

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 91

Chapter 91 No Need To Inform

A moment later, Genevieve's expression returned to normal. She took the bag on the chair and threw the necklace in.

After she was done packing up, she opened the door and walked out of the room.

Meanwhile, Steven was having a work discussion with the secretarial department in the living room. He quickly ended the call when he heard footsteps behind him.

Steven turned around and saw Genevieve coming out of the room. He greeted politely, "Good morning, Mrs. Faulkner."

Genevieve nodded and asked, "Where's Patrick?"

"He woke up the next day after being injected with the antidote." Steven paused for a moment and said helplessly, "But Patrick felt that he has screwed up and was ashamed to see you. So he went back the day he woke up."

"This was not his fault. I learned from Dr. Jensen that it was an illegal drug, and the bad guys were just too cunning. In fact, I need to thank Patrick. If it were not for his help that night, Queenie's plan would have succeeded," said Genevieve. Hearing that, Steven was relieved.

He then picked up the car key on the coffee table and accompanied Genevieve out of the room. "Mrs. Faulkner, do you want to go to the hotel restaurant for breakfast?"

Genevieve was a little hungry. However, she took a look at the time on her phone and realized it was almost noon. "It's almost noon, let's go back for lunch."

"Okay, let me send a text message to Mr. Faulkner." Steven took out his phone.

"Mr. Faulkner asked me to inform him when you woke up. But I was too busy with work just now, and I forgot..."

"There's no need to inform him. He's very busy with work. Besides, I'm okay now." Genevieve stopped him and smiled.

Steven silently glanced at Genevieve.

As Genevieve had just washed and blew dry her hair, it was hanging lazily behind her shoulders. There was a faint smile on the corner of her mouth, and she

looked no different from usual.

However, from the tone of her speech, Steven could feel that Genevieve's mentality had changed.

"Okay." Steven did not say anything more and put his phone away.

Genevieve had not gone back to the mansion for three or four days already.

Maria, who was worried about her, ran over and held her hands tightly as soon as she saw her.

"Ms. Rachford, are you okay?"

"I'm okay." Genevieve smiled. "It's just that my body was not feeling very well, so I stayed at the hotel for a few more days."

"Glad to hear that." Maria instantly felt a sense of relief.

Then, Maria said angrily, "That Cooper is really a b*stard! How dare he do such a thing in broad daylight! The police should punish him severely and imprison him for three to five years!"

Genevieve thought so in her heart as well.

However, she knew that Cooper was getting more well known in the business world. He owned Specter Corporation. Besides, he had expanded his contacts overseas a long time ago. Most importantly, he had an excellent team of lawyers to back him up.

The capitalists would definitely try their best to keep Cooper safe for the sake of their own benefit.

With Armand's influence this time around, Cooper was detained for ten days. At the same time, Specter Corporation's stock price and Cooper himself were greatly affected. That was probably the worst punishment for Cooper.

"Maria, let's not talk about him."

Genevieve put her arms around Maria's shoulders, smiled, and acted kittenishly. "I haven't eaten for several days, and I'm starving now. I want to eat the roasted potato that you make."

"Okay, I'll make it for you now." Maria touched Genevieve's face lovingly and went into the kitchen.

Genevieve went to the living room to take a seat. When the housekeeper brought her orange juice, she immediately gulped down half a glass.

She proceeded to take out her phone and tapped on Twitter.

Other than some celebrity gossip, Cooper's attempt to sexually assault his ex-wife at Lovely Heart Hotel a few days ago was on Twitter's trending topics too.

As Genevieve browsed through the comments, she realized Cooper's public relations team had hired many ghostwriters to mislead the netizens. They said

Cooper and Genevieve were going to remarry, and it was just a small fight between husband and wife.

She wanted to ignore the comments. However, she could not hold it when she saw some extremely unpleasant comments as some netizens had been misled by the ghostwriters.

Genevieve sneered. She took a screenshot of the ghostwriters' comment and posted it on her own Twitter.

She made a statement that she had remarried, and it was impossible for her to remarry Cooper. She even asked the netizens why Cooper was detained by the police for ten days if it was just a small fight.

When she was about to log out, she saw a post that was tweeted by someone three minutes ago.

SycamoreTreeDropsNoLeaves: Oh my goodness! World-class violinist Marilyn is married! Her husband is Mr. Samuel from the Faulkner family!

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Chapter 92 Utter Embarrassment

The netizen had also attached an extremely blurry wedding photo on his Twitter post as well.

In spite of not knowing which church or city the photo had been taken in, due to the photo's viewpoint, even though the groom's face could not be seen, she could see that Marilyn was the bride.

Genevieve stared at the Twitter post for a while. Her gaze gradually darkened. Her fingers lingered on the screen and quickly took a screenshot of the post before saving it on her phone. Once she scrolled up to the post after scrolling down, the netizen's post had disappeared.

Soon, Maria made lunch for them.

When Genevieve came to the dining room to eat, she noticed Steven telling the housekeeper to pack a separate meal and send it to Patrick's room. Curious, she asked, "What's up with him?"

"He says he's feeling unwell, so he wants to have his meal in his room instead."

Genevieve was speechless.

According to Timothy, Genevieve had been surviving on IV drips for the past

three days while she lay unconscious in bed. Since she was starving so badly for several days, she finished all the dishes.

Whenever Maria made lunch, there were usually plenty of leftovers on the table. However, Genevieve managed to finish each and every single dish that time. Since she felt quite full after the meal, Genevieve decided to lie on the couch in the living room for a bit.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon, Steven grabbed his jacket on the coat rack and said, "Mr. Faulkner wants me to return to the office to settle some matters, Mrs. Faulkner. Please call Dr. Jensen immediately if you're feeling unwell."

"All right, I will." Genevieve smiled.

After Steven had left the house, Genevieve lay on the couch and finished playing the game on her phone. She then got up and headed toward Patrick's room.

Knocking on the door, Genevieve said, "Open the door, Patrick."

Genevieve waited for a while, seeing that there was no response from inside, she knew Patrick was purposely avoiding her. She raised her voice and said, "I'm counting to three. If you're not opening the door for me, I'll have the housekeeper come over and knock down the door."

"One..."

Patrick soon opened the door a little and peered out to see Genevieve standing outside the door. He looked quite comical with bandages on his head.

"Gene-" Patrick suddenly thought of something and changed his words quickly.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Faulkner?"

She felt amused seeing Patrick trying to evade her gaze. "I don't blame you at all, Patrick. You don't have to hide from me too."

"I'm not hiding from you," Patrick refuted as he rubbed his nose awkwardly. "I'm really feeling quite unwell..."

As she pointed to the phone on the table that was still displaying the game interface, Genevieve asked, "You're feeling unwell, and yet you're still in the mood to play games?"

Instantly, Patrick went over to pick up the phone and switched it off. Smiling awkwardly, he replied, "I felt bored, so I decided to play some games instead."

"Didn't you tell me that we're friends, Patrick?" Genevieve turned around and leaned against the edge of the table as she crossed her arms. "You also said you wanted to protect me, but look what you're doing right now."

"I don't think I'm capable of protecting you well." Patrick wanted to scratch his

head sheepishly, but he had only managed to scratch the bandage on his head. In the end, he gave up and lowered his hand.

"I'll be returning to Archulea soon."

Ever since he regained consciousness, Patrick was ashamed to think that he had almost violated Genevieve.

For the first time in his life, he felt utterly humiliated.

"You've done your job dutifully and protected me well," Genevieve said. "Dr. Jensen mentioned that it was a type of prohibited drug which can easily invade a person's brain. Even if you came from the military academy with a strong physique, you couldn't handle that stuff at all."

"Don't you think..." Patrick glanced at her cautiously and asked, "That I'm useless and also a jerk?"

Genevieve smiled. "You're a graduate from the top military academy in the country. Not only you can fly a fighter jet, but you're skilled in maneuvering a war tank too! Apart from that, you have excellent hacking skills, as well as exceptional combat skills. If you think you're useless, how many useful subordinates do you think your brother has left?"

Patrick felt quite proud of himself upon hearing Genevieve's praises.

Soon after, he pursed his lips and said, "But it's true that I failed to protect you, causing you to have trauma about the incident. I even let Cooper drag you away from me..."

"Cooper did drag me away, but Mando arrived in time to save me, right?"

Genevieve did not seem to mind the incident anymore. "Patrick, I've never blamed you for it. Moreover, had it not been because of your help, I would've fallen into Queenie's trap."

She then added, "You've only ripped my clothes, that's all. They're nothing compared to the things Cooper did to me."

Genevieve pursed her lips slightly. Her eyes were bright and filled with sincerity as she spoke.

Patrick was momentarily stunned as he met her pure and sincere gaze. All of a sudden, he felt his heart skip a beat.

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Sensing that his forehead had begun to sweat, Patrick wiped his hand over it as he tried to avert his gaze from hers. "I'm really sorry for making you recall those bad memories, Genev." Cooper had done everything he could to make Genevieve divorce him with no strings attached, and Patrick was well aware of that. "It's all in the past now." Genevieve lowered her eyes before shifting her gaze back to Patrick. "The reason why I told you that was because I don't want you to overthink things. If you're adamant about leaving, that means you don't acknowledge me as your friend anymore." Patrick grinned upon hearing her remark. "How can I leave now that you've said that?" Seeing him finally at ease, Genevieve smiled as well. The discomfort between them seemed to vanish as they smiled at each other. Patrick grabbed a pear from the fruit tray and munched on it as he sat by the bed to chat with Genevieve. "I've been trying to restore all the deleted chat histories from Queenie's phone for the past two days. However, her phone seemed to be hacked by someone else and they had planted a virus inside it. If I tried to restore anything from the phone, my computer would be infected with that virus as well." "I don't quite understand what you're saying," Genevieve commented as she rubbed her chin with her fingers. "But what's certain is that the person behind Queenie is surely a powerful figure." Patrick hummed in acknowledgment. His eyes narrowed as he said, "I'm sure that person is a ruthless and vicious figure." "When my dad was still around, he was humble and kind, and his reputation in the business industry was very good, to the point where he had almost no enemies in the business. After he was gone, the only person who wanted to seek revenge against me was Cooper," Genevieve said. "I thought Cooper was the one behind those evil deeds, but it turns out that he wasn't." Feeling quite tired after standing for a while, she pulled out a chair from the table beside her and sat down. "Tell me, Patrick. Who would be so ruthless..." Genevieve paused as she propped her chin with her hand and looked at Patrick, before she continued, "To use Queenie as a tool to ruin me?" Someone came to Patrick's mind suddenly. He stopped chewing the pear that was in his hand. "W-Well..." Patrick stammered as he tried to tell her about something. Suddenly, Genevieve showed Patrick her phone and smiled faintly, "You knew that Marilyn and Mr. Samuel were married, right?" Patrick glanced at the phone's screen and noticed that it was a photograph of Marilyn and Samuel's wedding. Seeing that Genevieve was smart enough to figure everything out, Patrick decided to be frank with her. "I already knew that Mr. Samuel and Ms. Wood were married. However, since I used to work for Armand abroad in the past, I hardly had any contact with the Faulkner family. Moreover, I've only met

Ms. Wood once. I didn't expect that she was actually Mr. Samuel's wife." He then raised his hand and stuck out three fingers, pointing them toward the ceiling, and said, "Genev, I swear that what I said was true!" "You don't have to swear on it. I believe you," Genevieve said as she shook her head. If Patrick really knew Marilyn, he would not have been so shocked after Genevieve showed him a post of Marilyn displaying her violin on Twitter when they were at the banquet hall that day. Genevieve then took back her phone and stared at the screen while she said, "Compared to this, I'm much more curious about something else." Patrick was confused. "What is it?" "Do you recall when I went to the hospital to get my blood drawn and told you about the car accident, speculating that someone from the Faulkner family had done something to Mando?" Genevieve smirked. "At that time, I felt really curious. Since Mando had already cleaned up the Faulkner family once, and now that he's in charge of the family, who would've dared to plot against him? And yet he decided to tolerate whatever the culprit did to him..." She then looked at Patrick and saw that he was too guilty to eat anything right then. Smiling faintly, she asked, "That person is Marilyn, am I right?" "Please don't ask me about this, Genev..." Patrick was on the verge of breaking down. "It's just a photo. How did you even figure out so much about it? Or are you women all so smart?" "Besides this photograph, I've seen other things as well." Genevieve's eyes darkened as something came up in her mind. Immediately, she rested her hand on her chin and looked at Patrick with a smile on her face. "Now that we're at this point, come on, tell me everything you know."

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Chapter 94 Teasing Him

At seven-thirty in the evening, Armand brought Steven to Swallow Garden. Once they arrived, the house was clattering with noise. Following the noise's source, Armand found Genevieve and Patrick playing games on the couch. From Armand's angle, Genevieve was in his direct line of sight. She had her knees pulled up to her chest.

She seemed to like the color green a lot as she wore an emerald green nightgown that covered her fair and long legs that day. Her bare feet looked fragile, and her toes were wiggling around, making her seem anxious. Looking at her beautiful feet, Armand gulped.

He passed his coat to a housekeeper before walking into the living room and sitting on the corner of the couch in front of Genevieve. "Genevieve, can you change your posture?"

As far as Armand remembered, Genevieve had always sat elegantly, whether she was in the living room or during meals. She was a well-mannered, distinguished lady.

"This is my private quarters, not the company. I can sit in whatever way I like, and it's comfortable like this," Genevieve answered without looking at him since she was busy with her game.

While she spoke to him, she wiggled her toes again, almost teasingly.

Steven, who came in after Armand, stood quietly at the side.

He noticed something had changed with Genevieve ever since she woke up that morning. Currently, she seemed to be teasing Armand.

He coughed loudly when he noticed that Patrick was too focused on the game.

"Why are you coughing, Steven? Have a cough drop if your throat doesn't feel well." Patrick did not understand the signal. He was surprised when he lifted his head to see an expressionless Steven and Armand, who were frowning from the couch.

"Hahaha, Armand, you're home." He laughed awkwardly while turning off his game.

"Patrick, what are you doing! We're in the finals! Do you want me to lose?"

Genevieve got angry when she saw Patrick disconnecting suddenly and kicked the latter.

Meanwhile, Patrick deftly avoided her foot and slipped away from the couch to stand beside Steven.

Due to Patrick's sudden leave, she lost the battle in three seconds and only earned third place. She was so irritated she threw her phone on the couch and gritted her teeth.

Armand placed his coffee on the table and glanced at her. "Done playing?"

"I'm done." Genevieve leaned forward to grab a piece of honeydew and put it into her mouth before changing her posture on the couch leisurely.

Her dress hiked up and revealed her legs to the man. With one hand hanging on the couch's backrest, Genevieve looked at Armand and asked lazily, "Is there anything you need from me, Mando?"

Since they were at home, she did not wear make-up and was bare-faced.

However, she still looked beautiful with her fair and supple skin despite having

zero make-up. Furthermore, her gaze exuded a trace of aloofness.

Armand noticed the change in her mood. He remembered the time when she first moved into Swallow Garden. Even when he told her she was the lady of the house, Genevieve remained cautious with her actions, as if she was a small animal living under someone else's roof, afraid of being abandoned once again. She would treat him with the intention of pleasing him.

However, the worry hidden in that woman's eyes went away, and her eyes were brighter than before. She looked comfortable now, as though she had dropped all pretense and assumed her identity as a wanton lady from the Rachford family. Armand did not know if she was tired of pretending or whatnot. However, he knew life was more interesting now that she was herself.

His eyes lit up with interest, and he took another sip of coffee. "Follow me back to the Faulkner residence for dinner."

"Huh? Okay," she agreed while twirling strands of her hair with her finger.

Suddenly, she sat up and leaned over to him. "What kind of daughter-in-law does Old Mrs. Faulkner favor? The bubbly and cute type, or the elegant and composed lady?"

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Chapter 95 No Harm Flirting With My Husband

Armand could smell the faint camellia fragrance coming off her body, and he lifted his eyebrow slightly. "Decide on your own."

"No way. I'm going back with you to meet the elders as your wife. I must leave a good first impression." While speaking, Genevieve reached over and placed her hand on his shoulder, then continued, "Maybe I should be ladylike. Most elders prefer that."

"Since you've decided, why ask me?"

"I wanted to know your thoughts." She leaned closer to his ear and whispered, "If you like something else, I can bring another set of clothes and only show it to you?"

He grabbed her wandering hand and looked at her innocent expression, then narrowed his eyes as he moved closer to her. "Is this your true color? Do you like to flirt, or has that medicine created a problem in your brain? Should I ask Timothy to give you a check-up?"

Slipping her arms around Armand's neck, she blinked. "You're my husband. Can't I flirt with you?"

He kept mum to her question. However, Genevieve ignored his observant eyes and pulled away from him. She opened her bag on the couch and took out an exquisite necklace. "Here, Mando. You dropped it at the hotel. I brought it back for you."

Her arms went around his neck again to put it on him and reminded him gently, "I know this is important to you. Be careful and don't drop it again."

"Mr. Faulkner, Mrs. Faulkner, dinner is ready," Maria called out in the direction of the living room after coming out from the kitchen.

Genevieve immediately got out of the man's embrace and ran toward the dining room in her slippers. "It smells so good, Maria. Did you make braised beef?"

Maria smiled. "Yes. I made roasted pork too."

"Wow. That's great!"

Meanwhile, Armand remain seated on the couch.

He turned slightly and saw Genevieve looming over the dining table to pick up a piece of beef with the fork. She blew on it before feeding herself, and her expression became cheery immediately after.

Her pink tongue poked out of her mouth to lick the stain off her lips.

It was a casual action, but when he saw it, his eyes narrowed, and his heart pounded rapidly.

She looked as if she had stopped caring, including what he would do to her, and did whatever she wanted.

For some reason, he felt annoyed.

Now that she was back to Swallow Garden and had a familiar bed, Genevieve had a good sleep.

Early the next morning, she woke up and finished washing up and changing into her formal clothes before going downstairs for breakfast.

Coincidentally, Patrick also came out of his room. When he saw Genevieve, who came down to the first floor, he was surprised. "Huh? Aren't you going to the Faulkner residence with Armand? Your outfit looks like you're going to the company?"

"That's at night." She went to the dining table and pulled out a chair to sit before continuing, "Besides, I haven't visited the company for the past few days."

He arched his eyebrows. "It's your company. It doesn't matter if you go or not."

"It's Mando's, not mine. Since I took this job, I must ensure it goes well." She

poured some sauce on a sauce plate, her tone calm.

Although she had only joined Central Group for a day, Genevieve thought the work was tiring. However, there were many things she had never experienced before.

Setting aside her relationship with Armand, she genuinely wanted to work hard in Central Group.

"Oh, okay." Patrick dug into his food. However, he stole a glance at her and thought she was completely different after waking from her three days of unconsciousness.

When the duo was almost done with their breakfast, Armand descended the stairs slowly.

He received an email from a company overseas last night, and thus he had a virtual meeting until roughly four in the morning. That was why he slept an extra half an hour that morning.

"Are you going to the company today?" He eyed the formal attire on Genevieve.

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"Since I have been absent for the past few days, I bet there is plenty of work awaiting me in the office now." After standing up from her chair, Genevieve added, "Mando, I'll wait for you in the underground parking lot as soon as I get off work." Armand decided not to object to her decision upon witnessing her determination to return to work. "I've asked Steven to investigate Queenie's issue. My men have also announced to the public that you met with Cooper at the hotel and that he was scheming against you." Genevieve smiled at his words. "Good. I was worried that I would be entangled in the incident related to Queenie and couldn't return to work as a result of that. Thank you, Mando, for dealing with this matter so perfectly." She then walked around the dining table, got to Armand's side, and kissed his cheek as a reward. Armand was surprised by it. Soon, the news about the head of Specter Corporation trying to assault his ex-wife could be seen almost everywhere on the internet. When Genevieve, one of the parties involved in the assault, arrived at Central Group, all the employees, including those she bumped into when she used the elevator and the female janitors, would ask her about the news. As soon as Genevieve stepped into her department, her colleagues immediately approached and surrounded her. They

scolded Cooper for being a bastard as they comforted her sympathetically. Despite what they showed, Genevieve knew that most of them were taking pleasure in her misfortune. And, of course, she didn't let this opportunity go to waste. She activated her Oscar standard acting skills and piteously told everyone what had happened that night with her reddened eyes. This was so they would have the information they needed to gossip. In just a morning, Genevieve gave many of her colleagues a good impression. Some even took the initiative to teach her to do things and included her in their gossip groups. Genevieve was so impressed with their pleasant behavior to the point she wanted to thank Cooper. In the afternoon, she even went to a restaurant with a few female colleagues for lunch. Soon, the topic of their conversation shifted to Armand as they chatted. "Remember when I told you guys that Mr. Faulkner is married, but none of you believed me then? Well, see for yourself. Mr. Faulkner is wearing a wedding ring." "But who is the person he married to? Why didn't the public get any news about this?" one of the colleagues asked curiously. She even made an assumption. "Did he get back with his first love?" "Oh, I heard Mr. Faulkner's first love is Mr. Samuel's wife." "Are you sure?" Stunned, the female colleagues drew a sharp breath after hearing such breaking news. The colleague who gave the gossip then shook her hand. "Actually, I heard that from someone. But, wealthy families are always a mess. So, I wouldn't be surprised if it's true." Upon knowing one of the colleagues managed to take a photo of Armand with his wedding ring, the others requested to have a look at it. "Huh?" After taking a look at the photo, one of the ladies shifted her attention to the ring on Genevieve's finger. "Genevieve, Mr. Faulkner's wedding ring is the same type as yours." "Is it?" Genevieve replied curiously and leaned forward to take a closer look at the photo. A few seconds later, she returned to her seat and said with a smile, "What a coincidence. It never occurred to me that I would purchase a ring similar to Mr. Faulkner's. It seems that this particular type is popular. Maybe that's why Amazon sells it as well." She then added, "Anyway, please don't overthink it. If I were Mrs. Faulkner, I'd stay home and let others serve me. I wouldn't bother to tire myself with work." The colleagues agreed that she had a point after hearing her explanation. The ladies shared the same thought at that moment. Exactly. There must be news about it if Genevieve is Mrs. Faulkner. Plus, no rich wives would give up enjoying pampering themselves, working in their husbands' company, and desperately hiding the news of their marriage. Even though Genevieve is gorgeous, Mr. Faulkner would be disinterested in her deadbeat family background. Hence, there is no way Mr. Faulkner would have eyes for someone like her. Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief

upon noticing that her words had dismissed their doubts entirely. She then cleverly shifted the topic of their conversation. "Ladies, I have a question for you all." She rested her chin on her hand and slowly continued, "My husband has a female friend, and I feel they are too close. He even keeps a photo of her in his wallet. Do you think this is normal and that I'm worrying too much?" "You're right to be worried about it. Something is wrong with your husband." One of the colleagues frowned and continued, "Your husband is rather oblivious." "I agree. He's married. Why would he keep a female friend's photo?" one of them chimed in. She even asked, "Does the woman frequently text your husband? If yes, you'd need to be more careful. Let me teach you some stuff." Among the female colleagues, two were married and had kids, so they knew the nook and cranny of marriage very well. Upon realizing that Genevieve was having a crisis in her marriage, they transformed themselves into mentors and patiently gave her lessons about marriage. At that point, Genevieve had successfully shifted all the female colleagues' attention from whether Armand was married to her marriage condition.

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Chapter 97 Bite Me Again If You Dare

Genevieve learned many tricks in marriage from them, and her afternoon was significantly meaningful.

After work, Genevieve bided goodbye to her enthusiastic colleagues and took the elevator to the underground parking lot with a big grocery bag in her hand.

The parking lot was full of luxurious cars, but one black Maybach with a number plate of a repeating number stood out.

In order to return to the Faulkner residence to have dinner, Armand had instructed Steven to cancel all his scheduled meetings for the evening. He even got into his car before the working hour ended as he planned to reply to some emails while waiting for Genevieve.

When Armand heard the car door open, he turned sideways to have a look and saw Genevieve climbing into the car with a grocery bag.

After ordering Steven to start the journey, Armand studied Genevieve for a moment. "Didn't you say you want to be a graceful lady today? Why did you change your mind?"

Genevieve didn't reply to him straight away. Instead, she instructed, "Steven, please take us to Gramineous Florist first."

After that, she pressed a button to raise the partition that separated the front seats from the back seats. She pulled two pieces of clothes from the grocery bag and waved them to Armand. "Here are the clothes of a graceful lady."

At that instant, Armand was at a loss for words. He quickly turned his gaze away and returned his focus to the emails.

Meanwhile, from the corner of his eye, he could see Genevieve, who was sitting right next to him, raising her hands and unbuttoning her suit's buttons one by one. She then took her coat and shirt off, exposing her perfect shoulders.

Suddenly, a cool undertone of flesh appeared before his eyes.

Genevieve's figure was slim, and her waist was so thin that one might be able to hold it with one hand. Her skin was tender and pinkish.

Armand swore he could smell the faint fragrance coming from her skin at that moment.

He instantly pulled Genevieve onto his lap. His eyes were full of passion then.

"Genevieve, are you doing this on purpose?"

"Doing what on purpose?" Genevieve blinked her eyes and explained innocently, "I've been extremely busy since afternoon to the point where I didn't even have time to drink water. After work, since I didn't want to keep you waiting in the car, I brought the clothes with me to change in the car."

Genevieve could feel the gust of cold air from the air-conditioning sweeping across her back, causing her to tremble.

"I need to change my clothes." With that, she tried to move away from Armand.

However, when she finished her sentence, Armand held onto the back of her head, pressed her into his arms, and kissed her deeply.

Armand's domineering aura instantly enveloped Genevieve. She could only grab onto his shirt as she felt her body go weak.

Sometime later, Armand finally let go of Genevieve, and he found her interesting when he spotted her panting heavily, causing him to lift his hand and pinch her red ear.

"Weren't you good at flirting with me when we were home yesterday night?"

Hmm?"

Hearing such, she raised her head and widened her eyes at him. Suddenly, she gritted her teeth, pulled his shirt collar aside, and bit him on his neck as if she was

taking revenge.

Armand slightly frowned when he felt the harmless bite.

He then grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her away from him. With an intense stare, he warned her, "I dare you to bite me again."

"You're the one who started it! I was changing my clothes, and I did nothing to cross you," Genevieve retorted defiantly.

However, his icy glare scared her. She quickly slid back to her seat from his lap and fixed her bra that was moved out of place by him.

The moment Armand spotted the snowy skin of her breasts, his gaze darkened, and he quickly turned his attention away from her.

When the car parked in front of Gramineous Florist, Genevieve had changed into a pale yellow short dress that accentuated her slender figure. She even chose to put on a nude shade of lipstick.

With such an outfit, she looked gentle and elegant, an image many elders like.

Genevieve got out of the car personally and returned with a pot of plants in her arms.

Armand immediately recognized the plant as dendrobium. It was meticulously trimmed, indicating that someone was taking good care of it.

He looked at her suspiciously and asked, "Did you ask Steven about this?"

"Yes. I, the granddaughter-in-law, will be meeting your grandmother for the first time. I can't go there empty-handed, but I realized that the Faulkner family has everything." Genevieve then added, "So I asked Steven about the things Old Mrs. Faulkner likes."

Armand arched a brow. "Are you trying to use a pot of dendrobium to make my grandmother happy?"

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"This dendrobium competed in a contest before. It costs me more than ten thousand!" Genevieve then tapped the corner of her lips and added with a faint smile, "If this plant is not enough to cheer her up, I can always use my mouth. Anyway, I know that making your grandmother happy is the primary reason behind me marrying you, Mr. Faulkner, and I am confident about fulfilling this task."

Seeing that she suddenly addressed him differently, Armand frowned but said nothing.

Twenty minutes before seven, the car arrived at the Faulkner residence's entrance.

The residence owned by the Faulkners was in the most southerly part of the city and initially belonged to an ancient time minister.

As time passed, Harriet got tired of Xedells and thought about returning to Jadeborough. Hence, Ayden Faulkner, her husband, brought the residence through connections and even hired famous architects to renovate the place. Ever since then, Harriet stayed there.

Year after year, the descendants of the Faulkner family would come from Xedells and gather at this residence whenever there was a festival.

The car now drove past the entrance and was on the road heading toward the main house.

Genevieve noticed both sides of the road were full of sycamore trees. Though they were so large that they almost covered the whole sky, she sensed a romantic ambiance from them.

When she asked Steven about the things Harriet loved, she found out that besides dendrobium, Harriet was in love with sycamore trees too.

She heard that Jadeborough didn't have many sycamore trees back then. In order to allow his wife to be able to see them every day, Ayden spent tons of money to get someone to move the sycamore trees to Jadeborough from Xedells.

Genevieve didn't expect that there would be such a romantic and loyal man in such a wealthy family.

As the guards by the entrance had told the housekeepers in the main house about their arrival earlier, a few housekeepers came out of the house and quickly approached them when Armand got out of the car with Genevieve.

"Mr. Armand, Mdm. Genevieve."

Genevieve smiled at them and passed the dendrobium to one of the housekeepers after retrieving it from the car.

When she got to the entrance of the building with Armand, she faintly heard footsteps from afar.

The moment she raised her head, she saw a slender figure approaching them at a quick pace. Underneath the pale purple dress, her belly was slightly bulged.

The woman, Marilyn, was elated to see Armand. "Armand," she called out to him in a delicate yet melodic voice.

Armand, however, merely hummed in response. When he was about to hand his coat to the housekeeper, Marilyn stretched her hands out before anyone else could react. "Give it to me."

"I'll take care of it instead." Genevieve quickly took the coat from him and hung it on the clothes hanger.

Only then did Marilyn notice Genevieve. The former blinked her beautiful eyes rapidly and naturally retracted her hands.

When Genevieve raised her head and got a clear look at Marilyn's face, she was surprised. "Ms. Wood?"

Genevieve then explained to Armand excitedly, "Darling, she is Ms. Wood. When I studied in Dartan previously, I attended a few of her violin classes. I'm her fan too." She naturally held his arm as they walked past the entrance.

At the end of her sentence, she turned to Marilyn and asked, "By the way, why are you here, Ms. Wood?"

Marilyn didn't answer her. She merely stared at Genevieve in silence.

The housekeeper standing next to them didn't realize the unseen war between the two ladies and replied to Genevieve's question, "Mdm. Genevieve, she is Mdm. Marilyn, Mr. Samuel's wife."

"Is it?" Genevieve raised her brows and smiled. "So you are married to Mr. Samuel. What a coincidence. I should change the way I address you since you're my sister-in-law."

"You can continue to address me as Ms. Wood." In actual fact, the way Genevieve addressed her as "sister-in-law" was ear-piercing to her.

Genevieve refuted, "No, I shouldn't do that. Since I'm married to Mando, I'm your sister-in-law. With that, it's only logical to address you by your first name."

Genevieve turned to face her husband and asked, "Am I right, Darling?"

Upon hearing that, Marilyn felt that Genevieve had slapped her on the face. She bit her lips bitterly, and her body became weak.

Meanwhile, she screamed in her heart, "How dare she!"

The moment the housekeeper led Armand and Genevieve into the house, Harriet had already arrived on the first floor, but she didn't walk into the living room.

Instead, she stood there silently and listened to the conversation between Genevieve and Marilyn.

From her angle, she could see Marilyn's slightly ashen face. When she turned her attention to Genevieve again, her eyes were full of admiration.

This granddaughter-in-law does indeed suit my taste.

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 99

Chapter 99 Everyone Knows How To Be A Bitch

When Genevieve lifted her head and questioned Armand, the latter could obviously see her raised brows and cunning smile.

At that instant, Armand knew she made such a statement at Marilyn on purpose. He was aware of Genevieve studying overseas for a few years, but he didn't realize that she knew Marilyn.

However, based on the expression she had now, he bet she knew about Marilyn's status before coming here.

Armand then turned his gaze to Marilyn, who was standing before them. When he saw her bit her lips and had a pale face, he creased his brows subtly.

"Darling?" Seeing Armand didn't give her any response, Genevieve raised the corners of her lips and inquired, "Why aren't you talking?"

"You can call her whatever you want. The Faulkner family doesn't have strict rules on how to address each other," Armand replied nonchalantly. He pulled his arm away from Genevieve's grip and patted the back of her waist.

"Go say hi to Grandma."

Genevieve smiled sarcastically in response. As she followed Armand's gaze, she saw Harriet, who was full of energy, walking toward them.

Harriet was wearing a black gown and an elegant-looking bracelet on her wrist. Her aura was majestic and classy, making it impossible to ignore her presence. Though there were a lot of fine lines and wrinkles around her eyes, her gaze was sharp yet gentle.

Harriet was an exquisite woman when she was young. Though she was older now and looked more majestic, her beauty hadn't disappeared.

"Huh? Grandma?" The moment Genevieve caught a clear look on Harriet's face, she immediately recognized the latter as the old lady she met in the mall last time. A saleswoman of a shop was making things difficult for Harriet back then. No wonder Patrick's face looked weird then. He must have recognized Old Mrs. Faulkner!

Harriet smiled and nodded. She then stood before Genevieve as she got near them.

"I asked Patrick to tell you nothing that day. I didn't want to bother you since I plan to get to know you when you come here with Armand. But I do not anticipate it taking this long to meet you officially. You won't blame me for not telling you who I am, right?"

"Of course." Genevieve took a step forward and held Harriet's arm. With a gentle and lovable voice, she continued, "Thank you for accepting me, Grandma. I'm extremely blessed to be your granddaughter-in-law."

She then gestured at the housekeeper to bring forward the dendrobium.

"Grandma, as I'm meeting you for the first time today, I'm not sure what kind of gift to bring. So, I decided to get you a pot of dendrobium on my way here when I overheard that you love dendrobium," Genevieve explained.

"I see. It looks nice." Harriet nodded her head satisfyingly. She even took a peek at Genevieve from the corner of her eye.

I'm happy with both the flower and the person.

"If so, please keep it. I'll look for a better one and gift it to you in the future,"

Genevieve responded with a faint smile. She then held Harriet's hand and led the latter to the living room.

"Okay. Don't forget your promise."

"So long as you don't mind me bothering you." When Genevieve spoke, she even placed her head on Harriet's shoulder, looking like a granddaughter acting coquettishly with her grandmother.

"Grandma, your gown is so pretty. I would have bought you a few more that day if I knew how pretty it looks on you."

The smile on Harriet's face became brighter as if she was in a great mood.

"Really?"

"Of course! I'm a straightforward person. I say anything that crosses my mind.

Grandma, if we go out on a date together, others would probably see us as mother and daughter!"

"Haha!"

When the housekeepers heard Harriet's laughter, they discreetly took a peek at the living room as they were astonished to hear that.

The Faulkner family had a lot of descendants, and many of the grandchildren were married. Every month, all the descendants would visit Harriet here, and the latter always greeted them with the same stern expression.

Even toward Marilyn, the charming elder had never shown her affection.

However, things were different that day. Genevieve not only managed to please Harriet with a pot of dendrobium as a present but also made the lady of the

house laugh at her words.

Mdm. Genevieve really is remarkable.

Besides the shocked housekeepers, Marilyn, who was still standing at the residence's entrance, clenched her fists tightly while leaving them hanging by her side.

In Marilyn's eyes, everyone had the skills to say flattery words and make the old lady happy. Genevieve wasn't the only one equipped with those abilities.

In her opinion, Harriet's affection for Genevieve was merely a result of her love for her grandson.

My Flirtacious Husband

Chapter 100

Chapter 100 Know Your Place

"Don't just stand there," Armand voiced, "Your back will hurt if you stand for a long time."

Though the man's voice was cold as usual, Marilyn spotted his concern toward her through his words. Instantly, the jealousy and frustration inside her vanished without a trace.

"Okay." Marilyn smiled at him shyly. She also asked the housekeeper to prepare Armand's favorite drink and sent it to the living room.

Genevieve hadn't gotten over her grandmother's death. Thus, when she met Harriet that day, she couldn't help but be drawn by the latter upon noticing her gentle smile and kindness.

That day, as she peeled the orange and talked with Harriet, Genevieve felt an immense sense of fulfillment she had lost long ago.

Marilyn was in the living room then too. Regardless, she sensed that Harriet was more prone to speaking to Genevieve. Seeing that she couldn't even chime in, she focused on peeling the apple skin and cutting them into pieces for Armand. Upon noticing Marilyn's actions, Harriet glimpsed at her and said, "Marilyn, do ask the housekeeper to help you with such a small matter. Be careful not to hurt yourself."

"It's okay. Armand and Genevieve are guests, after all." Marilyn smiled faintly and asked Genevieve, "Do you have any type of dishes you prefer?"

A hint of displeasure flashed across Harriet's eyes when she heard that. Marilyn was usually obedient before her. However, she would start crossing Harriet's boundaries whenever Armand was around.

One could tell how hard she tried to hint to others about her affection toward Armand.

"You're wrong, Marilyn. Mando and I aren't guests." Genevieve leaned on Harriet's arm and retorted with a smile, "This is Grandma's place, so it's home. Since we're simply returning home, there is no need for formalities." Having said that, she shook Harriet's arm and asked, "Grandma, am I a guest to you?"

"You're right. This place is home. There's no need to be shy," Harriet announced while chuckling. She was satisfied with Genevieve's attitude earlier, but now, she had fully accepted the latter.

This child is good at coaxing people and knows how to roast others perfectly. I can't help but take a liking to her.

Marilyn didn't expect Genevieve could humiliate her with just a few sentences, causing the hand she used to hold the knife to tremble.

As she trembled, the sharp blade slit opened her finger's skin, and blood immediately oozed from the wound.

Armand frowned the moment he spotted the blood coming out of her finger while sitting on the other side of the couch. He was about to grab the tissue paper from the coffee table, and a slender hand reached out and took the tissue paper box before him.

Genevieve retrieved two sheets from it, approached Marilyn, and personally wiped away the blood on her finger. "You're too careless, Marilyn."

Marilyn tried to retract her hand, but Genevieve grabbed her wrist and forcefully pressured the former to accept her "gentle" help in stopping the bleeding.

Genevieve curled the corners of her mouth into a smile and softly instructed, "You should avoid any sharp items in the future since you're pregnant, Marilyn. Armand is your brother-in-law, and he knows how to feed himself. You don't have to worry about him."

Armand's eyes darkened as he fixed his gaze on Genevieve's back.

"Thank you." Marilyn had to take a deep breath to calm herself so she could hide her pathetic look from the others. She then forcefully pulled her hand back.

After that, Marilyn tried to stand up while announcing, "I'll go check the kitchen. Please continue without me."

"That won't be necessary." Genevieve quickly placed her hand on Marilyn's leg to

stop the latter from standing up and shot a smile at her.

"My family has a housekeeper who is a good cook. I've learned a few dishes from her because I planned to let Grandma have a taste of my cooking skill when I come here today. Hence, I'll take charge of dinner today."

"The Faulkner family's chefs have an experience of more than ten years. They have been working here for a long time and know more about Grandma's taste preferences." Marilyn chuckled and continued, "Since you have just only learned how to cook a few days ago, I bet you aren't familiar with the cooking techniques yet. It's better to get more practice first. Maybe next time."

Genevieve wasn't willing to back down. "I know I can't fight against the chefs with my cooking skills, but I want Grandma to try my food because I like her."

She then turned to Harriet and coquettishly asked, "Grandma, would you like to try my cooking? Please give me a chance today. I promise I won't do anything reckless."

The lady of the house nodded with a smile. "Since I appreciate your gesture of respect, I will allow you to cook."

"Thank you, Grandma!" Genevieve stood up and headed toward the kitchen.

Before she left, she leaned closer to Harriet and kissed her on the cheek.

Harriet didn't stop her from doing so. Instead, the grin on her face became brighter.

Marilyn was sitting right opposite Harriet. Hence, she could evidently see the smiles in the latter's eyes besides the bright grin. There was no doubt that Harriet was unduly pleased with Genevieve.

When such realization dawned on her, Marilyn's face almost contorted due to anger.