

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 51

Chapter 51 Something Has Changed

After realizing she had been toyed by Genevieve, Queenie almost wanted to tear her into pieces.

Suddenly, she noticed a surveillance camera hanging on the top of the wall in a conference room beside her. An idea sprung into mind, and she smirked coldly. As for Genevieve, she had no time to bother about Queenie's antics, as she was fatigued after taking a whole day of tests at Central Group.

Remembering that she needed to go to the hospital to have her blood drawn, she sent a message to Steven when she went downstairs.

He quickly texted back: Mr. Faulkner has business in Xedells, so I need to send him to the airport. I'll be back in around an hour.

Genevieve messaged: No problem. I will go to the hospital first.

After replying to Steven's message, Genevieve reached the ground floor on the lift and walked out of the building through the rotating doors. She stood by the roadside to flag down a taxi, but seeing there were little taxis on the road, she took out her phone and hired a private car online.

As cars rushed by her, a black Bentley suddenly drove by. It had only driven past her by a few meters when it decelerated and reversed.

The backseat car window facing Genevieve rolled down, revealing an angular face.

The man wore silver-rimmed, narrow-framed glasses, making him seem elegant.

As he looked at Genevieve outside the windows, a sliver of emotion crossed his face. "Why are you here?"

The man, Cooper, then looked past Genevieve and gazed at the skyscraper behind her that everyone in Jadeborough knew of — Central Group.

Genevieve also stared at the face in the car that she had once looked at for more than twenty years.

Now, she felt nothing but hate for him.

"Mr. Faulkner, what does that have to do with you?" Tucking away the tendrils of hair blowing on her face, Genevieve grinned. "If you have time, you should drink more healthy smoothies. It will be regretful if you die before I can seek revenge

from you.”

As she had led a luxurious life since young, and everyone around her doted on her, she developed a flamboyant and bold personality.

Regardless of her family background, based on her gorgeous looks alone, she was already far more superior to the other socialites. Thus, no one could win a verbal sparring match with her.

Her obedient and gentle behavior before Armand was all an act.

Upon hearing Genevieve’s words, Cooper only furrowed his brows. Genevieve wore a suit, and the top of her white shirt inside was unbuttoned, revealing her beautiful collarbones. The shirt was tucked into her pants, highlighting her tiny waist.

It was just a usual women’s suit, yet not only did she not appear dour, but she seemed more charming and vivacious.

Cooper knew Central Group was hiring these few days, so realization dawned upon him when he saw Genevieve’s attire.

Upon remembering her red-rimmed eyes from that day in the hotel, Cooper’s heart skipped a beat. “You have been pampered since young and have no working experience. It’s too stressful working at Central Group, so it doesn’t suit you.”

The moment he said those words, he was startled.

Due to Genevieve, Specter Corporation’s stocks had plummeted, and he was embroiled in a scandal, leading to his sorry state. However, his feelings changed for some reason upon meeting her.

Genevieve also froze for a moment, surprised he would say such words.

However, she quickly knitted her beautiful brows and replied frostily, “Although I was pampered since young, it doesn’t mean I don’t know anything. I learned many things in Dartan. It is more than enough to get me into Central Group.”

Pausing, she gazed at Cooper and continued, “I already got through the tough times when I lost my family. Nothing else is pressurizing to me anymore.”

For some inexplicable reason, Cooper’s chest tightened upon meeting her sarcastic gaze.

Evidently, Genevieve did not want to continue talking to him. Coincidentally, her private hire also arrived, so she quickly strode over to open the car door and bent down to get in.

Cooper’s sense of displeasure grew, and his face darkened as he watched the car speed off.

He could not tell whether what Genevieve said at the hotel and the look in her

eyes was all an act for the reporters. However, he felt something had changed after that night.

As he went to sleep that night, he remembered many things he had forgotten. He realized Genevieve had never interacted much with other men since young Cooper was all that mattered to her, and her world revolved around him. Once, he only caught a small cold, yet Genevieve was so afraid that she cried. She would always obey whatever he told her not to do and never made him angry.

"I'll go wherever you go! I will become your wife!"

"After we get married, I will give birth to many, many kids, and they can form a football team. Then, we'll watch them play football every day!"

"Coop, quickly come and marry me!"

Lost in his thoughts, Cooper recalled the time Genevieve cried for him to return her parents and her hateful gaze. Immediately, he felt as if someone was squeezing his heart.

It was so painful that he gasped for breath and pressed his hand against his chest.

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Chapter 52

Chapter 52 Do Not Forget Your Medical Ethics

The driver looked at Cooper through the rearview mirror after hearing the latter grunt. "Are you all right, Mr. Sutton?"

"I'm fine," Cooper replied. The suffocating feeling in his chest was soon gone as the color on his face, too, returned.

He adjusted his glasses before asking, "Did you guys manage to find Erica?"

"No. There are no records of her buying tickets at the high-speed rail station or the airport," the driver replied before voicing his guess. "Mr. Sutton, I feel that Erica is afraid that you'll get back at her. Hence, she might have hopped on a ship and left."

The driver's guess was completely plausible. Yet, Cooper furrowed his eyebrows. He had a feeling that that was not the case.

In the last few years, he had been assigning Erica to a number of dirty jobs.

She was smart and did not leave any traces behind.

According to her personality, she would have used those things to get some money from him and asked him to let her go if she knew that her reputation was ruined.

Yet, she silently drove the car away in the morning and disappeared just like that. It was not her style of doing things at all.

The more Cooper thought of it, the more doubts appeared in his heart. He then ordered in a low voice, "Continue the search. We must find her."

"Yes," the driver replied.

Meanwhile, after arriving at the hospital by taxi, Genevie rested for a while at the outpatient department. Steven only came rushing to her when it was time for the outpatient department to get off work.

The pair then went to visit Timothy at the neurosurgery department.

Although it was already time to get off work for the outpatient department, there was still a female patient at Timothy's for a follow-up consultation.

Upon arriving, Genevieve saw Timothy, who was in his white coat and wore a serious expression on his face.

His unruly ponytail and his slightly upturned and attractive eyes enhanced his already charming facial features. He was handsome to the extent that people could not help but stare at him.

His looks are too attractive. He probably costs a ten-digit figure in the nightclub.

"You're so handsome, Dr. Jensen," gushed the female patient who was there for her follow-up consultation. Bashfully, she asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

Timothy had his head down and was looking at the CT scan with a smile on his face. "I'm sorry, but I'm gay."

Genevieve, who stood by the door, was slightly startled by his words.

She recalled Timothy flirting with a few nurses the last time she went to the blood bank with him to draw blood, and she remembered clearly how easily the nurses had blushed due to his words.

Could it be that he's bisexual?

"Why are all the attractive men either taken or gay?" the female patient whined in disappointment. She could not help but scan Timothy again before asking, "Then, are you the top?"

Genevieve was rendered speechless.

Timothy, on the other hand, quirked an eyebrow in an alluring and handsome way. "What do you think?"

The female patient was instantly struck by his handsomeness as she stared at him in a daze.

"The scan shows that your left hand had recovered," Timothy stated as he returned the scan and her medical records to her. "There's no need to take medicine. Hence, you can go back now."

"Thank you," said the female patient as she took the items back.

Before leaving, she could not help but turn back and look at Timothy. "My brother is eighteen and is rather good-looking. He's also gay. Do you want to consider dating him? I mean, you're extremely handsome. Why wouldn't I introduce you to my brother and ease his eyes instead of giving others the pleasure? On top of that, I'll even be able to see you daily after that."

Genevieve was once again at a loss of words.

She did not want to admit it, but she felt that what the female patient said was very reasonable.

Timothy, however, was unfazed. He told the female patient to persuade her brother into liking girls while sending her out.

The female patient was somehow brainwashed by his gentleness as she nodded seriously and told Timothy that she would try her best to teach her brother the right ways.

Timothy then returned to his office after seeing the patient leave.

His expression became complicated when his vision swiftly passed over Genevieve. However, the strange look on his face soon disappeared.

His lips twitched into a smile. "Donating blood is a major thing to do. Sometimes, people even lose their lives from it. Genev is Armand's wife, so why are you the one to send her here?"

Sensing the mockery in Timothy's words, Steven was speechless.

He had sent a message to Timothy in advance to inform him about it. Yet, the latter seemed to be having fun with the situation.

"Mr. Faulkner has returned to Xedells," Steven exclaimed while discreetly giving Timothy a warning gaze. "I'm sure there'll be no accidents with you here, Dr. Jensen."

However, it was as if Timothy did not notice Steven's gaze as he snickered. "I can't guarantee that."

Genevieve, on the other hand, was in a trance while speculating about Steven's sexual orientation. However, she soon snapped back into her senses after hearing the conversation between Steven and Timothy.

She took two steps back. "How about I don't donate anymore?"

Other than her special blood type, Genevieve also had a coagulation disorder and a weak body. She only mustered her courage and went to donate her blood because Armand asked her to do so.

Even if Timothy was joking with her, his joke had actually scared her.

Steven glanced at Genevieve before exclaiming in a heavy tone, "Dr. Jensen, you should remember the medical ethics of being a doctor."

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Chapter 53

Chapter 53 Take A Picture For Armand

A smile appeared at the corner of Timothy's lips.

He wanted to question why he had to care about medical ethics when Armand had no morals whatsoever. However, he could not help but roll his eyes and hold his tongue when he saw Steven whipping out his phone.

He then immediately placed his arms around Genevieve's shoulders as he gave her a kind and gentle smile. "I was just joking with you, darling! No accidents happen during blood withdrawal. On top of that, I'm the one who's doing it for you. The only thing you have to worry about is fainting due to my good looks." "Why thank you so much," Genevieve replied with a twitch of her lips before slapping his hands away.

Upon arriving at the blood donation center, Timothy first brought Genevieve for a checkup. He only prepared the relevant equipment for blood withdrawal after confirming that she was healthy enough to donate her blood.

Genevieve thought that the thickness of the needle used to withdraw blood would be the same as the ones used to inject medicines. However, fear soon crept up in her heart when she saw the thick and long needle tube that Timothy took out from the bag.

Her arm trembled as she quickly averted her gaze.

"I knew it. I am indeed even more handsome compared to Armand," Timothy exclaimed with a click of his tongue. "I'm so handsome to the extent that you don't even dare to look at me."

Genevieve could not help but chuckle after hearing his words. Her tense muscles soon relaxed after knowing that he was trying to divert her attention.

She pursed her lips. "So, are you a top or a bottom?"

"Why do you ask? You want to share your husband with me?" Timothy asked with a smile as he inserted the needle firmly into her fair arm.

Genevieve's body tensed as she gasped in pain upon feeling the needle penetrate her skin.

Timothy glanced at her and tried to divert her gaze again by talking to her.

"Technically, I'm a top. However, I could also be a bottom if your husband wants me to."

Genevieve was just curious.

His words made her recall the way Armand looked at her with disgust a long time ago. She then imagined the exciting image of Armand restraining both of Timothy's arms above the latter before pinning him to the door.

Did Armand resent me due to him preferring men over women?

Soon, the empty transparent bag was filled with bright-red blood. However, Genevieve's cheeks, which were originally flushed, turned pale in an instant; she looked sickly.

Even Steven, who had witnessed many lives and deaths, turned away as he could not bear to look at her sickly face.

Timothy, however, immediately took the bag of blood and shook it in front of Steven upon seeing the latter behave in that way. He exclaimed with a grin on his face, "Three-hundred milliliters of blood that's still warm. Want to take a picture for Mr. Faulkner?"

The corner of Steven's eyes twitched. "No thanks."

Genevieve, who was still laying on the hospital bed, was a bit baffled when she saw the scene.

What's going on here?

Timothy assigned the rest of the work to a nurse as he stayed by Genevieve to talk to her and observe her condition.

After confirming that she did not experience any symptoms of discomfort, he then called for another nurse and ordered, "Go to Mr. Larson from the inpatient department and ask him to get a VIP ward ready. I'll transfer Genevieve over in a while."

"I won't be staying," Genevieve said. She felt her energy levels returning to normal after lying in bed for ten minutes or so. "I'll go back with Steven."

She did not like staying in the hospital for too long as Winifred passed away in a hospital.

"No can do. Your body is quite special. You'll have to be hospitalized for observation after blood withdrawal." Despite the smile on his face, Timothy spoke with a firm tone.

"Also, Armand has a lot of money," he added.

Genevieve was not sure if she was imagining things or not. However, she could somehow sense a tinge of mockery in Timothy's voice.

"Listen to Dr. Jensen's advice and stay in the hospital, Mrs. Faulkner," Steven suggested as he kept his phone in his pocket. "I've already informed Maria to prepare your dinner. Patrick has also finished his task and returned. I'll get him to bring you your dinner in a while and accompany you here."

"Okay." Genevieve nodded. She did not refuse this time.

The VIP ward of the inpatient department was a luxurious space with two bedrooms and a living room. Steven soon left after sending Genevieve to her ward.

It might be due to losing a lot of blood from the withdrawal earlier, as Genevieve felt immensely hungry as soon as she turned on the television. She felt the desire to eat, specifically sweet foods.

There were various snacks laid out on the table. However, there were only biscuits and walnuts; no sweets were included.

Genevieve recalled the vending machine placed in the corner of the lobby that she saw when entering the inpatient department. She guessed that there should be sweets in it. Hence, she put on her jacket and went out.

She caught a glimpse of two women walking from the corridor when she went to press the elevator button.

The woman on the left had had beautiful features and a head of silky dark hair hanging down her back. She was wearing a loose purple dress with a slightly raised belly.

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Chapter 54

Chapter 54 A Familiar Face

The woman beside her seemed to be her housekeeper as she was helping her carry her bag.

The elevator had already arrived. Genevieve initially planned to go downstairs earlier to buy some food but deliberately slowed down her pace upon seeing the pregnant lady.

After entering the elevator, she held the open door button for the woman and her housekeeper.

Soon, the woman entered the elevator with her housekeeper, then lifted her head to smile at Genevieve. "Thank you."

When she got a closer look at the latter, her eyes opened wide as though she was in shock.

Genevieve was stunned for a moment but quickly recognized the woman and said, "Ms. Wood?" Her voice carried a touch of hesitation and surprise.

"Genevieve Rachford, I remember you." Marilyn Wood's eyes flickered slightly as her gaze swept across Genevieve's flawless face.

Despite knowing that she was as pretty as the latter, the difference in their age still caused envy to well up in her heart.

She's young and pretty... How can men not fall for her?

"Ms. Wood, you're so famous in the music sphere and have so many students under your tutelage," Genevieve said, her lips curving into a smile. "I never expected you to remember me as I only attended three of your classes."

Marilyn stood beside her after entering the elevator. "Out of all of my students in the same batch, only you have the best pitch. That's why you left a deep impression on me," she responded.

Hearing the compliment from her former teacher, Genevieve beamed with delight. "Really?"

The elevator slowly moved downward.

Suddenly, Genevieve glanced at Marilyn's baby bump and voiced, "Ms. Wood, I didn't know you were married. Are you residing in Jadeborough now?"

The latter was wearing a V-neck dress that exposed her skin slightly. As Genevieve retracted her gaze, she saw a pendant near her collarbone.

It was from Tiffany's "Perfect Lover" collection.

She remembered that the necklace was not only a limited edition but also a collector's edition. Even for the top VIPs at Tiffany's, it was hard to come by.

Yet, she managed to bump into two people who both owned the same necklace in succession.

Genevieve's words seemed to have hit a nerve in Marilyn. Emotions raged within the latter's eyes as she raised her hands to touch her baby bump.

Using all her might, she suppressed her emotions and replied with a smile, "Yes, I've been staying in Jadeborough for quite a while. I knew what happened to your family too."

Hearing that, Genevieve lowered her eyes and pursed her lips.

Marilyn turned and looked at her with a gentle expression. "Genevieve, it must be tough for you to live in Jadeborough without your family. Out of all of my students, you're the most talented one. I can help you enroll in Hillview Music Academy. People there can make you a rising star in the music sphere."

When Genevieve offered no response, she continued, "You don't have to worry. I can pay for all of your expenses."

"Ms. Wood, thank you for your kindness. However, I would like to stay here."

Genevieve was not interested in pursuing music. What she wanted to do at the moment was avenge her parents.

Although her marriage to Armand happened because of their collaboration, they were legally married. Therefore, he was considered her family.

While Marilyn's smile faltered slightly, her tone remained gentle. "Are you staying here to settle some affairs? I can help you."

Her repeated gestures of goodwill weirded out Genevieve.

Ms. Wood has many students. I've only attended a few of her classes, and I'm not particularly exceptional. It's very weird that she still remembers me after years and even wants to help me...

Coincidentally, the elevator arrived at the first floor.

Patrick was waiting outside the elevator with a food jar in his hand. As soon as the elevator doors opened, he spotted Genevieve first and asked, "Genev, what are you doing here?"

"To buy some candies," she replied as she walked out of the elevator. "How about you? Why are you here so early?"

"Steven's worried that you might be bored by yourself, so he asked me to send the food over to you as soon as Maria made dinner." Raising his eyebrows, he added, "I can leave if you don't want my company."

Genevieve smiled slightly. "I don't mind if you do. But do you dare to leave?"

Patrick was rendered speechless.

She then turned to look at Marilyn, who was walking out of the elevator, and offered courteously, "Ms. Wood, I'll be making a move first. How about I treat you to a meal some other time?"

"Yes, sure." Marilyn nodded with a gentle smile.

Only then did Patrick realize that Genevieve knew the two women who stepped

out of the elevator after her. This woman in a dress is called Ms. Wood? She has a bump on her belly and is very beautiful.

While following Genevieve to the vending machine, he gave two backward glances.

"I think I've met Ms. Wood somewhere before..." he muttered. "Is she your high school teacher?"

"No." Genevieve shook her head. "I used to study in Dartan. Coincidentally, she was doing a tour there, so I attended a few of her violin classes. Ms. Wood is a famous and talented figure in the music sphere, so she's often featured in magazines. It's no surprise if you've seen her somewhere before."

Patrick felt that he had seen Marilyn somewhere before in real life, not in magazines.

Alas, he could not put his finger on it, despite his efforts in racking his brain.

Nevertheless, he did not bother about it for long, asking cheekily, "Wow, I thought you knew nothing! I never thought that you could play the violin. Why don't you give me a performance?"

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Chapter 55

Chapter 55 Will Not Change

"Great. You've successfully pissed me off now." While walking, Genevieve kicked Patrick's leg and responded, "I'll back out of the deal of buying you supper for a month!"

Afraid of losing his one-month supply of free supper, Patrick quickly inched closer to appease her. "No, No. Don't back out, please. I know I was wrong. Please forgive me, beautiful Genev! This filthy mouth of mine is to be blamed. I'll slap myself on the face as punishment!"

When she gave no response, he whined, "Genev, have you found someone new? Is that why you don't love me anymore?"

Genevieve was at a loss for words.

Her lips twitched as she watched his antics and pretentious act, which contradicted his tall stature. "If you keep this up, I will call your brother!"

Patrick immediately stopped what he was doing and took out cash from his pocket. "Genev, what kind of candies do you want to eat? I'll buy them for you!"

Again, words failed her.

Meanwhile, Marilyn stood still after walking out of the elevator. The whole time, she watched Genevieve and Patrick banter their way to the vending machine with her lips pinched tightly together.

She asked her housekeeper, "Is that Steven's younger brother?"

"Yes." Patrick had been to the Faulkner residence a few times, so the housekeeper remembered what he looked like. "I heard that he graduated from the Military Academy of National Defense. Not only does he fight better than his brother, but he's also a hacker. He's also the one who spread the scandals of the second son of the Faulkner family, allowing Mr. Armand to take the latter down easily."

As she spoke, she glanced at Patrick again. "Patrick was handling Mr. Armand's affairs in Epea previously. I didn't know he had already returned."

"He must have returned for a long time," Marilyn replied with her lips tightly pursed. "Mando didn't bother to introduce his subordinate to me, yet he assigned him to Genevieve and even married her for real..."

Holding her housekeeper's arms tightly, she asked, "Does Mando not care about me anymore?" Her face had turned as white as a sheet.

The housekeeper consoled her, "Don't overthink it. Mr. Armand only has you in his heart. Patrick has always been in Epea and rarely stays by Mr. Armand's side. It's normal that you've never seen him before. As for Mr. Armand's marriage to Genevieve, it's just to get Old Mrs. Faulkner off his back. You know how she's been pressuring him. I heard Old Mrs. Faulkner found out Mr. Armand faked his previous marriages, and Frankie even went to City Hall to oversee the whole marriage registration process. Under the circumstances, I guess Mr. Armand had no choice but to marry Genevieve."

Worried that they would arouse Patrick's suspicions by standing at the same spot for too long, she escorted Marilyn outside.

"Old Mrs. Faulkner has been keeping a close eye on you recently," the housekeeper said in a hushed voice. "You should stay home and have a good rest. Don't bother about the other things. Even if Genevieve is together with Mr. Armand, it definitely won't change how he feels about you."

Her analysis put Marilyn's mind at rest.

Nonetheless, she felt utterly uncomfortable over the fact that her beloved man married another woman.

"Make a phone call to Mando later. I would like him to accompany me for dinner," Marilyn said.

"I'm afraid that won't do..." The housekeeper paused for a moment and continued in a low voice, "I received the news half an hour ago that Mr. Armand has returned to Xedells."

Marilyn immediately recalled what date it was on that day. With that, her gaze darkened. "Contact the airport now. I want to go to Xedells too."

"It's not suitable for you to travel around during your pregnancy," the housekeeper persuaded gently. "Furthermore, Old Mrs. Faulkner will be angry if she knows about it."

Old Mrs. Faulkner...

Marilyn's eyes turned cold when she thought of the old woman, who had benevolent facial features and was yet imperious.

Instead of replying to her housekeeper, she pursed her lips and caressed her baby bump. Not only was she resentful, but she also regretted the decision she had made back then.

In the meantime, the dinner that Patrick brought for Genevieve was both scrumptious and nutritious.

After she had two packs of gummies and a nourishing meal, her pale face became ruddy, and she did not seem as frail.

The two of them then passed the time by playing games together. Unfortunately, they teamed up with an incompetent teammate, who hurled insults at Patrick, calling him an idiot.

Genevieve did not hold back, quarreling with that person. Although she won the argument, she lost the mood to play games. Thus, she tossed her phone aside and turned on the television.

Patrick looked at her in shock. "Genev, I just realized that you're so good at scolding people."

Genevieve was not exactly a cool and elegant type of beauty. On the contrary, she looked rather alluring with a hint of innocence. In short, people would be enthralled by her at first glance.

Usually, she was polite and even a little gentle when she spoke with them.

Therefore, it was beyond his expectations that she could be so sharp-tongued.

"We are in the same team. It's an insult to my intelligence as well when he called you an idiot!" Genevieve responded. As she opened a pack of gummies, she grumbled under her breath, "How can I possibly stand that!"

She still had not gotten over the fact that Armand insulted her intelligence last time.

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Chapter 56

Chapter 56 Could Not Bear To Lay A Hand

Genevieve noticed some ornaments on the coffee table when she was switching channels with the remote control. There was also the bouquet of lilies that the nurse had brought into the room when she was admitted into the hospital.

The lilies were in full bloom, and the floral scent wafted up to her nose.

She recalled the flower tattoo on Armand's wound when she was treating his injury that night. A chill started running down her spine.

Genevieve turned to Patrick. "Patrick, can I ask you a question?"

Patrick raised his eyebrows. "What is it?"

"The two women, who were supposed to marry Mando, died before their wedding. The cause of their deaths had nothing to do with their health. Were they accidents?"

Genevieve decided to voice her suspicions when she thought of all that had happened. "Someone's feeling threatened if Mando gets married. That's why they are secretly plotting against him."

She paused for a while before continuing with absolute certainty, "The car explosion outside Langfield Hotel the other day was targeted at me, not Mando."

"Oh my God!" Patrick's jaw almost dropped in shock when he heard how Genevieve arrived at that conclusion.

He had thought that Steven had Genevieve fooled with his lies. However, Genevieve remembered the car explosion and had deduced it correctly.

When Genevieve saw his reaction, she knew she had hit the nail on the head. "I've guessed it all along. Mando's father had so many children with his three wives, but he loved Mando the most. He left the Faulkner family to Mando instead of his eldest son. I'm sure some people in the family must be displeased with his decision. If Mando died in an accident, the Faulkner family would be able to get their hands on his assets, but..."

Genevieve's expression turned grim as she continued, "If Mando gets married and has children, he will have a family of his own. His children will inherit his assets. The Faulkner family won't get a single cent."

"Genev, you're brilliant!" Patrick uttered those words after much hesitation.

Patrick was aware of many things about Armand, after working for him for so many years.

Genevieve, on the other hand, was only married to Armand for a short time. Although she did not know much about him, she still managed to figure out many things.

There were many people in the Faulkner family members who wanted to plot against Armand. However, many of them toed the line and did not dare to make any move after the bloodbath a year ago.

Someone was indeed trying to harm Genevieve, but it was not the Faulkner family.

Genevieve merely smiled. She held up her glass and took a sip of water. "One of the brides was the youngest daughter of the shipping tycoon in Xedells, and the other was the daughter of the owner of a foodstuff company. Mando not only did not pursue this matter, but he also spent a large sum of money to resolve it. I guess the person involved must be close to him."

Genevieve said confidently as her finger traced the surface of the glass. "That person must be someone Mando couldn't bear to lay a hand on."

Patrick's mouth was open wide, but no words came out.

He knew about the Rachford family. He knew how Cooper had framed Genevieve and destroyed her family. He was also aware that Cooper had taken Genevieve's company away. Hence, he always thought Genevieve was not a smart person.

Now, he realized it was otherwise.

He was the real fool.

"It's the same person who wanted to attack me, isn't it? Can you tell me why Mando is condoning his actions?" Genevieve asked Patrick.

"I don't know. I haven't been with Armand for a long time. Steven was the one who was by his side most of the time. I was at Epea all this while and was only transferred back here two months ago." Patrick shrugged his shoulders as he mumbled.

"Don't worry, Genev. Regardless of who that person is, I won't allow the same thing to happen again. With me around, no one can harm you," he declared confidently.

Genevieve understood what he meant immediately. "You didn't protect the two previous brides, so they died? Looks like Mando is truly indulging this person."

Patrick was silent.

Although he was able to guess who that person was, it was still his speculation. He was still clueless about a lot of things.

For example, he did not know why Armand pretended to marry those two women but married Genevieve. He even made Patrick come back to protect her.

"Stop asking, Genev. I'm getting a headache from all your questioning." Patrick did not like to handle such matters.

If not for Steven, he would go back to Epea.

Back there, he had more control of his time, and no one would bother him. Life was so carefree then.

"Quick, go and sleep. I'm going out for a puff."

Afraid that he might let slip something if Genevieve continued probing, Patrick quickly made an excuse and left the ward.

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Chapter 57

Chapter 57 High Fever

Genevieve got even more curious when she saw how Patrick fled the scene quickly.

She heard that Armand's mother was a sickly woman. She had given birth to a daughter when Armand was barely two years old.

However, as the baby was born prematurely, she died before she turned one. The second wife of Armand's father never had any children since. She only had one son, Armand.

Who in the Faulkner family would want to plot against Mando, and yet he tolerated whatever this person did?

Genevieve felt a little weak and tired, possibly because she had drawn too much blood in the afternoon. As it was already close to midnight, she went into the bedroom and slept.

Just as she drifted off to sleep, she started feeling uncomfortable. She felt as though someone was covering her mouth and nose and she could not breathe properly.

Genevieve tried hard to open her eyes, but she could not.

Patrick went back to the hospital ward after smoking two cigarettes outside, thinking that Genevieve must be asleep.

Remembering Steven's instructions, he tiptoed into the bedroom to check on Genevieve.

"She drew so little blood. Whatever can happen to her?" he grumbled to himself.

He had lost a lot of blood on several occasions and still survived. He did not understand what the fuss was about.

When Patrick entered the bedroom, he noticed that Genevieve's face was flushed red. She appeared to be gasping for breath.

Patrick's face darkened as he quickly made his way to her bed. "Genev?"

He touched Genevieve's forehead with his hand.

It felt so hot that it almost burnt his thick skin. He withdrew his hand instinctively and called Timothy immediately.

While waiting for Timothy, Patrick noticed that Genevieve's condition seemed to have worsened. Her whole body was wet as though she had been fished out from a pool of water. Her nose was bleeding, and her brows were knitted tightly.

A few minutes later, Timothy, who was on standby in the hospital, arrived with the nurses.

His face darkened when he saw how Genevieve looked. He went over to give her a check-up after instructing the nurse to prepare some medication.

Patrick leaned against the wall as Timothy and the nurses busied themselves in the ward. He became increasingly suspicious.

Around half an hour later, Genevieve's face was no longer flushed. Her fever had subsided, and she was starting to breathe more normally.

When Timothy saw that Genevieve's condition had improved, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Timothy—" Patrick was about to ask Timothy something but the latter looked annoyed and quickly pushed him out of the room.

Patrick was puzzled.

Did I offend him? Why did he look so unhappy?

Patrick went up to take a look at Genevieve after the nurse left. Genevieve was sleeping soundly. He then caught sight of a silver watch next to the cart by her bed.

Patrick guessed that Timothy must have left it on the cart and wanted to return it to him.

Just as he stepped out of the ward, he heard Timothy's angry voice, seemingly talking to someone over the phone.

He stopped in his tracks and walked toward Timothy.

"You put her on standby, just in case. Now you've changed your mind? D*mn it! How is her health? Didn't I tell you earlier?"

After a momentary pause, Timothy's voice rang out again. "Don't explain anymore. I'm a doctor. What you're doing is an insult to my professionalism."

Timothy was hollering at the man on the other end of the phone. When he turned around after hanging up the phone, he saw Patrick standing nearby. He did not know how long Patrick had been standing there.

"What's the matter?" Timothy asked gruffly. He was in a bad mood, apparently.

"Timothy, you left your watch in the ward." Patrick walked up to him and handed the watch to Timothy. "Who insulted your professionalism?"

Patrick was well-trained, and his senses were more acute than ordinary people.

In the beginning, Timothy spoke in a low voice and did not sound as angry. As Patrick was quite a distance away, he could only hear the last sentence.

Patrick asked again, "Were you talking to Armand?"

Timothy seemed relieved when he realized that Patrick did not hear most parts of his conversation. "Nothing. I was scolding someone who wrote a letter of complaint about my patient. Give me a call if Genevieve is not feeling well tonight."

Timothy left immediately after instructing Patrick.

Patrick did not move as he watched Timothy walk into the elevator. His suspicion was rising.

He guessed that Timothy must be talking to Armand earlier.

He had many questions in his mind. Genevieve only drew a little blood. Why did Genevieve's nose bleed suddenly? How did she get a fever? Why did Timothy sound so angry? What made him call Armand to scold him? Could it be that there's something wrong with Genevieve's health?

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 58

Chapter 57 High Fever

Genevieve got even more curious when she saw how Patrick fled the scene quickly.

She heard that Armand's mother was a sickly woman. She had given birth to a daughter when Armand was barely two years old.

However, as the baby was born prematurely, she died before she turned one. The second wife of Armand's father never had any children since. She only had one son, Armand.

Who in the Faulkner family would want to plot against Mando, and yet he tolerated whatever this person did?

Genevieve felt a little weak and tired, possibly because she had drawn too much blood in the afternoon. As it was already close to midnight, she went into the bedroom and slept.

Just as she drifted off to sleep, she started feeling uncomfortable. She felt as though someone was covering her mouth and nose and she could not breathe properly.

Genevieve tried hard to open her eyes, but she could not.

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My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 59

Chapter 59 I Prepared A Bikini For You

"Do you believe everything just because she said so? Are you dumb? I think you were the one who hooked up with the invigilator in your examination room!"

Patrick, who was behind Genevieve, said in an annoying tone.

"I have nothing to say to you!" Queenie rolled her eyes at Patrick.

"I'm sorry, Genev," Patrick whispered into Genevieve's ears. "I wanted to help by hooking you up with Ms. Griffin, but I didn't think it would backfire."

As he said this, his tone became annoyed again. "Urgh! I should've hacked into the surveillance cameras in your examination room back then! That way, we wouldn't have left behind any potential threats!"

Genevieve wanted to laugh, but because Queenie was in front of her, she had no choice but to hold it in.

Meanwhile, Queenie thought Genevieve was feeling guilty when she noticed the latter lower her head. She sneered and said, "Genevieve, it's clear that you tried to cut corners. Everybody saw what happened. Now, the exam results are invalid.

We'll never be accepted into Central Group! I suggest you admit it publicly. Once Central Group blacklists you, you're doomed. You will never be able to get into any other large companies in the future!"

The crowd started to criticize her as they muttered under their breath, "Central Group has always been strict. But this bad apple ruined everything."

"No wonder she handed her paper in just ten minutes. She was actually getting in through connections."

"I heard she graduated from Mallowbrook Institute of Translation and Interpretation."

"Haha! Graduating from a prestigious school doesn't mean she's cultured. She's so educated, but she was still played around by Cooper."

As an outsider, Patrick could not help but think that these comments were too harsh.

Seeing that Genevieve remained silent, he did not know what was going through

her mind. He walked to a corner, took out his phone, and called Steven.

"Oh, right!" As if remembering something, Queenie took out a black bikini from her bag.

The fabric was thin, and it was barely the size of a palm. It could barely cover up her important parts.

Queenie swung the bikini before Genevieve's eyes. "Genevieve, you didn't forget our bet, did you? I've even prepared a bikini for you!"

Although the conference room was silent, Genevieve could not escape the situation since it was blown out of proportion.

When the people around them saw the bikini in Queenie's hands, they were overwhelmed with excitement. Some even shouted, "Genevieve, a bet is a bet! You've lost!"

"Bikini! Bikini!"

Patrick rang Steven twice, but the call could not get through. Seeing as everyone was clamoring and bullying Genevieve and Queenie was slowly approaching her, he rushed forward in the hope to protect Genevieve.

Suddenly, the door to the conference room that was closed for a long time finally opened.

Steven was the first to exit the room, followed by Jenny and several other senior executives who looked into the matter.

Seeing the grim expressions on their faces, Queenie smirked as she knew that Genevieve was done for.

She walked up and said, "Mr. Sullivan, I don't think this matter has much to do with Ms. Griffin."

Queenie knew that Jenny was the second-in-command of the translation department. Central Group would only punish her, but they would never fire her. Moreover, Queenie knew she could not afford to offend Jenny if she were to be hired into Central Group and work under Jenny.

Therefore, when the news spread all over the internet, Queenie did not mention anything about Jenny. Instead, she only mentioned that Genevieve was trying to cut corners.

Queenie shifted her gaze toward Genevieve as she said, "It's all Genevieve's fault—"

"Ms. Griffin was a fair invigilator. She did not speak to Genevieve, nor did she help Genevieve to cut corners," Steven interrupted in a cold tone.

"What?" Queenie was stunned as she could not believe what she had heard.

A few seconds later, some people around them asked, "How could Genevieve

change her language from Ustranasion to Granatanolan during the exam?"

"As for yesterday afternoon's exam, we did not stipulate that you're not allowed to change languages," Jenny said. "When I helped Genevieve adjust the equipment, she asked me if she could interpret Granatanolan. I told her that the other interviewee would score higher if the person did better in interpreting Ustranasion. Despite that, Genevieve chose Granatanolan."

Then, Jenny looked at the person who spoke, saying, "You're here for the translation interview too, so you should know that interpreting Granatanolan is more difficult than Ustranasion."

Despite Jenny's explanation, many seemed to be skeptical.

Knowing that these people would not believe him, Steven asked a supervisor to take a laptop out of the conference room.

Then, he immediately played the video of Genevieve's interpretation from the previous afternoon to everyone.

All the people present were graduates from prestigious institutes or colleges. As soon as they saw the video, they knew that Genevieve's interpretation was of high quality.

Especially Queenie, who gnashed her teeth as she stared at the video played on the laptop screen. She could not help feeling sour.

Jealousy surged in her chest as she said, "She handed in her paper in ten minutes when she took the written examination. It's obvious that her results were bad.

How did she manage to do so well when it came to interpretation?"

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 59

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My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 60

Chapter 60 You Are Impressive

Steven glanced at Queenie and asked, "Who told you she did badly for her written examination?"

"The invigilator had a stern expression..."

"That's because Genevieve got all the questions right, so he was surprised," Jenny said. "The translation department had been trying to recruit people for the past two years. Nobody had managed to get full marks in their written examination except for Genevieve. The invigilator aside, I think I would be more surprised than he was."

Queenie widened her eyes in disbelief.

The invigilator had a stern expression because Genevieve scored full marks on her written examination, and not because she did badly? How is that possible?

Just then, the crowd gasped unanimously and said, "Goodness! All of you, check your Twitter!"

Those who had yet to grasp the situation quickly checked their Twitter in order to find out what was going on.

"Did you really do something to Twitter or what?" Genevieve whispered to Patrick as she unlocked her phone.

As soon as she saw the news on Twitter, she was in disbelief.

This...

"Wow, Genev! You're so impressive!" Patrick put on an exaggerated expression after he read the news. "I didn't know you entered the presidential mansion of Dartan and worked as an interpreter for the president himself! Why didn't you write this down in your resume?"

Jenny was equally in shock. "Genevieve, if you had written this down in your resume, you wouldn't have had to apply for a job with us. I'll hire you

immediately..."

"I've only worked in the presidential mansion when I was a student. I wasn't attached to any company," Genevieve said frankly. "I was afraid that you might think I made it up if I were to write it in my resume."

Jenny was speechless when she heard Genevieve's reply.

Even when Steven saw Genevieve's past experience, he could not help but stare at her.

I never imagined Ms. Rachford to be more capable than what we've imagined.

"Since the truth is finally revealed, I'll leave the rest of this to Ms. Griffin," Steven said as he looked at his watch. "I need to go to the airport to pick up Mr. Faulkner."

"See you, Mr. Sullivan," Jenny responded with a nod.

After Steven left in a hurry, Jenny opened the document she had with her and said, "If you have no other questions, I'll now announce the total results of yesterday's exam followed by those who are accepted into the company."

Jenny looked at the document and then at Genevieve. "Genevieve got full marks on her written examinations and her interpretation. Her total results put her in the first place..."

The translation department's examinations were known to be strict. Only a handful of people could pass it.

Those who had passed sighed in relief, while those who failed were unhappy, but there was nothing they could do.

Queenie felt relieved too when she heard that she had passed. Almost immediately, she glanced furiously at Genevieve.

She thought that Genevieve had tried to cut corners. Not only was that false, she even worked as an interpreter for the president when she was studying in Dartan. Moreover, she did an amazing job in interpretation.

Genevieve noticed Queenie glaring at her, so she walked toward Queenie.

"Queenie, I think you were the one trying to cut corners."

Queenie panicked for a moment before she quickly stared at Genevieve. "What are you talking about? I did not cut any corners. I worked hard for my results!"

"Really?" Genevieve smirked as she took out her phone.

Soon, Queenie's voice could be heard from the phone as she said, "Ms. Griffin, I'm Queenie Lane. My uncle is Harold Lane from the purchasing department. If I enter the translation department in the future, please help me along."

This caused an uproar among the crowd.

Especially those who had failed, they were furious as they said, "Queenie, you said

that Genevieve was cutting corners. It turns out you were the one doing it!"

"N-No..." Queenie panicked. "My uncle does work in Central Group, but I've never sought help from him..."

Then, she shot Genevieve a death glare. "Genevieve, how dare you be so sneaky? I was only introducing myself to Ms. Griffin. How dare you record that?"

"My phone screen is broken. Some functions are often turned on automatically," Genevieve said as her red lips curled into a smile. "If you don't believe me, I can send my phone to have it repaired. I didn't know Harold was your uncle until I heard this recording."

Queenie almost lost her cool as she hurriedly went to Jenny and explained, "Ms. Griffin, I really didn't ask my uncle for help..."

She wanted to, but Harold was not familiar with the invigilators responsible for her written examination and interpretation. So, she decided to take the test by herself, thinking that if she were to fail, she would ask Harold to help.

However, she did not expect Genevieve to record that.