

# Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand) #Chapter 1

## - Read Flawless and Flirtatious (Genevieve and Armand)

### Chapter 1

Chapter 1

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“Ms. Genevieve Rachford, your husband is currently with a woman in Room 2588 at the Langfield Hotel.”

Genevieve Rachford held her breath anxiously as she waited for the elevator to stop at her destination.

She had spent a month in Musbane on a business trip, only to come back to receive a strange text.

Assuming it was a prank, she ignored the text and didn't think much about it. When she got off the plane, she realized she couldn't get ahold of her husband, Cooper Sutton. His phone GPS showed that he was at the Langfield Hotel, and she began to panic.

Shortly after, she came to a stop outside Room 2588. To her surprise, the door was ajar.

Someone shoved the back of her waist, and she stumbled into the dark room. She had just regained her balance when a burning body pushed her to the door.

“Darling?” Genevieve called out carefully.

The man didn't utter a word. In the dark, he found Genevieve's lips and captured her mouth in a fierce and passionate kiss.

The door was ajar, and he kissed me once we stepped in...

Genevieve quickly made the connections and assumed Cooper was putting up an act to tease her, for they had been apart for too long.

With that thought in mind, she let her guard down and flung her arms around the man. Her back arched as she returned his kiss joyfully.

When Genevieve roused, the sun was shining brightly outside the window. Her bare arms were full of hickeys, and she felt her entire body aching. However, her heart was full.

She had been married to Cooper for a year, but they were often apart due to work. They had never gotten intimate with each other.

Last night, they had finally consummated their marriage.

“Darling...”

Genevieve rolled over and was about to chide Cooper for preparing such a dreadful surprise. Alas, the other side of the bed was empty. It felt cool to the touch. The man had obviously left a while ago.

There was a necklace on the bed. It was a limited edition piece from Tiffany’s with the name “Perfect Lover.”

I’m glad he knows that he should leave a gift for me.

Genevieve’s lips curled into an alluring smile as she picked up the necklace and put it on. Suddenly, the door was kicked open. A bunch of reporters filed in with their cameras and surrounded the bed.

Click! Click! Click!

The cameras flashed continuously to take photos of Genevieve’s naked body.

“Ms. Rachford, you returned from your business trip and immediately came to the hotel to meet your lover. Did you have a fall out with Mr. Sutton?”

“Have you gotten a divorce in secret?”

“Ms. Rachford, please answer our questions!”

Genevieve was caught off guard. The reporters had barged in without notice and hurled malicious questions at her.

She leaned back against the headboard, seemingly flustered.

“W—What are you talking about? I was with my husband last night!” Genevieve pulled up the covers to shield her body from the unwanted visitors. She pointed a finger at the door and demanded, “Get out right this instance!”

“Genevieve!”

Right then, a furious and icy voice rang out.

Genevieve felt her vision go black. When she looked up, her husband was standing before her. His usual gentle and elegant self was long gone, and it was replaced by a grim expression.

“Darling, I’m glad you’re here.” Genevieve didn’t have time to ask why he had left that early and the reason for his reaction. She crawled over and grabbed his arm. “Last night, you arranged a surprise for me, right? The reporters are framing me for cheating on you. 1–”

Before she could finish, a loud slap landed on her cheek.

The impact caused her to fall back into bed, and her mind went blank.

Cooper threw a stack of photos onto her face. The sharp edge of one photo grazed past

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Chapter 1

her cheek. Fresh blood seeped out of the wound and dripped down her chin.

“I’ll see you at nine in the morning tomorrow at the City Hall!” he announced icily.

After saying his piece, he spun on his heels and strode away as though he were utterly disgusted with her.

Genevieve covered her cheek, feeling disoriented from the pain. She spotted a photo in her line of sight which showed a man leaving Room 2588. It only showed the man’s side profile, and he wasn’t Cooper.

The timestamp was six this morning!

Genevieve gripped the photo and observed it carefully as her entire being trembled violently.

The man from last night wasn't Cooper!

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

She recalled how tense she had been when the man had led her to the bed last night. His breath had fanned her ear as he rasped, "Relax."

Indeed, Cooper's voice is usually cool. It's totally different from that man's voice!

"H—How could it be?" Genevieve stared at the photos scattered on her bed blankly, the color draining from her face.

Who was the man who slept with me last night?

"Ms. Rachford, Mr. Sutton is your childhood sweetheart. Why did you cheat on him?"

"Are you tired of him?"

The reporters ignored her plight and questioned her harshly to get the shocking headlines they wanted. The cameras captured every inch of her body and every expression she made without sparing her feelings.

"Get out! Get out right now!" Genevieve finally broke down and screamed with all her might. She waved her hands desperately to chase the reporters out, but they refused to leave.

A reporter even asked, "Ms. Rachford, your body is full of hickeys. Did you have sex with the man for a long time?"

Genevieve couldn't bear it anymore. The reporters were too rude and had no bottom line, She let out an ear-piercing shriek and passed out.

A black Maybach was parked across the street from the hotel.

The back window rolled down slowly to reveal a man's frosty side profile. He glanced at the entrance of the hotel. When he saw Cooper walking out, flanked by the reporters, his eyes turned black and penetrating.

"Coop, be gentle..."

The woman's sweet voice from last night seemed to echo in his ear. He fiddled with his fingers as though the woman's warmth were still lingering on his fingertips.

Cooper Sutton, the adoptive son of the Rachford family. He is also the CEO of Specter Corporation.

Shortly after, he relayed his orders calmly, "Investigate Cooper Sutton."

"Yes, Mr. Faulkner."

In less than an hour, headlines reporting that Genevieve had cheated on her husband had been posted on various news websites.

The reporters had also attached a few videos of Cooper catching Genevieve in the act and her naked body. It created an uproar on the internet.

Specter Corporation, which belonged to the Rachford family, suffered a backlash from the scandal. The price of its shares plummeted and almost hit rock bottom.

Meanwhile, Genevieve got back home hastily with the help of her housekeeper.

Her phone number was exposed online, and she kept receiving prank calls and texts. As a result, she couldn't use it and had to borrow her housekeeper's phone to call Cooper, hoping to explain to him.

Alas, Cooper didn't pick up her calls.

Genevieve soaked herself in cold water in the tub and scrubbed her body violently. Her body turned red from her forceful scrubbing, but she could still smell the man's scent on her.

Recalling Cooper's arctic expression when he left, Genevieve fought back the urge to burst into tears. Despair overwhelmed her heart.

Why is this happening?

Some time later, her phone rang. Genevieve picked it up from the rack and answered it hastily.

"Darling, 12"

“Come to the City Hall now!” Cooper demanded and cut the line abruptly.

Only then did Genevieve realize she had been soaking in the tub for ages, and her body was wrinkled and pale.

She stumbled out of the tub and went to her closet to put on some clothes. On the way to the City Hall, she put on some foundation to conceal her haggard and ashen face.

I need to explain everything to Cooper so he won't divorce me!

When Genevieve arrived at Jadeborough City Hall, she saw Cooper at the door. He was dressed in a black suit and bore a cool expression.

There were no reporters around, so it seemed that he had cleared the scene beforehand.

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“Darling, let me explain.” Genevieve dashed over to Cooper and took his arm. Tears

welled up in her eyes. “I received a text last night saying you were at the Langfield Hotel with another woman. Your phone GPS showed you were there, so I went to the hotel...”

Cooper unlocked his phone and showed her his schedule from yesterday. Pinning her with a withering look, he said, “I sent a client to the hotel and left within ten minutes!”

After seeing his schedule, Genevieve swayed and nearly lost her balance.

Did someone set me up last night?

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Without hesitation, Cooper dragged her into the City Hall and pushed her onto a chair. “We're here to get a divorce,” he announced coldly.

“No!” Genevieve snapped back to reality. She tugged at Cooper's arm and begged, “Darling, I don't want to get a divorce. Please don't do this to me. We

grew up together as childhood sweethearts, and you know how much I love you. You're the only one I can depend on!"

"I don't want a woman who has been sullied," came Cooper's heartless reply.

Genevieve's mind went blank as her entire body slumped in her seat. Her grip on his arm also slackened

He thinks I'm sullied?

At that exact moment, an alluring lady with long, wavy hair rushed into the City Hall.

"Mr. Sutton, I'm here with the documents you need," she said, panting heavily.

Hope rose in Genevieve's heart when she saw who the newcomer was. "Errie, please help me persuade Cooper not to divorce me. When we used to fight, you'd convince him to change his mind."

Erica Hall and Cooper went to the same university, and the three of them were good friends.

Every time Genevieve had a fight with Cooper, Erica would help her by telling Cooper off. He would then return to sweet-talk her into forgiving him. Thus, she assumed Erica would do the same this time.

After hearing her pleas, Erica seemed to be in a dilemma. "Genevieve, we may be good friends, but what you did at the hotel... It was wrong, and I can't help you."

As they spoke, Cooper had already flipped the file open. "Sign it!"

Genevieve took one look at it as something popped up in her mind. Before they got married, Cooper had drafted a prenup that stated he would leave without anything if he were to cheat on her.

"I won't sign it! No way!" Genevieve shook her head desperately. "Darling, I can do anything. Just don't divorce me, please."

Cooper was unfazed despite her pleas.

He even forced her to hold the pen and sign her name. After doing that, he turned to the

staff and repeated. "We're here to get a divorce. Please get the procedures done!"

Less than two minutes later, the divorce certificate' was tossed into Genevieve's arms.

"Cooper!" Genevieve stared at Cooper's back as he departed, Choking on her tears, she rushed out behind him but saw him getting into the car with Erica,

Am I seeing things? Why did Erica kiss Cooper?

Rooted to the spot, she watched helplessly as the car drove away. Suddenly, her phone rang with a call from the hospital.

"Ms. Rachford, your grandmother is in a critical condition. Please come to the hospital at

once!"

"What?" Genevieve gasped.

She wiped her tears away hastily and hailed a taxi to head to the hospital.

Her parents had died in an accident last year, and her grandmother, Winifred, had been hospitalized for a long while due to her tuberculosis condition. It was Cooper who had remained by her side and encouraged her. He was the reason she could make it through the hard times.

However, things were different now.

Genevieve rushed to Winifred's ward and realized that her condition had deteriorated. It seemed that Winifred was close to breathing her last breath.

After entering the ward, Genevieve was about to speak when Winifred sat up from bed and gave her a light slap. "Didn't tell you that Cooper is nothing but the Rachford family's adoptive son? I reminded you not to fall in love with him, but you refused to listen to me. Look, you've now destroyed your dad's life efforts!"

The wound on Genevieve's cheek had just scabbed, but Winifred's slap had caused it to split open. Blood oozed down her cheek, and she looked a mess.

"Grandma, Specter Corporation is still mine," she assured Winifred.



Even if she were to leave the marriage without anything after her divorce, her shares in Specter Corporation weren't affected. She was still the largest shareholder of Specter Corporation

In a fit of rage, Winifred tossed the newspapers to her. "See for yourself!"

Genevieve picked up the newspapers and spread them out. The financial headline that was published at seven this morning stated that Cooper Sutton held sixty-three percent of

Specter Corporation's shares and thus had absolute authority over the company,

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she took in the news. "Why does he have that many shares..."

She belatedly realized that Cooper had asked for her shares barely a month after their wedding with the excuse that he wanted to reorganize the company.

They had been married, and their assets had been marital property, so she had transferred her shares to Cooper without suspecting anything.

Never in her wildest dreams did she know that Cooper would use her trust to get Specter Corporation from her!

"Why do I have such a foolish granddaughter like you? He had you on a string and fooled you easily!" Winifred admonished her in a loud voice.

Suddenly, Winifred's face scrunched up in agony. She held her chest before collapsing on the bed.

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

"Grandma!" Genevieve screamed. She immediately ran out of the ward to get the doctor.

As the doctor wheeled Winifred into the emergency room, Genevieve couldn't stop the tears from streaming down her face. Utterly flustered, she paced around the corridor.

I won't forgive myself if something happens to Grandma!

Soon, Winifred was wheeled out. She was wearing an oxygen mask.

The doctor told Genevieve, “The patient’s heartbeat has returned to normal, but she has to undergo treatment and take her medication. The medicine she takes is a rare one, so you have to pay for it before we can prescribe it to her.”

“All right. Thank you!” After learning that Winifred was in a stable condition, Genevieve heaved a sigh of relief. She rushed downstairs to pay the medical fee.

When she tried to pay with her credit cards, she realized none of them were working.

Genevieve gave Erica a call anxiously. “Errie, can you please ask Cooper why are my cards all frozen? I need to pay the medical bill for my grandma so she can take the medicine and”

“Have you forgotten, Genevieve?” Erica cut her off rudely. “You left the marriage with nothing.”

Without waiting for a reply, she hung up.

Genevieve’s words were stuck in her throat. Winifred’s condition was urgent, so she immediately ran out to take a taxi to Specter Corporation.

She wanted to know why Cooper took Specter Corporation away from her and treated her cruelly.

It didn’t seem fitting that he insisted on getting a divorce without leaving her anything under her name just because of what she did.

When the taxi rolled to a stop before Specter Corporation, it was pouring outside.

Genevieve ran through the rain and hurried toward the building. Before she could head in, the security guard at the entrance gave her a forceful push, and she fell to the ground.

“Please let me in. I need to see Cooper.” She crawled to her feet and begged the security guard. Her face was as white as a sheet after she got drenched in the rain. “I need money to buy medicine for my grandma. She’ll die without it.”

The security guard gave her another shove and showed her a sign. "Ms. Rachford, please Take a good look at this sign!"

Wiping the rainwater away from her face, Genevieve looked at the sign.

No entry for Genevieve Rachford and dogs!

"Cooper, did I wrong you in any way?" Uler lace was wet with a mixture of cars and rain

When she was three years old, her father had come home with a little boy "Vivi, his parents died in an accident, so he will stay with us from now on. Treat him as your brother." her father had told hier.

Back then, Cooper was only six years old. "Hello, my princess. I'll protect you from today onward!" He had given her a smart salute while llashing a handsome grin.

Cooper had held his word by protecting her and her family until now.

Deep down, she had always thought of him as family. He was her Prince Charming.

He had spoiled her so much that she didn't even need to learn anything. She had spent all her free time buying clothes and bags. Never once did she disobey his words.

Why is he so heartless? He took everything from me, rendering me destitute. He even left a mocking message, saying that I am worse than a dog. Is he doing this because I lost my virginity to another man?

The employees entering the building spotted Genevieve's figure on the ground. They recognized her and started pointing fingers at her.

"Ms. Rachford lacks decency. She's married, but she slept with another man at the hotel."

"I heard that Mr. Sutton had divorced her. Good job!"

"Without Mr. Sutton, Specter Corporation would've gone bankrupt. She's too senseless to run the company."

In the CEO's office, Cooper sat in his chair and watched the real-time surveillance footage of the entrance of Specter Corporation. Mixed feelings flashed across his gaze when he saw the woman on the ground, drenched in rain.

Soon, he schooled his expression into an aloof one. Picking up the photo of a young man and young woman smiling brightly on his desk, he threw it into the dustbin without hesitation.

"Genevieve, your family owed me big time!"

Genevieve begged the security guard so hard, and she even tried to ask the managers working in Specter Corporation to help her out, but no one bothered to offer her help.

The security guard found her presence annoying and forced her to the roadside with his anti-riot fork.

Genevieve's leg hit the railing, and the wire grazed across her leg, forming a long wound. Gasping in pain, she dropped to the ground and couldn't find the energy to get up anymore.

She felt such a visceral pang of dismay, tears came to her eyes.

In just one day, she had lost everything.

After some time, the sky turned dark. It was still pouring.

A Maybach rolled to a stop beside Genevieve, and the driver came down from the passenger seat. He held an umbrella and walked over to Genevieve.

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

"Ms. Rachford, Mi Faulkner un paid the micelical bills for your grandmother," said the driver as he handed some receipts to Genevieve,

Genevieve took the recipes with shaky hands. Her heart relaxed once she saw the p hase of the medicines listed on them. "Was Cooper the one who sent you to fetch

me?" she askeur expectantly

She knew that there were surveillance cameras installed at the front doors. Cooper could be looking at her right now!

The driver shook his head. "Mr. Sulton was the one who took everything from you and treated you like a dog. What are you still hoping for?"

He pulled open the door of the back seat of the car. "Please, Ms. Rachford."

Genevieve raised her head. She noticed a man sitting in the back of the car with his legs crossed. He was holding a cigarette in between his fingers, looking very unapproachable.

"I don't know him..."

"Mr. Faulkner will tell you everything you wish to know," said the driver. "And by the way, he doesn't like waiting."

Genevieve understood the hidden meaning behind the driver's words. She had no idea who this man was or where he came from, but she wanted to know the truth. She gritted her teeth and crawled up from the ground. The instant she moved, the wound on her leg opened and began bleeding.

The driver quickly bandaged Genevieve's wound and handed her a bath towel. She limped into the car and sat beside the man.

The car roared to life not long after.

With the help of the light in the car, Genevieve studied the man's flawless side profile and thought he looked familiar.

Genevieve pursed her lips. "What do you want to tell me?"

The man did not answer. He turned his head and glanced at her coldly, then fixed his gaze on her neck.

"Return the necklace to me." His raspy voice was low and cold.

Genevieve reflexively touched the necklace on her neck. When she heard the word "return," she quickly understood that the necklace was left by this man that night and

began shaking with anger.

“Y–You were the man from that night!” I’ve seen his side profile in the photo before!

“Were you also the one who sent me the message?” Genevieve asked. She raised her hand, wanting to slap him. “You beasi!”

“It wasn’t me, but I was the one who booked that room.” The man raised his eyes and looked at her. “Do you want to know why you entered my room that night?”

Genevieve’s hand stopped in mid–air. She recalled that she had walked to the door and was about to knock on the door when someone pushed her in from behind.

“What are you going on about?” Genevieve laughed out of exasperation. “If you booked the room, who else would have messaged me other than you? I have no beef with you, so why are you trying to ruin

me?”

Armand Faulkner snorted. “What an idiot!”

Before Genevieve could reply, Armand yanked the necklace off of her neck and wiped it with a handkerchief. “Go to the hotel. I want to show Ms. Rachford the truth.”

“Yes, Mr. Faulkner.”

Before long, the car arrived at the underground parking lot of the Langfield Hotel.

The hotel did not bring back good memories for Genevieve. When she recalled the events of that morning, a chill ran down her spine.

The bandage wrapped around her leg and her soaking wet body made her seem as if she had seen better days.

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She entered a room with Armand. With the bath towel clutched tightly to her body, Genevieve asked, “Where is the truth?”

Armand gave his driver a sideways glance, and the latter immediately grabbed the remote control to turn on the flat-screen monitor on the wall.

A live video feed of a room appeared on the screen.

Genevieve watched as a pair of familiar figures entered the room. It was Cooper, who had just divorced her, and her best friend Erica!

“Coop, congratulations on getting what you wished for.” Erica hugged the man from behind. Her delicate hands explored his body as she continued, “But you sure are wicked. You didn’t leave any money for Genevieve at all. I heard her grandmother’s medicines are very expensive!”

## Chapter 5

“An old person is better off dead,” said Cooper ruthlessly. He turned around and gave Erica a deep kiss. “It’s all thanks to you that I could finally get my hands on the shares of Specter Corporation from the shareholders and take down Specter Corporation in one fell swoop.”

“Well, you are my boyfriend. If I don’t help you, who will?” Erica hit the man softly. “I’ve already settled matters at the police station. Genevieve won’t be able to investigate anything even if she survives. But have you always been so ruthless, Cooper? You even made a move on your adoptive parents.”

When Genevieve heard Erica’s words, her mind went blank. Her body wobbled before she fell on somebody’s wide chest.

My parents didn’t die in an accident! Cooper murdered them!

## Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

Why? Mom and Dad saw Cooper as their own son. Aside from Specter Corporation, they gave him almost all of their fortune. How could he be so cruel?

Cooper put on a cold look and pinched Erica’s chin. “Why did Mr. Harvey change rooms at the last minute? And who was the man who left Room 2588 in the morning?”

“We have yet to find out.” Erica’s lower jaw was almost crushed by Cooper. All she could do was try to win his favor. “But it doesn’t matter now since you two are already divorced. Aside from a grandmother on her deathbed, Genevieve has nobody on her side anymore. Even her person has been defiled. Aren’t you satisfied with that?”

When Cooper pictured the woman kneeling in the rain in a sorry state, he felt irritated for some reason.

“Of course I am!” Cooper said coldly. He flung Erica onto the bed and pinned her under himself.

The Rachford family deserves to be destroyed! I’m just taking back what rightfully belongs to me!

“Coop, hold on..” Erica sounded playful as her deft fingers began removing the buttons on Cooper’s shirt.

The room was quickly filled with the sound of passionate lovemaking.

Genevieve could not stop herself from shivering as she watched their bodies intertwine on the bed. She felt as if she had walked into an igloo.

So all this was planned by Cooper and Erica? Including those reporters who spread my scandal all over the internet? He divorced me to take away everything I had and left me with nothing!

“Why...” Genevieve sounded miserable. She looked at the man who was supporting her. “Why did this happen?”

He was supposed to be my husband. After my parents passed away, he was my support. He completely played me for a fool!

Armand did not get a chance to reply. The combination of being soaked in the rain for a few hours and the scene on the monitor before Genevieve proved too much for her as she blacked out.

Armand’s expression sank. He placed his arms under her legs and carried her out of the room.

“Give Timothy a call.”

“Yes, Mr. Faulkner.”



Armand brought Genevieve to a high-class mansion area in the middle of the city Swallow Garden.

He had just entered the house when a young man dressed in white stood up from his seat on the couch. "Armand."

Armand nodded slightly, then brought Genevieve to the second floor so that the young man could treat her wound.

He smoked downstairs as he waited. After about half an hour, Timothy descended from the upper floor. "Not bad, Armand. There was a one-in-a-million chance of you finding her. If I'm not wrong, she's the heroine who appeared on the news for infidelity, isn't she?"

"I'm the secret lover." Armand shot Timothy a glance. "Anything else?"

"Nope. They said that the wives of other men are the most fun to toy with, right?"

Timothy said with a playful grin on his face. "I gave her a shot so that she can sleep well tonight. Once she's better, get her to come to the hospital for a checkup." With that, he picked up his first aid kit and left.

The driver's phone vibrated after he sent Timothy off. "Mr. Faulkner, a message has arrived from the Faulkners," he reported, standing beside Armand. "They are asking if you have returned to the country."

Armand got up from the couch. "I'll drive home myself. Get some housekeepers to look after her."

This flower who spent all her life in her greenhouse can't withstand shock at all.

Genevieve had no idea how long she had slept. When she woke up, she found herself in a strange Victorian room, dressed in silk pajamas.

The events that had happened recently rushed back to her all at once. She was caught red handed in a hotel; she fell to the ground, crying in the pouring rain outside of Specter Corporation, and she even witnessed the intimate moment between Cooper and Erica on a screen.

She refused to believe that those were exactly what had happened.

Like a headless chicken, Genevieve scurried out of the room.

After much difficulty, she found the stairs going down. However, she missed the first step and tumbled straight down the stairs.

A man who was going upstairs at that time caught Genevieve in the blink of an eye.

“Where are you going in such a rush after waking up?”

Genevieve smelled a sharp, refreshing scent. Once she calmed down, she saw that the man before her was the one from that night and the one who had brought her to see the

truth.

“Thank you.” After standing steadily on her feet, Genevieve bit her lip and asked, “Could you lend me a car?”

She wanted an explanation from Cooper.

Why did he plan all this just to ruin me? And why does he want to take away the last thing my father left me?

The driver behind Armand shook his head. “Ms. Rachford, have you not seen the truth already? Why—”

“Steven, give her the keys,” Armand interrupted. “She has already been scammed out of everything she owns. One more doesn’t matter.”

Genevieve was a bit embarrassed at Armand’s undisguised mockery, but she still took the keys and left hurriedly.

Specter Corporation now belonged to Cooper. Knowing that she was not allowed in under his orders and that it would be a waste of effort to go over again, she decided to pay Erica’s home a visit instead.

Upon arrival, she parked and got down from the car. Right as she was about to enter after she pushed the gate open, she saw a boy playing on a wooden horse in the garden, and her entire being trembled violently.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Shortly after, Erica walked out of the house. “Darling, why are you out here early in the morning? You haven’t had breakfast yet.”

“Mommy!” The little boy immediately dropped the toy and threw himself into Erica’s arms. Erica picked him up. “Yesterday, Daddy said he would tell me a story, but he left right after having dinner.”

“When I reach the office later, I’ll ask your daddy to give you a video call and apologize to you. Is that all right?”

“Okay!”

Genevieve staggered toward Erica, ashen-faced. “You! The two of you...”

The little boy looked at least three years old.

Erica turned around with the little boy in her arms. When she saw Genevieve, a glint of panic flashed across her face. “Genevieve, w-what brings you here?”

With that, she rushed back to the house with the child in her arms.

Genevieve effortlessly caught up with Erica and grabbed the latter’s hair. She then slapped Erica across her face.

“Erica, why are you doing this to me? You came from a village. It’s me who supported you financially to complete your university studies. I even let you enter Specter Corporation and bought a house for you, but you made me lose everything.”

Genevieve thought Cooper and Erica had not been together for long. Unexpectedly, they had a child this old.

At that very moment, she realized how dumb she was.

It was only then that Genevieve realized she had been betrayed by her two favorite persons since long ago. It felt as though the two of them had stabbed her in the heart and shredded it into pieces.

Genevieve's eyes reddened as she kept hitting Erica. Even the housekeepers couldn't separate the two of them.

Suddenly, a hand moved in between them, grabbed Genevieve's hair, and pulled her away. She was tossed aside and fell to the ground. It hurt so much that she caught her breath.

Genevieve looked up, only to see Cooper standing right before her with a solemn expression. "Genevieve, what the heck are you doing here?"

Curs — — —

"Why?" Genevieve got up and stared at the man that she had been in love with for more than ten years. "Your parents passed away, and it was my father who took you into the Rachford family and looked after you. My dad gave everything to you. Why did you kill them?"

Cooper's face darkened.

He had asked Erica to settle this matter. Supposedly, no one else knew about it. Cooper wondered how Genevieve had figured it out.

Genevieve walked up to Cooper and looked up at him. In a fit of rage, she huffed, "Why did you hatch a plot to hurt me and send me to sleep with another man?"

"Because I want to destroy the Rachford family and you!" Cooper's gaze went immensely cold.

"Specter Corporation doesn't belong to your father. Thirty years ago, your father and my father co-founded Specter Corporation. My father was the biggest shareholder, while your father didn't have a say

in the company. Your father had been unhappy with it. Right after the company was launched, my whole family was killed. Luckily, I stayed overnight at my classmate's house and managed to escape the assassination."

"You're lying! Liar!" Genevieve shook her head, refusing to believe the so-called truth. She continued, "Dad always regarded you as his own son. He gave everything to you and even allowed us to get married..."

“That’s because he was guilty. He didn’t take me in out of his kindness.” He leaned over to take a good look at Genevieve. A vicious glare flashed across his eyes that were brimming with hatred. “He wants to become my guardian in order to get the shares of Specter Corporation from my dad.”

He didn’t know all of this until he met a disfigured man who claimed to have escaped from the fire. The man then told Cooper the truth.

It was no wonder her father was so nice to Cooper. As it turned out, it was because the former was guilty.

Looking at Genevieve’s stubborn yet pallid face, Cooper suddenly felt utterly annoyed. He then grabbed her hair, pulled open the door, and flung her outside.

“Genevieve, this is the last time.” Pausing for a moment, he continued to warn her, “I won’t let you off the next time I lay my eyes on you.”

Watching the door shut, Genevieve was devastated.

She thought he was an angel sent from the heavens. Unexpectedly, the man she had been in love with for more than a decade turned out to be a vengeful devil.

Not only had he destroyed the Rachford family, but he had also destroyed her.

Genevieve walked on the street in a state of trance. When she stepped forward to cross the road, a car with lights on suddenly accelerated and sped in her direction as if it had aimed to run her over.

The lights were so bright that she closed her eyes. All of a sudden, she simmered down and remained immobile.

Since she had lost everything, she thought that it would be great to die in this way.

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Just when the car was about to hit Genevieve, someone emerged and pulled her away,

The car brushed past them and disappeared in no time. M. Rashtont, not worthy of lying for— The one who saved Genevieve was Amanda Dure, Steven Ile continued. “Who will take care of your grandmother if you omit her!”

The devastated Genevieve finally came to her senses. That’s right. Who is going to take care of my grandma if I die?

Soon after a car stopped right in front of them. Steven opened the car door to the backseat for her: “Mr. Faulkner would like to see you. He can give you whatever you need.”

“He can give me whatever I want, but what can I give him in return?” Genevieve smiled bitterly.

She was not a fool to think that the man would help her unconditionally just because he had slept with her by accident.

Not only had her reputation been ruined, but she had also lost everything at the moment,

Gripping her arms, Genevieve responded in a low voice, “Thank you for saving me. Also, I give my thanks to Mr. Faulkner, but I don’t want to lose my last shred of dignity.”

Seeing Genevieve’s reaction, Steven didn’t say anything else. Holding out his hand with a business card between his fingers, he uttered, “Ms. Rachford, here’s my contact number. Just give me a call if you need anything.”

“All right.” Genevieve took the business card absent-mindedly and left.

Not long after, Steven returned to Swallow Garden. When he saw Armand, he relayed what Genevieve had said to him. Following that, Steven added, “Mr. Faulkner, that car seemed to speed straight toward Ms. Rachford.”

Armand’s expression darkened. “Investigate this matter and assign someone to follow her in secret. Just make sure she is safe.”

That woman needs to learn how to lower her pride.

Genevieve went to the hospital.

Winifred had been in bed for a few days ever since her last cardiac arrest. She no longer needed an oxygen mask.

Although Winifred was still unable to get off the bed, her complexion had improved.

Genevieve forced a smile and walked into the ward. "Grandma, how are you feeling?"

"Much better." At first glance, Winifred could tell that Genevieve had cried not long ago.

The former immediately frowned and asked, "Did Cooper bully you when you saw him?"

Genevieve shook her head and walked over to grab her grandmother's hand. "No. I'm just worried about you. Grandma, you have to stay healthy."

Perhaps because Genevieve had put on a perfect act, Winifred did not doubt her words. "Vivi, find time to divorce Cooper. That man is an ungrateful person. Since he has seized the company, I'm sure he won't go easy on you."

"All right..."

Winifred was still unaware that Genevieve had long fallen for Cooper's trick and lost everything. She had even learned the truth behind her parents' death.

Genevieve had been staying in the hospital with her grandmother over the past few days. She had broken the television in the ward, not letting her grandmother watch the news. Not only that, but she had also forbidden the hospital staff to bring over the newspapers.

Seeing that her grandmother was recovering gradually, Genevieve finally managed a smile and felt that she was still alive.

One day, a housekeeper called Genevieve. "Ms. Rachford, there are a lot of people at home moving things around"

Before the housekeeper could finish speaking, the call was disconnected.

Genevieve took a cab and rushed to Southwood Mansion. The whole scene was a mess when she got there. Several men were seen packing some expensive antiques.

The men, who were casting around for valuables on the second floor, threw the unwanted items downstairs for the sake of convenience.

Shortly after, two memorial plaques were thrown downward.

Genevieve immediately lunged toward them, but still, it was too late. Cracks were formed on her parents' memorial plaques right after they smashed to the ground.

She held the memorial plaques in her arms. Her eyes reddened at once.

Genevieve looked up at the worker. Her eyes were filled with hatred. "How can you throw away someone's memorial plaques? Aren't you afraid of divine retribution?"

"The boss told us we could take care of the unwanted things." The worker was terrified by her and immediately walked away.

In a trembling voice, Genevieve murmured, "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry..." She wiped away the dirt on the plaques as her tears dropped on them.

"Cooper Sutton, what a cruel man you are! You killed my parents, and now you even want to destroy their memorial plaques."

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

When the workers finished rummaging through everything, the formerly glorious mansion was in a dilapidated state. Even the rosewood doors had been removed by them.

An old housekeeper dragged a box, limping into the house. There were a few pieces of clothing and expensive jewelry inside the box. "Ms. Rachford, I kept some of your favorites in this box when I saw them coming."

Genevieve glanced at the housekeeper's leg and knew it was done by those workers. Her eyes reddened as she said, "Maria..."

Maria was the housekeeper that her mother had brought over and also the person who had accompanied her since she was young.

As Maria was afraid that those people would return, she asked Genevieve to drive them to her place. There were two bedrooms and one living room. She left the cleaner room for Genevieve.



“When I started working for your mother, she made the down payment of this house for me. Unfortunately...”

Hearing that, Genevieve smiled bitterly,

Even a housekeeper knew how to repay one’s kindness. Despite all of Genevieve’s help and support, Erica decided to turn her back on her!

Genevieve arranged her parents’ memorial plaques properly.

Besides the jewelry pieces her mother left her, she handed over the rest of the jewelry in the jewelry box to Maria. “Maria, I’ll put my parents’ memorial plaques at your place for now. I still have some unsettled matters.”

Maria replied, “I heard Old Mrs. Rachford is sick. Why don’t I go to the hospital to take care of her?”

“Grandma has nurses to look after her. You should stay home and rest, since your leg is not in good shape.” After bidding farewell to Maria, Genevieve drove to the hospital.

She was lost in her thoughts while driving.

I’ve nothing now. How do I even take revenge? How do I regain the ownership of Specter Corporation?

Suddenly, the image of a man’s cold face appeared in her mind.

She shook her head to dismiss the thought from her mind. She decided to visit her

grandmother first before coming up with other ideas.

At that moment, a Bentley drove past her.

The backseat window was partially rolled down, and she caught a glimpse of the person in the car from her peripheral vision.

It was Cooper!

She stomped the gas pedal to catch up to the Bentley in front. When she recalled how cruel Cooper was and how her parents' memorial plaques were smashed to the ground, her eyes flared with rage and hatred.

It was the perfect opportunity to kill him.

If she could kill him and avenge her parents, she would not need to beg that man and could keep her last shred of dignity.

The Bentley in front of her changed lanes frequently, and Genevieve almost lost sight of it many times.

When she finally caught up to the Bentley again, she smiled viciously before she stepped on the gas pedal, aiming straight at the Bentley.

The black Bentley was rear-ended and sent flying into the air. It turned a few times before landing upside down.

Meanwhile, Genevieve could not control the steering wheel due to the impact, and her car crashed into the barricade before overturning. Glass shards were lodged in her, who was seated in the driver's seat, and her head was bleeding.

She panted and looked at the Bentley, which had caught fire not far away. A satisfied grin appeared on her face.

She finally sought justice for her parents!

Before Genevieve could feel relieved, she saw Cooper walking toward her, unscathed. Her eyes widened at the sight of his unwrinkled suit.

"Genevieve, we lived together for twenty years. I know you like the back of my hand. I noticed you were chasing after my car. Therefore, I got someone to drive another car over, and I got into the other car while waiting for the red light to turn green."

"Cooper..." Genevieve gritted her teeth in hatred. Before she could finish her sentence, she fainted with her head resting on the steering wheel.

Cooper looked at her bloodied body and pale countenance. He recalled how she had used

to cling to him and call his name in a sweet voice, and his cold gaze was tinged with a hint of warmth.

Just as he was about to extend his hand, the sound of an ambulance grew closer. The paramedics rushed down from the ambulance.

How did the ambulance arrive so quickly?

However, he did not think further as he saw the paramedics coming closer. He got on the Bentley and instructed coldly, "Call the police and sue Genevieve for attempted murder! I want to send her to jail!"

Soon, Erica, who was with her son at home, received a call from her informant. The informant told her that Genevieve had wanted to kill Cooper in a car accident but had been sent to the hospital instead.

Upon hearing the news, Erica was delighted.

The previous time Genevieve came to the mansion to cause trouble, her son had fallen down and had been unconscious for one whole day. Thinking about it still made her feel fearful.

Erica said with a tone full of hatred, "Send two people in there to take care of her!"

Genevieve approached me during our university days of her own accord. She brought me to travel and bought me many clothes and bags. All those things just made me realize that life is not fair. It's Genevieve's fault for not having a good eye for people. Initially, I wanted to let her go, but she almost had my son killed! There's no way I'll forgive her!

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Genevieve's head, neck, and arms were covered in bandages when she woke up. She hissed in pain every time she moved slightly..

She was detained at the police station.

When one of the policemen came to bring her food, he said, "You're suspected of the attempted murder of Cooper Sutton, the CEO of Specter Corporation. Wait patiently for your court summons!"

At that moment, she really hated herself for not keeping an eye on that car and letting Cooper escape!

She did not want to wait idly there, for she could foresee her predicament, so she called out to the policeman, "I want to make a call to get a lawyer."

The policeman sneered and ignored her.

After missing for the whole day, the policeman reappeared at night unexpectedly and brought two women into the detention room. Then he uncuffed them.

Genevieve noticed them casting her hostile glances. She inched backward and kept her guard up.

She tried to stay awake, but she could not make it and gradually dozed off in the early hours of the morning.

Suddenly, she felt someone pinching her injured arm with force. She opened her eyes in pain but realized her mouth was stuffed with something, preventing her from making noise.

"Don't blame us! Someone paid us money to do their dirty deeds for them!" one of the women said as she gave Genevieve a tight slap. She continued with malice, "The person said we could torture you however we want. We just need to keep you alive!"

Cooper wants to take my life!

Hatred overwhelmed her, and her eyes reddened. She struggled with all her might.

She bent her knee and kicked the woman in the abdomen, causing the latter to stoop over, barely able to get up due to the pain.

Before Genevieve could get up from the ground, she felt a stinging pain at the back of her head. The other woman had grabbed her hair and given her a few more slaps. She was pressing into Genevieve's wounds with two of her fingers.

"Ugh!" Genevieve was in so much pain that she fainted,

Ever since the IWO women were brought into the same detention room as her, the policeman, who was supposed to patrol every few hours, was nowhere to be seen. Every time, the policeman would only come cover and place the food on the ground, and he Totally ignored Genevieve, who was lying on the ground,

In just a few days, Genevieve was tortured to the point that she was almost unrecognizable,

Her torso was covered in blood-soaked bandages that had dried and turned sticky. The two women even used toothbrushes to assault her throat,

She could even taste blood when she swallowed her saliva. In the end, she could not even speak

That day, Genevieve was tortured by the two women the whole day until her vision became slightly blurry.

As she lay on the ground, she vaguely heard a pair of high heels clicking on the ground.

“Who struck Ms. Rachford with such force that her face swelled?” The woman squatted down, and her hand reached to caress Genevieve’s cheek before pinching it violently.

“Hmm...” Genevieve curled into a ball from the pain, trembling.

Erica felt utter joy seeing Genevieve on the verge of dying. “Didn’t you ask me why I treated you this way? That’s because...”

She leaned closer to the metal gate and whispered, “I hate you! I hate that you are born with privilege and get to enjoy all the glory and wealth. I hate that you have such a blissful family! You’ve nothing now! Even the man you love belongs to me! We even have a child! We are the blissful family now! Ah!”

When Erica was engrossed in her speech, Genevieve bit her finger.

She bit with all her strength,

The two women in the detention room quickly dragged Genevieve away and slapped her. Erica finally managed to pull her hand out. However, her finger was bleeding profusely.

“Genevieve, you’re insane!” Erica took out a Lissue from her bag to stop the bleeding.

After her finger stopped bleeding, she leaned closer to the metal gate again. “Today is Coop’s birthday. I feel that I have to let you celebrate it too, so I’ve gotten a present for you.”

She took out a photo from her bag and held it out for Genevieve to see.

It was a photo of Winifred. Her hand was placed on her chest, and her widened eyes were unfocused. She seemed to have passed.

Genevieve stared at the photo and started to struggle. Her gaze was filled with misery.

“That’s right! Your grandmother’s dead!” Erica even extended her hand across the metal gate so that Genevieve could see the picture better.

“When she found out you were suspected of attempted murder and sentenced to death, she was so shocked that she suffered a cardiac arrest and passed away. See, I’m so nice. I asked someone to take a photo before your grandma died so I can bring it to you.”

“You’re lying!” When Genevieve spoke, blood flowed out of the corner of her mouth.

She remembered that Winifred was recovering well before she left the hospital the other day. There was no way her grandmother had died.

Erica scoffed coldly. “I never joke with you.”

No! No! It’s impossible!

Genevieve suddenly recalled the phone number Steven gave her, and a glimmer of hope ignited in her heart. After breaking free from the two women with all her might, she grabbed one of them, gripped the latter’s neck, and exerted force on her fingers.

She knew that the neck was the weakest part of the body!