

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Interesting Show

She kicked Queenie's abdomen with her long leg. After seeing her fall into the dark room, she gripped the doorknob and shut the door tight.

"No! Get away from me! Move..."

Soon, Genevieve, who was standing in front of the door, heard many moaning sounds and Queenie's shriek.

Her screams gradually subsided, turning into a painful moaning sound with a hint of pleasure. Her voice was mixed with the gasping sounds of the other men.

Genevieve listened to it in silence. There wasn't a trace of remorse on her delicate face.

After all, she was not a saint.

The moment Queenie wanted to make a move against her, she decided to take revenge even if Queenie didn't succeed.

In less than a minute, the next room's door was opened, and Patrick walked out of it.

Genevieve turned around and looked at him. "Is it done?"

"Of course. I've never failed whenever I take action." Patrick raised his eyebrows, looking arrogant. He continued, "The balconies of the two rooms are close. I went over to hide the pinhole camera in the flower pot on the balcony. The field of vision is great, and it's not noticeable."

At that moment, Patrick heard a moaning sound coming from the room. He smiled coldly as he said, "Serves her right!"

"Since it's all done, let's go." Genevieve thought that the noise was too much for her ears, so she turned around and walked toward the elevator.

Patrick quickly followed her. "Genev, how did you know that Queenie would make a move against you?"

"Don't you know that women are the most complicated? Besides, Queenie's trick is too basic." Genevieve glanced at him while answering.

She continued, "I realized that she wanted to do something against me when she came over to the translation department in the morning to apologize to me and treated me to a dessert. During the welcoming party at night, she apologized to

me once again and gave me a Bulgari brooch... Do you think she would give me such an expensive thing?"

"Oh!" Patrick understood everything right then. He continued, "So, you sent me messages to keep an eye on Queenie while you jump into her trap on purpose?" Genevieve shrugged, and her red lips curled upward. "Otherwise, how could we enjoy such an interesting show?"

"Genev, you're so smart!" Even though Patrick had noticed that Genevieve was smart as she figured out a lot of things correctly in the hospital last time through the accident, he didn't expect her to be so clever as to make Queenie fall for her own trap.

As they reached the elevator, he pressed the elevator's button and waited for it to arrive. He put his hands behind the back of his head and asked, "You've said that your blood type is rare. How rare is it exactly?"

That morning, Genevieve's pale face had shocked him.

Genevieve pursed her lips and told him honestly. "Phnull blood type is extremely rare. There aren't many people with this blood type in this world."

"What?" Patrick turned around and looked at Genevieve. His face was filled with not only surprise but also shock.

After knowing that Genevieve and Marilyn knew each other, he checked Marilyn's information at the banquet. He seemed to have seen the word "Phnull" in the blood type column.

Recalling that morning when Timothy was making a phone call in anger, Patrick's hazy mind seemed to be cleared by a splash of water.

He had an inkling of what was happening.

Opening his mouth, he wanted to ask Genevieve something. However, at that moment, a faint yet pleasing scent wafted up to his nose, dispersing the thought that had formed in his head.

"It's so hot! Genev, aren't you hot?" Patrick opened the top button on his blouse.

"Isn't the air conditioner turned on in the corridor? Did you drink a lot at the banquet just now?" asked Genevieve as she saw him fanning himself. There was even sweat beading on his forehead.

"No. I've only drunk some champagne."

"You will be fine after cooling down with the air conditioner," said Genevieve.

Seeing that the elevator was still stopping at the third floor, she frowned.

The people on the lower floor were occupying the elevator for some reason.

It had been a minute but the elevator hadn't reached their floor yet.

Genevieve was impatient, so she walked toward the other elevator at the side.

When she was about to press on the elevator button after walking over, someone approached her from the back, and his breath fell on her neck.

# My Flirtacious Husband

## Chapter 82

Chapter 82 She Would Rather Die

"Genev, you smell so nice..." Patrick's voice trailed off while his body pressed against Genevieve's back subconsciously.

Genevieve could feel her hair stand on end when Patrick's breath blew on her skin. She scrambled forward to get away from him.

After putting some distance between herself and Patrick, Genevieve turned to look at him. The latter's face was slightly flushed, and he was obviously not himself. She asked, "Patrick, did you go into the room just now?"

When she was standing outside of the room, she speculated that the men inside were taking certain drugs judging from their rhythm of breathing.

"No, I was at the balcony just now." Patrick sniffed, and then his eyes fell on Genevieve again.

Slowly, lust bloomed in his eyes.

"Genev, you really smell so nice." He strode forward to Genevieve, and said again, "Let me smell you again."

The color instantly drained from Genevieve's face when she saw Patrick advancing toward her.

Seeing that the elevator next to her had yet to come, she ran to the other side of the corridor, and Patrick quickly chased after her.

Haven't I returned the problematic brooch to Queenie? Why does Patrick think that I smell nice?

At the thought of that, Genevieve raised her arm and sniffed her coat, but she did not catch any scent from it.

When she was about to rummage through her clothes to check if there was anything else Queenie had stuffed on her, Patrick caught up with her and threw her against the wall. Then, he leaned over her body.

Genevieve's back hurt from the impact. She took a deep breath of cold air, but before she could react, Patrick buried his head in her neck and started rubbing against it.

"Patrick, let go of me!" Genevieve yelled while twisting her wrist vigorously. Patrick clutched her hands tightly and started pecking on her collarbone. Genevieve's body shook uncontrollably. She clenched her teeth tightly, bent her right knee, and slammed it into Patrick's crotch.

"Ouch!" Patrick howled and his grip on her loosened. Genevieve took the opportunity to push the man away before she slapped him hard in the face. Patrick was stunned for a few seconds. He looked back at Genevieve, and sanity finally returned to his eyes.

"Genev, why did you hit me?"

"What do you think I hit you for?" Genevieve took a few steps back, staring at him with a defensive posture. "You were drugged. Are you aware of it?"

"How is that possible?" Patrick murmured softly, but he could feel his heart beating faster every second. Something was really wrong.

During the years he was in the military academy, he had gone through countless training and had tried hundreds of drugs.

However, this drug was something else. It permeated the air, silently penetrating into his skin and driving him crazy.

Soon, Patrick smelled the faint and strange fragrance again, and his heart started beating faster.

"Leave through the emergency exit." He forcibly suppressed the flame that was coursing through his veins while backing away to distance himself from Genevieve.

Genevieve had seen how mad Patrick could get. She dared not delay a second longer and quickly dashed toward the exit as fast as she could while taking out her mobile phone to make a call.

"Hello? Mrs. Faulkner, where are you now?" Steven's voice sounded from the phone.

"Hurry up! Steven, please come over to the twelfth floor," Genevieve spurted in a taut voice. She barely said a few words before her arm was grabbed suddenly from behind, and her phone dropped onto the carpet.

Patrick had caught up with her and secured her two hands behind her back, pressing her upper body against the wall.

He then lowered his head, lips lingering behind the back of her neck. His free hand stretched out to the front and grabbed her white shirt. With a quick yank, several buttons of the shirt popped out.

Genevieve instantly felt a chill on her shoulders and chest, and she almost broke down over the sensation she felt.

This time, she was seized by Patrick with no way of escape. She could neither move her hands nor feet.

When she noticed that Patrick's hand was on her skin, Genevieve tensed up and screamed through her throat, "Patrick! F\*cking sober up now!"

Although she was on good terms with Patrick, he was still a man, not to mention that he was drugged at the moment. She was like a fish in a barrel, and her life was entirely at his mercy then. Genevieve felt humiliated.

Is this the end of me?

Genevieve looked up the corridor from the corner of her eyes and faintly saw a surveillance camera in the corner. Her heart sank a little, and despair crept up her mind.

She would rather die than get molested in this place.

Genevieve was about to kill herself by biting her tongue when a very faint scent entered her nostrils.

The scent penetrated into Genevieve's skin, and right immediately, her movement became sluggish. A sudden surge of restlessness radiated from within her, and she felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

Right then, a slender figure walked over and smashed the vase in his hand on Patrick's head.

Patrick was covered in blood from where he got smashed by the vase. His grip on Genevieve loosened. The next second, he was hit hard again on where he was bleeding.

Patrick grunted and fell to the ground.

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 83**

Chapter 83 In What Position Are You Speaking

After regaining her freedom, Genevieve leaned against the wall and took a few breaths. She felt like someone had hammered her head as a black fuzz started edging into the edge of her consciousness.

She recalled that she also smelled the scent Patrick was talking about just now. Genevieve pulled up the coat that had slipped to her elbow and brought it up to her shoulders.

She looked up and was about to say something but swallowed up her words when she saw the sullen expression worn by the man standing in front of her. The

man was wearing a dark gray suit, his eyes glinting with a cold gleam under his glasses.

Why is Cooper here?

Soon, Genevieve smelled the blood. She lowered her head to find Patrick lying unconscious on the ground. Her face changed in an instant.

Cooper must have struck hard to immobilize Patrick.

Flustered, Genevieve forgot that her phone had been snatched by Patrick when she called Cooper just now. She rummaged in the pocket trying to find her phone but to no avail. Instead, she inadvertently felt a small hard object in her pocket. Just as she was about to dig the object out of her pocket, Cooper, who had been standing still, suddenly took a step toward her and grabbed her wrist.

Genevieve was caught off guard. She was jostled toward the guest room across the corridor in which the door was left ajar.

Then, the door was slammed shut.

Ten seconds after the two entered the guest room, a man with a black cap slowly walked out from the corner of the corridor. He looked like he was in his forties.

The man glanced at the guest room, then turned to Patrick who was on the ground. He took out his mobile phone and made a call.

"The plan has failed."

The man listened quietly to the person on the other end of the phone and then replied respectfully, "Understood."

The man hung up the phone and disappeared into the corner of the corridor again.

After entering the room, Cooper pressed Genevieve's hands tightly against the wall, leaned over, and stared at her gloomily. "Genevieve, did you marry Armand?"

Ever since the day when he saw Armand carrying Genevieve into the car at the Civil Hall, he had been feeling suspicious and had sent his men out to investigate the matter.

That afternoon, he bumped into the gossip from a worker of Central Group that Genevieve had gotten married again. He speculated that she was married to Armand.

It turned out that Genevieve was more than a female companion to Armand. Genevieve almost got violated just now, and she still hadn't gotten over the shock yet. Before she could recompose herself, Cooper dragged her into the room and pressed her against the wall.

The man gripped her hands so hard that her wrists were trembling. "Cooper, let go of me!"

Panting lightly, she suddenly smelled the faint inexplicable scent again. Her mind became heavier, and her struggle got weaker.

Genevieve bit the tip of her tongue to clear up the fog in her mind. "It's none of your business whom I'm married to!"

Hearing that, Cooper's face suddenly darkened as a huge wave of anger overflowed in his heart.

Cooper leaned over and closed the distance between him and Genevieve. His voice was icy cold. "So, do you admit that you are married to Armand?"

"Cooper, let go of me!" Genevieve did not answer his question. Instead, she raised her head and met his eyes. "If not, I'll call the police!"

Her hair was ragged, and her face was still pale from the shock just now, but Genevieve still looked as beautiful as ever. However, those iridescent eyes were now filled with coldness when she looked at him.

Cooper looked at her beautiful but ruthless eyes and suddenly felt inexplicably upset.

Since young, Genevieve had been infatuated with him. A casual gift of a rose from him would make her eyes sparkle with stars, and she would eagerly show off the gift to the whole world.

Yet, the gleam had vanished from her eyes in the present.

Perhaps it was due to the poor air circulation in the room, Cooper was not only feeling frustrated, but he was also feeling a little warm.

He raised his hand, loosened his tie, and slightly adjusted his breath. "Armand is very powerful in Jadeborough. I know what you had in mind when you married him. Genevieve, you have to divorce him!"

The last sentence almost sounded like a domineering order.

Genevieve suddenly sobered up a little after hearing Cooper's condescending words. She smiled. "Cooper, in what position you're speaking to me?"

She paused before continuing, her eyes filled with mockery. "As a murderer?"

"Genevieve, don't overestimate your intelligence after a few years of study!"

Cooper leaned forward, and his breath fell on Genevieve's cheek. "Armand is indeed very powerful in Jadeborough, but don't you forget he is also one of the Faulkners from Xedells. Born into such a family, surely he has met all kinds of women. Do you really think he will fall in love with you?"

He never used to mind it.

However, when he learned that Genevieve was married and the man's hand had

most probably touched every inch of her body, he suddenly felt suffocatingly unsettled.

This woman should have come to me for help when she was in dire straits last time. How dare she go and beg another man?

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 84**

Chapter 84 You Dare Touch Her

Cooper narrowed his eyes as he looked at the same features he had seen for the past twenty years. Subconsciously, he grabbed her chin and rubbed it.

"Do you know how Armand's two previous brides died?" Cooper asked.

Genevieve swatted his hand away as she backed into the wall to put some distance between them. "Their deaths have nothing to do with me. I don't want to know about it."

"Armand and I have already registered for our marriage, Cooper. I am officially his wife." Genevieve met his eyes and threatened, "I dare you to lift a finger against me."

"Wife?" Cooper snorted, suppressing the surge of emotions within him. "If Armand truly treated you as his wife, why did you let him deal with Specter Corporation instead of me?"

Cooper bent even lower, closing their distance. "You're not capable of controlling Armand."

Genevieve clenched her jaw as her heart sank.

Although it seemed like she was working together with Armand, she had nothing to offer in their deal, and she had always been the weaker party.

She did not even have the right to ask Armand how he retrieved Specter Corporation.

"Perhaps Armand was attracted to your body, but this is just temporary." Seeing the slight change in her expression, Cooper lifted his hand and patted her cheek.

"Don't act like a naïve sixteen-year-old. The Faulkner family's connections are more complicated than you think. I don't think you should get involved," said Cooper.

He was also a businessman and knew people in the business world would not take up something that held no profit for them.

Furthermore, Armand was a member of the Faulkner family. He could not have fallen for Genevieve, who came from a family that had fallen from grace. If Armand wanted a woman, countless young and beautiful women who wanted to gain social status through him would compete to offer themselves up. Due to the close distance, Cooper could smell a faint, milky scent laced in her hair that exclusively belonged to young women.

It was almost impossible to compose himself.

At that moment, he only realized the shirt in Genevieve's suit was in tatters. The first few buttons on the shirt were torn off, causing her collar to spread apart and reveal a large patch of her fair skin.

From the angle he was looking, he could also see the light green lacy edge.

His breathing became disordered when he saw it and moved closer to her. "You did so much only to retrieve Specter Corporation. Now, I'm giving you a chance. Do you want it?"

"Let go of me, Cooper..." Genevieve suddenly felt dizzy, as if she was still yearning for something.

She shifted her head gingerly so that she could avoid the man's kiss.

Cooper pinched her chin and forced her to look at him. There was a hint of something else in his eyes. "Be my lover, and I'll consider giving you half of Specter Corporation's shares in the future, Genevieve. Armand is letting you stay by his side only for his amusement. If you behave, I'll give you everything you want, and perhaps you will be the only woman beside me."

He wanted her to act like before, always clinging to him while calling him "Coop." She would always stealthily appear to scare him and then run into his arms coquettishly. She would ask to have a meal with him, and they would go to the city's west side to watch the sunset.

Cooper wanted to see that obedient girl who admired and only had eyes for him. Genevieve was forced to look at him, but the mocking look in her eyes was bone-chilling. "Are you hungry for love because your parents passed away early, Cooper?"

Cooper stared at her frigidly.

"If you crave love, I can be your mom." Genevieve balled her hands into fists as her nails dug deep into her palms.

Yet, her heart was beating abnormally fast.

"Why won't you learn to behave, Genevieve? Hmm?" He leaned closer to her, feeling her warmth on the tip of his fingers while sniffing her faint scent greedily. "You can't handle a man like Armand," he muttered as his lips grew closer to her.

Genevieve's breathing became rapid. When she looked up, the man before her wore an indifferent expression, and she could not help but tilt toward him. Thus, their breathing entwined.

Cooper was captivated by her. He was so possessive of her that he did not hear the door being kicked open. Suddenly, he felt an emptiness in his arms.

The next moment, pain coursed through his stomach as someone kicked him, and he collapsed onto the floor.

Armand pulled Genevieve into an embrace and shot Cooper a murderous glare. "Bold of you to think you can touch my woman."

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 85**

Chapter 85 Who Do You Think You Are

Cooper wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with his finger and tried to stand up.

However, Armand had knocked him down so brutally that his organs ached.

Cooper gritted his teeth tightly, taking a while to stand up.

His eyes darkened when he saw Genevieve in Armand's arms, possessiveness filling his heart.

"Genevieve is nothing but a plaything to you, Mr. Faulkner. Playthings like these will come your way with a wave of your arm," Cooper said.

"Let's talk about business." He raised his hand and unbuttoned the first button. "I only want her."

"You think you're good enough to talk about business with me?" Armand scoffed disdainfully.

Genevieve, who Armand had secured his hand around, suddenly squirmed and mumbled something incoherent as her head nuzzled into his suit.

He realized something was wrong with her. Ignoring Cooper, Armand lifted her into his arms and left the guest room.

Cooper's face fell. He strode forward, reached out, and grabbed Genevieve's hand.

Armand seemed to have predicted that. Before Cooper could touch them, Armand turned around with Genevieve in his arms and landed another kick on Cooper's chest.

Cooper fell to the ground and no longer stood up.

"Mr. Faulkner." Soon, a few men in police uniforms rushed to the guest room.

"Cooper attempted to assault my wife. Send him to the police station and lock him up," Armand ordered the police coldly before he left.

In fact, the police already knew the gist of what had happened without Armand saying anything based on Genevieve's disheveled look.

They swiftly entered the room and cuffed Cooper.

Timothy was tending to Patrick's wounds in the luxury suite upstairs. Genevieve seemed to be under the effect of some kind of drug, so Armand took the elevator and went upstairs to look for Timothy.

Meanwhile, Genevieve kept moving around, brushing her lips on his neck while putting both arms around him.

"Sir..." Her breathing was rapid as she left kisses along his neck. "You smell so good..."

Sir? He thought as cracks began to form on his icy expression. At that moment, he looked slightly panicked.

He tilted his neck to the right, intending to avoid her kisses.

As a result, Genevieve went after him and started to kiss him more passionately.

There was a dissatisfied tone in her voice, "Don't hide from me, Sir. Let me kiss you..."

When she reached his Adam's apple, she planted a sincere kiss.

The elevator was a cramped space, and Armand could smell her fragrance more clearly, sending a wave of heat to his lower half.

In the hotel's luxury suite, Steven frowned as he guarded the tightly shut door.

On the other hand, Timothy stood by the window while speaking on the phone.

"Yes, it's in the freezer's small compartment on the right. It's exactly the bottle of blue medicine. Send it to the hotel within ten minutes."

Timothy gave an order in a hurry and heard the doorbell right after he ended the call.

He stood closer to the door, so he went to open the door and saw Armand standing outside with Genevieve in his arms.

"I'm busy, Armand." Timothy waved his hand and spoke in a troubled voice, "The drug Steven is under is too bizarre. After the medicine arrives, I have to prepare the antidote quickly. I don't have time to deal with anything else. You should send her straight to the hospital..."

"Make two." Armand pushed Timothy aside and forced his way into the room.

"She's also drugged."

"What?"

"Timothy thought he misheard and promptly followed Armand into a room. After Armand put Genevieve onto the bed, Timothy noticed her hands were tied up, and her face was red.

"What the heck?" Timothy's expression twisted into that of frustration. "How did she get drugged?"

As he spoke, he smelled a strange fragrance.

He followed the scent and made his way to the bed.

Timothy searched Genevieve's coat and soon found something in her right pocket.

The item seemed like a little round ornament made of wool.

Realizing the wool was wet, he put it against his nose to smell it, and his expression turned solemn. "Someone turned the drug into liquid and sprayed it onto this ornament. The drug spreads fast in the air, and its effects are long-lasting. It'll only disappear after about an hour."

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 86**

Chapter 86 Might Lose Their Lives

Steven immediately walked in front with a surgical glove and gave it to Timothy.

"Put it inside. I will throw it."

He was afraid that all of them would become victims if Timothy kept holding it.

"It's just medicine. It makes people feel dryness in their mouths after smelling it for a long time, but it will not become as serious as their symptoms," Timothy said calmly. Then, he slowly put the ball into the glove.

Steven quickly made a knot on the glove to prevent the scent from leaking.

"I'd just drawn blood from Patrick, and I found out there are several special medicines in his blood sample..." Timothy opened the document on the phone while talking.

Then, he passed the phone to Armand. "Many years ago, a businessman purposely hired a laboratory to work on a kind of aphrodisiac to develop the pornography industry in Rodunst. This kind of medicine can make people extremely aroused and excited. However, there's an ingredient in the medicine that is actually a virus that can invade a person's brain in a matter of seconds." Here, Timothy paused before continuing, "The side effect of this kind of medicine

is strong. More than twenty people lost their lives after the medicine was administered. The local government had noticed the issue and shut down the laboratory, destroying every single piece of information about the aphrodisiac. I guess they had drunk the wines that were added with the aphrodisiac in the banquet. The effect of the aphrodisiac kicked in after being activated by this medicine."

Armand did not take the phone from Timothy. While the latter was still holding the phone, Armand briefly read the news on it.

With one of his hands in his pocket, Armand exuded a cold aura while standing there. "It's a prohibited medicine from many years ago, and the documents were destroyed. Why did it still appear in the country?"

"The document in the laboratory was destroyed, but the people who developed the medicine are safe." Timothy shrugged, and he told everything he heard to Armand. "One of my friends told me that Turlen wants to develop their pornography industry too. Hence, they found the people who worked in the laboratory and paid them tens of millions as a reward."

Taking a short break, Timothy then continued, "Turlen has started to sell this kind of prohibited medicine a few months ago, but it is only sold to the wealthy people who are frivolous. In addition, it is only sold within a limited quota every month, so the policemen in Turlen haven't noticed yet."

While they were chatting at the entrance, Genevieve, who was in the room with her hands strapped, seemed to be miserable.

She twisted her body on the bed and let out a muffled sound while moaning.

Then, she accidentally fell onto the carpet beside the bed.

Timothy immediately turned away and left.

Steven, who stood at the entrance, quickly stepped back as if he was avoiding Genevieve.

Seeing Genevieve fall and twist around on the carpet with a miserable look on her face, Armand frowned and quickly walked toward her. He bent over and picked her up.

Genevieve immediately leaned against his body once Armand put his hand on her back. She rested her head on his chest.

"Sir..."

Genevieve closed her eyes and mumbled. Her breath fell on Armand's shirt.

Through the shirt, Armand could feel her nice scent and the heat of her breath on his body.

He took a deep breath and quickly brought Genevieve into the bathroom. After filling the bathtub with cold water, Armand immediately put Genevieve into it. He ripped off the necktie strapping her hands, then he tied her hands to the pipes in the bathtub to prevent her from struggling.

Then, Armand took off his coat, which was dampened by water, and walked out of the room.

He turned and walked into the living room. Armand then noticed there was another person in the room. The person seemed to have rushed there because he was sweating a lot. He was passing the medical kit he carried on his shoulder to Timothy.

"Give the medicine to Genevieve first once it's ready," said Armand.

Genevieve is restless. I think the necktie won't keep her tied for long.

Timothy took out a blue syringe from a small box and shook it in front of Armand. "It's only enough for me to make the antidote for one person."

"Can't you think of a solution?" Armand knitted his eyebrows. "Don't you have a teacher who runs his own laboratory, specializing in this particular medicine? Ask him!"

"My teacher passed away last year. I'm in charge of the laboratory now. Don't you know it?"

Upon hearing Timothy's words, Armand was at a loss for words.

Looking at Armand's darkened expression, a chill ran down Timothy's back. He hastily said, "I can make another dose of the antidote, but I need time to find the raw material and extract it. The entire pharmaceutical process takes thirty-eight hours. I have time, but one of them doesn't. Not only does this kind of drug spread quickly in the human body, but its effect is also very strong. The consequence is very serious if the effect of the medicine is not stimulated soon..." Here, Timothy paused and looked at Armand. "They might lose their lives."

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 87**

Armand frowned. "Speak clearly!" "For example, a person can make himself better by taking medicine or sweating through exercises if he catches a cold," Timothy explained. "It is the same for both of them." Steven understood what Timothy meant, and his expression changed slightly. "I'm going out to make a phone call." "I've said the effect of this kind of prohibited medicine is very strong. A normal

person can't withstand it." Timothy held out his hand and stopped Steven. "If I remember correctly, Patrick doesn't have a girlfriend. Is... Is he a virgin?" Steven remained silent. Timothy side-eyed Steven and said, "You rashly called a girl to come over. Aren't you afraid that the girl will lose her life if Patrick loses control?" Frustrated, Steven remained rooted on the spot. He was the person taking care of Patrick in the room just now, and he no doubt knew the latter's condition. Patrick was like a psycho just now. However, the antidote they had now could only save one of them. "Actually, it's easy to solve this problem." Timothy raised his chin at Armand and gave his suggestion. "I make the antidote for Patrick, whereas you go and take care of Genevieve, Armand. Patrick has followed you for a long time and risked his life for you, Armand. Are you not going to save him?" Seeing Armand, who stood in front of the window, remain silent, Timothy continued to provoke him, "Armand, Genevieve is your legal wife. You've already slept with her. Why are you hesitating?" "Shut up," Armand said coldly. After a few moments, he said with an indifferent voice without a trace of emotion, "Give the antidote to Genevieve. Steven, go out and make the phone call." "Yes..." Steven took the phone and quickly went out of the suite. "Oh my! Ms. Wood has some tricks indeed," Timothy exclaimed. Then, he ordered the assistant to help him make the antidote. "She knows everything. She wants to have you even though she knows you're married. Are you avoiding touching Genevieve because she doesn't allow you to do so? I'm impressed. I should pay Ms. Wood a visit and learn from her." Armand frowned after hearing Timothy's words. He shot Timothy a cold glare. "What?" Timothy shrugged, and his thin lips curled into a smile. "Can't I praise Ms. Wood for being an impressive person?" "Make the antidote and talk less." Timothy snorted disdainfully. Nonetheless, he kept his mouth shut after Armand pressured him. The atmosphere in the living room fell silent. Soon, Armand, who was still standing in front of the window, heard Genevieve's moaning voices from the room. Her voice was soft and sounded miserable from the torment. Armand's desire was stimulated when he heard the sound, and he gulped. He remembered the night in the hotel a long time ago. In the dimly lit room, Genevieve wrapped her long legs around his waist, kissing his neck and chest. Her skin was warm and as soft as silk. Armand could not get enough of her. Recalling that, he felt heat in his abdomen. Meanwhile, Timothy had already made the antidote. He had heard the sound from the room as well. Walking to the window, he passed the syringe to Armand. "It's not good for me to go into the room. Besides, she's your wife. You should serve her." Seeing Armand did not take the syringe, Timothy frowned and said, "Armand? The needle of the syringe is short. You just need to stab it in

the arm. She will not feel the pain at all." After a short while, Armand finally spoke, "Give the antidote to Patrick." "What?" Timothy was curious after seeing Armand's change in behavior. "Are you not saving yourself for Ms. Wood? It's only ten minutes, and you're giving up?" Armand stopped pulling his sleeve, and he looked at Timothy coldly. "Do you think you're funny?" Timothy shrugged and stopped joking. Just when Armand was going into the room, Timothy chased after him and put a small box into his hand. "It's my first time getting to know this kind of prohibited medicine, and I'm interested. Armand, please help me to record the sustainability of its effect." Then, Timothy continued in a serious tone, "I can prepare in advance in the event that Genevieve is not feeling well." Armand already had a darkened expression on his face, but he looked more displeased after hearing Timothy's words. He slammed the door after entering the room.

## **My Flirtacious Husband**

### **Chapter 88**

Chapter 88 Why Did You Not Use Any

With no door in the way, a woman's whimper could be clearly heard from the bathroom.

Perhaps due to the sweet lingering scent in the air, Armand felt his body heating up. He opened the two upper-most buttons of his shirt as he marched toward the bathroom.

Genevieve had been soaked in the cold bath for quite some time. Yet, there were still hot flashes on her face.

She was as agonized as a fish out of water. Her body was wet and her hands were tied together with a necktie. Visible red marks began to emerge on her wrists.

Armand scanned both the messy bathtub and the woman in it. He paused momentarily before continuing into the bathroom. Then, he squatted beside the bathtub.

Genevieve sensed his presence and started struggling violently.

Armand brushed his thumb on her soft lips. Genevieve was still awake but not conscious of what was going on. Instinctively, she turned her face toward Armand's thumb. Her lips then kissed it fervently.

Armand stared at her deeply. His eyes were fixated on her.

He could have brought her the antidote. However, he changed his mind at the last second.

It might be due to the other night at the hotel. She had left such a very deep impression on him.

Armand yanked at the necktie, loosening it from her hands. Genevieve instantly wrapped her arms around his neck. She was pressing her slippery body against his chest.

Before long, Genevieve was raining down kisses on Armand. She was smothering his face and his neck, clumsily and relentlessly.

Armand furrowed his brow slightly.

He felt like a toy that was being used by Genevieve.

Genevieve accidentally pulled on the necklace around his neck. Her unintended action seemed to have pulled apart the last shred of reservation that Armand held in his heart.

Armand locked her head firmly in place with his hand. Then, he kissed her ferociously.

It was five o'clock in the morning. There was a soft glow outside of the window. Armand exited the bathroom once again.

He was wearing a dark blue hotel bathrobe. The collar was slightly parted, exposing his honey-colored chest.

Armand was drying his hair with a towel. His eyes wandered to the bed subconsciously.

Genevieve's jet-black hair was spread across the pillow like a cascading waterfall. She appeared to be in deep sleep. Her eyelids were tightly shut, and her face was a little pale. She might have overexerted herself earlier.

Armand averted his eyes quickly. He walked toward the front door and opened it. He would not have guessed that Timothy was eavesdropping on the outside. The latter had his ears against the door. Hence, when Armand pulled open the door, he was sent tumbling onto the floor.

Armand squinted his eyes after seeing Timothy. "All this while, you were listening in from the outside?"

"Nope, absolutely not!" Timothy was quick to deny it. He scrambled to his feet and explained, "After administering the antidote to Patrick, his condition began to stabilize. I had nothing else to do. So..."

"How long have you been listening?" Armand asked.

"Just an hour or so." Timothy was giggling. He was examining Armand with his eyes. "Armand, I'm impressed. You're still so lively after a night of hard work."

Armand tossed the towel at his face. He commanded Timothy with a cold voice,

"Go in and check up on her."

"Yes, yes! Right away!" Timothy promptly responded.

"Wait up." Armand got Timothy by the back of his collar. He pulled Timothy back to where he stood. Armand warned, "Keep your eyes to yourself."

Timothy had the urge to roll his eyes. "I'll just look at her hands. Is that fine with you?"

With that, Armand loosened his grip. Timothy and his assistant hurried into the room. The assistant was carrying a med kit with her.

He ordered the assistant to sample some of Genevieve's blood. Timothy himself was scanning the room meticulously. He noticed the bin and went to check its contents. There was nothing inside.

Timothy lifted his head and saw a small box on the bedside table. It was the same box that he had given Armand earlier. The box sat there quietly. There were no signs of it being opened or used.

Timothy fell silent.

After examining Genevieve, Timothy left the room. He went to confront Armand.

"Armand, why didn't you use the condoms I've given you earlier?"

"I don't like to use them," Armand said casually.

Timothy was at a loss for words again.

Armand asked Steven for a cigarette. He lit it up and took a long draw before asking Timothy, "How's she holding up?"

Timothy glanced at the shut door behind him and said in a sleazy tone, "She'll be alright. All thanks to your vigor, Armand. But she has lost too much of her strength. Her body was weak, to begin with. I'm guessing she'll stay unconscious for two to three days."

"On the other hand, Patrick seems real fine. He should be awake in the morning. Say, around ten o'clock?" he continued.

Timothy finished by teasing Steven. "Patrick's body is truly outstanding. He was hit on the head twice and had lost so much blood. Even so, the drugs still had an effect on him. Haha."

## My Flirtacious Husband

### Chapter 89

Steven knew what kind of person Timothy was. He could only shrug helplessly. Steven disregarded Timothy's remarks. He went on and reported to Armand, "Mr. Faulkner, I've already procured some of the recordings from the surveillance cameras. They belong to those that are facing the corridor on the twelfth floor.

I've also handed it to the police. But unfortunately, there isn't enough evidence at the moment. Cooper will only get a few days of detention at best." "A few days of detention is enough." Armand shook off the ashes from his cigarette. His face was cold as ice. "When the time comes, spread the news to those who're closely affiliated with Specter Corporation." Steven acknowledged the order. He then continued, "I've also checked the surveillance cameras at the corners of the banquet hall. Queenie from the translation department was seen pestering Mrs. Faulkner. However, Mrs. Faulkner did not touch the champagne that was given to her." "I've asked my men to check on all of Queenie's social accounts. We found that she had enlisted the help of several guys. She must be conspiring..." Steven explained. Nevertheless, the rest of it was too unpleasant to be put into words. Therefore, Steven summarized it for Armand. "Mrs. Faulkner was really witty. She joined hands together with Patrick to deceive Queenie. They tricked her into the room instead. I had someone climb over the balcony to check it. There was a similar scent in the room." "Based on what you've just said, it seems like she has a good supply of this illegal drug," Timothy said in a lazy tone. His long slender body was leaning against the back of the sofa. He was a little puzzled. "This kind of illegal drug is very hard to come by. There are limited channels to get it. It's not something money can buy. I'm very curious as to how she managed to get her hands on it." Timothy turned toward Steven. "So, this Queenie. Is she from an established family?" "Her uncle is Harold Lane from Central Group's purchasing department. They have a bit of money, but not much on influence," Steven answered. His face turned solemn as he continued, "Someone was helping her in secret." Armand closed his eyes. He was smoking quietly by the window. After the conversation with Timothy and Steven, the cigarette between his fingers had also reached its end. "Once Queenie's awake, I'll give her a proper interrogation. I'm dying to find whoever that's responsible for this setup. How dare they drag my woman into this!" "Wow." Timothy's arms were folded in front of his chest. He mocked, "Armand, you were despising her just a few hours ago. All of a sudden, she's your woman now?" Armand tilted his head and gave him a cold stare. Timothy stopped fooling around. He yawned before announcing to the rest, "It's been a busy night. I'm feeling tired as well. I'll go and take a rest. Look for my assistant if there's anything." Right before entering his room, Timothy stole another glance at Armand. "I assumed that seven times a night was just an exaggeration by the netizens online. Pfft! Now that I've seen it, I have to believe it," he remarked. The corner of Armand's eye twitched after hearing what he had to say. If Timothy had closed his door a second late, Armand would have dashed

over, detached his head, and reassembled it. By the time Steven came back with a suit for Armand, it was already some time past eight in the morning. Armand was changing into his suit. As he was buttoning his sleeves, he couldn't help but look in the direction of Genevieve's room. He instructed Steven, "You stay here. I'll go to the office by myself." Steven nodded. "Certainly." Genevieve felt like she had a long dream. She dreamt about her parents and grandma. They were by her side. All of them were well and alive. Besides them, there was also someone which she didn't expect... When Genevieve regained her senses, she saw nothing but pitch black. She shut her eyes for a bit, trying to adjust to the darkness. Genevieve then noticed the switch for the bedside lamp. She reached out her arms to turn it on. The lamp illuminated its surroundings with a tint of yellow. She realized that she was in someone else's room. The window blinders were pulled shut. That was why it was dim in the room. She felt like she had been asleep for a long long time. Genevieve tried to get up from bed but she couldn't move a muscle. She began to pinch her limbs. Once she regained her strength, she got off the bed and made her way to the side of the room. Genevieve basked herself in sunlight as she pulled the blinders open. A sense of clarity slowly set into her fuzzy mind. She only remembered up to the moment when Patrick caught the drug by accident. He was about to violate her when Cooper showed up out of nowhere. He smashed Patrick's head with a vase. After that, he dragged her into the guest room on the opposite side. Cooper had her arms restrained. He bent his body toward her. "Genevieve, you're not ready for the likes of Armand." He had persuaded, "You should just stay by my side and be my lover." The last bit of her memory was Cooper clenching her jaw, getting ready to kiss her. She did a quick look around and found herself in a nightgown. The colors were drained off her face in an instant.

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# **My Flirtacious Husband**

## **Chapter 90**

Chapter 90 Opening The Box Of Pandora

Genevieve dashed to the door barefoot.

She opened the door and was about to rush out. Unexpectedly, she almost bumped into Timothy who came to help her to do a check-up.

When Timothy was about to collide with Genevieve, he grabbed her arm and held on to her. "Hey, you just woke up. Do you really have the energy to go outside

after sleeping for three days?"

Genevieve panicked. When she saw clearly the person in front of her, her tense nerves loosened up.

"Dr. Jensen, why am I here?"

"You don't remember?" Timothy took her back to the room and asked her to sit on the couch. He then took out a needle and drew some blood from her.

"Well, that kind of drug will erode the human nervous system. That explains why you lost your memory. You were drugged too. That drug is contraband, and it's extremely strong. I could only prescribe one antidote at that time, and Armand asked me to inject it for Patrick," he explained.

Genevieve pursed her lower lip, and tears gushed down her cheeks. "I was sexually assaulted, wasn't I?"

"Huh?" Timothy raised his head to stare at Genevieve with a puzzled look. "I had no choice but to call Armand for help as you were in that condition. Is that called sexual assault?"

Genevieve blinked. "Oh! It was Mando. I thought..." She finally understood.

The last person she saw was Cooper. Hence, she thought she was taken advantage of by Cooper.

Timothy knew what she was worried about. He chuckled and said, "Don't worry. No one dares to touch Armand's belongings. Cooper was detained for ten days without bail."

"What happened?" Genevieve hurriedly asked him.

Then, Timothy told her what happened in the past three days when she was in a comatose state.

The first was that Cooper attempted to sexually assault her. However, due to insufficient surveillance evidence, he was detained by the police for ten days. All headlines of major media sites were negative news about Cooper. This had a great impact on Specter Corporation. Several companies that had worked closely with Specter Corporation had terminated their contracts with Specter Corporation.

"The other one is about Queenie," said Timothy while pressing the cotton swab on Genevieve's finger after drawing some blood. "This kind of illegal drug is extremely hard to be obtained in the market. So we guessed someone gave this to her and instructed her to drug you."

Timothy added, "At first, Armand wanted to interrogate her when she woke up. But Steven found that she was dead when he broke in to get her."

He then continued, "That kind of aphrodisiac can easily kill a person, which is why it is prohibited worldwide. She took at least three times of that drug in one night..." Considering that Genevieve might be too embarrassed to listen to the details, Timothy did not say further. "A lot of chat records have been deleted in Queenie's WhatsApp. Once she died, all the clues were cut off."

Hearing that, Genevieve was terrified.

She had been in contact with Queenie several times and thought that the latter was rather ignorant. What was more, she made it quite obvious that she was out to get her.

Genevieve immediately realized Queenie's conspiracy when she arrived at Lovely Heart Hotel for the orientation. She wondered how Queenie could come up with such a ruthless and indiscriminate trick.

Never did she expect that Queenie was actually instructed by someone else.

Noticing that Genevieve's face turned pale, Timothy said, "Don't worry too much. Armand will take care of it. Do you feel discomfort anywhere?"

Genevieve shook her head. "When I just woke up, my hands and feet felt weak. But I feel much better now. Thanks, Dr. Jensen."

"You're welcome. Armand is paying me after all."

Timothy put away the tools on the table and stood up. "Since you're all right, I will go back to the hospital now. Steven is still waiting outside. When you're done, just ask him to send you back."

"Okay." Genevieve nodded.

Genevieve walked to the bathroom to take a hot bath after sending Timothy off.

After taking a shower, she felt refreshed, and her mind was completely clear.

Genevieve picked up the new dress that was on the chair and put it on.

When she was rummaging for the hair dryer, she accidentally saw a necklace on the bedside table when she glanced at it.

It seemed like the necklace that was around Armand's neck all the time.

Genevieve immediately looked away after taking a mere glance and turned around to go to the bathroom. Soon, she found the hairdryer from the cabinet under the sink.

She turned on the hairdryer and blew her hair, but her mind was occupied with what happened on that night not long ago.

That night, she walked out of the bathroom in Armand's room and helped him to pick up the clothes on the floor. Suddenly, she found that necklace in his clothes.

She felt curious and was about to open the pendant to have a look. However, Armand suddenly came out of the bathroom and snatched the necklace away.

Recalling Armand's expression that night, Genevieve was even more curious at that moment.

She felt as if the pendant was Pandora's box, and she wanted to open it so badly. After drying her hair, she walked out of the bathroom and walked to the bedside table.

She picked up the necklace and hesitated for a few seconds. She could not hold back her curiosity and opened the pendant in the end.

Genevieve was stunned for a moment when she saw what was in the pendant. She lowered her gaze and pursed her lips tightly.