

## Flawless 111

### Chapter 111

“Do you want me to go upstairs to apologize to her?” asked Genevieve in a soft voice as she propped herself up from the couch with her head raised while looking at Armand. It wasn’t until then that he noticed that her face was extremely pale. There was also a hint of agony in her expression because of the pain. Frowning, he released her immediately. When he turned to go back upstairs, he demanded the housekeeper coldly, “Call for a doctor!” “Understood.” Knowing that Timothy wouldn’t be able to come downstairs while busy taking care of Marilyn, the housekeeper reached for the landline again, but Genevieve held her hand down. “That won’t be necessary.” “But Mdm. Genevieve, your legs...” The housekeeper glanced at the drenched hem of Genevieve’s dress before saying in worry, “Those burns will leave scars if we don’t tend to them in time...” Ignoring the housekeeper, Genevieve took out her phone and dialed a number. After around ten or so minutes, Patrick arrived at the Faulkner residence. He was surprised when he saw Genevieve’s pale face when he entered the living room. “What happened to you, Genev?” Instead of replying to him, she stood up from the couch while gritting her teeth. “Come help me up.” After Patrick moved closer, she leaned against his arm before tentatively taking a step. The excruciating pain in her legs made her face contort with agony. “You should stop, Mdm. Genevieve.” The housekeeper could sense her pain just by looking at her. “I’ll call a doctor.” Forcing herself, Genevieve took two more steps to get accustomed to the pain before turning around to instruct the housekeeper, “Inform Old Mrs. Faulkner when she returns that I’ll dine with her another day.” “Mdm. Genevieve...” Even though the housekeeper wanted to say something, Genevieve left with Patrick physically supporting her. It took her all of her strength just to walk out of the house. No longer able to hold herself up, she almost collapsed as her legs shivered. Frowning, Patrick caught her in time. “Genev, are your legs hurt?” He saw the bucket beside the couch as soon as he entered the house. Judging from the housekeeper’s tone of voice, Genevieve seemed to have suffered a grave injury, but he couldn’t check on her condition. She refused to reply while struggling to walk with her head hung low. Due to exertion, the veins on the back of her hand popped up. Seeing that she wasn’t about to reply to him, Patrick braced himself before leaning over to reach his arms underneath her legs and lift her. The moment his arm came into contact with her legs, she gasped while clutching onto his

shirt tightly. She buried her face in his chest as she shuddered. “Hang in there. I’m taking you to the hospital.” Patrick carried her while hurrying to the car. Soon, he felt a warm liquid seeping through his shirt and landing on his chest, causing him to stop in his tracks for a moment. He knew Genevieve was crying. Upon reaching the car, Patrick opened the backdoor with one hand before gently laying Genevieve down on the seat. Then, he climbed into the driver’s seat and drove the car out of the Faulkner residence. Patrick called the hospital as he drove, informing them that he had a patient who got scalded. Upon hearing that, Genevieve said while enduring the pain, “I’m not going to the hospital.” “This won’t do. I heard the housekeeper mention that your injuries are serious. Let’s get it checked at the hospital first,” Patrick objected. “No. We’re going to Regality Gardens.” There was an aloof and stubborn look on Genevieve’s small, pale face. “Otherwise, stop the car by the road and let me out!” Patrick didn’t respond to that. “Patrick!” Genevieve raised her voice. “I! Am! Not! Going! To! The! Hospital!” She abhorred the smell of disinfectant in hospitals, which would also remind her of the past that she wished to forget. “All right. We won’t go to the hospital.” Seeing that she was, indeed, angry,

Patrick coerced her with nice words while making a U-turn at the traffic lights to head to Regality Gardens as per her request. He looked at her from the rearview mirror, noting that she was texting someone on her phone.

## Chapter 112

Regality Gardens was a well-known housing area in the city center. It was famous for its prime environment, excellent services, and home to many wealthy people and celebrities. Patrick drove to the south entrance of Regality Gardens and saw a man dressed in a suit standing by the roadside. The man was looking around, and when he saw Patrick's car, he quickly ran toward them. The man in a suit walked toward the backseat and greeted Genevieve, who had lowered the car window and showed her face. "Ms. Rachford." Genevieve asked Patrick to unlock the car, and the man got in. Listening to Genevieve and the man's conversation, Patrick learned that the man was a realtor agent. He was there to show her the houses. Soon, they reached the building at the back of Regality Gardens. The agent brought Genevieve and Patrick to the 16th floor and showed them the large condominium. The large condominium was elegantly decorated, with everything from an indoor pool to a home theatre. It was the kind that one could move in immediately. Patrick held on to Genevieve as they walked into the house. The latter sat on the couch, glanced around, and took out a card from her bag. "I'll buy this." "Sure." As soon as the agent heard that, he quickly took out the agreement from his bag. The entire buying process took only ten minutes. Patrick sent the agent out, and at the same time, the doctor that he called had arrived at Regality Gardens. Since they could not get in, Patrick went down to fetch them. After the doctor entered the house, he lifted a bit of Genevieve's wet skirt. Patrick stood next to the couch. From his point of view, he could clearly see Genevieve's exposed calves. Her skin was burnt red, and almost none of her skin was intact. Judging by the seriousness of her calves, the burn on her thighs might have been even more severe. The doctor was still lifting her skirt, so Patrick turned around and clenched his fists tightly. "Ms. Rachford, your burnt injury is too severe." As the doctor examined Genevieve's calves, he gasped. "You need to go to the hospital. Ointments are useless. Otherwise, it'll leave an unsightly, huge scar on your legs." After hearing what the doctor said, Genevieve's expression was calm, and her tone was composed. "So be it. Please apply the ointment for me." The doctor did not say anything after she spoke. He took the best ointment and applied it to both her legs. Once the doctor was done treating her injuries, Patrick gave the medical personnel extra tips after sending the doctor to Regality Gardens' entrance. He saw Genevieve leaning against the couch while hugging a

pillow when he returned. Patrick secretly let out a sigh of relief as he noticed that she was not as pale anymore. The color had returned to her face. He recalled not seeing Armand when he went to the Faulkner residence earlier. As he fished out his phone, Patrick said, "I'm calling Armand." He should know that Genevieve has severe injuries on her legs. Furthermore, Patrick hoped Armand could persuade Genevieve to go to the hospital. Otherwise, it would be a problem if there were scars. "No need for that. Mr. Faulkner is busy too." Genevieve stopped him before he could call Armand. She lowered her eyes and said calmly, "It's just injuries on my leg. I'm still alive." Mr. Faulkner? Patrick was somewhat taken aback when he heard Genevieve address Armand as "Mr. Faulkner" since she usually called him "Mando." Furthermore, he realized that something was amiss with Genevieve after leaving the Faulkner residence. "Patrick, please go back to Swallow Garden and bring Maria here," Genevieve

said, looking exhausted while leaning her head on the pillow. Patrick was momentarily stunned and asked, "You're planning to stay here and not return to Swallow Garden?" "Yes. I'll return when Mr. Faulkner needs me, but I'll stay here when he doesn't." It seemed like Genevieve did not want to talk with him as she took her phone from the couch. "All right. I'll go pick her now." Looking at her in that state, Patrick could not help but soften his tone. "Genev, is there anything that you would like to eat?" She did not answer but turned her head to look at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling window. Patrick massaged his temples. When he left, he could not help but wonder what happened to Genevieve when she was at the Faulkner residence where she suffered such a severe burnt injury.

## Chapter 113

At the Faulkner residence, after Harriet prayed, she had wanted to stay at the church longer with Samantha. However, after she heard about the incident, the two rushed home in the afternoon. Harriet sat on the couch for a long time with a grim expression after learning about what had happened from one of the housekeepers, Mandy. The other housekeepers were standing by the side with their heads hanging low, not daring to breathe loudly. The housekeepers were either busy upstairs or in the courtyard in the early morning. No one would expect such a shocking incident to happen in the house. According to them, Genevieve had pushed Marilyn, causing the latter almost to have a miscarriage. Even though the Faulkner family was filled with their descendants, Harriet liked Samuel and Armand the most. However, Samuel had passed away in an accident, leaving Marilyn and the baby in her tummy behind. Thus, Harriet loved her unborn great-grandchild a lot. Some of the housekeepers even felt that as much as Harriet liked Genevieve, she would never forgive the latter for such a grave mistake. Just as the housekeepers felt uneasy, Harriet suddenly rose to her feet. With a darkened expression, she walked toward Armand, who was standing next to the couch. She lifted her hand and slapped him hard across the face. The slap was so loud that it scared the housekeepers. They were old housekeepers who had been serving the Faulkner family for a long time. Whenever Armand came to the Faulkner residence, Harriet was thrilled to see him. Hence, they had never seen her hitting him. W-What is happening? "Armand, I'm very disappointed in you," Harriet said while shaking her head and putting her hand down in a huff. She had been alive for a long time and had seen all kinds of deceptions and the worst of human nature. Of course, she would not believe everything a maid said. This was the first time in Harriet's life that she had beaten Armand. She was exasperated that her grandchild had publicly taken Marilyn's side without investigating what happened. He even ignored Genevieve, who had severe burns on her legs. Armand's expression was still ice-cold, even after being slapped. He lowered his gaze and said, "Yes. You did right by punishing me." "Mom, just leave this matter to Armand," said Samantha. She had stepped out to smooth things over. She held onto Harriet's arm and said, "You're tired. Let me help you up to rest." Harriet glared at Armand and sneered, "Right. He has his way of doing things. There's no need for an old lady like me to take charge." With that, she

let Samantha help her, and they both went up to the second floor. In the living room, the housekeepers lowered their breathing rates even more. They saw Armand sitting at the end of the couch with his wrist on his knees. He looked casual, but the cold aura he exuded was terrifying. After a while, Armand asked flatly, "Who treated Mdm. Genevieve's wounds?" "I-It's me." A younger female housekeeper stepped out from the crowd of housekeepers. She was the one who had served Genevieve beef pie last night.

Armand looked at her. "Is she injured badly?" "Her burns are severe. Both her legs, from her thighs to her calves, were burnt red. Some parts had blisters too." The housekeeper could not help but shudder as she recalled the horrific sight. If there are blisters on her burns, then it must be serious. Armand thought about how the woman looked at him calmly, yet she must have put a lot of effort into suppressing the pain she felt in both legs. His throat tightened after hearing what the housekeeper said. "Did she leave with the doctor?" "Mdm. Genevieve did not want me to call the doctor." The housekeeper thought for a while and added, "But she called Mr. Patrick. I think they went to the hospital together." After hearing that, Armand's furrowed brows relaxed a little. He waved and called the other housekeeper, Mandy. "Mandy, repeat what you just told Old Mrs. Faulkner."

Chapter 114 Get Lost This Instant Mandy stepped forward nervously. She noted the cold look on Armand's face, and when she moved closer to the man, his intense aura made her shudder from the inside out. Mandy's resolve wavered. In the end, she firmed herself and said, "I wanted to get something from the pantry, but then I saw Mdm. Genevieve giving Mdm. Marilyn a shove. Mdm. Genevieve was afraid that she would be exposed as the culprit, so she lifted the kettle and poured hot water over her legs—" "That's not what you just said to Old Mrs. Faulkner." Armand cut her off once again. His voice was bone-chilling cold. "You said that there was a conflict between Genevieve and Marilyn. Then Genevieve poured the kettle of hot water over her own legs to frame Marilyn." "M-Maybe I remembered wrongly..." Mandy was backed into a corner by Armand's menacing stance. Her forehead began to sweat. "It was Mdm. Genevieve who poured the hot water..." Armand knocked a cigarette out of its box. He lit it casually at his own pace and took two puffs of smoke. "Come here," he demanded.

Mandy shuffled forward a few steps. She was nearly touching Armand's side then. Suddenly, Armand grabbed Mandy's left hand, then put the cigarette out on the back of her hand. In an instant, pain shot through her entire body. She nearly cried out in pain, and her whole body trembled

ceaselessly. Armand then glared at her with his vicious eyes. "You're not able to stand up straight just from a small burn by a cigarette. So tell me, how would Genevieve bring herself to dump a pot of boiling water all over her legs? And where would she have the strength to push Marilyn?" "Mr. Armand, I was wrong!" Mandy knelt on the floor and began to stutter, "The truth is, I didn't see anything. But when I saw Mdm. Marilyn on the floor, and there was blood seeping out from between her thighs, so I assumed that it was Mdm. Genevieve who had pushed her." Armand snickered in response. "So you made an assumption, then had the guts to lie to Old Mrs. Faulkner and me?" "Mr. Armand, that's not true! It's the circumstances just then..." Mandy babbled incoherently. She trembled in fear, from head to toe, as she was at a loss as to how she could talk her way out of the situation. "Pack up your stuff. Get lost this instant!" "Mr. Armand, it's my fault!" Mandy was practically prostrating on the floor then. She implored, "I-I shouldn't have run my mouth. I won't repeat the same mistake! I'm Mdm. Marilyn's personal servant. I'm responsible for tending to Mdm. Marilyn's pregnancy matters. She would be troubled with my absence!" Armand lowered his head and leered at Mandy. His expression was one of menace. "You are but a servant. Do you think that with you gone, we wouldn't have other housekeepers that could take care of her?" Mandy's entire body trembled as she knelt further closer to the floor.

“Steven,” Armand called out. Steven, who had been silently witnessing the entire affair like an invisible man, was suddenly summoned. “Give her a year’s worth of severance pay, then make sure with your own eyes that she leaves Jadeborough.” “Yes, sir!” Once Armand issued his instructions, he then turned toward Mandy and stated, “If Marilyn calls you on the phone, then I’m sure you know what to say.” Mandy no longer dared to utter a single word. Her heart was filled with endless remorse.

She was Marilyn’s personal servant and was fully aware of many matters that occurred within the Faulkner residence. That includes the history between Marilyn and Armand and that the latter tended to tolerate the former. At that moment, Mandy wanted to assist Marilyn by teaching Genevieve a cruel lesson. However, contrary to her expectations, her scheme was instantly seen through by Harriet and Armand. What further baffled Mandy was the notion that Armand, who always indulged Marilyn, would take Genevieve’s side at that time. Is it because Old Mrs. Faulkner likes Genevieve? Soon enough, Mandy left with Steven. Then, she recalled how Armand had rushed down the stairs in a fit of anger with the intent of admonishing Genevieve. He even began to belittle her. Mandy was puzzled. But why... Mandy could not resist looking back. She caught a glimpse of Armand, who remained seated on the couch with a glowering expression on his face. In Mandy’s heart, there appeared an odd sense of foreboding. Before long, things would be different for Marilyn. Armand would no longer tolerate her every move.

## Chapter 115

Armand sent the housekeepers back to work. Once he finished smoking a stick of cigarette, he then headed upstairs and entered Marilyn’s room. There, Armand spotted Timothy packing his medical kit. Meanwhile, Marilyn lay on the bed. Her face, which was no larger than an open palm, appeared stark pale. That sight made Armand’s heart ache. Timothy shot a glance at Armand when he noticed him entering the room. Timothy then huffed, “I’ve given her a shot to stabilize her pregnancy. Ms. Wood should rest for the next couple of days. She will be fine as long as she avoids getting too riled up.” “All right. Thank you for your hard work,” Armand muttered. “If you truly believe that I’m working hard, then don’t summon me the next time something happens.” Timothy slung his medical bag across his shoulder. His narrowed eyes were filled with displeasure. “Mr. Faulkner, please keep in mind that I’m only a surgeon, not an obstetrician. Next time, call the lead obstetrician, okay?” Timothy couldn’t help but grit his teeth. When his woman got drugged, he asked for me to help. When his ex-girlfriend’s pregnancy became unstable, he asked for me again! Like, what the hell is going on? Did I incur bad karma with Armand’s family in my previous life? And now I’m paying for that in this lifetime? Timothy then remarked scathingly, “I’m not a brilliant doctor. If Ms. Marilyn happened to have a miscarriage, who would be held responsible then?” Armand merely frowned in response. “The car’s waiting for you by the door.” “All right, all right. I got it.” Timothy rolled his eyes at Armand, then swiftly left the bedroom. Timothy was exhausted after helping the Faulkner family. He swore to himself that the next

time he went for a drink with Armand, he would claim some “hard work fees” from Armand. In the meantime, Armand strode over to the bedside. He pulled out a chair, then sat on it. “Do you want

water?" he asked gently. Marilyn nodded. Armand picked up the flask from the bedside table and poured a cup of warm water. He then leaned forward to help Marilyn up and held the cup of water to Marilyn's lips. The latter's heart instantly turned fuzzy at the sight of Armand's gentle and thoughtful gesture. She soon drank half a cup of water with Armand's help. With one hand placed over the blanket, she caressed her tummy. "Thank goodness you arrived, Mando. Otherwise, this baby would be lost." "I promise you that something like that would never happen again." Armand pulled out a piece of tissue and dabbed away the water lingering on Marilyn's lips. "You must protect the baby." Armand gazed at Marilyn with his pair of deep, meaningful eyes. Yet, in them hid a trace of emotions indecipherable to Marilyn. Nonetheless, Armand's faint expression and fragrant scent tempted Marilyn to climb into Armand's embrace. She wanted to hug him tightly. At that instant, she regretted her choice of actions. She felt grateful, though, that Armand still loved her as usual. "Mando, wait for me." Marilyn could not help it when she reached out to grab Armand's hand. She laced her slender fingers between his and clasped them firmly. Marilyn then fixed her twinkling gaze on Armand. "Just wait a few more months for me. Then, I'll be able to stand by your side openly. We can go to Petalgrove or Bellridge. You must accompany me to see the aurora. I'll play the world's most beautiful music for you to hear." Marilyn desired to marry Armand and have his children. Meanwhile, Armand shot a glance at Marilyn's hand, which was wrapped around his. A wave of disdain suddenly surged up within his usually tranquil heart. Armand pulled his hand back calmly. "Let's talk after you've delivered the baby safely," he replied flatly. Failing to grasp Armand's hand, Marilyn quickly fell into sorrow. However, as soon as Armand promised to talk with her, Marilyn's lips arched up into a smile. "This is your promise. Do not ever go back on it!" Then, there was a knock on the door. Samantha soon strolled into the room. "Mom's resting in her room. I'm here to check up on Marilyn." "Aunt Samantha, I'll leave the two of you to chat." Armand took the opportunity to stand up and take his leave. Samantha strode over to the bed and sat down at the bedside. She then asked gingerly, "Marilyn, is your tummy still hurting?" "Dr. Jensen gave me a shot to stabilize my pregnancy. It's not hurting now." There was a faint smile on Marilyn's face.

She gripped her hands softly to feel the lingering warmth left by Armand. "That's great then." Samantha glanced at Marilyn's stomach, a thoughtful expression on her face. Naturally, Marilyn noticed it. She frowned when Samantha's gaze landed on her abdomen. Marilyn rarely ever interacted with Samantha as the latter spent most of her time working overseas. Even so, Marilyn knew that Samantha was a strong-minded career lady. Similar to Armand's, Samantha's thoughts were hard to read. "Aunt Samantha." Marilyn bit her lips. She then asked hesitantly, "Is there something you would like to talk to me about?" "Yes, that's right. There's something I wanted to ask you." Samantha did not bother to hide her motives. She leaned forward slightly, her sharp gaze trained on Marilyn's face. "A few days ago, when I returned to Xedells, someone informed me that Samuel's death was not an accident." The instant Marilyn's pupils narrowed, Samantha's lips arched up ever so slightly. "Marilyn, you're the wife of my third nephew. Tell me, do you think his death was an accident?"

Chapter 116 Just In Time After returning to Swallow Garden, Patrick told Maria what had happened. She immediately went upstairs to pack some of Genevieve's things without saying a word, then left the house with him. Genevieve was the only person she wanted to care for, so she would go wherever the former was. While taking Maria to Regality Gardens, Patrick received a call from Steven asking whether

he had brought Genevieve to the hospital to get the burns on her legs treated. "No," Patrick replied, pressing his lips together as he thought about the injuries on Genevieve's legs. "She detests the disinfectant smell of the hospital." "That's because Mrs. Faulkner's grandmother passed away suddenly while in the hospital," Steven explained. Patrick added as he continued driving, "Steven, they're serious burns. The doctor said if we don't get them treated and wait too long, they could easily leave behind unsightly scars. Genev doesn't want to stay at Swallow Garden either. She purchased an apartment at Regality Gardens, so I'm taking Maria there now so she can look after her." "All right. I'll inform Mr. Faulkner about it later. You stay with them and watch over Mrs. Faulkner. Think of a way to get her to the hospital as soon as possible and get her injuries treated."

After murmuring an acknowledgment, Patrick could not refrain from asking, "How did she get those burns on her legs?" And they're bad burns, too. It's as if someone grabbed a flask of boiling water and deliberately splashed it all over her legs. For a brief moment, Steven fell uncharacteristically quiet. Then, he quickly replied, "That's for Mr. Faulkner to handle. Your duty is to take good care of Mrs. Faulkner. All right. I'm hanging up now." Steven ended the call without giving Patrick a chance to respond. Maria had vaguely heard Patrick's side of the conversation from the backseat, and she asked with a frown, "What burns? Is Ms. Rachford hurt?"

Seeing that there was no way to keep it hidden from Maria since she was going to take care of Genevieve, Patrick revealed what had happened. After arriving at the apartment, Maria felt a pang in her heart when she saw Genevieve slumped on the couch while resting, her small face looking as pale as a sheet. She had worked for the Rachford family for years, yet it was the first time she had seen Genevieve suffering like that. As her gaze traveled to the angry red burns on Genevieve's legs, Maria said in a distressed tone, "Ms. Rachford, let me take you to the hospital. It wouldn't do for your beautiful legs to get scarred." Genevieve finally felt a sense of security as she hugged Maria, but tears still stung her eyes. "I'm not going. I hate the disinfectant smell in hospitals," she muttered dully. After getting treated by a professional doctor and applying ointment twice to the burns on her legs, the pain was only a slight twinge at that point. However, the pain in her heart that seemed to suffocate her still persisted. Noticing Genevieve's low spirits, Maria could only coax her to lie in her arms and sleep for a while. She also wrote out a list of groceries for Patrick so that he could go out and get them. Maria prepared many of Genevieve's favorite dishes that evening. She chatted to Genevieve after they had eaten, recounting some of the memorable events in the latter's childhood that she had forgotten. Eventually, Genevieve started smiling again. Around eleven o'clock at night, Maria brought Genevieve a glass of water. And as instructed by Patrick, Maria had dissolved half a sleeping pill into it. They waited until Genevieve was fast asleep before quickly taking her to the hospital. The director of the dermatology department was a friend of Timothy's, and he had waited at the hospital ever since he learned a patient could be coming in in the wee hours of the morning. The doctor's expression turned grim after checking on Genevieve's legs. "It's a good thing you sent her here just in time. If you'd waited until tomorrow to bring her in, her legs would surely end up scarred." "Doctor, we're counting on you," Maria pleaded with reddened eyes. While the doctor and a few nurses tended to Genevieve's injuries in the operating room, Maria and

Patrick waited outside quietly. It was three o'clock in the morning when the doors to the operating room finally opened. Taking off his surgical mask, the doctor said to Maria, "Ms. Rachford's legs should be fine now. She needs to rest and recuperate for the next few days. Don't get water on her legs, and remember to apply the ointment I've prescribed every day until the scars fade." Both Maria and Patrick were relieved when they heard that.

Chapter 117 Why Is He Calling Now Since the effects of half a sleeping pill were about to wear off soon, Patrick hurried to the payment counter to get the ointment. Together with Maria, they then brought Genevieve back home. When they were back at Regality Gardens and taking the elevator up, it struck Patrick that he had carried Genevieve several times that day. And it was only then that he realized how light she was, almost as if he were merely hugging a soft cushion. She had one of her arms hooked around his neck, and her head had tilted forward slightly. Long, raven-black hair framed a small and delicate face, and she was furrowing her brows in her sleep. It seemed as if she were not sleeping well. Due to the liberal amount of ointment applied to her legs, its strong smell lingered on her body. Nonetheless, he could still discern a faint fragrance. It smelled like roses but was not as overpowering as the usual rose scents, inadvertently stirring something within him. He could also feel a slight warmth from her fingers that gently brushed the nape of his neck. Her arm would tighten around his neck occasionally, perhaps because she lacked a sense of security in her sleep. Even though the elevator was large, Patrick could hear his ragged breathing. Once they got to the apartment, Maria headed straight to Genevieve's room to draw the curtains and only realized Patrick was walking at a snail's pace when she turned around.

"Patrick?" Maria called out. "What's the matter?" "Nothing." Patrick strode in and went straight to the bed, then leaned forward to place Genevieve gently on the bed. Failing to estimate the distance accurately, the tip of his nose nearly touched hers when he leaned over, and he even felt her breath on his cheek. Swallowing hard, he got up swiftly and turned away. "I'll be in the living room if you need me," he said. "You've had a long night, so why don't you go back to your bedroom to sleep awhile..." Maria began. She thought that since Genevieve had already received treatment at the hospital, everything should be fine

after the former awoke. Hence, she was about to ask Patrick to go and rest. But before she had even finished her sentence, he had already hurried out of the bedroom as quickly as if he were fleeing. "Why is he acting so strange? Is it because he's disgruntled about all the trouble he had to go through tonight?" Maria muttered as she tucked the covers around Genevieve. Thanks to the sleeping pill, Genevieve had a good night's sleep. The following morning, Patrick was tucking into his breakfast in the small dining room when he suddenly saw Genevieve walk over in her long-sleeved pajamas. He nearly choked on his orange juice and quickly lowered his head as he coughed and spluttered. "You truly are something else, Patrick. You can even choke on orange juice. You'd better not eat a meatball or something just in case it lodges in your throat," Genevieve teased mercilessly as she pulled out the chair opposite him and sat down at the table. Noting the smile on her face and the fact that she seemed to be in quite a good mood, Patrick felt much more at ease. Rolling his eyes, he countered, "I was having a



moment because the freshly-squeezed orange juice Maria prepared was too delicious, okay? Besides, I thought you weren't a morning person." With that, he moved to pick up the pitcher of orange juice. Genevieve immediately reached out to grab it from him. "Patrick Sullivan, I'm a patient. Are you seriously going to have a tug-of-war over that pitcher with a patient?" In truth, Patrick had wanted to pour her some orange juice. But after hearing that, he took the pitcher and placed it next to him, then lifted his eyebrows at her. "You seem full of vigor and look nothing like a patient." She glared at him. "This is my house, so you'd do well to treat me better." Nonetheless, he merely gazed at her with a wicked expression. "If you want to drink it, go make some yourself. There are plenty of oranges in the refrigerator. It's the perfect opportunity for you to get some exercise." Infuriated, Genevieve retorted sarcastically, "Why, thank you very much."

"You're welcome." Maria happened to walk out of the kitchen carrying a plate of pancakes, and a faint smile tugged at her lips at the sight of the two of them bickering. Just as they had finished eating breakfast, Patrick received an incoming call from Armand. After glancing at his phone, Patrick was about to pick up the call when he suddenly hesitated. Come to think of it, Genevieve's injuries were so serious, yet he didn't call once since yesterday afternoon. So, why is he calling now? Feeling rather annoyed, he declined the call and sent Armand a text message. Steven wrote: Genev hasn't been in a good mood because of what happened. She's here with me, so I can't answer your call. After more than ten seconds, Armand replied to his message: Hasn't everything been settled after you took her to the hospital last night?

Chapter 118 When Patrick saw this message, he felt a chill down his spine. I have already mentioned to Steven that I'm coming to Regality Gardens to take care of Genevieve. With me staying by her side, why would Armand still send someone to follow us in secret? Patrick replied: Armand, Genev has a major burn on both her thighs. It's impossible for her to heal so soon. The doctor has reminded her that she needs to rest at home for a week. Armand replied: All right. Take good care of her. At the same time, in Central Group, after Armand was done sending his message, he called Steven over via the internal line to give him an order. "Help Patrick and Genevieve apply for a leave." "Understood." When Steven came in, he had a set of breakfast in his hands, which he then placed on the work desk. "This morning, I've sent Ms. Wood back to her place. She bought this personally and told me to bring it over." Armand glanced at the set of breakfast before saying coldly, "Get rid of it later. Also, get Timothy to arrange a good family doctor and let him stay at Marilyn's place. Keep an eye on the child in her belly and stop her from going to the Faulkner residence so often."

Steven was stunned, but he then quickly nodded. "Understood." Actually, Steven had found Marilyn's lack of discipline an eyesore for a long time. Still, this was his first time seeing Armand actually taking action to limit her freedom. Perhaps he's worried that Old Mrs. Faulkner would fall ill from getting angry so often? Maybe that's why he's doing this? Steven then walked to the door with the set of breakfast in his hand, but he heard Armand's voice coming from behind him. "Check out the fashion shows that Genevieve has been to in the past and the kinds of clothes and bags that she likes. Purchase them and send them to her place." "Uh... Sure..." When Steven finally got out of the CEO's office, he was still

dumbfounded. Armand's attitude toward Genevieve has always been cold. Didn't he pass her a card and tell her to get

anything she wanted? What's up with him today? However, Steven didn't bother to make further interpretations of his boss' wishes. Immediately, he got his subordinates to do the work. Soon, he found out about the clothes and the brands of handbags that Genevieve would often use when she went to the clubs back when the Rachford family was still powerful. Thus, Steven told his subordinate to visit the specialty stores of those few brands and purchase the newest editions, the limited editions, and even the showcase editions that they had to offer for the year. Then, he told them to send them to Genevieve's place. The customers of luxury item shops were always rich people and celebrities, but they had rarely met any local tycoons that would purchase all the models in one go, including the editions that were for shows, which were sold at high prices. Because of that tycoon who had splurged on these luxury items, the sales assistants in these luxury item stores had achieved their annual sales target within a couple of days. Some assistants recognized Steven, so they started gossiping within their own circles. Previously, some worker of Central Group secretly showed off the CEO's wedding ring on Twitter. No one believed it that time since Armand's previous two weddings were high-profile, and the brides' deaths entertained everyone pretty much. Hence, they wouldn't believe that Armand would get married again without announcing it. However, when a certain worker of a luxury item shop revealed Armand's personal assistant had brought his people to purchase luxury clothes and handbags in the shopping malls, everyone believed it. The topic of Armand getting married again even became trending on social media. Nonetheless, no matter how the netizens tried to dig out the truth or how the reporters bribed some of Central Group's employees, they simply couldn't obtain any information about the woman. Some netizens began to discuss in forums. Someone wrote: Armand's previous two brides were daughters of rich families. Some reporters caught them traveling somewhere before getting married, so why are they not doing the same this time? Another netizen commented: Who in Xedells could this lady be this time? I'm so curious about it!

That post was followed by another reply: I heard that Armand has been in a relationship with the daughter of the Wood family for many years, but his brother took her away from him. Still, he misses that lady. Could it be that he bought all those handbags for her? The previous netizen responded: What a piece of gossip! Unbelievable! News spread everywhere online. Meanwhile, within these few days, Genevieve had been resting at home, but she kept receiving gifts from someone every day. The gifts were piled up in a corner in the living room by then.

Chapter 119 Disgusted Initially, Genevieve couldn't be bothered to check the gifts, but soon after, she came to the living room to open the gift boxes one by one. Patrick watched beside her as she extracted handbags and limited edition dresses from the gift boxes. She seemed to be overjoyed, for she really liked those items. "Genev, where's your dignity?" Patrick was frustrated at her behavior. "This is probably Armand trying to apologize to you, so he sent someone to send them over. Don't you feel disgusted by these gifts?" For these couple of days, Patrick had given a lot of effort to hacking into the surveillance cameras of the Faulkner family. It was then that he discovered the reason behind

Genevieve's injury. Through the surveillance footage, he saw that when Genevieve went to the Faulkner residence, Harriet had shown a lot of affection toward her. She even served some dishes for Genevieve while they were dining. He couldn't see what was happening through the surveillance camera in the pantry, but he later saw that Harriet had slapped Armand and said those words. Thus, he was sure that Genevieve was not in the wrong. Patrick's guess was that the reason for the happening of the incident was Harriet's biased love for Genevieve, which made Marilyn jealous. She knew she had Armand's support, so she injured Genevieve in the pantry.

It had been like this since the beginning. Armand would always be the one to remedy the consequences after Marilyn had done something wrong. "I'll take all the gifts Mr. Faulkner sends to me, no matter how much it is. Why should I even feel disgusted?" Genevieve sounded calm when she spoke. She wasn't the slightest bit angry. Then, she opened yet another gift box and extracted a grey handbag from within. Her eyes brightened up at the sight of it. "Do you know the brand of this bag?" Genevieve raised the bag for Patrick to see. "It's called Hermayze. It's the number one brand in all luxury goods. I love this brand especially, not just because they have

really nice handbags, but also because their prices are really high. There will be no losses even if I resell them." Then, she went on to say, "This bag I have here in my hand is called "Constance." It's the model that's the most difficult one to obtain in the Hermayze series. Furthermore, this one is made of exotic leather." She was caressing the bag like it was her baby. "Your brother sure investigated my background through and through." Patrick was completely speechless. He was unfamiliar with handbags, and he didn't want to discuss that with her either. "No. Genev, is your brain built different from other people?" Patrick couldn't help but reprimand her. "Someone else is robbing your husband away from you, but he just repays you with these items, and you're okay with it?" A smile appeared on her lips. "She can just go ahead. After all, Mr. Faulkner and I are just a fake married couple with a marriage certificate." Soon after, she placed that bag aside and went on to open the gift boxes. Without even turning around, she told Patrick, "Oh, right. Please send Mr. Faulkner a message. Tell him to change all the clothes to jewelry. Those clothes cannot retain value. I can still resell the jewelry after I'm sick of wearing them." This time, Patrick truly didn't know what to say. Within this period of time, Maria had been taking care of her with the utmost attention. Every day, she would take time to apply medicine to Genevieve's legs while ensuring the latter took her medication. Soon enough, the blisters on her legs scabbed over, and the scabs fell off as well. There were barely any burn marks left behind on her pair of fair and long legs. On the contrary, her skin seemed to have become even softer, just like a newborn baby's. Also, Armand didn't come looking for her while she was resting at home. Instead, Harriet had called her a couple of times. She was extremely sorry for Genevieve's injury that day at the Faulkner residence. When she talked to her, she sounded pained at the suffering Genevieve had to go through.

Genevieve really treated Harriet like her own grandmother. Also, she heard from Patrick that after Harriet went back, she slapped Armand for the first time because of her. Now that she had given Genevieve another call, she realized that she wasn't that angry anymore. "Grandma, I'm fine. My legs

have healed now.” Genevieve didn’t want Harriet to blame herself over her own matter, so she sweet-talked her and successfully cheered the elder up before they ended the call.

## Chapter 120

After making a full recovery, Genevieve went back to work. She went to the office wearing a light gray professional suit—a tight-fitting skirt with a pair of eight-centimeter stiletto heels. The entire get-up made her legs look long and slender and perfectly encapsulated her beauty. When she entered the department office, many colleagues were staring at her legs. “Genevieve, have your legs become more slender in the last few days since I last saw you?” “I’ve probably walked a lot more lately. That’s why my legs have become slender.” Smiling, Genevieve put down her bag and went to Jenny’s office. After knocking on the door, Genevieve entered the office. Standing in front of the desk, she asked, “Ms. Griffin, I’m familiar with the workflow now. Is there any important task for me to do?” Jenny smiled in response. “You just came back from vacation. There’s no need to get back to work in such a hurry. I know how capable you are.” Previously, Steven talked to Jenny in private as he wanted to apply for leave for Genevieve. After asking around, Jenny found out that Patrick also applied for leave. She thought that the duo had gone on a trip. As a result, Jenny informed her colleagues in the department that the branch needed an interpreter. Then, she sent Genevieve off on a business trip for a few days. Genevieve’s eyes flickered. “I’d like to learn something. I’ll feel a sense of fulfillment whenever I’m working,” she admitted sincerely. Jenny froze for a moment, seemingly surprised by Genevieve’s enthusiasm for work. Besides, the latter took the initiative to request more work. Taking two copies from the documents on the table, Jenny handed them to Genevieve. “All right, then. You can try to translate these two documents first.” “Thank you, Ms. Griffin. You should get back to work.” Genevieve quickly left the office after accepting the documents. The two documents that Jenny gave to Genevieve would then be copied electronically to a foreign subsidiary company. Not only did those documents require high vocabulary accuracy, but there could not be any typos. While translating these documents, Genevieve encountered some business jargon that she was unfamiliar with. Therefore, she had to ask her former classmates’ opinions on Instagram. The vocabulary accuracy of these two documents processed by her reached ninety percent. Due to Genevieve’s excellent translation, the representative of the foreign company sent an email to Jenny in praise of Genevieve after receiving the electronic copy of the documents. Soon, the news of Genevieve’s prowess in translation spread in all of the

departments of Central Group. Despite her less-than-stellar past, Genevieve was the daughter of the Rachford family after all. She had a good upbringing, a beautiful face, and a stunning figure. Most importantly, she was outstanding at work. Some of the male colleagues at Central Group met Genevieve when they went to the company’s restaurant for meals. After witnessing her beauty, they sent flowers and gifts to Genevieve’s department every day. In just a few days, the glass doors of the translation department could not be closed anymore due to the frequent visits. Before Armand could even take his seat after returning from Xedells in the morning, he had already heard all kinds of rumors about Genevieve. For instance, the new assistant manager of the overseas department sent breakfast and flowers to Genevieve every day. Furthermore, he would go to the translation department daily just to see her. Another rumor was that someone from Yeringham fell in love with Genevieve at first sight. Then, the guy applied for a job at Central Group just to get close to her. After listening to all the gossip,

the calm Armand inexplicably became annoyed. Is she not wearing a wedding ring? Why does everyone want to pursue her? After suppressing his unhappiness, Armand finished handling the urgent documents. Only then did he call the translation department to inform them that he specifically wanted Genevieve to deliver the documents. Jenny hung up the phone and took the document to Genevieve. "Genevieve, send this document to the CEO's office." "Okay," Genevieve gladly agreed. After finishing her task at hand, Genevieve left her seat with the document. She heard gossiping from behind before she even left the office door. "If the CEO wants some documents, wouldn't he send his secretary to get them? Why did he ask for Genevieve instead?" "Whoa. Don't tell me even Mr. Faulkner is interested in Genevieve?" Genevieve had always remained calm no matter how much gossip there was about herself in the past few days. With a faint smile on her lips, she quickly took the elevator to the top floor.