

## My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 291

### My Flirtacious Husband

#### Chapter 291

Johanna could not beat Timothy. Every time she peeled a prawn, he would eat it when she was not paying attention. She was so furious that she was on the verge of crying.

Left with no choice, she peeled for both him and Genevieve. Only then did Timothy stop his sneak attacks.

After eating, Genevieve asked Timothy to send Johanna back while she hailed a cab to the hospital.

She nodded at the bodyguards guarding the door before entering the hospital ward.

Even though she had only been absent for two weeks, the room felt unfamiliar when she stepped in. Armand was still fast asleep on the bed.

Genevieve went to wash her face in the bathroom first. After coming out, she sat beside the hospital bed and stared at Armand quietly.

He had been unconscious for more than a month but still showed no signs of waking up. A faint feeling of sorrow engulfed her.

Timothy had told her that that one month was the most critical period—if he did not wake up by then, the chances of him waking up in the future would be slim.

Genevieve placed his hand against her forehead and mumbled, “If you’re done sleeping, wake up. I don’t want to manage the company for you.”

She had already taken revenge on Marilyn. Now that Martha was dead too, she had also avenged Patrick. After dealing with the Wood family, she would not stay in Jadeborough anymore.

She wanted to fulfill Patrick’s wish. However, if Armand remained unconscious, she could not leave.

After that busy day, Genevieve was physically and mentally exhausted. Leaning against the bed, she soon fell asleep.

Waking up groggily in the middle of her sleep, she suddenly felt that it was uncomfortable sleeping while sitting up. Hence, she kicked off her shoes, climbed onto the bed, and fell asleep beside Armand.

The hospital ward was silent.

After a long time, Timothy pushed the door open and entered, holding a tray.

When he saw Genevieve sleeping on the hospital bed, he picked up a syringe from the tray and poked the needle into her arm gently.

Still dreaming, Genevieve frowned. The medicine started taking effect within her and she fell into a deep sleep.

Timothy was about to pat Genevieve's face to check if she was actually sleeping.

However, Cooper grabbed his arm with an unhappy expression. "Your hand is filled with germs. Don't touch her."

Timothy rolled his eyes at him. Tossing the syringe onto the tray, he complained, "Mr. Sutton, you're such a b\*stard! You said that you're going to treat me to a drink, but in the end, you tried to pry information out of me making me drunk!"

"Wait, how did you find out that I lied to you?" asked Timothy, feeling perplexed. "My acting was so good that even Steven was deceived."

Cooper adjusted his glasses and explained calmly, "Fools always think that they're so smart. Firstly, you've been friends with Armand for so many years. If he really got into an accident, you can't possibly act so happily with others just a few days after the accident. Secondly, he definitely knows that Samantha has sided with Peter because he's already got a plan, he sold his Central Group stocks to you and me."

At a loss for words, all Timothy could do was clap for him.

"Mr. Faulkner..." Cooper walked to the hospital bed and gazed at Armand, who had been sleeping there for more than a month. He asked with a smile, "Am I right?"

Armand's eyes were still closed.

Cooper glanced at Timothy, who spread his arms and said lazily, "It's true that Armand's severely injured. He has been unconscious for the past few weeks and only recently woke up. You can't wake him up... probably because he's sleeping well with his wife accompanying him."

Cooper lowered his head and saw Genevieve lying in Armand's arms. A cold look flitted across his face as he stretched out his arms, wanting to carry her away from the bed.

However, Armand suddenly moved and placed a hand over Genevieve's waist.

Cooper scoffed coldly. "Since you've already woken up a few weeks ago, why are you still lying in bed? Are you trying to win Genevieve's pity?"

"That's not true. Armand's legs can't move," explained Timothy as he raised his hands. "I swear that I'm not lying to you. Armand, say something if you're awake." He glanced at the man lying on the bed.

After a while, Armand finally opened his eyes. There was an unreadable and cold look in his eyes, just that they seemed quite unfocused.

"Are the lights off, Timothy?"

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 292**

### **Chapter 292**

As he had not spoken for more than a month, his voice was extremely hoarse.

"Huh?" Timothy quickly rushed to the bed and waved his hands in front of Armand's eyes. "Armand, what number is this?"

As if he understood something, Armand said calmly, "I can't see."

Timothy's expression changed drastically.

Although his medical skills were superb, it did not mean that he knew everything. He asked Cooper to stay there before summoning the ophthalmologist.

Glancing at Armand, Cooper grabbed a fork from the cupboard. He approached the hospital bed and stabbed the fork viciously at Armand's eyes.

However, Armand raised his hand and gripped Cooper's wrist.

He was so calm that he did not even blink. "Cooper, although I can't see, I can still hear."

Seeing that Armand was not pretending to be blind, Cooper pulled his hand out and laughed mockingly. "Who would've expected that the CEO of Central Group has become paralyzed and now blind after a car accident? Do you think that this is karma for committing too many sins?"

Armand rebuked coldly, "If this is God's will, your karma should be worse than mine."

Cooper gritted his teeth secretly. It was true that no matter what he did, he could never compensate for what he had done in the past.

Tasting a bit of blood in the back of his throat, Cooper coughed.

Swallowing the blood down, Cooper said to Armand, "Isabella isn't your biological mother, but neither is Mirrin... Armand, why don't I guess what your plan is?"

"What plan?" asked Armand.

Cooper wiped the corners of his lips. "After Samuel accidentally discovered that you aren't Isabella's son, he continued investigating by following the clues. He realized that Isabella was infertile, so she found Mirrin and bought her child. Half a year ago, Samuel found out that his mother had tampered with your car and offered to switch cars with you. Why did he want to save you? Because fourteen years ago, he was the one behind that explosion that almost killed you. He wants to make it up for you. More importantly, Samuel thought that he has snatched Marilyn away from you, so even though he knew that there was something wrong with the car, he did not say anything and just sat in it..."

When Armand heard how much Cooper had to say, he smirked. "Looks like after you made Timothy drunk, you got quite a bit of information from him."

"The latter part is more exciting," continued Cooper. "Before Samuel died, he told you everything that he has found. He forced you to take care of Marilyn, so no matter what she did, you still protected her. After Samuel died, you immediately did a DNA test with Isabella and confirmed that you're not her son. Then, you asked someone to find Mirrin and did a DNA test with her."

Cooper laughed. "In the end, the results revealed that Mirrin isn't your real mother too! However, you destroyed that report and instructed the doctor to redo a report, proving that she's your mother. You still haven't found who your biological mother is, but you can be certain of one thing—Cesar is your actual father."

Armand's fingers, which were placed over Genevieve's waist, trembled.

"I guess Isabella doesn't know that you're actually Cesar's son," said Cooper firmly. "She always thought that you're Mirrin's son. Otherwise, she wouldn't have collaborated with Peter and made such a move. After Samantha fell out with you, you started plotting. Every step they take is part of your plan. On the surface, Mirrin is obeying Isabella's instructions and joining forces with her to go against you. However, you've already bribed Mirrin and have been instructing her what to say to make the media go crazy. As expected, Mirrin's interview shot to popularity, and the media rushed to report that you're an escort's child. The evidence that Mirrin provided was so perfect that the Faulkner family and Samantha believed it."

After a slight pause, Cooper continued, "Since the Faulker family placed the most importance on blood ties, they would definitely not allow an escort's son to lead the family. Hence, they immediately abandoned you.

"You know that Peter and his sister would definitely try to snatch Central Group from you, so you've already discussed it with some of the shareholders. You also sold some of your shares to Timothy and me, so we would side with Genev when it's time for the shareholders to vote. Armand, you came up with such a grand plan just to help Genev rise to the top, so she could take revenge personally."

At that moment, Armand could not help but admire Cooper. "There are a lot of things that Timothy is still clueless about. However, you managed to guess every part of my plan. As expected of you, Mr. Sutton."

"Armand, what the heck are you thinking about?" Cooper glared at Armand, who was still lying on the bed. "What position have you placed Genev in? Although you've helped her take revenge, remember that Marilyn is not only from the Wood family but also married to the Faulker family! If something bad happens, the Faulker and Wood family would target Genev together."

"Nothing bad would happen. I've already arranged everything," assured Armand calmly. "Furthermore, after Genevieve woke up from her miscarriage, I already knew what she wanted to do."

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 293**

### **Chapter 293**

Cooper froze for a moment but came to a realization immediately after.

He was in no position to make fun of Armand as he was no different from him.

"You'd better hope nothing bad happens." Cooper put on his glasses as he warned, "If Genev gets hurt, I won't let you off!"

After the two of them finished chatting, they saw Timothy hurrying over with a doctor.

Seeing that, Cooper rolled up his sleeves and was about to lift Genevieve up from the bed when Armand suddenly put his arms around the woman's waist.

"Let go of her! It's not convenient for the doctor to check your eyes with her lying here."

"The doctor is just checking my eyes. He doesn't have to be on the bed in order to do that," Armand said before continuing, "She's my wife."

“Wife my ass!” Cooper cursed at once. “You’re really shameless calling her your wife, aren’t you? The two of you are just in a business relationship!”

“Calm down, Mr. Sutton. Don’t be angry...” Timothy dragged Cooper to the side while gesturing to the doctor to examine Armand’s eyes. “He can’t move his legs, and he can’t see as well. He’s just a disabled person. Why are you even arguing with him?”

Cooper shoved the man’s hand away and said with a darkened expression, “Being blind is no big deal. He should just die. I’ll make sure I visit his grave on his death anniversary every year!”

“Don’t worry. You’ll definitely die before me.” Armand’s cold voice rang out.

Cooper seemed to be provoked by Armand’s words as he was staring daggers at the man.

Worried that Cooper would get into a fistfight with Armand, Timothy quickly put his hands on the man’s shoulders to calm him down. “Yes, yes, he deserves that. A disabled person like him who can’t even move is no match for you for sure.”

“Mr. Sutton, in the future, you can look for Genevieve at Central Group every day and have every meal together with her. The rest of the employees of Central Group would all see that. Isn’t that great?”

“Timothy,” Armand spoke in a threatening tone when he heard that. “Stay out of this! Do you have a death wish?”

“I’m doing this for you!” Timothy pouted before complaining, “You can’t even move around now. What can you possibly do? You wouldn’t be able to win against Mr. Sutton in a fight! Besides, Genev is Mr. Sutton’s ex-wife. It’s natural for him to be concerned about her...”

“Timothy!”

Noticing the murderous tone in Armand’s voice, Timothy’s heart skipped a beat, and he kept quiet at once.

After the doctor examined Armand’s eyes, he said with a grim expression, “Mr. Faulkner had probably hit a metal shard and that had caused serious damage to his brain, affecting his optic nerves. That has resulted in him losing his vision... I’ll schedule him for an OCT scan tomorrow.”

Even though Timothy was not familiar with eye conditions and diseases, after being in the hospital for so long, he did have some knowledge in that area from eavesdropping on conversations between ophthalmologists during meal times.

As such, when he heard that Armand's optic nerves were damaged, the smile on his face disappeared slowly.

Cooper realized the gravity of the situation as well when he noticed Timothy's grim expression. Hence, he stopped arguing with Armand and left the room with the doctor.

After walking a distance away from the ward, Cooper asked Timothy, "Is it very serious?"

"We'll have a more accurate diagnosis only after the OCT scan tomorrow," Timothy answered while massaging his temples. "However, once the optic nerves are damaged, it would be almost impossible to make a complete recovery..."

After a brief moment of silence, Cooper asked again, "How about his legs?"

"His legs are fine. They are recovering well," Timothy replied before continuing, "One shot of the injection to treat muscular dystrophy in his legs costs two million and five hundred thousand. He has been taking those shots for two weeks. If he didn't get any better, it would be the end of that medical company!"

Sensing something amiss, Timothy put one hand on Cooper's shoulder before saying, "If Armand has to be bedridden for the rest of his life, shouldn't you be happy? Why does it seem like you're worried about him?"

"If he really becomes permanently disabled, Genev would have to take care of him. I just don't want to see that happen!"

Cooper slapped Timothy's hand aside before saying coldly, "Get more doctors here to treat him then. As long as he can make a complete recovery, money isn't an issue... Ahem!"

The man put his fist to his lips and coughed a few times while bending down slightly.

"Are you all right?" Perhaps it was due to the lighting or other reasons, Timothy noticed that Cooper was looking a little pale. "Do you want to get a checkup?"

Cooper wiped off the blood stains from the corner of his lips secretly before looking up with a normal expression. "No need. I'm going on a business trip to Summerbank the day after. I'll be back in around one month's time. Please look after Genev for me during this period of time and keep tabs on the Faulkner family. Also, you have to make sure that Armand doesn't go blind forever and recovers no matter what."

"That's a lot of work!" Timothy exclaimed in an exaggerated manner.

“Seriously, Mr. Sutton, we’ve just had one drink together! Besides, I’m not even your assistant. Why are you entrusting so many tasks to me? Do I really look like someone who’s easy to take advantage of?”

Cooper shot a glance at Timothy and asked with a faint smile on his face, “Should I pay you?”

“Do I look like I’m in need of money...” Timothy snorted.

When he saw the amount that Cooper had transferred to his account, Timothy swallowed his words at once and put his arms around the man’s shoulders. “Mr. Sutton, you didn’t have to do that. Given how close we are, I should be doing all these for you anyway! Are you hungry? Shall we go get some food? My treat!”

“That’s not necessary.”

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 294**

### Chapter 294

Genevieve was drifting in and out of consciousness when she heard the phone ring.

Just as she looked in the direction of the ringtone, she felt someone putting the phone in her hand.

“Hello?” the woman answered in a groggy state.

“Genev, the news of Mrs. Wood’s death has started to spread.” The person on the other end of the line was Johanna.

“The reporters are camping outside the company now. Should I go and pick you up?”

“It is all right. I’ll head over there myself in a while.”

“Sure.”

After hanging up, Genevieve glanced at the phone screen, feeling considerably more awake.

It was almost nine a.m..

As she was used to waking up early, it felt strange to her that she had woken up at nine a.m. that day.

Was I really that tired?

Just then, Genevieve suddenly remembered that when she was trying to reach for her phone earlier on, someone had stuffed it into her hand instead.

She also realized that something heavy was pressing down on her waist...

As such, the woman looked down at once and saw a hand on her waist. She got such a huge shock that she almost rolled off her bed.

The next moment, the hand tightened around her waist, pulling her into a warm embrace.

After Genevieve fell into the man's arms, she could hear his heart thumping steadily as she leaned against his chest.

Dub-lub! Dub-lub!

At the same time, she heard a man speaking in a hoarse voice, "Did that hurt?"

Has he already woken up?

When Genevieve realized that she was not just imagining things, she tried to scramble out of the man's arms at once.

She looked up and saw that Armand, who had been unconscious for over a month, was looking at her. Even though it was still that familiar pair of intense deep-set eyes, Genevieve could not help but feel that something seemed different...

"Armand?" Genevieve waved her hand in front of the man's face and said, "Can you see my hand?"

Without blinking, Armand replied, "Nope."

Genevieve had also noticed that his eyes were out of focus. Instantly, the joy which she had felt a moment ago from seeing that he had woken up dissipated completely.

"I'll go get the doctor..."

When Genevieve was about to get out of bed, Armand suddenly lifted his hand and brushed his fingertips against her cheeks.

"Darling, have I slept for a long time?" Armand asked in a hoarse voice.

"Yup. You've been unconscious for almost a month." Genevieve answered, feeling indifferent toward the affectionate term which he had used to address her. Pushing the

man's hand away from her face, she continued, "Have some rest while I go get the doctor."

After putting on her shoes, the woman left the ward hurriedly.

Armand had a taut expression on his face. He could still feel the warmth from Genevieve's face lingering on his hand, which had remained on the blanket.

Soon, Genevieve returned to the ward together with Timothy and a few doctors.

As Timothy had been accompanying Armand at the hospital every day, he was very familiar with the man's recovery progress

However, as Genevieve was there, he had no choice but to pretend to ask the doctors to examine Armand again. "It's really a medical miracle that Timothy has woken up! His legs are recovering slowly as well. Wow! I think we can make a movie based on his experience!" Timothy exclaimed in a surprised and exaggerated manner.

Armand twitched his lips slightly and had an urge to strangle Timothy there and then.

When Genevieve heard that, she felt like a burden was lifted off her shoulders. "We should get the ophthalmologist to check his eyes. He can't seem to see."

The doctor who was present was the same one who had checked Armand's eyes the previous night.

When he saw Timothy winking at him, he understood at once. He pretended to examine Armand's eyes and told them that the man needed an OCT scan.

After that, he transferred Armand onto a gurney and wheeled him to the room for the OCT scan with Timothy and Genevieve tagging along.

The ophthalmologist scanned Armand eyes using a specialized device, and a few minutes later, he said in a reassuring tone, "Mr. Faulkner, the damage to your optic nerves is not that serious. There's a high chance that you'll be able to see again."

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 295**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### **Chapter 295**

"Yes." Armand seemed indifferent the entire time. It was as if going blind was not an issue for him.

It was then Genevieve recalled that Armand had lost his eyesight once fourteen years ago.

Back then, his injury had been grievous—his eyes were swathed in thick bandages, but he seemed unfazed at that time too.

Once in a while, he would talk to her on the balcony, and he would even have a small smile on his face.

Genevieve wondered why she was thinking about that when he was the one injured.

As she furrowed her brows, she dismissed those memories in her mind.

After going back to the ward, Genevieve went to wash up before putting on light makeup. “I’m going to Central Group. Should I get Dr. Jensen to keep you company?”

“Go a little later,” Armand said. “Darling, I want to have some water.”

By then, Genevieve was already at the entrance. When she heard the hoarseness of his voice, she halted in her tracks and ended up walking back.

After adjusting the bed for him to sit up, she then filled a glass of water and placed the glass by his lips. Armand then slowly sipped from the glass until he finished everything.

Some of the water splashed onto his hospital gown.

Armand said, “Darling, help me wipe my mouth.”

“Wipe it yourself,” Genevieve huffed as she shoved a piece of tissue into his hands. “Also, can you call me by my name?”

As Armand turned at her, he pursed his lips and said, “I can’t see.”

A beat later, Genevieve thought. You’re f\*cking blind, not immobile!

Nevertheless, she took the tissue out of the man’s hands and wiped the water away from his lips. Then, she threw the tissue into the bin.

The furrow in Armand’s brows relaxed. It seemed like he was happy.

After having some water, his voice sounded more pleasant. “You’re my wife. Calling you by your name makes us sound like strangers. Should I call you ‘Love’ instead?”

"I don't think that makes us sound like strangers." Genevieve did not like him calling her by a nickname that was too intimate.

"Love," Armand said. "I'm hungry."

Genevieve was so livid her temples throbbed. After a moment of tamping her fury down, she said, "Don't call me 'Love', or I'm going to leave you in the hospital and never come back for you!"

Armand fell silent.

After a long while of looking through the delivery apps, Genevieve finally found a restaurant that focused on preparing food for patients. Upon ordering a set, she then messaged Johanna to tell her that she was busy and would only head to the office in the afternoon.

When she clicked out of the chatbox, she noticed the message Cooper sent her.

Cooper told her that he was going overseas for a business talk that would take around a month. He also told her to contact his assistant if she could not reach him.

At that, Genevieve grumbled inwardly. What kind of business talk takes a month?

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, Armand suddenly asked, "How has the company been during my coma? How's Steven?"

"I'm currently the CEO of the Central Group..." Genevieve started as she gave the man a glance.

There was something in her mind that told her that Armand had made all the arrangements earlier on. Why else would Steven show me those documents?

However, who would risk their life and wealth like that?

Genevieve then told Armand everything that happened over the past month, including how she had tortured Marilyn the night before and how she had orchestrated a forced suicide on Martha.

Nevertheless, after hearing her explanation, Armand only said, "You must have had it hard."

"It wasn't that bad. I've learned quite a lot too."

Genevieve had learned how to manage a company under Cooper and the secretarial department's guidance. Furthermore, she had used Armand's power to take revenge on Marilyn.

She should be the one thanking him.

Soon, the deliveryman called, and Genevieve headed out to get the food.

Initially, she wanted to have Armand eat the food himself, but she realized that the oatmeal was piping hot. Hence, she sat beside the bed and got a scoop before handing it to his lips.

Armand lowered his head and ate it.

As Genevieve fed him, she said, "I've given Mirrin forty million and asked her to go overseas."

"Okay."

Genevieve could not hold herself back anymore at his flat tone. "The Faulkner family has abandoned you despite the achievements you've made for Faulkner Group. Do you not feel upset about that?"

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 296**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### **Chapter 296**

"The Faulkner family thinks the world of a pure bloodline. Naturally, they won't let anyone with a dirty past be in charge of Faulkner Group instead of them," Armand said.

Genevieve then scooped a mouthful of oatmeal and shoved it into his mouth before commenting in a cold tone, "We're no longer under the monarchy system, but they're still going on about bloodlines? Do they think that Xedells has a king and that they're the royal family? With their way of thinking, that means they don't take children of farmers and homeless as humans!"

Armand nearly choked on the oatmeal.

However, when he heard how Genevieve was concerned about him, he smiled. "I have my wife managing the company for me and waiting for me to wake up. Why would I feel upset because of those people?"

Genevieve ignored his sentence before shoving him another mouthful of oatmeal. "Of course, I'd wish that you'd wake up soon. Who wants to take care of you for the rest of my life?"

Armand choked again.

He then swallowed the oatmeal, but the taste that spread in his mouth was a bitter one.

As Armand just woke and could not eat much, Genevieve only fed him half the bowl.

After the meal, Armand told her that she could ask him questions if she had anything she could not understand at work. Indeed, Genevieve had encountered some issues, so she talked to him about a recent project that the company was involved in.

Armand immediately figured out what was the issue and gave Genevieve some guidance. His tips enlightened her.

By the time they were done talking about the project, it was already noon.

Armand did not stop Genevieve from leaving anymore. He only quietly said, "It's going to be a long time before my sight recovers. Darling, go ahead and do anything you want. I'm no longer related to the Faulkner family."

The last part of his sentence seemed abrupt, and Genevieve wanted him to elaborate. However, in the end, she never voiced the question.

Less than ten minutes after Genevieve left, Timothy came.

With his hands in his pocket, Timothy stood by the side of the bed and asked, "Oh, Armand. Do you think Genevieve will get extremely mad if she finds out you were faking the coma for the second half of the month?"

"It's best that you keep your mouth shut." Armand narrowed his eyes. "Otherwise, it'll be time for me to order you a coffin."

A chill ran down Timothy's spine at that. Then, he pulled a chair over to take a seat. "After I left the hospital with Cooper, he asked me if I had any drug that can silently kill a baby in the womb. However, when we went to Marilyn's place, Genevieve decided to let Marilyn's child off."

"Even if he doesn't ask that from you, I would," Armand told Timothy. "I lost two children. She's still getting off easy by losing only one."

As Timothy caressed his chin, he shook his head and said, "Marilyn's been dating you for so long, but it doesn't seem to matter to you at all."

"I'm not the one she loves; she is only after power. Why else do you think she'd be able to change her mind so quickly and get together with Samuel?" A mocking smile grew on Armand's lips. "I've given her everything she wanted for the past decade. If not for me,

the Wood family would have to take almost another decade before they can reach the glorious state they're in right now."

Back then, when he took off the gauze and saw the young woman in front of him, the upset he felt was almost indescribable.

It felt like it was her but not at the same time.

The best times he had with Marilyn were short. Perhaps those times were when he woke up in the morning and went to the balcony to listen to her practicing her violin.

Hearing that, Timothy chuckled. "What a coincidence. Your wife said that to Marilyn last night too."

Armand arched a brow. "What else did she say?"

Right as Timothy was about to tell him, he recalled the unperturbed look Genevieve had back then, and he quickly changed the topic.

"Your love rival has gone on a business trip abroad that will take around a month. Armand, it's best that you spend this one month well. Even I can see that Genevieve's heart isn't here." Timothy scratched his brow. "If she really leaves, it's all over."

Armand pressed his lips tightly together.

A long while later, he asked Timothy, "Are there any ways to court a girl? A movie, maybe?"

Timothy turned speechless.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 297**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 297

Genevieve took a cab to Central Group. Just as she came down from the cab, the reporters rushed out of nowhere and surrounded her.

They threw her almost the same questions. "Ms. Rachford, Ms. Wood claimed that you've killed Mrs. Wood. Is that true?"

"When did Mrs. Wood die?"

A surprised look appeared on Genevieve's face, and the reporters quickly snapped her expressions with their cameras. "I've been keeping my husband company after leaving the office last afternoon. You can check my records at the hospital. Are you accusing me of something baseless like this when I've been spending my time at the hospital? Moreover, I bear no grudges against Ms. Wood. Why would I want to kill her mother? Is she insane, or am I losing it?"

Everything Genevieve said made sense, but some of the reporters still did not let her off.

"Ms. Wood dated Mr. Faulkner for thirteen years. Did you kill her mother because you're resentful that Ms. Wood still has a place in Mr. Faulkner's heart?"

Genevieve gave the reporters a brief smile. "I know about their matter, but I don't see the point of doing such a foolish thing.

"Marilyn has been with him for over a decade, and she has taught him what love is. For that, I should thank her. If Mr. Faulkner still has feelings for Marilyn, I'll get a divorce with him once he wakes up. If you don't believe my words, feel free to wait and see."

The reporters were people who went after gossip all day. In other words, they had seen all kinds of scenes.

However, it was their first time encountering someone like Genevieve.

She had defended Armand, managed his company for him, and frequently visited him while he was in a coma. Moreover, she even said that she would let her husband and his ex-girlfriend get together if he really still had feelings for her.

Once the video was uploaded on the internet, it quickly spread onto various social media platforms.

When the netizens saw the video, they angrily left comments such as: A: How can Armand still yearn for his ex-girlfriend? He's such an ingrate!

B: I'd say he's worse than Cooper!

C: Darling, men aren't reliable. Take his money and run away from him!

D: I'm at Xedells. I heard that Mrs. Wood killed herself with poison. This really has nothing to do with Genevieve.

The Public Relations Department did not even need to intervene in the matter. Just the clip itself was more than enough to swiftly make others think that Genevieve had nothing to do with Martha's death.

Meanwhile, the police at Xedells soon announced that Martha had killed herself with poison as well.

Timothy nearly dislocated his jaw from laughing after reading the comments. As a matter of fact, he even rushed to the ward to read them to Armand.

"The netizens are all saying that you're a douchebag and telling you to keep sleeping and not wake up! They're even saying that your wife's the best wife in the world. Hahaha!"

In the next second, Armand grabbed the jug on the table and threw it in the direction of Timothy's voice.

"Get lost!"

Timothy caught the jug and placed it back on the table. "I'm just reading the news to you. It's not as if I'm cursing you. That's why I've said the worst thing to do is to cross a woman, Armand. Your wife is one dangerously lethal femme fatale!"

Armand rubbed his temples in exasperation.

Indeed, Genevieve's action would stop the others from slandering her and eventually Central Group, but...

Somehow, he sensed that Genevieve was also doing that to take revenge on him.

After entering the office, Genevieve did not have the time to look on Twitter and find out what the netizens were talking about. After a meeting in the afternoon, she buried herself deep in a pile of documents.

When working hours were almost over, Johanna knocked on the door and entered with a box in her arms.

"Genev, Specter Corporation sent a package over. I'm guessing that they're documents."

In the past, when Cooper's assistant was too busy, they would send the errand boy to send the things to her.

Genevieve's eyes were sore after reading documents over an extended period of time. As she massaged her eyes, she said to Johanna, "Open it and take a look at them to see what kind of documents they are."

Johanna hummed in response.

She then took out the box cutter and cut the tape on the box apart.

“Ah!”

When Genevieve heard the thump and Johanna’s scream, she leaped to her feet just to see Johanna collapse.

Blood gushed out from the right side of Johanna’s chest and stained her shirt red.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 298**

### **Chapter 298**

“Johanna!” Genevieve paled and rushed toward her.

It was then she saw the short arrow that was stabbed into Johanna’s chest.

It was a deep wound, and the end of the arrow was almost buried under her skin.

By then, the colors were draining out of Johanna’s face from the loss of blood. She muttered, “I’m fine. It’s just that my chest hurts a lot...”

“You’ve been shot by an arrow,” Genevieve told her as she used her handkerchief to wrap the wound up. At the same time, she cried out for help.

There was a proper infirmary in Central Group, but it was after working hours.

Cassie, who had yet to leave, hurried in. When she saw Johanna in a pool of blood, her face turned ashen. She then helped Genevieve bring Johanna up into the car to send her to the hospital.

While Johanna was sent into the operating room, Genevieve and Cassie waited outside.

“Ms. Rachford,” Cassie started, her voice still soft from the fear. She then took two pieces of wet tissues and handed them to Genevieve. “How did Jo get hurt?”

As Genevieve wiped the blood from her hands, she narrowed her eyes and mulled over it. “I think there’s something wrong with the package Specter Corporation sent.

She had heard a thump when Johanna was opening the package on the other side of the table.

After that, Johanna was injured.

When Genevieve realized that there were few people in the office by the time they left for the hospital, she asked Cassie to head back and lock up the office. Genevieve was planning to deal with it in the office the next day before making a copy of the lobby's surveillance footage.

As she leaned against the wall and waited for the doctor, a thought popped into her head. She then fished out her phone and sent a message to Timothy.

Johanna would certainly have to be hospitalized after a grave injury like that.

The two chatted for a short while on WhatsApp. Less than three minutes later, Timothy arrived outside of the emergency room.

He was in casual clothes, and Genevieve guessed that his working hours must be over.

The moment she saw him, she grumpily muttered, "You could have just made arrangements for a bed for me. I didn't ask you to come."

"Hey, I am worried about you all," Timothy said as he glanced at the operating room.

If not for the fact that his work shift was over, he would have entered the operating room to find out more about the situation. "Wasn't she in the office? How did she get hurt?"

Genevieve then gave Timothy a brief explanation of what happened earlier.

"She got hurt while opening the package?" Timothy rubbed his chin and mulled over Genevieve's words. "I'm guessing that either someone had swapped the package during its delivery, or..."

"I've asked Cassie to head back to the office and save today's surveillance footage first," Genevieve told him before turning to look at the operating room.

All she could do was hope that Johanna would turn out fine.

Around twenty minutes later, the doors to the operating room finally opened.

When the doctor came out and saw Timothy, he was taken aback for a moment. Then, he said to Genevieve, "The arrow was buried deep, but it didn't hurt any of her vital organs. It's best for her to stay in the hospital for a few days first."

Hearing that, Genevieve finally relaxed. "Thank you."

Johanna was hurt, but she was awake the entire time.

Soon, the nurse pushed her out of the operating room. When she saw Genevieve and Timothy, she curiously asked, “Why aren’t you smiling now that I’m out? Are you that ready to attend my funeral?”

“Hey,” Timothy started as he pinched her cheek. “Aren’t you scared of dying?”

“Of course, I am! But I’m not dead!” Johanna replied with a giggle. She even added, “Thank god I was the one who opened the package. If it was Genev... things would have been worse.”

Johanna was then sent to the private ward and moved to the room beside Armand’s.

Genevieve was somewhat the reason for Johanna’s injury, so she insisted on sticking around to take care of Johanna. After entering the delivery app, she ordered a bowl of oatmeal from the same shop she ordered from the other time.

“Get two sets,” Timothy said as he glanced at her screen. “Your husband didn’t eat anything at night.”

Genevieve turned to give him a look before furrowing her brows. “He’s blind, not immobile. Doesn’t he know how to call for the nurse to come if he’s hungry?”

“Not only has he lost his eyesight, but he has to go through physiotherapy to stand again.” Timothy sighed as he rubbed his forehead. “Put yourself in his shoes. If you’re stuck in bed and need the help of others, what will you feel? He has an ego, too. You’re his wife, so he won’t feel that you’re laughing at him while you take care of him and feed him.”

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 299**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 299

He can’t even take care of himself anymore, but he still insists on clinging to his dignity?

Nevertheless, she soon realized that he used to be the one others had to listen to. Unfortunately, the tide had changed.

Indeed, it was a huge change.

When Johanna, who was lying on the bed, overheard their conversation, she widened her eyes and gasped. “Genev, your vegetable husband is awake?”

“He came out of it this morning.” Timothy chuckled. “Don’t you feel happy for Ms. Rachford?”

“Didn’t you say that he won’t wake up?” Johanna frowned, seemingly unhappy. “He’ll be taking Genev away from me once he’s awake. Ugh!”

Timothy nearly burst out laughing loudly before he deliberately said to her, “Not only is he awake, but he’s even in the room right beside yours. Do you like the surprise?”

Johanna immediately cried out, “No! I want another room!”

“There aren’t a lot of rooms available right now. I’ve only gotten this room for you by sacrificing myself with the head of the inpatient department. Young woman, you should be thanking me!”

“My dear mister, please sacrifice yourself again and get me a different room then.”

Genevieve did not know whether to start laughing or sighing at their argument.

She was far too impressed by Johanna’s liveliness. That woman had just gotten a grievous injury, but in the next second, she was cheerful and beaming again. If she could leave the hospital right away, she would do just that.

Once the takeout arrived, Timothy stayed to take care of Johanna.

Meanwhile, Genevieve took the other set and went to Armand’s ward.

Armand was lying on the bed, seemingly making a call when she arrived.

Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, he put down his phone and coldly uttered, “I said I don’t need anyone to take care of me.”

“It’s me.” Genevieve closed the door.

Instantly, the iciness of his look disappeared. After saying something else to Steven, who was on the other end of the line, he put his phone on the bed.

“I thought you’d be busy with work. I didn’t think you’d come to the hospital to visit me.”

For a moment, Genevieve thought she could hear something else in his words.

After taking out the food, she sat down on a chair. “The new secretary was hurt when she opened a package, and she’s now in the room next to yours...”

Genevieve then blew on the spoonful of oatmeal before bringing the spoon to Armand’s mouth.

Once Armand heard what happened at the office, he knitted his brows and swallowed the oatmeal. "I'll leave this to you."

The two then fell silent as one fed and the other ate.

Not long after, the oatmeal was gone.

Genevieve then put the packaging of the takeout away. Right then, she heard Armand's request. "Please help me do the procedures for my discharge if you're free tomorrow. I want to go back to Regality Gardens."

"No," Genevieve instantly rejected. "You just woke up, and you haven't recovered yet."

Armand's lips curled. "I've asked Timothy about it. He told me that my legs are fine and that I can do the physiotherapy sessions at home to slowly stand again. Moreover, it's not that... I can rush the recovery of my eyesight."

When Genevieve heard him mentioning Timothy, she did not reject him any further. "I'll get someone to send you back to Swallow Garden."

"The housekeepers there have been taking care of you for many years. They know your eating habits and they'll be able to take better care of you. I have too many things to attend to, and I always sleep after midnight."

"Okay," Armand quietly replied.

The man then reached out toward the drawers and began swiping his hand across the surface.

When Genevieve saw that he nearly knocked the glass of water off, she quickly took the glass and put it in his hand.

It was then she noticed that his hand seemed a little cold.

She turned to see that the window was wide open, and the wind was rushing into the room. She stood up to close it.

There's no need to leave the window wide open even if the room needs ventilation. Moreover, the temperature's low at night. The nursing aide that Timothy hired really is too careless.

"Rest well, then." Genevieve walked over and took the phone from the bedside table. "I'm going to go to the next room to keep Johanna company."

Armand nodded. "Okay. Rest early too."

Genevieve paused in her tracks when she reached the doorway and turned around to look at the bed.

The man's eyes were lowered as he quietly lay back on the bed. The white light above him shone and cast shadows over his defined features.

No matter how bright the lights in the room were, it would not affect him.

He could not see, after all.

## **My Flirtacious Husband Chapter 300**

### **My Flirtacious Husband**

#### Chapter 300

Genevieve slept in Johanna's ward all night. When she woke up the next morning, Johanna was already awake and looking energetic.

She wanted to go to the office with Genevieve, but the latter turned down her request.

Genevieve ordered two sets of breakfast and waited until Timothy came to work in the hospital before instructing him to feed Armand breakfast later. She also told him not to let Johanna leave the hospital and take good care of her.

Upon seeing that he had so much on his hands, Timothy felt utterly defeated.

The first thing Genevieve did when she reached the company was to inspect the parcel that Johanna opened the night before.

She found that a mechanical spring doll with a short arrow in its hand had been stuck to the bottom of the parcel. As soon as someone opened the box, it would spring out, and the arrow would shoot out from the hand.

The arrowhead was very sharp and coupled with the terrifying speed of the arrow, could practically kill someone on the spot.

It was obvious that the person who planned it wanted her dead.

Genevieve also checked the surveillance footage that Cassie had copied the night before. She then called the receptionist up and asked her if she remembered the courier company of the deliveryman who sent the parcel.

The receptionist had no recollection. However, she quickly pointed out the deliveryman from the surveillance footage.

Genevieve took a clear picture of the man's face and sent it to Cooper's assistant, asking her if she had instructed the man to send the parcel the night before.

Bertilla immediately gave her a call and said, "I personally gave the documents to the deliveryman, but not this one. What happened, Ms. Rachford?"

"Someone had switched the package you sent." Genevieve replied, "There was a murder weapon inside."

Bertilla was shocked and immediately called the deliveryman who took the documents.

After a few minutes, she called Genevieve back, saying gravely, "The delivery man said that he happened to have a stomachache when he went to Central Group to deliver the documents. He bumped into a colleague, who said he would deliver the documents for him, so he gave them to him. Now the company can't find that colleague. I heard that he never went back to the staff dorm after getting off work yesterday afternoon..."

"Looks like he fled yesterday." Genevieve said coolly, "Get the courier company to give you all the employment information of the man and see what you can find."

Bertilla hummed in response before asking anxiously, "Are you hurt, Ms. Rachford?"

"No. My secretary opened the parcel. She was injured." Genevieve said, "Get someone from the company to send over the documents next time."

"All right. Understood."

Before hanging up, a thought flashed through Genevieve's mind. "Where did Mr. Sutton go for his business trip? What kind of cooperation is he discussing that he has to stay overseas for so long?"

On the other end of the line, Bertilla held her breath upon hearing that.

She quickly responded, "Mr. Sutton went to Summerbank. He wants to open a branch there, but it will take time to see the land and negotiate with the local government. He said that the company affairs are in place, and with you around, he can go there with peace of mind."

Although Genevieve was curious about why Cooper chose to open a branch in Summerbank, she did not need to doubt his business acumen, so she didn't ask any further questions.

She merely hummed in acknowledgment before saying to the assistant, "Tell Mr. Sutton to take care of himself."

After ending the call, Genevieve placed her phone on the table.

She tapped the table with a finger for a few seconds before again opening the office drawer and taking a sealed folder out.

She guessed that the two were mother and son, but was not completely certain.

Hence, after finding an opportunity to obtain the hair of the two of them, she sent them to the paternity testing center.

Genevieve tore the seal and took out the test report. She flipped to the last page and read the line at the end: According to the results of the DNA analysis, it has been confirmed that Samantha Faulkner is the biological mother of Cooper Sutton.