

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 8

Just when the car was about to hit Genevieve, someone emerged and pulled her away. The car brushed past them and disappeared in no time. "Ms. Rachford, it's not worthy of dying for a man." The one who saved Genevieve was Armand's driver, Steven. He continued, "Who will take care of your grandmother if you end your life here?" The devastated Genevieve finally came to her senses. That's right! Who is going to take care of my grandma if I die? Soon after, a car stopped right in front of them. Steven opened the car door to the backseat for her. "Mr. Faulkner would like to see you. He can give you whatever you need." "He can give me whatever I want, but what can I give him in return?" Genevieve smiled bitterly. She was not a fool to think that the man would help her unconditionally just because he had slept with her by accident. Not only had her reputation been ruined, but she had also lost everything at the moment. Gripping her arms, Genevieve responded in a low voice, "Thank you for saving me. Also, I give my thanks to Mr. Faulkner, but I don't want to lose my last shred of dignity." Seeing Genevieve's reaction, Steven didn't say anything else. Holding out his hand with a business card between his fingers, he uttered, "Ms. Rachford, here's my contact number. Just give me a call if you need anything." "All right." Genevieve took the business card absent-mindedly and left. Not long after, Steven returned to Swallow Garden. When he saw Armand, he relayed what Genevieve had said to him. Following that, Steven added, "Mr. Faulkner, that car seemed to speed straight toward Ms. Rachford." Armand's expression darkened. "Investigate this matter and assign someone to follow her in secret. Just make sure she is safe." That woman needs to learn how to lower her pride. Genevieve went to the hospital. Winifred had been in bed for a few days ever since her last cardiac arrest. She no longer needed an oxygen mask. Although Winifred was still unable to get off the bed, her complexion had improved. Genevieve forced a smile and walked into the ward. "Grandma, how are you feeling?" "Much better." At first glance, Winifred could tell that Genevieve had cried not long ago. The former immediately frowned and asked, "Did Cooper bully you when you saw him?" Genevieve shook her head and walked over to grab her grandmother's hand. "No. I'm just worried about you. Grandma, you have to stay healthy." Perhaps because Genevieve had put on a perfect act, Winifred did not doubt her words.

"Vivi, find time to divorce Cooper. That man is an ungrateful person. Since he has seized the company, I'm sure he won't go easy on you." "All right..." Winifred was still unaware that Genevieve had long fallen for Cooper's trick and lost everything. She had even learned the truth behind her parents' death. Genevieve had been staying in the hospital with her grandmother over the past few days. She had broken the television in the ward, not letting her grandmother watch the news. Not only that, but she had also forbidden the hospital staff to bring over the newspapers. Seeing that her grandmother was recovering gradually, Genevieve finally managed a smile and felt that she was still alive. One day, a housekeeper called Genevieve. "Ms. Rachford, there are a lot of people at home moving things around—" Before the housekeeper could finish speaking, the call was disconnected. Genevieve took a cab and rushed to Southwood Mansion. The whole scene was a mess when she got there. Several men were seen packing some expensive antiques. The men, who were casting around for valuables on the second floor, threw the unwanted items downstairs for the sake of convenience. Shortly after, two memorial plaques were thrown downward. Genevieve immediately lunged toward them, but still, it was too late. Cracks were formed on her parents' memorial plaques right after they smashed to the ground. She held the memorial plaques in her arms. Her eyes reddened at once. Genevieve looked up at the worker. Her eyes were filled with hatred. "How can you throw away someone's memorial plaques? Aren't you afraid of divine retribution?" "The boss told us we could take care of the unwanted things." The worker was terrified by her and immediately walked away. In a trembling voice, Genevieve murmured, "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry..." She wiped away the dirt on the plaques as her tears dropped on them. "Cooper Sutton, what a cruel man you are! You killed my parents, and now you even want to destroy their memorial plaques."