

## My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 251

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Armand's blood was dripping from his hair down to his cheeks, and lastly, onto the clean sheets on the gurney.

Slowly, the stench of blood began to fill the air.

The nurse who voiced out just now glanced at Armand before looking at Genevieve and said, "Take a look at the patient. The metal shard is deep inside the back of his head, and he's bleeding profusely. If we don't operate on him now, he's going to die. Are you willing to watch him die?"

Genevieve held Armand's hand and noticed that his body temperature had dropped even lower. Obviously, she knew he was dying.

However, she remained expressionless and ignored the nurse.

A few minutes later, Timothy came rushing over with a group of doctors and nurses following him from behind.

When he got nearer to the gurney and saw the state Armand was in, the smile on his face disappeared. He then told the doctors and nurses behind him to push the gurney into the operating room. After heading inside, they closed the door shut behind them.

Finally, Genevieve felt a sense of relief, and she bowed to the medical staff outside the operating room and said, "Thank you for your hard work just now."

The nurse who had reprimanded Genevieve earlier uttered before she left, "I've never seen such family members. I wonder if they wanted the patient to die!"

Steven merely glanced at Genevieve and kept mum.

Soon, only Steven and Genevieve were left in the corridor.

As Genevieve was leaning against the wall, her gaze was fixed on the operating room opposite. Although she looked calm with her arms crossed, her fingers were still trembling.

As time ticked by, the corridor was so silent that the atmosphere there was rather scary. The light was still on in the operating room, which suggested that the surgery had not ended yet.

While they were waiting, Steven contacted people through his phone to get them to take care of the explosion site. Besides, he was trying to make sure that the news of Armand getting injured wasn't leaked.

However, it was too late, and the news had broken.

"Mrs. Faulkner." Steven walked toward Genevieve and whispered, "All the media companies have found out about Mr. Faulkner getting injured."

Those words didn't surprise Genevieve one bit.

Ever since she found out about Samantha's plan for revenge and the relationship between Armand and Peter, Genevieve knew they already had eyes all over Jadeborough. Indeed, there wasn't one piece of information they couldn't get their hands on.

Genevieve rubbed her teary eyes and said, "Wake everyone at the Public Relations Department up and get them to handle the matter so that they can prevent the news from spreading further. After that, get some people here to guard the entrance to the hospital. We can't have reporters making their way inside."

While she was saying all that, her hands were trembling, and her voice was on the verge of breaking. However, she still managed to give the orders to Steven calmly.

Steven was surprised by how much Genevieve had matured within a short period of time. "I'm on it now."

He then went to a corner to make his phone calls. Genevieve, on the other hand, just kept staring at the operating room.

Lost in a daze, she then heard footsteps coming her way. When she turned toward the noises, she saw a group of people walking toward her.

Except for Samantha, who was leading the group of people, Genevieve had no idea who the rest were. However, she assumed they were members of the Faulkner family.

Steven's expression changed when he saw them coming. He then approached Genevieve immediately.

Genevieve thought he was going to say something to her, so she tilted her head and whispered, "I can't hear in my left ear. If possible, please speak to me through my right ear from now on."

Steven was stupefied by her words.

When Genevieve saw the group of people getting closer, she asked Steven softly, "Who's the one beside Samantha?"

She noticed that the man beside Samantha was about fifty years old, and he had eyes as sharp as an eagle's. Besides that, he looked extremely domineering with his straight posture.

At the same time, Samantha had her head slightly lowered when she was next to him. In fact, she looked like she respected him a lot.

"That's Peter, Mr. Faulkner's uncle," Steven answered softly. "He should be in Xedells. I wonder why he's here in Jadeborough now..."

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##### Chapter 252 I Deserved That

Genevieve narrowed her eyes and grew suspicious. I got the Mercedes-Benz from Steven, so someone must've thought I was going out with Armand. After that, they must've done something to the car when it was parked in the parking lot. Since the road I was on was empty, how did they get notified so soon after Armand was injured? They must've been watching us all along. I bet they're eager to hear him be pronounced dead. That's why they rushed to the hospital right after he was admitted. I'm guessing they're also the ones who spread the news in the first place.

Although Genevieve was also born with a silver spoon in her mouth, her father didn't have many siblings. Moreover, she was the only child in her family.

Hence, she had never been involved in family feuds. Before this, she had always found those stories about how siblings would kill each other for financial gains a bit far-fetched.

That day, however, she had witnessed it with her own eyes.

When Peter arrived with the others, he purposely stood in front of Genevieve, thinking he could intimidate her.

Only after Genevieve lowered her head did he glance at Steven and ask, "Is it true that Armand was involved in a car accident?"

"Yes. He's in the operating room. The doctors are doing their best to save him," Steven answered before introducing Genevieve to them. "This is Mr. Armand's wife, Genevieve Rachford."

Genevieve calmed herself down and greeted politely, "Hi, Uncle Peter. Hi, Aunt Samantha."

“No. You don’t have to address me so.” Peter raised his hand. With a disdainful look on his face, he said, “We all know why Armand married you. Not only were you a divorcee, but you’re also a homeless woman. You’re not qualified to be a part of the Faulkner family.”

“I’ve never considered myself a part of the Faulkner family.” Instead of getting pissed, Genevieve flashed a faint smile and continued, “When Mando and I registered for our marriage, I was merely marrying him instead of his family. I only addressed you as Uncle Peter because you’re Mando’s elder. If you don’t like it, I can address you as Mr. Faulkner as well.”

Peter immediately narrowed his eyes. At the same time, there was a hint of murderous intent in his gaze.

“See, Peter? I told you she’s a feisty woman.” Samantha crossed her arms and glanced at Genevieve from the side of her eyes, adding, “She even dared to speak harshly to me. I doubt she knows her manners.”

“You should leave,” Peter said coldly. “Armand is my nephew, so we’ll be taking care of him!”

“Although he’s your nephew, he’s my husband. By logic, I think I deserve to be here more than the rest of you,” Genevieve uttered softly with her gaze lowered.

Upon hearing that, Peter raised his hand and gave Genevieve a tight slap across her face.

Genevieve didn’t see that coming, so she was sent stumbling.

Luckily, Steven reacted fast enough, and he held onto Genevieve just in time.

After helping Genevieve up, Steven looked at Peter and said, “Mr. Peter, Mdm.

Genevieve is right. Since she’s Mr. Armand’s wife, she has the right to stay. How could you hit her?”

“She considers me as her elder, no?” Peter smirked coldly. “Do I need to explain myself after teaching her a lesson?”

Steven kept mum.

Genevieve’s right cheek was all numb upon getting slapped. Besides, she could even taste blood in her mouth.

After swallowing her bloody saliva, she moved Steven’s hands off of her and stood straight. “Indeed. I deserved that.”

Peter’s expression darkened. This woman even had the audacity to threaten Samantha over the phone. I didn’t expect her to stomach the humiliation.

Right then, the operating room’s door was pushed open.

Everyone turned toward the operating room and saw a nurse rushing out.

“The patient is suffering from a brain hemorrhage, and he needs a blood transfusion immediately!” the nurse yelled. She then glanced at the people in the corridor and asked, “Which one of you has type A blood?”

After getting no response, the nurse thought they hadn’t heard her clearly, so she asked again, “Who has type A blood? With so many of you here, are none of you type A?”

Still, no one said a word. The nurse then added anxiously, “The patient is losing a lot of blood! We can’t wait, or he’ll die!”

Peter and the rest stood there and kept silent.

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I thought he said he would take care of his nephew? The nurse has asked three times, but it seems like he has suddenly gone deaf and mute! Hearing no response from Peter and the rest, Genevieve answered hoarsely, "None of us is type A. Please check the blood bank."

"Whoever has type A blood, please get in there and donate your blood! Dr. Jensen is about to go mad with worry!" The nurse then ran along the corridor and shouted at her colleagues, "Please hurry up and check the blood bank! Find out how many bags of type A blood we have. The patient in operating room number eight needs it!"

"A victim of a car accident came in this afternoon, and he needed type A blood as well! We gave all the type A blood to that man, so we have none left," someone answered.

"Hurry up and think of something! We don't have time to waste!"

When Peter and the rest heard the conversation between the nurses, none of them even flinched. At the same time, Samantha had a mischievous look in her eyes, as if she was watching on in amusement.

Genevieve, on the other hand, felt cold to the bones. Brain hemorrhage is the worst form of internal bleeding! If he doesn't get a blood supply soon, he's doomed.

Glancing at Peter, she buried her nails deep inside her palms to stay calm. After that, she turned toward Steven and asked for his phone.

"Steven." Genevieve enunciated every word clearly and firmly when she said, "Stay here. Don't leave!"

In response, Steven nodded solemnly.

Genevieve took the phone and ran toward the emergency department.

There were doctors all day long in the emergency department, and there were always patients coming in and out.

When Genevieve arrived in the emergency department, she glanced at the people in the waiting area and shouted, "Is there anyone here who's healthy and has type A blood? My husband is in the operating room, and his life is at risk! I'll pay three hundred thousand for every three hundred milliliters! I'll even pay before you donate!"

Three hundred thousand for every three hundred milliliters? A greedy light entered the eyes of everyone there.

A man in the waiting area stood up immediately and raised his hand. "Me! I'm type A!"

"So am I!"

Soon, another two people stood up.

Genevieve merely posed a few questions to see if they had any underlying health issues. Once they were cleared, she transferred the money on the spot.

She was so fast that when she brought those few people to the operating room, the nurse was still busy asking her colleagues to look for candidates.

The entire process took no more than two minutes.

Samantha was surprised by Genevieve's efficiency.

Her gaze darkened when she watched them close the doors to the operating room. "Genevieve, not only did Armand marry you to satisfy Old Mrs. Faulkner, but he also did it for Marilyn. It's all because you have a rare type of blood like Marilyn. Ha! You're like a personal blood bank! That's very generous of you."

"I know. Mando told me this before." Genevieve smiled. "Well, I just need to donate blood, so why not? If I were to receive a call from a hospital saying that they need my blood, I would go over in a heartbeat. I believe in good karma."

"Did you manage to keep your sons' lives after you gave Marilyn your blood, though?" Samantha's words were like daggers that stabbed into Genevieve's heart.

Upon hearing that, Genevieve maintained her smile and answered, "My fate with my sons and I ended there. However, both Mando and I are still young, so we can have a few more babies in the future."

Samantha was stumped.

"By the way, Ms. Samantha." Genevieve seemed to have remembered something. She shifted her gaze toward Samantha and uttered, "Please call Marilyn, will you? Since even you guys have come all the way here for Mando, I think Marilyn, as his ex-girlfriend, should be here as well."

Samantha's gaze darkened at once, and she chuckled coldly. "You're quite something, aren't you, Genevieve?"

In response, Genevieve smiled and turned toward the operating room.

Ever since Steven came to work by Armand's side, he had had more than his fair share of interactions with Samantha. Hence, he knew how hard it was to handle her, and he had never seen someone getting one up on her.

That day, however, he couldn't help but smile a little when he saw the frustrated expression on Samantha's face.

After that, neither party spoke another word as they waited outside the operating room.

They were there till dawn, and the sunlight illuminated the corridor through the windows.

Finally, after more than five hours, the doors to the operating room opened, and a doctor dressed in a surgical gown walked out.

Behind him, Timothy walked out of the operating room wearing the same surgical gown.

At that moment, his eyes were bloodshot. When he took off his surgical mask and looked at Genevieve, his expression was grim.

Genevieve's heart sank when she saw the look on his face. Something's wrong.

Peter stepped forward and asked the doctor standing beside Timothy, "Doctor, how's my nephew? When will he wake up?"

"We're very sorry." The doctor took off his surgical mask to reveal a solemn expression as well. He then said apologetically, "That metal shard from the car has severely damaged Mr. Faulkner's brain. Although we've saved his life, the chances of him waking up are extremely low.

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Genevieve's chest grew tight as she asked, "How low?"

Before that doctor could utter a word, Timothy replied, "Very low." Instead of his usual casual tone, he added chokingly, "He might be bedridden for life."

Does that mean he's going to be in a vegetative state? Genevieve knew Timothy liked to joke at times, but she was certain he wouldn't joke about such a matter.

When Peter and the others heard it, they looked rather indifferent. Genevieve even saw the two men behind him sneering coldly.

Soon, they saw a few nurses pushing the gurney out of the operating room.

On the gurney, Armand's head and shoulders were heavily wrapped up with bandages. His eyes were shut, and he looked terribly pale. In fact, he had lost the usual domineering presence of his.

At that moment, he was breathing with the help of a ventilator, and he looked exactly like how a deathly ill patient would appear. It was safe to say that death was looming over his head.

The nurses proceeded to push the gurney toward a ward. After that, the exhausted doctor said to Genevieve and the rest, "Judging by Mr. Faulkner's state, we can't lie and say that he'll wake up. Hence, please plan ahead because he might need to be hospitalized for quite a while, at least until he can breathe without the help of a ventilator."

"I know you guys have done your best." Peter nodded at the doctors. "Thank you."

After Timothy and the rest of the medical staff left, Peter turned toward the people behind him and said, "Two of you should stay in the ward to look after Armand."

"That's not necessary, Mr. Peter." Genevieve smiled. "Since you guys have been here for a few hours already, you must be exhausted. You may leave. I can manage here on my own."

Hearing that, Peter turned around and glared fiercely at Genevieve.

However, Genevieve was unfazed.

Samantha chimed in mockingly, "Peter, just let her be. She thinks she's really Armand's wife, and she's being wary of us. If we don't leave now, who knows what she'll do to us when the reporters get here. You're well aware of how feisty she can be."

"You're reading too much into it. I'm just worried you guys might be tired, that's all," Genevieve replied.

Just then, they heard a series of uniform and powerful footsteps approaching. The team of bodyguards Steven had asked for had arrived.

When they got there, they all straightened their backs and greeted Steven respectfully.

Genevieve glanced at the team of bodyguards and said to Peter, "Mr. Peter, you can leave some of your men here if you want. If they get tired, these bodyguards can take their places."

Peter merely scoffed in response before he turned and left. Samantha and the rest followed suit.

After Peter and the rest left, all the energy suddenly drained from Genevieve, and her limbs went weak. She had to support herself by leaning against the wall with her arm.

When Steven saw that, he immediately went to her. "Mrs. Faulkner, are you all right?"

"I'm fine. It's just that I've been standing for too long." Genevieve rubbed her legs and arms. The moment she felt she had regained her strength, she went to find Armand in his ward.

In order to keep Armand safe, Timothy specifically arranged for a luxurious ward on the top floor for him to stay.

The bodyguards that had followed Genevieve there stopped at the entrance to the ward while she went in.

Although the spacious ward was decorated luxuriously, the layout was simplistic.

When Genevieve saw Armand lying in bed with the respirator, her heart ached.

She then walked toward the bed and hesitated momentarily before grabbing Armand's hand to hold.

His ice-cold hand caused her fingers to tremble, but she held him tight as she recalled what had happened a few hours prior. I should've run further away after Armand pushed me out of the car to save him the trouble. Instead of doing that, I took off the helmet and got up. He didn't even say anything after he saw me doing all that. Before the car exploded, he even ran all the way to me to keep me protected in his embrace.

Genevieve felt emotionally conflicted when she remembered how Armand's blood had dripped into her eyes, how the metal shard had penetrated his head, and how he might be in a vegetative state for life.

With those thoughts running through her mind, she lowered her head and rested it on the back of Armand's hand.

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After a while, Steven knocked on the door and walked in to hand a phone to Genevieve. "Mrs. Faulkner, Mr. Cooper wants to talk to you."

Genevieve took the phone from him. "What is it?"

"Are you okay, Genev?" Cooper asked worriedly. "I saw the news of Armand being in a car accident. Were you with him when that happened?"

"I'm fine." Genevieve rubbed her eyes and said in a raspy voice, "He's the one who got hurt."

"Good to know you're fine." Cooper breathed a sigh of relief and added, "I arrived in Baykeep at six yesterday evening, and I'm now rushing toward Jadeborough. Genev, have you seen the early morning news?"

"I don't have to. It's all about Armand being involved in a car accident, right?"

"That's not all. There's something else..." Cooper told Genevieve everything he had seen.

When Genevieve heard that, her pupils constricted, and she looked like she was in disbelief.

After hanging up the phone, she logged into her Twitter account.

Usually, the trending threads would be filled with entertainment news. At that moment, however, there were over twenty trending threads about Armand being involved in a car accident.

One of the titles read: Shocking news! The current head of Faulkner Group, Armand, isn't a biological son of the Faulkner family! His real identity is...

At the end of the title, Genevieve even saw an exploding emoticon.

Needless to say, it was a thread that was heavily discussed among the netizens.

After tapping into the thread, she saw a lot of media outlets stating that Armand wasn't a Faulkner. They were also saying that his mother had been anxious when she was asked about it in an interview.

Genevieve then saw a video attached to the post. When she tapped on it, she saw footage of a bunch of reporters rushing toward a woman with their phones and microphones, and they were asking her a series of questions.

“Mrs. Faulkner, someone just said Armand isn’t actually your son and that you adopted him. Is it true?”

“Our sources say that Armand was involved in a serious car accident. Are you going to visit him?”

“Is it true that Armand’s biological mother used to be an escort working at Ambrosia, and his biological father was a client of hers?”

The woman being swarmed by the reporters had maintained her youth well. Despite her fair and delicate skin, the wrinkles around her eyes exposed her age. Still, she was exuding an aura of elegance, and she looked incredibly calm.

Even when the reporters were practically shoving microphones down her throat, the woman’s expression never changed.

Then, Isabella Rudler raised her hand to push away the microphones as she said, “Please make way.”

The housekeepers beside her were also shoving the reporters aside before escorting Isabella to a car parked at the side of the road.

The reporters continued chasing after her and throwing all sorts of questions at her. They even tried to zoom in on her face to see if her facial expression would betray her.

The footage ended there.

Before Genevieve could react, she saw another video pop up.

The scene in the footage was similar to the one before. The woman in question, however, was someone else. It was a woman in her fifties dressed in a sling dress, and she had wavy hair.

In the footage, she was carrying a purse and wearing a charming smile on her face.

When the reporters asked her about Armand’s background, the woman admitted openly, “Yes, Armand is indeed my son! Back then, I was pregnant, but I couldn’t get an abortion due to personal health reasons. When I was in my eighth month of pregnancy, Mrs. Faulkner came to me. She said she was unable to bear children, but she needed a child to consolidate her status. She gave me eighty million for the child, but I wasn’t told to not talk about it. Besides, Mr. Faulkner has been gone for a long time now, and my son is the current head of the Faulkner family.”

The woman was getting more and more excited as she spoke to the reporters. At one point, she didn't even bother to hide her smile when she said, "I never thought my son would grow up to be so impressive. Giving birth to him was the best decision I've ever made in my life! It doesn't matter if he doesn't want to acknowledge me because I wasn't the one who raised him, after all. However, it's a fact that we're related by blood."

When the reporters were questioning Isabella, she was so calm and tight-lipped that everyone thought it was just fake news. They thought it was just something some media company had published to get attention from the public.

However, they didn't expect a woman who used to be a top escort at Ambrosia to admit that Armand was indeed her son.

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Afraid that the media reporters would not believe her, Mirrin Pinkard even revealed the name of the private hospital where she had delivered her baby, the one and only photo she had with her baby, and the record of her transaction with Isabella Rudler.

Those pieces of solid evidence stunned the rest of the world.

After all, who would have thought that the Faulkner family, one of the four prestigious families of Xedells, would have a scandal like that?

Genevieve was rendered speechless for a long time by the two clips that did not even last five minutes in total.

Armand isn't the Faulkner family's child? How can that be?

A long while later, Genevieve turned to look at Steven, who was standing at the side.

"I just saw someone say that Armand isn't the Faulkner family's child. A woman who seems like his biological mother came out to tell the media that Armand is a child she had with her client. She even revealed the name of the hospital where she delivered the baby... Is this true, Steven?" Genevieve tightened her grip on her phone. "Is this real, or is someone trying to cause a ruckus?"

"It's true," Steven told her with a nod. "Mr. Faulkner has known about this since a long time ago. He has used Isabella's hair for a test, and he has found out that the two are not related by blood."

"I'm guessing that Peter and the others know this before the news spread," Genevieve mumbled as she thought about the demeanor Peter and the others had after they went to the operating room. "That's why they seem so indifferent when they found out that Armand needed a blood transfusion and even after finding out that Armand can't wake. It's because they know Armand's not a Faulkner."

When they learned that an escort's son had gained control over the Faulkner family and Faulkner Group, they were resentful. They badly wanted to get the Faulkner family back from him.

Armand did not have the same blood as theirs running in his veins, so they would rather have him die as early as possible.

"Yes." Steven nodded again.

He then turned to look at the man on the bed and whispered, "Mr. Faulkner defended Marilyn despite her various attempts to take your life. Did you think that it was because Mr. Faulkner still had feelings for her? The answer is actually no. It's because Mr. Samuel was the one who found out that Mr. Faulkner isn't a real Faulkner. Not only did Mr. Samuel find out that Mr. Faulkner's mother was an escort, but he even found out that Isabella was the one who orchestrated his father's aviation accident."

"What?" Genevieve blurted out in shock.

In the next few minutes, Genevieve found out from Steven about certain matters between Armand and Samuel.

She also learned about why Armand had that bullet wound on him.

Even though Samuel and Armand did not have the same mother, the two were close to each other since young. It was as if the two were not half-brothers, but at the end of the day, the Faulkner family was too big.

Cesar Faulkner had three wives and numerous children. Each of his wives was scheming to get better things for their families.

His first wife gave birth to three sons, but her youngest son became intellectually stunted after an episode of high fever. From then on, he had been living in a sanatorium. As her eldest son was not proficient in business, Cesar's first wife placed all her hope on her third son, Samuel.

Back then, Cesar was biased toward Armand. He was raising Armand as his heir.

Naturally, Cesar's first wife would not accept that. She coerced Samuel to set Armand up. That explosion fractured all of Armand's bones and nearly blinded him permanently. Later on, regretful about what he had done, Samuel did everything he could to make up to Armand. He even secretly transferred all of his shares of Faulkner Group to Armand.

After that, the company that Armand established—Central Group—did fantastically, so he ended up spending most of his time at Jadeborough, rarely returning to Xedells.

When Samuel found out that his father's death had not been an accident but was manmade, he followed up on the clues and found that Isabella could not bear children. At the same time, he found out that Armand was a child that she had brought into the family to secure her position and Armand's biological mother's identity.

When Cesar's first wife discovered that Samuel had given all of his Faulkner Group's shares to Armand, she was livid. She sent men to secretly alter Armand's car. When Samuel found out about that, he went to Armand and exchanged his car with his.

Before he died, Samuel told Armand all of his findings from his investigation and asked him to keep Marilyn safe.

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Cesar's first wife never saw it coming. Her son ended up dying in the explosion instead of Armand, and she nearly went mad. She then coerced Marilyn into shooting Armand, and that shot nearly hit Armand's heart.

In the end, only when Armand's grandmother stepped up and chided Cesar's first wife then did she finally halt her plans.

While Armand was still on bed rest, he sent someone to secretly look into the matter and ended up with the same findings as Samuel.

Even though Armand was not a real Faulkner, he grew up in the Faulkner family. Furthermore, Cesar had been nice to him—among the children, he was the one Cesar doted on the most.

Regardless of what aims Isabella had to have killed Cesar, Cesar was dead. Armand did not want the media to ruin Isabella's reputation and send the Faulkner family spiraling down into hell without a chance of returning.

As he was not sure if Samuel had something else planned before his death, he was cautious regardless of what scene Marilyn caused. He gave her anything she wanted, and he carefully protected her baby and her.

Those things had been things that Armand kept a secret the entire time.

It was only after Genevieve had a miscarriage did he finally tell Steven and Timothy about the matter.

After Steven was done explaining, he added, "Mr. Faulkner knew that Marilyn was the one who scalded you in the pantry the other day, but he could not hold her accountable for it. It was because the Faulkner residence was full of informants. Moreover, Marilyn nearly had a miscarriage, so Mr. Faulkner had no choice but to drive you away. To be honest, Mr. Faulkner has sent his men to keep an eye on you. When Patrick sent you to the hospital in the morning, he informed Timothy about it. He even called the doctor to find out more about your case after you all were gone. Queenie, too. Mr. Faulkner could not hold anyone accountable after his investigation either. Don't assume that Samantha's on Mr. Faulkner's side even though she seems like she loves her nephew. It's because Mr. Faulkner gave her Faulkner Group and Central Group's shares and made her in charge of a few overseas companies. Samantha's someone who would side anyone who gave her anything good."

Genevieve kept her eyes lowered in silence as she listened to Steven's explanation.

She never knew that Armand had carried so many matters on his shoulders.

"Mrs. Faulkner, Mr. Faulkner decided not to tell you about how you shared the same blood type as Marilyn because he was afraid that you would overthink the matter," Steven said after glancing at Genevieve. "He has told Timothy a long time ago to take two bags of blood from you so that Marilyn could use them during her delivery."

At the start, Steven thought that Armand had married Genevieve because of Marilyn, but later on, he realized he was wrong.

"Steven, you should have said these things to the past me," Genevieve interrupted. "What's the point of telling me these now? No matter how many things he has to bear, no matter how tough they are, those are just his matters and his alone."

Hearing that, Steven froze.

He had seen how desolated Genevieve had been when the Rachford family collapsed. Later on, when she was with Armand, she had been careful around him. After falling in love with Armand, she began relaxing around him and started showing her stubborn side to him.

Steven could see how much Genevieve loved Armand during her time at Springwyn.

Yet, later on, Genevieve's love turned out to be for naught. Patrick died, and she lost a pair of children.

The betrayal of her family—the betrayal of her lover forced Genevieve to toughen up. Now, she was much calmer than the moment when Cooper took everything from her. Now, her composure remained.

Steven knew that.

Genevieve was still with Armand only because she wanted to use him to crush the Wood family and avenge Patrick.

After finding out from the housekeeper that Armand had been in a serious car accident, Marilyn panicked.

She immediately changed, ready to rush to the hospital.

Just as she was about to leave the house, the housekeeper came over and handed her a phone. "Mrs. Faulkner, please look at these pieces of news first."

"What?" Marilyn took the phone in confusion.

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After a while of scrolling the screen, Marilyn's eyes widened, and she yelled, "That's impossible! Old Mrs. Faulkner likes Armand so much! She was adamant about making Armand the head of the family even if it meant crossing the entire Faulkner family. How can Armand not be one of the Faulknors? This must be the work of his uncle and the others."

Marilyn knew that Peter had always been upset about how Armand's grandmother had made Armand in charge of Faulkner Group. Furthermore, after Armand took over the company, Armand removed all of Peter's power in Faulkner Group.

Therefore, how could Peter possibly not bear a grudge against Armand?

"I'll call my brother and have him deal with the news..." Marilyn muttered as she took out her phone from her bag.

Just as she was about to make the call, Xavier called.

“Xavier...”

Knowing what Marilyn wanted to ask, Xavier said, “The news is real. Armand really is the escort Mirrin Pinkard’s child with her client. Isabella had told Peter herself that she was the one who took Armand into the family. Peter even gave me the results of Armand and Mirrin’s maternity test.”

Marilyn was dumbfounded when she registered his words. “Even if... Even if Armand isn’t Isabella’s biological son, why would Isabella tell Peter about it herself?”

“I’m not sure, but she did tell him that herself. Now that Mirrin has stepped forward to confirm the news, the chances of this being true are high,” Xavier said. “Everyone at Xedells knows about this by now.”

At that, Marilyn fell back onto the soft couch as she held her forehead with a hand, the look of disbelief still on her face.

She had known Armand for fourteen years, and after their long relationship, she knew that the man was perfect in terms of history, looks, and intellect. She could get power and status just by being with him, and all women was envious of her.

For all that, she did not mind killing Samuel.

However, she just found out that the man she had been scheming for and even fought with Genevieve for turned out to have such a disgusting history.

His mother’s an escort!

Marilyn knew who Mirrin was. At the young age of sixteen, Mirrin had entered the most famous club in Xedells—Ambrosia—and became the top escort there.

Mirrin had been working in the club for twenty years, and she had slept with over a thousand men. Marilyn was absolutely disgusted with her.

Hence, she found Armand, who was the son of Mirrin and a nameless client, even more disgusting.

He’s even worse than the beggars on the streets!

When Marilyn thought about how she was born into a prestigious family with a pure bloodline, and when she thought about Armand’s tainted history, her stomach churned.

Thus, she quickly drank a glass of water to calm her nausea.

Then, she asked Xavier, "Armand's not a Faulkner, but he has Faulkner Group. What are they going to do about that?"

"There's no way the Faulkner family would let him control Faulkner Group after finding out about his background," Xavier stated. "I heard that the Faulknors are contacting Faulkner Group's shareholders to either kick Armand out of the company or to get Samantha take over the company."

"What about Central Group?" Marilyn asked. "Armand was the one to establish the company, so it doesn't have much to do with Faulkner Group."

Xavier sneered. "If not for the Faulkner family, where would he get the money to start Central Group? At the end of the day, Central Group is also the Faulknors'. Uncle Peter called me earlier. He said he'll be bringing Samantha and the others for a shareholders' meeting at Central Group on the day after next. I know that Armand has already drafted the contract to give his Central Group's shares to the baby in your stomach. I've had a talk with Uncle Peter, so you'll be going to the shareholders' meeting as well. As long as he gains a secure position in Central Group, the shares will still belong to you."

"Okay," Marilyn replied.

So what if Armand's not a Faulkner. Even without him, the Faulkner family remains powerful and wealthy.

Her brother, Xavier, was going to marry Peter's daughter at the end of the year. They were going to use the marriage to form an alliance that would benefit both the Faulkner family and the Wood family. Now that Peter wanted to acquire Central Group, she had to lend him a helping hand.

If the Wood family gained power, she would as well.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 259**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 259

Soon, the news of Armand being an escort's son and the news of him grievously injured and unconscious after an accident spread.

In mere few days, the stock prices of Faulkner Group and Central Group plummeted as a result of those pieces of news.

The losses of both companies totaled over eight hundred billion.

However, Faulkner Group's shareholders were all big shots in Xedells. Moreover, with Samantha's swift return to Faulkner Group to take over the management of Faulkner Group, the storm soon calmed down.

On the other hand, the situation at Central Group worsened. Every single soul in the company was growing more and more anxious after each day.

All of the shareholders were informed about Samantha's replacement of Armand. The morning shareholders' meeting on Wednesday was for them to pick someone to manage Central Group and cease its chaos.

Some reporters who received news from Central Group employees quickly waited by Central Group's entrance early on Wednesday morning.

Not long after, a few cars stopped by the building's entrance. Then, the reporters saw Samantha, Peter, and Isabella—Armand's adoptive mother—came down from the cars.

In an instant, the reporters surrounded them. As they snapped photos of the group, they bombarded them with questions.

Nevertheless, they were quickly and mercilessly pushed aside by the bodyguards.

The shareholders of Central Group had already arrived in the conference room. They were sitting close to each other and whispering about Armand's condition after his car accident with similar frowns on their faces.

When they saw Samantha and the others entering the room, they nodded as a greeting.

"What happened to Mr. Faulkner?" one of the shareholders asked Samantha. "I heard that he has been in a traffic accident. How long will he be in the hospital for?"

After pulling out the chair and taking a seat, Samantha squeezed out, "Armand's suffering from grievous injuries. The doctor said that he has sustained injuries to his head, and the chances of him waking up are... slim."

The shareholders were all taken aback by that.

If the chances of him waking up are slim, doesn't that mean he'll be bed-bound for the rest of his life?

"I'm sure everyone has seen the news about Armand. Although he's not my biological nephew, he's raised by the Faulkner family, and Central Group is his blood, sweat, and tears." At that, Samantha wiped the corner of her eye with her finger. "Even if he's no longer around, we'll still make sure that his company is well-managed."

Then, Samantha glanced at Peter. "This is my brother, Peter. I'm sure some of you here know him and how he's like in the corporate world."

Hearing that, some of the shareholders turned to look at Peter.

They knew who Peter was, for he was the one managing Faulkner Group before Armand took over the company. He was an impressive man, and he was from the Faulkner family.

Right then, someone opened the door to the conference room. In the next second, the pregnant Marilyn entered the room with a servant supporting her.

"Marilyn, why didn't you ask me to pick you up?" Samantha cried out with a smile. After she stood up, she then pulled the chair beside her out for Marilyn to sit on it.

"Uncle Peter, Samantha," Marilyn greeted the two.

After sitting down, Marilyn said, "I'm fine. It's good for the baby if I take more walks. I heard that there's a shareholders' meeting going on today, so I came."

"But, Ms. Wood, why are you here?" a shareholder queried. "If my memory serves me well, you don't have any shares in Central Group. Could it be that Mr. Faulkner has privately made another will?"

"Yes." Marilyn nodded before giving a look to her servant.

A minute after the servant went out of the room, she returned with a solemn-looking man in a suit.

All the shareholders in the room knew who he was. The man was Wilfred Shipman, a lawyer whose law firm was working closely with Central Group.

The many cases that Central Group were all handled by the law firm that Wilfred was in.

Wilfred then placed the documents in his hands on the table so that the shareholders could pass them around once they were done reading them. "Mr. Faulkner has set up his will a long time ago. Once Ms. Wood has given birth to her child—regardless of whether the baby is a boy or a girl—he will transfer all the shares he has in Central Group to Ms. Wood's child."

Once all the shareholders were done reading the documents, they began sporting varying expressions.

They never thought that Armand would prepare a will like that.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 260**

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 260

“But Ms. Wood hasn’t given birth to her baby yet. This will isn’t effective, is it?” voiced a shareholder. He even gave a glance at Isabella. “Moreover, Mr. Faulkner’s adoptive mother is still around. Even if Mr. Faulkner is in a coma, the shares he has should be given according to the will he has.”

Another shareholder nodded. “I heard that Mr. Faulkner is married. Did no one inform Mrs. Faulkner about this shareholders’ meeting?”

A glint flashed past Samantha’s eyes. “I’ll be frank with you all. Armand’s marriage with that woman is a contractual marriage. They had signed a contract before they married, and naturally, she can’t do anything about Armand’s assets.”

Just as the shareholders were digesting that, Isabella spoke. “I’m just Armand’s adoptive mother, so I won’t make any queries about his assets. I’ve only come to take a look today. Since Armand has already made a will before his accident, even if Marilyn hasn’t delivered her baby, she’s the baby’s mother. She’ll be able to manage the shares for the child.”

“Can that be done?” Samantha quickly asked the lawyer.

Wilfred nodded. “Yes. Since Armand is in a coma, his will is now effective. As the guardian of the child, Ms. Wood would have the right to handle any matters on behalf of the child.”

At that, Samantha smiled and leaned back in her chair. “Did you all hear that?”

The shareholders had no choice but to agree to it at the lawyer’s words.

“Ms. Wood, these are the shares that Mr. Faulkner currently has.” Wilfred then opened a document and showed it to Marilyn.

Marilyn widened her eyes when she read the documents. She then whipped her head to the side to ask the lawyer in disbelief, “I remember that Armand has thirty-three percent of Central Group’s shares. Why are there only fourteen percent left?”

Upon hearing that, Samantha took the document to look at it. Then, she narrowed her eyes.

What in the world is Armand doing?

“It could be because Mr. Faulkner has sold off some of his shares,” Wilfred explained. “I’ve renewed the document to reflect his current assets, and these are all he has for his shares.”

“Oh, what’s going on here?”

Right then, someone opened the door to the conference room again.

The woman who entered had long wavy brown hair. She was in a black gown. Her hips swayed a little as she walked, and there was a form of grace in the way she carried herself. Moreover, a glance at her eyes would captivate anyone.

The shareholders were soon reminded of the news they heard a few days prior when they saw the woman.

They never thought that Armand’s biological mother would just appear right in their lines of sight like that.

When Peter and the others saw Mirrin, their expressions darkened.

It was especially so for Isabella. She had been keeping a neutral look on her face the entire time, but upon seeing Mirrin, a cold look emerged.

After a glimpse at Mirrin, Peter uttered, “We’re having a shareholders’ meeting right now. Leave!”

“I know. That’s why I’m here,” Mirrin said with a smile.

She then sat down on the last available chair in the room.

“I didn’t raise Armand, but he’s related to me by blood. My son started this company, and when I heard that no one is managing it while he’s in a coma in the hospital, I, as his mother, became rightfully concerned. So, what’s going on right now?” Mirrin then crossed her legs and smile at one of the shareholders beside her. “How are we dealing with the shares that my son has?”

Even though Mirrin was in her fifties, she had given birth to her child early, and she had spent millions every year to maintain her youth. Hence, she still looked like she was only in her twenties.

She used to be the top escort of Ambrosia for two decades straight. Now, every smile she had on her face enchanted the others.

Thus, the shareholder by her side immediately turned red in the face.

“Here’s what has happened. As it turns out, Mr. Faulkner has made his will early on...”  
After clearing his throat, the shareholder explained the situation to Mirrin.

Mirrin hummed in response. She then turned to fix her gaze on Marilyn and asked,  
“Why did my son make a will to transfer the shares to you? Is the baby in you his?”