"Miss, the patient passed away half an hour ago."

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Blood?

Armand thought of something, and his gaze darkened immediately. He rushed over to pick Genevieve up in his arms and she simply let him. Her arms fell to her sides as she stared forward lifelessly.

The blood on the floor was a fresh, shocking red.

Marilyn's eyes narrowed as she looked at the blood. "D-Did that blood come from Genevieve?" she asked the housekeeper in a quivering voice.

"Yes..." the housekeeper replied.

Her answer was delayed due to her surprise, but before she could even finish saying the one-syllable reply, Marilyn jolted twice as if she had an electric shock.

Wordlessly, she pushed her housekeeper away and stumbled after Armand and Genevieve.

By the time Armand carried Genevieve all the way to the emergency department, blood had completely spotted the bottom of her dress and her face had turned almost deathly pale. The doctor who saw them instantly figured out what was happening and yelled for a gynecologist.

The gynecologist placed Genevieve onto a gurney and wheeled her to an operating room.

Armand stood outside the operating room. He lowered his head and a pair of hands stained with bright red blood leaped into view. A lump formed in his throat as he realized he could still feel the warmth of the blood on his fingers.

Breathing became an arduous task.

Less than a minute later, the door to the operating room opened, and the gynecologist stepped out.

“I’m so sorry, but the babies are gone. They were newly developed twins, and they had been developing so well. Perhaps she was mentally unstable that she couldn’t keep them...”

Twins...

Armand opened his mouth but couldn’t find anything to say.

The doctor sighed and passed a document to him. “I need to get rid of what’s left in her body, so please sign this.”

“Okay,” Armand said and took the document.

He had always managed to sign documents calmly and flawlessly. He had probably signed about a thousand documents throughout his career, but this time, his hands simply refused to stop trembling.

Marilyn had been standing silently behind Armand. She had rushed over in time just to hear what the doctor said.

When she heard the doctor say that Genevieve was pregnant with twins, her heart clenched. But when the doctor went on to say that the babies were gone and she saw Armand signing the document, her hands, which had been clutching her clothes, relaxed.

Thank God the babies are gone. If not, I probably would have gone insane. Armand belongs to me, always was, and will always be!

As the doctor walked into the operating room with the documents, Armand continued to stand there, looking up at the door lifelessly.

Marilyn was about to walk toward him when she heard a series of footsteps behind her. She turned back, only to see a group of police officers walking toward them.

She stopped walking and allowed them to walk past her.

“Mr. Faulkner,” one of the police officers called out to him seriously. “Genevieve Rachford is suspected of murdering Harriet Clarke. We need to keep her under supervision and take her back to the station to be interrogated once she recovers.”

Armand acted as if he did not hear them. He looked at the door of the operating room calmly, a bone-chilling aura radiating from him.

The police officers shivered and abruptly stepped back.

Less than two minutes later, more footsteps approached and two more people appeared in front of the operating room.

Cooper had been locked up for crashing into a police car and assaulting an officer, so he only managed to show up now. When he heard that Genevieve had returned to Jadeborough, he had instantly made his way over.

He had thought that Genevieve needed his help, yet little did he expect to find himself standing before the operating room.

He did not wear his glasses today and thus, the redness in his eyes and the dark shadows underneath them were put on display for everyone to see. He did not look as charismatic as before.

He glanced at the operating room, the door to which was still tightly shut.

When he spotted the police officers next to him, his gaze sharpened at once. “What are the police doing here?”

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“Genevieve Rachford is suspected of murder. She’s a fugitive,” one of them said.

“Murder?” Cooper scoffed. He undid some of the buttons on his shirt so that his skin could breathe. “I heard that Old Mrs. Faulkner died suddenly, and there are many reasons for people to die a sudden death. If you guys are suspecting Genevieve just because she was alone with her, then I must say you guys are too much of a failure as police officers.”

The policeman began to stutter after getting shot down by Cooper.

“Sir, you are seriously obstructing us from enforcing the law.”

The policeman looked toward one of his colleagues, who immediately pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

A besuited man standing next to Cooper instantly stepped in front of him and smiled warmly. “Officers, Mr. Sutton was simply sharing his suspicions. Taking someone into custody for no reason isn’t good, and besides...”

He trailed off as he pointed at a surveillance camera in the corner above them.

“Our every move is being recorded on that surveillance camera over there. If you try to start something with Mr. Sutton and we end up going to court, the surveillance camera footage will be used as evidence. You guys don’t want to be going over this in court because of a few harsh words, right?”

The man was all smiles as he spoke, but his words were sharp and venomous. The police officers’ faces clouded over at once.

The one holding the handcuffs no longer dared to move.

Marilyn’s eyes flickered when she caught sight of the man next to Cooper intimidating the police officers.

Wasn’t Cooper and Genevieve’s divorce a messy one? I even heard that Cooper was the one who killed Genevieve’s parents... So why is he helping her now?

Marilyn had finally managed to get the cops here. She wasn’t about to give up this chance to send Genevieve to jail.

“If she truly has nothing to do with my grandmother’s death, then there won’t be a problem with her just going along with the investigation. Why did she run away?” Marilyn approached them slowly with a hand behind her back.

Her stomach was already sticking out like a watermelon. Even clothes thrice her size couldn’t hide it, but her features were still defined and pretty.

The police officers stepped aside. It was as if they were afraid of touching Marilyn.

Once she approached them, she looked up at Cooper and said clearly, “She’s guilty, and that’s why she ran away. She definitely has something to do with my grandmother’s death! I’ll bet everything I have to make sure she gets arrested for what she’s done. Otherwise, my grandmother won’t be able to rest peacefully!”

“She’s not guilty. She can’t even speak now because her vocal cords got damaged. She won’t be able to give an alibi or answer any questions at the station,” Cooper said, staring right back at Marilyn. “Are you trying to force her to confess, Ms. Wood?”

Marilyn pressed her lips together tightly. “I never said that. Don’t you put words in my mouth.”

Cooper chuckled.

“Yes, you didn’t say anything, but the urgent look on your face is showing how much you hate Genevieve. I’ve sent people and did a little investigating on my own. Both the hospital and the police station are so far from the Faulkner residence, and yet they arrived soon after Genevieve stepped into the study room. Did they predict Old Mrs. Faulkner’s death or something? Also”—Cooper took two steps toward Marilyn—“before she went to meet Old Mrs. Faulkner at the Faulkner residence, she had gone to do a check-up at the hospital. Her vocal cords were still broken, and there are records to prove it. So how can a person who cannot speak force an old woman to her death?”

Cooper was even more overbearing than the lawyer next to him. Just a few sentences from him were enough to make Marilyn panic because she knew she did not do a good job.

Still, she thought stubbornly, it’s not like there are surveillance cameras on the second-floor corridor. No one will ever find out how she died.

“Mando,” Marilyn whined, shaking Armand’s arm, “I’m not good at reasoning with people. I can’t win Mr. Sutton in an argument. But all the housekeepers can prove that Genevieve has something to do with Grandma’s death! Everybody in the Faulkner family wants to know why Grandma died. Are you just going to let Genevieve go like that?”

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Perhaps it was because of Marilyn's overly tight grip on Armand's arm. He finally lowered his incessant stare from the operating room to her.

His gaze was deep, yet icy cold. Marilyn felt her heart skip a beat out of fear.

Armand looked at the police officers. "I've notified the station that I will take care of this case. Where did you learn that she had returned to Jadeborough?"

"W-Well..." the police officer that he was looking at stuttered. "Genevieve Rachford was wanted nationwide. She was spotted by a kind-hearted citizen when she returned to Jadeborough. That citizen called us, and that's how we found her."

"Who is this kind-hearted citizen? Give me their phone number."

"Mr. Faulkner, Genevieve Rachford is suspected of murder. It's only right that we take her to the station," the police officer said. "Are you trying to cover her up?"

Armand narrowed his eyes and said in a cold tone, "She can't speak. Besides, you've checked the phone that was left at the scene of the crime. Did you find any evidence that Genevieve was guilty?"

Marilyn could already see the cold sweat forming on the police officers' foreheads at Armand's questioning. After all, she knew his tricks.

She was afraid that if he continued his interrogation, the police officers might not be able to keep things under wraps.

Her face paled. She held her stomach in pain and called out, "My stomach hurts... Mando..."

The police officer caught sight of her meaningful glance and bowed to Armand. "Since you wish to settle this on your own, Mr. Faulkner, we will no longer interfere with this case."

After that, he hurriedly left with his colleagues.

Marilyn was still clutching Armand's shirt. She leaned against him and said, "Mando, the baby is kicking me. Can you take me to a doctor?"

Armand's eyes glinted, and his aura became even more intimidating, causing Marilyn to shiver in fright.

To her surprise, he picked her up and brought her to the other corridor.

Marilyn finally let go of the anxiety in her heart. She wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned against his chest.

She knew that this man only loved her.

Cooper only knew that Genevieve had been receiving a dilation and curettage procedure when the door to the operating room opened and the doctor walked out.

His heart ached.

The moment Genevieve was sent to the ward, he followed closely after her.

That night, when he saw her run to the car by the side of the road, giggling as she talked to whoever was inside and pulling the man to the car behind them, and later, her tweet, he knew that she was deeply in love with Armand, and she wasn't even hiding it.

Cooper leaned down and caressed Genevieve's cold cheek with his fingers gently.

He was heartbroken and remorseful, and he blamed himself.

If he had been smarter and realized sooner that he had simply been someone else's pawn for the last twenty years, then all of his revenge wouldn't have been necessary.

He wouldn't have ruined the Rachford family, nor would he have lost her.

They grew up together, after all. In fact, he had long been in love with her, but he just wasn't willing to admit it.

Suddenly, Cooper's hand was forcefully removed from Genevieve's face.

The man's grip was so strong that Cooper felt his wrist was about to snap in half.

Armand stood next to him and furrowed his brows. "What are you doing to my wife?"

"Your wife?" Cooper scoffed, holding back the pain from his wrist. "Your relationship with Genevieve is just business. This whole marriage is a farce. She may have loved you once upon a time, but not anymore—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Cooper felt a click at his wrist. The pain that shot up his arm was almost numbing.

He gritted his teeth to swallow the pain and looked up at Armand. He wasn't afraid of the chilly aura emanating from the other man as he said, "She lost the babies. There's nothing between you two anymore."

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Armand raised an eyebrow at Cooper's words. "Even if our marriage is fake, that's between the two of us. We don't need you to butt in."

"I raised her! Of course I should butt in!" Cooper said firmly.

He knew there was no way he could have a fair fight against the Faulkner family or Armand, but he had already lost her once and he wasn't about to do it again.

Even if he were to lose his life this time around, he wanted to protect Genevieve.

He couldn't defeat Armand on his own, but there were too many people who wanted Armand dead.

As long as he could drag Armand down, he didn't care who he had to work together with.

Armand spotted a nearly undetectable emotion in Cooper's eyes.

Almost immediately, he felt as if someone had shoved cotton balls into his throat and blocked his airway, stopping him from breathing smoothly.

This time, he used enough force to completely dislocate Cooper's wrist before tossing him away like a piece of rubbish.

Cooper stumbled backward and tried his best to stand still as his right hand hung next to him weakly.

"Cooper, it was all because of you that she lost her parents and her family." Armand snorted. "If it weren't for me, do you think you would have been able to see her and apologize to her?"

Cooper's heart ached when he remembered what he had done, but he quickly said, "I really did love Genev, but I trusted the wrong people and made a mistake. I still have a lot of time to stay by her side and redeem myself, but you, Mr. Faulkner, you're a bigger douchebag than I was. All you did was use her and win her over. You already killed two people yourself. How clean do you think your hands are?"

Armand's eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Suddenly, the door opened.

Timothy walked in with his hands in the pockets of his white coat. He said lazily, "I can hear you guys bickering from the corridor."

He leaned against the door frame and reminded them, "Genevieve's mental state isn't the best right now, and she's just suffered a miscarriage. She needs to rest. If either of you guys really loved her, then you wouldn't be arguing next to her bed."

Cooper looked down and sighed in relief when he saw Genevieve sleeping peacefully.

He didn't continue arguing with Armand as he brushed past Timothy and walked out.

His lawyer had been outside waiting for him this whole time. The moment Cooper walked out, the both of them left together.

He was about to ask Cooper if he wanted to stop by the orthopedic department for his wrist when he saw the other man snap his own wrist back into place.

The lawyer simply watched speechlessly.

"Go back and get two bodyguards to watch over her. Just stand guard in the shadows," Cooper instructed his lawyer as he massaged his wrist.

He paused before saying, "Also, prepare another contract."

"Understood."

After Cooper left, Timothy brought Armand to his office. He locked the door and took out a few cans of beer from his mini fridge and passed one to Armand after opening it.

Feeling rather frustrated, Armand grabbed the can and downed half of the content.

His brow was still tightly furrowed.

"I'm drinking with you because I'm not on duty today. Otherwise, I'd have long kicked you out," Timothy said, then took a few gulps of beer. He put down his can and looked at Armand. "I told you to tell Genevieve right off the bat, didn't I? It would have been fine if she had just turned you down back then. But you used Old Mrs. Faulkner forcing you to get married as an excuse to play with Genevieve's feelings. Good job, Armand! The Oscars is just around the corner. If you were nominated, you would definitely win the prize for Best Actor!"

On any other day, Armand would have already kicked Timothy and sent him flying.

However, he was in no mood for that today.

Armand downed can after can of beer, and he quickly finished everything that Timothy had brought out. He was beginning to show signs of depression.

As soon as he allowed himself to zone out, the blood dripping down Genevieve's leg came to his mind.

It was crimson red.

It was almost as if he could smell the blood again.

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Armand's heart went numb again. He crushed the can of beer in his hand again and said hoarsely, "Help her recover as soon as possible with the best treatment you have here."

Timothy chuckled. "The damage that a miscarriage does to a body is irreversible. Medicine or treatment won't change a thing. You should be thankful that she only suffered a little blood loss and didn't bleed profusely. If she had, not even the gods could have saved her."

Here, he paused and asked in confusion, "Why did you go to all those lengths? You could have just gotten some blood from her. Why did you have to make things so complicated?"

He gulped down two mouthfuls of beer and smirked at the thought of something.

"Is it because Marilyn betrayed you and went off with Samuel? You resented her so much that you married Genevieve to get revenge on her? You wanted to get revenge, but at the same time, you just couldn't let her go, right?"

Armand looked down and said plainly, "No."

"Then tell me why exactly you had to marry Genevieve," Timothy said with a raised eyebrow. "Don't even think of lying to me. I know that you were prepared to only pretend to marry the last two socialites who wanted to marry you, and yet you and Genevieve actually got your marriage certificate. Why do you have to protect someone as evil as

Marilyn? Why must you go to the extent of asking me to protect the baby in her stomach?"

"All you have to do is follow whatever I say," Armand said as he leaned back in his chair, his eyes grim.

Timothy scoffed, "So I'm your friend only when you need something from me? Now that I'm asking you something, I'm a stranger, am I? If you don't say anything, I'm going to assume that you still have feelings for Marilyn!"

Armand sat there in silence.

A long time later, he took his phone out of his pocket and clicked on something before showing it to Timothy.

"You wanted to know why, right? Look."

Timothy looked down at the picture on the screen.

What is that?

When he saw the words in the picture, he looked up at Armand in shock.

The latter sat there expressionlessly, and when he spoke, it was with barely any emotion in his tone.

"Samuel knew everything at that time, and yet he chose to die for me. Before he died, he told me to take care of Marilyn and her child. So no matter what she does, I can't lay a finger on her. And more importantly, I have to make sure her child is born safely."

Armand had never told Timothy anything before, and he had always gone along with everything that Marilyn had done. Even if Marilyn had killed someone, he would get rid of the evidence for her.

That was why Timothy had always been under the impression that Armand still had feelings for Marilyn after their thirteen years together.

Only now did he know that Armand had been carrying so much on his back.

"You don't have to shoulder this all alone," Timothy said. "Samuel is dead now. The secret died with him."

"He told me those things before he died. He must have known everything much earlier before and could have left something behind." Armand crushed the can in his hand. "He could have even left a clue or something."

After saying that, Armand tapped the table. "Get me two more cans of beer."

"This is an office! It's already good enough that I have a few cans in here," Timothy said as he rolled his eyes and passed him the can he was originally holding. "There's more than half in here. Want it?"

Armand gave him a disgusted look and pulled his hand back. "Who the hell wants to drink your saliva?"

"You used to drink out of my bottle back when we were students! Stop acting all pure and untainted," Timothy said with disdain. He lifted his can and drank a mouthful.

Weirdly enough, the alcohol seemed to have wakened Timothy up.

He frowned and said, "Wait. But all of that has nothing to do with marrying Genevieve. Why did you drag her into this?"

"I have a lot of stuff to do back at the company. I'll be going now. Take good care of her for me," Armand said, ignoring Timothy's question.

He stood up and left right after saying that.

Timothy looked at the closed office door. He was utterly confused

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Genevieve did not know how long she was unconscious. By the time she came to, she was lying in a hospital ward, dressed in a patient's gown.

Sunlight streamed in through the windows and warmed the ward slightly.

She tried to push herself up in bed and poured herself a cup of water from a jug on a nearby table.

Just then, someone opened the door.

Steven came in. When he saw that Genevieve was awake, he froze slightly in surprise. He quickly recovered himself and rushed over to help her.

"That's fine. I'm feeling much better after a good sleep." Genevieve rejected his help with a smile. She lifted the glass jug and poured herself a cup of warm water.

Steven's gaze traveled over Genevieve's face as she slowly sipped her water.

He was relieved to notice that some color had returned to her cheeks and that her gaze was more focused.

Steven only learned about Genevieve's stress-induced miscarriage from Armand after he sent Patrick's body for cremation. He feared she would try to take her life again over Patrick's death.

Genevieve's throat felt a lot less scratchy after she downed a cup of water. "How long have I been asleep, Steven?"

"Three days," Steven replied honestly. "You were very stressed, and you—"

"I had a miscarriage, right?" Genevieve merely smiled and stroked her belly in the face of Steven's nervous stutter. "I wouldn't have wanted the baby anyway even if I hadn't had a miscarriage."

Steven tactfully changed the topic and asked, "You haven't eaten in several days, Mrs. Faulkner. Would you like to get some oatmeal delivered here?"

"That would be nice. Thank you." Genevieve nodded in response.

Steven hurriedly made a call, and ten minutes later, someone arrived with a steaming container of chicken oatmeal.

Genevieve got off the bed and approached the dining table in the ward. She opened the carrier and took out the chicken oatmeal. As she opened the takeout container, she asked Steven, "Has Patrick been laid to rest?"

The thought of his brother's pale, lifeless face caused Steven's heart to twinge in pain. He suppressed his sorrow and replied, "I was picking a burial plot for Patrick earlier, but there were some delays. He will be laid to rest the day after tomorrow. And also, Mrs. Faulkner..."

He trailed off as he produced a green envelope and a small wooden figurine from his suit pocket, which he handed to Genevieve.

Steven had planned to burn them without Genevieve's knowledge, yet after reading Patrick's scheduled email, he relented and brought the items over for Genevieve.

"Patrick left these for you."

Genevieve opened the green envelope. It held a card and a photograph.

Her gaze landed on the photograph, and she was immediately enraptured by the boundless sea captured in it.

The reddish hues of the sunset dappled the sea, but they did not conceal the beautiful, pure color of the blue sea.

“What a beautiful ocean,” Genevieve muttered in awe.

She flipped the photograph over and noticed some words written on the back.

How can I stop my soul from drawing closer to yours? How can I simply pass you by in search of other sights?

Steven watched as Genevieve stared at the back of the photograph. He did not try to read the words scribbled on the back. Instead, he said, “Patrick had this card made when he was in Romdale. I’ve been safeguarding it for him until now. He recently asked for it and transferred five hundred million into its linked account. That’s in Anglanduran currency. He wants you to have it.”

Genevieve murmured an acknowledgment before placing the photograph and the card back in the green envelope. Then, she turned her attention to the small wooden figurine.

It was a stunningly realistic carving of her.

One could even see the radiant smile on the wooden figurine.

Genevieve’s fingers brushed over the wooden figurine before she picked it up. She recalled seeing Patrick with a chisel in his hands when she once dropped by with cream puffs. Back then, he said he was carving something for fun.

It turned out he had been carving a figurine of her.

Tears pricked Genevieve’s eyes. She tried her best to blink them away.

After collecting herself somewhat, she raised her head and looked at Steven. “He wanted to bring me to Kransbay. He said the ocean there was beautiful. Steven... could you leave half of his ashes to me?”

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Steven fell into silence but did not reject Genevieve’s request.

“Sure.”

That drew a faint smile from Genevieve, who replied, “Thank you, Steven.”

After she finished a bowl of chicken oatmeal, Steven summoned Timothy to her ward.

Timothy was surprised to see Genevieve in such a calm mood. After he inspected her charts, he told her that there were no serious health issues to worry about. “You can be discharged tomorrow if you want.”

“Tomorrow it is, then. I don’t like the smell of hospitals.” Then, Genevieve asked Steven to help her settle the hospital discharge procedures.

Steven left the ward soon after.

Before he exited the hospital, he called Armand and reported Genevieve’s condition to him as well as her desire to leave the hospital the next day.

After some time, Armand said, “I’ll fetch her from the hospital tomorrow morning.”

The next morning, Genevieve was in decent spirits when she awoke.

She washed up in the restroom and changed into a set of new clothes and shoes that Steven had had someone send over the night before. After that, she ordered herself some breakfast.

Right then, someone knocked on her door. Cooper had turned up before Armand.

He was wearing a light gray shirt and a pair of rimless spectacles. With his oblong face shape and the lack of any light on his face, he came across as rather cold.

“Genev,” Cooper called out as he hurried into the room.

He seemed to have something more to say to her, yet nothing came out of his mouth for a long time.

“Take a seat.” Genevieve tilted her jaw toward a chair opposite her before returning her attention to an apple she was peeling deftly.

Rings of apple peel fell on the floor.

Cooper found her far too calm and composed after she woke up from her coma.

She seems like a whole new person.

After watching her for a moment longer, Cooper pulled the chair opposite her and sat down.

He placed the folder in his left hand on the table and added a black flash drive atop it. "A year ago, Dad... your dad and mom wanted to get you a birthday present from the mall. I asked someone to tamper with their car."

He had been ruthless and cold-hearted when he arranged the sabotage.

Now, however, he struggled to confess to his wrongdoing. His words came out garbled as though something was choking his windpipe.

He swallowed nervously before continuing, "I killed them. All the evidence about the crime is on this black flash drive. You can hand it to the police and incriminate me. This folder contains a share transfer agreement stating that I'll pass all my shares in Specter Corporation to you. It goes into effect once you sign it."

Genevieve cut her peeled apple into cubes. She casually tossed a piece into her mouth and ate in silence.

Cooper did not continue speaking, his whole body fraught with tension.

He knew no amount of apologies would forgive his horrid actions. He could not escape the fact that he had orchestrated her parents' deaths.

A long time passed before Genevieve picked up the flash drive and threw it into a cup beside her. The device slowly sank deeper as she said, "My parents are dead, Cooper. They can't come back even if I send you to jail. Plus, you've been someone else's pawn for the past twenty years. I won't be looking for you if I'm seeking revenge."

After that, she lifted her head. Her gaze roved over Cooper's face before landing on his eyes.

She could clearly see his narrow, long eyes through his rimless spectacles.

Although Patrick never completed his investigation on her behalf, she had already known the answer based on the two identical faces that surfaced in her mind.

That was the true reason she did not need the flash drive.

Faced with her piercing gaze, Cooper bit his lip nervously and asked, "Is there something on my face?"

"No. I was just thinking that you haven't changed one bit, Coop." Genevieve shook her head and continued eating her apple. In between bites, she added, "If you're sincere

about atoning for your sins, manage Specter Corporation properly on my behalf. You know I don't have a brain for business. The company will be useless in my hands."

Cooper never imagined his pet name would sound as sweet as it did from her mouth until today.

The despair in his heart slowly melted away.

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Cooper adjusted his spectacles as a small smile curved his lips. "All right. I won't let you down."

I won't let Samantha off the hook, either.

That woman had been consumed with hatred just because Cooper's father had left her. It had spurred her to kill Cooper's entire family in a fire and manipulate Cooper like a pawn over the past twenty or so years.

If not for Samantha's revenge, his and Genevieve's relationship would not have ended in ruin.

Genevieve passed Cooper an apple piece. He popped it into his mouth and relished its impossibly sweet taste. He asked, "When will you divorce Armand, Genev? Even if he doesn't involve the police in his grandmother's sudden death, he may decide to settle the score with you in private. Maybe I should get you a lawyer and—"

"I'm not divorcing him," she cut him off.

Cooper was stunned by her reply. He wondered if he had misheard her. "Why aren't you divorcing him? Wait? D-Do you still love him?"

Genevieve merely smiled instead of gratifying him with a verbal response.

Then, she picked up her phone on the table. Her fingers flew across the screen as she said to her ex-husband, "Marilyn has a violin named 'Night Breeze.' Please get it back for me. If she refuses, show her this video I'm sending to you."

Cooper unlocked his phone and watched the video.

In it, Genevieve looked straight at the camera and recounted an incident.

Right before the video ended, Genevieve raised three fingers toward the sky and declared, "If a fourth person learns about this, I deserve to perish immediately and suffer for all eternity in hell with no chance for repentance."

Cooper was dumbfounded after watching the video. His shock lingered on his expression as he stared at Genevieve and muttered, "So fourteen years ago, you and Armand..."

He trailed off before asking, "Did Armand mistake you for Marilyn?"

"That's not important anymore." Genevieve ate the apple pieces leisurely, seemingly at peace with the past incident. "Show Marilyn the video. I'm sure she'll hand over the violin."

Cooper murmured an acknowledgment before keeping his phone. "I'll ask to meet her tomorrow. Are you getting discharged today? I see you've packed your luggage."

"Yes. I informed Steven of my decision yesterday."

He was about to offer her a ride home when someone opened the door before he could even leave his seat. A tall, imposing figure stepped into the room.

The man's gaze swept across the room and landed on the dining table. His gaze cooled several degrees when he noticed Genevieve and Cooper sitting together.

Armand side-eyed Cooper briefly before turning his attention to Genevieve. He asked, "Do you have anything to pack? I came to send you back."

Cooper turned to stare at Genevieve and piped up, "I'll send you back, Genev."

"Mr. Sutton, I don't need you to send my wife home." Armand stuck a hand in his pocket and exuded an intimidating aura. His frown deepened as he questioned, "Don't you think you're crossing the line?"

"Genev is like a younger sister to me. What's wrong with me sending her home?" Cooper replied with a smile.

The atmosphere in the ward instantly changed.

Genevieve pretended not to notice the tension in the air as she leisurely wiped her fingers with a tissue. "I married Mr. Faulkner. It's perfectly normal for him to fetch me from the hospital."

Her words caused Cooper's gaze to darken in jealousy. His hands clenched almost imperceptibly.

Genevieve took her phone from the table and strolled over to Armand. She held his arm and smiled. "I don't have anything to pack. Let's go."

Armand stared at the hand she placed over his arm and then at her calm expression. He grunted in agreement and led her out of the ward.

Right before they left the ward, she turned to glance at Cooper and remind him, "Thanks for the favor, Coop. Call me if you need anything."

She even waved her phone at him for good measure.

Her endearing address wiped away all hints of displeasure from Cooper's face. He smiled and nodded at her. Armand, who witnessed all of this, narrowed his eyes menacingly.

Soon enough, they arrived at the hospital parking lot. Genevieve had just settled in the passenger seat when Armand leaned over to inspect her.

He raised a hand as though to cup her jaw, yet his hand froze when he noticed how sharp her jawline had become. His heart ached as he realized how much weight she had lost during her stay in the hospital.

Suddenly, his hand stretched forward and cupped the back of her head. He pulled her close and growled, "Coop?"

Armand stared intently at her and sneered, "Did you forget who killed your parents, Genevieve?"