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“Genevieve, they’re saying you had something to do with the sudden death of Old Mrs. Faulkner. Why were you at the Faulkner residence?” asked one of her colleagues.

Genevieve fell silent for a moment before saying, “Would you guys believe me if I told you that Mr. Faulkner is my husband?”

They had considered that possibility when they saw how Genevieve’s ring matched Armand’s, but they dismissed that thought due to the huge difference between the two.

Because they were clearly worlds apart, no one believed Genevieve when she actually told them about it.

One of her colleagues even laughed at her as she said, “Hahaha! You sure are a funny one, Genevieve! If you’re Mr. Faulkner’s wife, then I’m his second wife!”

The other colleagues laughed along with her when they heard that.

“I just wanted to lighten up the mood for you guys!” Genevieve felt her heart ache when she recalled how Harriet looked during her time of death, and she tightened her grip on her mug as she continued, “Marilyn used to teach me the violin, so she’s kind of my teacher too. I went over to the Faulkner residence because she invited me over for coffee. Who would’ve known Old Mrs. Faulkner would have an accident like that all of a sudden? Her death has nothing to do with me, though!”

“But why would the police come after you if you had nothing to do with it? I heard the car got hijacked while you were being taken to the police station, and you ran away after that.”

Everything they’ve heard is from the news reports. No pictures of that incident have been leaked.

With that in mind, Genevieve said, “That’s all untrue. You know how the media loves coming up with stuff to gain views, right? The police came to the Faulkner residence and interviewed everyone after Old Mrs. Faulkner died, but no one was taken to the police station. I got drenched by the rain on my way back, so I ended up catching a cold. Combine that with my injured vocal cords, and I have been suffering...”

She then glanced at them and asked after a brief pause, "Think about it, would I have been able to show up for work today if I were truly responsible for Old Mrs. Faulkner's death?"

She's right! That's Mr. Faulkner's grandma we're talking about! Rumor has it that he's Old Mrs. Faulkner's favorite grandson, so he'd definitely go after Genevieve if she truly did cause her death!

"The media sure is despicable! Not only did they make baseless accusations, but they even published edited photographs!" one of the colleagues exclaimed at the thought of that.

"I know, right?"

As all of Genevieve's explanations made perfect sense, her colleagues stopped suspecting her and quickly gossiped about something else.

However, the topic of their conversation took a turn for the worse as they started asking about her second husband's identity.

Since it was time for lunch, Genevieve used that as an excuse to avoid answering their questions.

As she headed over to the cafeteria with her colleagues, those from the other departments recognized her and began murmuring among themselves.

Genevieve pretended to not hear them and simply ordered her food like she always did.

After sitting down at a table, the colleagues began to gossip about the latest celebrity news while Genevieve listened in on the conversation.

Due to being deaf in her left ear, Genevieve was oblivious to the surrounding colleagues asking, "Isn't that Mr. Sutton from Specter Corporation? What's he doing here?"

It wasn't until a tall figure stood beside her and tapped on the table that Genevieve realized someone was there.

"What are you doing at Central Group?" she asked in surprise when she saw that it was Cooper.

"To discuss business." Cooper adjusted his glasses as he continued, "The discussion ended when it was time for lunch, so the secretarial department let me have lunch here before leaving."

"Huh? Mr. Faulkner invited you over?" Genevieve thought she had misheard him.

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Cooper then asked his assistant Christopher to buy him lunch before telling the other colleagues with a smile, "Sorry, but I'd like to have a private conversation with Genev here."

His handsome appearance and glasses made him look like a gentleman despite his evil deeds.

He looked so attractive that he even charmed one of her colleagues with his smile.

They nodded and quickly moved over to another table but kept their gaze fixated on the two as they gossiped among each other.

"I have a feeling that Cooper didn't actually come here to discuss business. I think he's here to see Genevieve!"

"The way he looked at her was so kind and gentle! Do you think they're getting remarried soon?"

"Wait, who is Genevieve's new husband? Could it be that she actually remarried Cooper and is simply keeping it a secret?"

"That does sound possible..."

As Genevieve's colleagues continued to gossip about them, Cooper pulled up a chair and sat down in front of Genevieve.

"Armand has an uncle named Peter Faulkner. His men have caught Erica and found lots of classified documents belonging to Specter Corporation. He even has pictures of me and Erica," he said softly.

"What kind of documents? Would it cause damage to the company?" Genevieve asked.

"I got worried about Erica making copies of the company's classified documents when I couldn't find her back then, so I had my men handle the situation as soon as possible. Fortunately, she didn't cause too much damage. After that, Peter sent me some of the pictures and asked me to meet him in Xedells. Said he wanted to discuss business with me," Cooper replied.

“According to the financial news, someone from the Faulkner family has bought shares in Specter Corporation,” Genevieve said as she recalled asking Armand in Springwyn if he had bought those shares.

Armand claimed that it wasn't him who did it.

Cooper nodded. “It was Peter who purchased those shares. He now holds six percent of Specter Corporation's shares, making him one of the company's shareholders.”

Their conversation was interrupted when Christopher came over with his lunch. He then placed the food down on the table and handed them two glasses of iced lemon tea.

Cooper put a straw in one of the glasses and placed it next to Genevieve as he continued, “I was wondering why Peter would take an interest in Specter Corporation when there were tons of other companies in Jadeborough. I later found out that he deliberately invested in Specter Corporation because he knew about you marrying Armand.”

Being a fairly smart woman, Genevieve easily figured out what he was implying. “So, he's planning on using you to go after Armand?”

“Correct. In order to consolidate the Faulkner family, Armand's father married a third wife after becoming the head of the family. As you know, Cesar later died in a plane crash. Since the higher-ups in Faulkner Group were on Peter's side, everyone assumed he should take over the company. However, Old Mrs. Faulkner said Peter's old-fashioned management methods simply weren't suitable for Faulkner Group. She believed that the company needed innovation, so she ignored their objections and put Armand in charge instead. With the exception of Samantha, Armand removed all of Peter's supporters from the board of shareholders after inheriting the company,” Cooper replied while munching on his food.

Genevieve had done some digging on the Faulkner family in order to better understand them, but the information she managed to find was quite limited.

As such, she gasped in shock when she heard what Cooper said.

Peter had always hated Armand for taking over the company, so the latter mercilessly removing the former's supporters only fueled his hatred even further.

Instead of asking Cooper what Peter had told him and how he would go against Armand, Genevieve simply sipped on her iced lemon tea as she asked, “What about that thing I had you look into? Did you manage to find any information?”

“I've already sent it to you on WhatsApp,” Cooper replied.

Genevieve instantly put her fork down and checked the message on her phone.

Noticing the tiny chunks of carrot in her food, Cooper picked them out and ate them on the spot.

The surrounding employees of Central Group had been eyeing them the whole time, so they were shocked when they saw what happened.

Timothy happened to be buying lunch in the cafeteria at the time, so he caught sight of Cooper eating Genevieve's food.

Huh... How interesting...

Timothy secretly recorded a short clip of it before leaving with his food.

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Upon reaching the CEO's office, Timothy opened the door and saw Armand standing next to the window while speaking on the phone.

Not wanting to interrupt, he casually made his way over to the couch and began eating his lunch in silence.

Timothy waited until Armand had gotten off the phone before asking, "Armand, guess who I saw at the cafeteria just now?"

"Cooper, because I invited him over," Armand replied while retrieving his lunch.

Still unsure of what he was playing at, Timothy asked, "Huh? What do you mean? Are you saying that you invited him over to have lunch with your wife?"

Armand frowned. "He's with Genevieve?"

"Yup! They're having a great time chatting over lunch right now! Everyone in the cafeteria is watching them!" Timothy replied while showing him the footage he recorded.

As the video was recorded from behind Genevieve, all Armand could see was her slender back.

Cooper would look up at Genevieve with an incredibly gentle gaze from time to time as he spoke.

On top of that, him eating the carrots in her food also suggested that he remembered her dislike toward carrots.

It was a tiny detail, but it made them seem a lot more intimate than most other couples out there.

As Timothy was sitting next to Armand, he could clearly see Armand's expression turn gloomy with each passing second. "How does it feel to see your wife dining with another man, Armand? Judging by your expression, I'd say you're angry. We're both men, so I can tell that you're obviously jealous. I heard Genevieve's car crashed into yours when she got married a year ago. Was that when you set your sights on her? You already knew about the trap that Old Mrs. Faulkner laid out at the hotel, and you also knew about Erica's and Cooper's plans. That's why you had someone swap your rooms. You also chose to ignore what Cooper did later on because you needed them to get divorced. It was the only way to have Genevieve get with you."

"Did Steven tell you that?" Armand asked with a grim look in his eyes.

"His lips are sealed tighter than a nervous clam, so there's no way I'd get anything out of him! All of that information is actually available on the internet. I simply did a little digging around and analyzed my findings. Who would've thought I'd hit the nail on the head, eh? Tsk, tsk, tsk... And people say Cooper is a cunning man. In my opinion, you're in a whole other league compared to him!"

Noticing no response from Armand whatsoever, Timothy pressed on, "So, do you really like Genevieve?"

"Don't you already have it all figured out, genius? Why even bother asking?" Armand snapped back at him coldly.

Timothy took a sip of his soda as he asked in confusion, "Because I'm curious! You dated Marilyn for thirteen years, but I didn't see you get this mad when she left you for Samuel! What made you fall for Genevieve? Was it love at first sight?"

Armand lowered his gaze. "I don't know."

Most people would only get more attached to their respective significant others over time, but that didn't seem to be the case for Armand.

He missed the days when he couldn't see due to his eye injury as Marilyn would keep him company and play the violin for him. She sounded like a hamster when she chewed on her food, and hearing that would always put a gentle smile on his face.

Armand had tried visualizing her appearance countless times while he was still unable to see.

However, he felt nothing in his heart when he finally removed his bandages and saw the pretty girl standing before him.

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While the two of them were dating, Armand took Marilyn on trips around the world, attended all of her concerts, and even gave her all the presents she wanted.

Even so, the feelings he had for her were completely gone without him even realizing it.

Thinking that marrying Marilyn would solve the issue of him not loving her deeply enough, he had Steven prepare a ring for his proposal.

Unfortunately, all that awaited him was the news of Samuel heading over to the Wood residence for her hand in marriage.

Although Armand had liked her and dated her for thirteen years, he felt no anger from her betrayal whatsoever. If anything, he actually felt relieved as if a boulder had just been lifted off his chest.

Timothy chuckled. "You don't know if you like Genevieve? As if you'd have her hotel changed if you didn't like her! Heck, you even married her so you could keep her by your side! Also, you wouldn't be getting so mad right now if you don't like her!"

Armand looked up at him. "Am I mad?"

Timothy nodded. "Yes, you are. I felt the rage emanating from your body when you saw that video of them having lunch together. You looked like you wanted to snap Cooper's neck! Just admit it, Armand. Even I can clearly see that you like Genevieve. Come on, it's perfectly normal for a guy to have feelings for a girl! Besides, Genevieve might've ended up committing suicide if it weren't for you!"

Armand simply kept quiet and sipped on his coffee.

Is that so? Maybe it started when she came knocking on my car window to apologize after our cars crashed. Her bright smile and pretty eyes brought my dead heart back to life. Or, maybe it happened later on when I kept having dreams of her beautiful eyes. That's probably why I stepped in after finding out about Cooper's plans.

“Still, your feelings might’ve come a little too late, Armand.”

The smile on Timothy’s face faded as he continued, “I asked Genevieve to get admitted into the hospital when she came over the other day. She said she’d drop by with you later that night, and her eyes were filled with joy when she mentioned you. Her behavior hasn’t changed since the miscarriage, but something seems to have disappeared from her eyes.”

Armand felt like his coffee had turned a lot more bitter after hearing Timothy’s words.

“I saw Genevieve at the hospital yesterday. She went to the gynecology department. I later asked the doctor what happened, and she told me that Genevieve had a tubal ligation done,” Timothy continued after a brief pause.

Armand’s hands were trembling so much that he lost his grip on the cup, causing the coffee to spill all over his pants and shoes.

An icy-cold sensation spread through his body, and it suffocated him so much that he could barely breathe.

The atmosphere in his office instantly fell into a dead silence.

Unable to stand the depressing energy in the air, Timothy tried to break the silence by speaking up. “See, Armand? This is what happens when you don’t pay attention to her. Had she not gotten pregnant and suffered a miscarriage—”

Armand cut him off by slamming his tightly-clenched fist into the coffee table, breaking it into pieces on the spot.

It happened so quickly and suddenly that Timothy was left frozen in shock.

As the things on the table fell to the floor, Armand muttered angrily through clenched teeth, “Get out!”

Fearing that the next punch would land on his face, Timothy quickly got up and left while mumbling to himself, “Geez, why lash out at me? I’m not the one who caused her miscarriage! All I did was tell the truth!”

The glass table had left a nasty cut on Armand’s hand, but he didn’t seem to feel any pain as he sat there staring blankly into space.

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After what seemed like forever, Armand tore off his necktie and wrapped it around his bleeding fist. He then grabbed his telephone and made an internal call. "Have a janitor come clean up my office."

Having finished lunch, Genevieve decided to walk Cooper and Christopher downstairs.

"Do you have friends you can trust in Xedells?" she asked while pushing the elevator button.

Cooper looked at her through the mirror's reflection. "I do have a few. What are you planning?"

"The Wood family needs housekeepers, right? Have your friend hire some locals from a maid agency. Pick those who are in their forties with poor financial backgrounds and lots of children to feed. I'll make some phone calls and have the guys at Xedells make the arrangements as soon as possible," Genevieve said with an eyebrow arched while sticking her hand into her pocket.

Oh, I know what she's going to do next. Good thing I'm still useful to her...

Cooper stepped out of the elevator with Christopher on the first floor.

"Is Ms. Rachford going to plant spies in the Wood family to monitor their every move?" Christopher asked curiously.

"Huh? You don't know?" Cooper asked.

"Is that not the case?"

Cooper smiled when he saw that Christopher, who was usually smart, was struggling to understand Genevieve's words. "This means her heart and mine are connected."

Having walked Cooper and Christopher to the door, Genevieve was about to return to her department when she got a phone call.

"I haven't had lunch. Buy me something from the cafeteria and bring it to my office," Armand said in his usual deep voice.

This was the first time he had called her after not seeing each other for so long.

Genevieve was actually enjoying his absence and wished it would drag on for another month or two, so Armand asking her to get him lunch put a frown on her face.

Despite cursing at him inside her head, Genevieve kept her tone light and friendly as she asked, "Okay, what would you like to have?"

"I'll let you decide."

"All right." Genevieve then hung up and bought lunch from the stall with the least amount of customers in line.

Three minutes later, she could be seen heading over to the CEO's office with the food in hand.

As most of the employees from the secretarial department had returned from their lunch break at the time, they were surprised to see Genevieve show up on the top floor.

After seeing her enter the CEO's office with the lunchbox in hand, they quickly gathered around and began discussing among themselves.

"Why is she bringing Mr. Faulkner lunch?"

"I heard she's really close with Mr. Sullivan's brother. Maybe he had her help deliver lunch because he was too busy?"

"Even if Mr. Sullivan is busy, he should be asking one of us for help! She isn't even from the secretarial department!"

Upon entering Armand's office, Genevieve saw him smoking a cigarette on the couch with his head held low and a blue-striped necktie wrapped around his right hand. He looked incredibly intimidating even though he was just sitting there.

"Hey, Mando," Genevieve called out to him while making her way toward him.

It wasn't until she got a little closer that she realized the coffee table still had a layer of bubble wrap on it. On top of that, its design didn't match the couch at all.

If anything, it looked like it was newly purchased.

Not wanting to give it much thought, she placed the lunch down on the coffee table and said, "I've brought you lunch like you requested."

Armand shot her a quick glance as he tossed his cigarette into the ashtray.

"My hand is injured. Look for the first aid kit and treat this wound for me."

"Okay," Genevieve replied with a smile and began looking around in his office.

She soon found the first aid kit in one of his drawers and sat down next to him on the couch.

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Armand then held his right hand up to her, and she slowly started removing the necktie.

His entire palm was covered in dried blood, and the flesh on the side of his fist looked like it had been slit open by a huge piece of glass.

Genevieve simply glanced at the wound before disinfecting it and wiping off the bloodstains around it.

As Armand lowered his head, his gaze fell upon the fair skin of her exposed nape.

“Why did you have lunch with Cooper earlier?” he asked calmly.

“Your secretary asked him to have lunch here before leaving. He came up to me when he saw me in the cafeteria. I can’t just ignore him and walk away, can I?” Genevieve replied without even looking at him.

Armand sneered. “Why not?”

“He came to do business with you, didn’t he? Behaving rudely toward him would give your employees a bad reputation,” Genevieve said.

“Everyone knows he’s your ex-husband. Have you forgotten what you posted on Twitter about him a few days ago? What would others think after seeing you have lunch with him today?” Armand asked coldly in a deep voice.

“How would they feel if they found out about me being your wife, then? You invited my ex-husband over to discuss business. I bet that’d shock them even more!” Genevieve snapped back at him with a snort.

Noticing that he was merely glaring coldly at her in silence, she sprayed some disinfectant on his wound and tossed the can back into the first aid kit.

“There, I’ve treated your wound. Can I go now?” she asked as she got to her feet.

“No.” Armand grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her onto his lap.

He then narrowed his eyes when he saw the faint mark on her right ring finger.

“Where’s the ring, Genevieve?” he asked.

Having been caught completely off guard, Genevieve blinked in surprise for a few seconds before replying calmly, “I lost a lot of weight a while back, and the ring slipped off my finger without me realizing it. I had Dagna help look for it, but she wasn’t able to find it.”

Hmm... Her fingers do indeed look a lot thinner than before...

“I’ll have a jewelry company send us a catalog so you can pick out a new pair of rings.”

Genevieve nodded. “Okay.”

“Give me your phone,” Armand said while holding his hand out.

Genevieve stared at him briefly before placing her phone in his bandaged hand. “The password is six ones in a row.”

With a gloomy look in his eyes, Armand unlocked her phone and deleted her two Twitter posts before handing it back to her.

“Genevieve, you are my wife for as long as we remain married. I may be doing business with Cooper, but I want you to stay away from him.”

“Armand, are you jealous?” Genevieve asked with a chuckle.

She then leaned in close as she continued, “There’s no reason for you to be jealous, okay? I know full well that I’m your wife, and I’ve been staying away from Mr. Sutton ever since I woke up after my miscarriage. He was the one who came to me today. As for the Twitter posts, I only did it for the sake of Specter Corporation’s stocks. It’d be a waste to not take advantage of my post’s popularity.”

Genevieve knew exactly what he was thinking and explained everything to him patiently, but her words only made his frown deepen.

“Wait for me after work. I’ll take your car home today,” Armand said calmly while letting go of her waist.

Genevieve stood up from his lap and adjusted her clothes. “Our department will be having a gathering tonight. Ms. Griffin says we’ll be having barbeque and karaoke, so I’ll be going home late.”

Although Armand was displeased by the timing of her gathering, he didn't stop her from going either. "Give Steven a call after the karaoke session. He'll go pick you up."

"That won't be necessary. I'm not feeling well, so I won't be drinking," Genevieve replied.

Recalling what Timothy told him about Genevieve's visit to the hospital yesterday, Armand said nothing further and simply watched as she left his office.

He furrowed his brows as he massaged his forehead and noticed the scent of her perfume on his bandages.

D*mn... How did we end up like this? Genevieve used to have a bright smile on her face all the time. Even when she couldn't speak, she would always look at me coquettishly to express her affection. Now, she looks like she's putting on an act all the time, both in front of me as well as others.

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Genevieve carried on with her work throughout the day, completely unaffected by the visit to Armand's office.

When it was almost time to get off work, her colleagues began discussing the transportation arrangements for those without cars.

That was when Genevieve realized her Pagani would stand out a little too much.

As she would always drive straight into the underground parking lot upon arrival with Patrick, not many in the office knew that it belonged to her.

When some of her colleagues requested to carpool with her, Genevieve quickly sent Steven a text to request for a more normal-looking car.

After getting off work, she had her colleagues wait in the parking lot and excused herself to the restroom to get the keys from Steven.

About ten minutes later, they saw Genevieve coming downstairs and followed her to a Mercedes-Benz.

“You drive a Mercedes-Benz to work? Your husband must make quite a lot of money, eh? What does he do for a living?” one of the colleagues asked curiously as she got into the car.

“Oh, he runs a company of his own!” Genevieve replied with a smile.

Central Group belongs to Armand, so that doesn't count as lying!

It wasn't long before they arrived at the barbeque restaurant and joined their other colleagues in a private room.

The food and drinks were served up when everyone sat down at the table.

Since Genevieve's colleagues knew about her previous throat condition, none of them forced her to drink that evening.

After finishing the food, they all headed over to the nearest karaoke bar.

“Why are you sitting here, Genevieve? You should go join them and sing a few songs!” Jenny asked as she came over with a glass of beer in hand.

Genevieve pointed at her throat and shook her head. “I'm practically tone-deaf. Besides, my throat isn't exactly in the best state right now.”

Not wanting to pressure her any further, Jenny simply clinked glasses with her and began chugging her drink down. “You know, I used to think that you're Patrick's girlfriend. After all, you two seem pretty close with each other, and Mr. Sullivan's always the one submitting your leave applications.”

She only found out that the two of them weren't a couple when she asked Steven about it the other day.

Genevieve forced a smile at her before shifting her gaze toward the glass of juice in her hand. “Had we met each other earlier, I might actually be his girlfriend.”

It's a shame that he died at the young age of twenty-four...

Jenny flashed her a mischievous grin upon hearing that. “Are you saying that you have feelings for Patrick? Still, why would he suddenly transfer to some overseas branch for no reason?”

Genevieve pursed her lips and remained silent.

Steven had kept an insanely tight lid on Patrick's death, so his classmates and they were the only ones who knew about it.

Jenny grew increasingly curious when she saw no response from Genevieve. She was about to ask some more questions when another colleague handed her the microphone. "Ms. Griffin, it's your turn to sing!"

Jenny then took the microphone over and started singing while the others drank and chatted the night away.

Feeling a little discomfort in her tummy after downing a few glasses of juice, Genevieve promised to buy them breakfast and quickly excused herself from the private room.

She then retrieved her car from the parking lot and drove off shortly after.

It was barely a few minutes into the drive home when her phone lit up on the passenger seat.

Genevieve glanced at it and saw that Armand had sent her a text: Has the party ended yet?

She broke into a smile when she recalled how she used to send him such texts as well.

Genevieve stepped on the brakes to slow down at the upcoming red light, only to hear a loud cracking noise all of a sudden. Fearing that she had set off some kind of mechanism, Genevieve tensed up instantly.

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Her instinct told her she shouldn't stop the car. Otherwise, she would be doomed.

However, Genevieve knew she had to stay calm. After turning the steering wheel abruptly to avoid the car in front of her, she turned right after bypassing the car to arrive at a junction.

She then drove the car closer to the side of the road so her wheels would grind against the curb. I should be able to slow the car down by doing this.

To her surprise, she heard a beeping sound the moment her wheels came into contact with the curb. She immediately raised her gaze and saw a bobblehead sitting on the dashboard. When did I have a bobblehead here?

The bobblehead was holding a timer in its hands.

When the wheels were scratching against the curb, the red numbers on the timer began to tick away even faster.

Seeing that the car had slowed down by quite a bit, Genevieve thought about unfastening her seatbelt. However, it was jammed. No matter how hard she tried to pull, she couldn't unfasten the seatbelt forcefully.

Genevieve was engulfed by a creeping sense of dread when she realized she couldn't stop the car, nor could she unfasten her seatbelt.

She then gave up on trying to unfasten her seatbelt and turned the steering wheel to drive the car to the left.

The moment the wheels stopped touching the curb, the timer only ticked once every two seconds. As for the car itself, it was cruising at a speed of around forty miles per hour.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief inwardly. After steadying the car with one hand, she tried to reach for her phone on the passenger seat with the other.

To her dismay, she dropped her phone, and it fell under the seat.

The phone was too far away, and she couldn't unfasten her seatbelt. Hence, there was no way she could retrieve it.

Frustrated, Genevieve smacked her steering wheel twice. Moments later, she remembered she hadn't turned off the voice assistant feature after she bought the new phone.

Immediately, she tried to get the voice assistant to call Armand.

"Calling. Please wait."

Armand didn't seem like he was busy because he picked up the phone fairly quickly. "Genevieve? What's up?"

Genevieve grew less anxious after he answered the phone.

She then looked around her car and uttered calmly, "Someone messed with my car when I was at the karaoke bar with my colleagues. I can't hit the brakes, nor can I unfasten my seatbelt. When I tried to slow the car down, a timer in the car started counting down even faster. I guess there are two bombs in my car. One is timed, and the other one can be triggered instantaneously."

Armand's breathing grew erratic when he heard that.

“Where are you now?” As he was talking to Genevieve, he was already heading out the door in a rush. “How much time do you have left on the timer?”

“I’m on Glenry Street, and I’m heading toward Shellpon Street because there are fewer cars there.” Genevieve was disheartened when she saw the bobblehead with the timer. “I have twenty minutes left, according to the timer.”

As she talked to Armand on the phone, the car was getting further away from the place she stayed.

It was almost impossible for Armand to get to her in twenty minutes’ time.

Genevieve pursed her lips after realizing that she couldn’t stop the timer. In fact, she knew her chance of survival was slim.

“Armand, can I ask you for a favor?”

“No.” Armand knew what she meant. His breathing became heavier, and he said, “Genevieve, pull yourself together. Stay on the phone with me, okay? I’ll get to you in time.”

“There isn’t enough time. My car is still moving forward as you drive.”

Even if Armand were to run all the red lights in his sports car, her car would still be moving further away constantly and speedily.

Indeed, twenty minutes wasn’t enough for him to get to her.

After changing lanes and avoiding the car in front, Genevieve said, “Armand, I know you’re just using me, and I know you’re very protective of Marilyn. If you still have a conscience, could you destroy the Wood family in revenge for me losing those two children? Would you help me murder Marilyn?”

When she recalled how Patrick had died in her arms, his body turning cold, her hands on the steering wheel started to tremble uncontrollably. “Patrick died because of me. I can’t let him die in vain.”

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Armand gulped when he realized she was treating those words as her last words. “You can take revenge yourself! Wait for me, okay? I’ll be there within twenty minutes. Keep driving safely, Genevieve...”

After saying a few more sentences, he suddenly noticed that he could no longer hear Genevieve breathing through the phone. He only realized the call had ended after checking his phone. Why did the call end so suddenly? Did her phone run out of battery?

Armand cursed out loud and got onto his vehicle. He then sped off without a moment’s hesitation.

While driving he dialed Steven’s number.

When the call ended abruptly, Genevieve thought Armand couldn’t make up his mind. How could he prioritize Marilyn and her child over his own child? Whoever ends up being his child in the future is cursed.

Prior to that, she felt a sense of despair overwhelming her because she was stuck in the car. After the call, however, she felt rather at peace. Well, perhaps it’s good that I die. I don’t have any relatives or kids. Heck, I don’t even have loved ones. It seems like I’m bound to break the promise I’ve made to Patrick.

It was already past midnight at that point, and she was the only one on that road. Due to how empty the spacious road was, one couldn’t help but find it eerie.

Genevieve kept her hands steady on the steering wheel and let the car speed forward. From time to time, she would also peek at the timer.

Thirteen minutes and twenty seconds.

Eight minutes and ten seconds.

Three minutes and five seconds.

As the car moved further away from the city, the time shown on the timer became lesser.

Genevieve was just waiting for it to hit zero.

I wonder if I would still be recognizable after getting burnt severely...

Right at that moment, Genevieve heard the sound of a motorcycle approaching from behind. When she looked in her rear-view mirror, she saw a superbike closing in on her at high speed.

After a few seconds, the motorcycle had arrived on the right side of her car. The motorcyclist then reduced its speed to match the car's.

Genevieve was stunned. Before she could think about who it was, she saw the rider taking off his helmet to reveal his chiseled face.

Upon seeing that face, Genevieve froze on the spot. Armand? Did he ride all the way here?

Armand brought his motorcycle closer to the car before leaning over to knock on the window.

By the time Genevieve had rolled the window all the way down, Armand's motorcycle was just inches from the car.

The moment he grabbed onto the car window, the left rear wheel of the car exploded all of a sudden. When that happened, the steering wheel started turning frantically. As a result, the car spun and knocked the motorcycle away.

Before the motorcycle was knocked aside, Armand managed to let go of the handle in time. In a split second, he grabbed the car window and climbed into the passenger seat.

At the same time, Genevieve tried her best to steady the car and was relieved when she finally managed to stabilize it. However, she noticed that the time on the timer was almost up.

She wanted to say something, but it seemed like Armand hadn't noticed the timer at all. With a solemn expression, he instructed, "Move the car to the side of the road and slow it down."

With that, he whipped out a small knife and leaned toward her to grab the seatbelt and cut it.

As Genevieve steered the car toward the side of the road, they heard a screeching sound when the wheels scratched against the curb. At the same time, the numbers on the timer ticked down faster.

Twenty seconds.

Fifteen seconds.

After Armand cut through the seatbelt, he immediately opened the car door on Genevieve's side. He put a helmet on for her before taking off his jacket to wrap her body up in it.

Then, he shoved her out of the car.

Genevieve hit the ground and rolled on the road painfully for several seconds before coming to a stop. Since she had a helmet on, she didn't suffer any heavy injuries to her head.

Struggling to get up from the ground, she then took off her helmet and saw a figure jumping out of the speeding car.

Armand rolled on the ground for a while before standing up and running toward her.

With a sudden bang, the car exploded, and a flash of light illuminated the air.

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The force of the explosion almost sent Armand flying.

He mustered all his strength to run toward Genevieve. Right before he could reach her, a metal shard shot out from the explosion and penetrated the back of his head.

Grunting in pain, he threw himself on Genevieve to push her to the ground. He even placed his hand behind her head to prevent her from cracking her skull open.

The loud explosion had Genevieve's right ear buzzing so loudly that she couldn't hear anything.

As she was in Armand's embrace, she could smell his scent and the faint coppery stench of blood.

When she tried to wriggle her way out of his embrace, she saw him frowning, and it seemed like he was in pain. At the same time, his face had turned pale. Droplets of blood were flowing down from his hair and landing on her face.

"Armand, where are you hurt?" Genevieve yelled.

Suddenly, a droplet of his blood landed in her eyes and blurred her vision.

She wiped the blood away and saw Armand's lips moving.

Unfortunately, she still couldn't hear him. All she could tell by reading his lips was the word, "Want."

When Genevieve saw the state Armand was in, she didn't feel the satisfaction of revenge. Instead, she was freaking out as the sharp scent of blood assaulted her senses relentlessly.

At last, she managed to get out of his embrace and saw a metal shard buried into the back of his head. Blood was gushing out of the wound continuously.

Genevieve dared not touch it, fearing that she would make things worse.

She then searched his body for a phone with her trembling hands. However, she didn't find one on him.

Growing increasingly panicked, she hunted around the vicinity for her phone. Soon, she found it on the ground nearby, and to her surprise, it could still light up.

However, the screen was badly damaged, so she couldn't key in her password.

"Sh*t! Why is it not working?" Genevieve cursed.

At that point, she could not stop her tears from rolling down her cheeks and dripping on the cracked screen.

Fortunately, Steven, who was right behind Armand, had arrived.

Despite being a man in his thirties, when Steven saw the state Armand was in, his eyes still reddened.

After helping Genevieve carry Armand into the car, Steven floored the accelerator and rushed to the hospital.

Genevieve took Steven's phone and called Timothy. She told him to get to the hospital right away to wait for their arrival.

After hanging up, Genevieve accidentally touched Armand's arm and noticed that his body temperature was decreasing rapidly. She immediately held his hands tightly and blew on them so that she could warm him up. In the meantime, her fingers were trembling uncontrollably.

Luckily, it was in the middle of the night, so the roads were empty.

Steven drove as fast as he could and arrived at the hospital within ten minutes.

When the medical personnel saw Armand covered in blood, they immediately yelled for their colleagues to bring them a gurney. After putting Armand onto the gurney with his back facing up, they rushed him to an operating room.

Genevieve followed the gurney all the way to the entrance of the operating room. Before they could bring him in, she stopped them by holding onto the gurney.

“What are you doing?” a nurse fumed. “Don’t you see the injury on his head? Do you want him to die?”

“Wait for Dr. Jensen.” Genevieve held onto the gurney tightly. She had also placed one of her feet before the entrance of the operating room to block them from entering.

“Dr. Jensen is an orthopedist! The patient has a brain injury!” the nurse thundered. “Besides, the patient will die before Dr. Jensen gets here!”

“I said, wait for Dr. Jensen. If he dies, I’ll commit suicide here and die with him.” Genevieve stared at the nurse calmly and enunciated the words slowly.

Upon hearing those words, all the medical staff, including the nurse, were stunned.

Steven then arrived at the scene in a rush. He didn’t say anything when he heard what Genevieve said. Instead, he blocked the entrance to the operating room as well. “Mrs. Faulkner said we should wait for Dr. Jensen. In that case, we shall wait for Dr. Jensen.”